

city—perhaps because I was born to it—poverty and servitude were my birthright. Does Captain O'Connell forge princely blood flows in his veins, and in mine—that of a waiting-maid?"

"That is meant as a reproach. Well, my stiff-neckedness in the past deserves it. But think again, Queenie—how you have been brought up—that luxury has been the very breath you drew—think what marriage with a poor man means. Six stuffy rooms—one grimy maid-of-all-work—one silk dress a year—no carriage—no opera—no society—the beautiful and poetical of life a dream of the past. Think!"

"I do think. I think you want to talk me into saying no—you fear I may take you at your word. Very well, sir—I say it. I am deeply honored by your offer, and beg to decline."

He drew her to him—close, closer. If those innocent twins are anywhere in the visible horizon now, they stand strong chance of being amazed and scandalized.

"Queenie, my darling—whom I never hoped to hold, to kiss like this—you really love me well enough to endure poverty and obscurity for my sake. You will be my wife and never repent. You will go with me and resign everything?"

"Everything! Oh, Redmond! I shall have you!"

And then—the twins are drawing nearer—their howls can be heard through the trees, Lady Cecil has some consideration for their artless youth, if *Le Beau Chasseur* has none, and laughing, and flushing, and looking—oh! so lovely—withdraws to the extreme end of the rustic seat.

"No, Captain O'Donnell—not one inch nearer—I insist upon it! My hearing is excellent—any remarks you may have to make I can hear at this distance perfectly well. And the other performance is not necessary. Pearl and Pansy are coming, and you know the proverb—'Little pitchers have great ears.'"

"Confound Pearl and Pansy! Queenie, you are sure you will never repent marrying a penniless soldier of fortune!"

"I tell you I like poverty. How stupid some people are—forcing one to repeat the same thing over and over. I prefer it decidedly—yes, I do—don't look like that—I *do*."

"Ah!" O'Donnell said, gravely, "I am sorry for that. It may be painful for you to hear, Lady Cecil, but—I have had a fortune left me!"

"Redmond!" starting up, indignantly. "A fortune!"

"Yes, my love—don't let your angry passions rise if you can help it—a fortune. M. De Lansac died three months ago, and divided his fortune equally between Rose and me. It was