

Charlton ; the younger daughter is the Lady Cynthia Grace
—" Yes, miss, there's a pencil, if you wish to write it down."

" And who was the young person ? Was she the governess?"

" No, that was my lady herself."

" The Countess herself ! How wonderful—so simple, so young !"

Yes, so happy.

Two other tourists, two London curates, straggling from their guide, have been shown things of interest about the chapel by a tall man in gaiters. A very intelligent person—who was he ?—a sort of keeper or bailiff ? " There he goes now—there, under the archway."

" Oh, that is my lord himself."

The parson-tourists are amazed. " So unassuming, and so pleasant !"

Yes, so happy.

Perfectly happy—the richest nobleman in Yorkshire,—with no bad security—all solid wealth, made up of Time, Love, Peace.

He is hurrying now to his children and his wife—after being hindered, but not hurt, by buzzing flies. While he talks to his loved ones, he listens to the song of the men beneath the parapet. It is a pretty harvest music, rising and floating on the sun-warmed breeze ; but the bailiff's ear catches false notes in it. Something wrong with the song—a working chorus sung by men who are idle. What is it—what are you waiting for down there ? The hay is ready to carry—why aren't you carrying it ?

We can't go on, my lord. No waggons. We are waiting for the waggons. Waggons all wanted up at Sackett Meads,—but promised here,—ought to have been here two hours ago.

The bailiff, before he drinks his tea, must climb the tower, and look out from the platform to see if waggons are on their way.

" I'll go with you, father."

" I too."

" And I."

" Daddy, stop. Take me, too."

" Go on, Seymour. I'll bring her with me."

From the winding stair they came out upon the battlemented platform, where he had stood with his young bride and surveyed the land for the first time.