

of Colonel Kenyon, their escort being Mr. Seaforth and Major Audley.

Sudley Park was one of those old ancestral homes, surrounded by great trees, planted hundreds of years ago by those whose children's children still live on and own the land. Colonel Kenyon came of a long line, and around his place hung many memories of bye-gone days. There is a nameless air of dignity somehow about these grey stone houses, where generations and generations of gently born men and women have lived and died. We can buy most of things now-a-days, old houses among them, but they never seem quite the same in fresh hands. Better men may come; truer gentlemen perhaps; for the time-worn ivied walls may have hidden evil deeds and corrupted lives. But the romance seems to die in the transfer; the glamor to pass away, when the ancient name goes and the new one echoes under the roof-tree.

"He is a good fellow," most men said of Colonel Kenyon.

"He is a darling," many gushing women said.

"He has a noble heart," the few said who could understand that unusual phenomenon.

A slight shade of disappointment passed over his face when he recognized Ruth Forth sitting by Major Audley's side, but he at once advanced to assist her from the dog-cart.

"And your sister?" he said, as he helped her down from the high seat.

"She is behind with my father and Mrs. Seaforth," answered Ruth, and at once the cloud passed away from his brow.

"The sun is smiling for us, isn't it?" he said, in that pleasant way of his. "I am so glad that you all have been able to come."

Sudley was looking its very best, and Sudley's best meant a fair picture.

Frances Forth thought this, and smiled with proud consciousness. There had been something in Colonel Kenyon's manner as he handed her down from Seaforth's dog-cart; a tenderness, an eagerness, that to her who knew so well how to read such signs, meant very much.

He escorted Frances through the house, and as they went down the terrace steps, he asked her if she would like to join the tennis players.