

the servant, "he is very anxious to see you, although it is but twelve o'clock. Shall I ask him in."

"Yes," answered Beatrice, speaking as calmly as possible, "inform him that I will be down shortly."

"He has come for his answer," she murmured. "Three hours ago, I would have refused him, but now it may be different."

She then commenced to arrange her toilet to appear before her visitor. At this pleasant occupation we will leave her for a few minutes, that we may briefly survey the character of Mr. Charles Wallace.

He was a man of medium stature, imposing figure and clearly cut features. Not a distinctive member of that glorious band mentioned in the last chapter, he nevertheless retained many of their striking characteristics. He wore no spy-glass, neither sported he a cane; but these deficiencies were entirely invisible amidst the excess of his jewellery. His language was free from "drawl" but he wore an ornament upon his head which took the public eye as much, namely a "chimney-pot." His manners were very winning, and of all the admirers of Beatrice, Vane excepted, he had been the most favoured. He had proposed to her some time previous, but, unlike the others, would not listen to her refusal. No, he would give her time to consider; named a day on which he would call for an answer, and gave her to understand that it must be "yes." The day had arrived; he was waiting for his answer.

Beatrice soon entered the room. All traces of her latent feelings were removed. Smiling sweetly she advanced toward him, and gave him her hand, which he reverently kissed.

"I suppose you have called for your answer, Mr. Wallace," she asked.

"Yes Beatrice, but when did it first become *Mister*. It used to be *Charley*."

Not noticing this query, she went on, "You remember the answer I gave you before, I presume."

"Yes Beatrice, I remember it, but change it my dear, my love, I implore you change that decision," falling upon his knees, "I love you, I adore you with a passion to all else unknown; be my wife, my own, my darling wife. Oh, Beatrice do not refuse me, see, see, I pray you on my knees, my heart would break should you refuse. I could not live without you."

"Arise Mr. Wallace, cease this hypocrisy, I understand you, you want not me, but my beauty, not me, but my money."

"There is no need to deny it" she said, as he was about to speak, "your denial is of little value. However, I will be your wife. I do not love you, but I will wed you. Is this agreeable? Will you take a wife without love?"

"It is, it is, I will, I will," answered Charley, trying to fold her in his arms, "you will learn to love me my darling, I will teach you to do so."

"None of this, Mr. Wallace," she said, "it is unnecessary, I will be your bride, but there must be no mockery. You wish me for money, I you for revenge, or something of that nature. It is equal."

"Very well, my dear, it shall be just as you say; but when will the ceremony take place."

"Oh, please yourself, anytime will do."

"Two weeks from to-day, then, will that suit you, my dear," queried Charley.

"Yes, that will do nicely" she responded, "now leave me, you can call to-morrow."

"All right, Beatrice, to-morrow evening at eight," he said, as he left the room chuckling to himself, and rubbing his hands gleefully.

A feeling of remorse and despair came over Beatrice. She could not now retrace her steps. A long life of misery and woe now seemed before her. Yet the strong spirit within her, bore her up. She thought she hated Vane, she now found she loved him. What matter if she did suffer, he was her's no more; life would be miser-