

fully locked, and had resolutely declined to show it while in progress.

There was to be a ball at Hayward Lodge in the evening. It was a bright October day; the great hall was quite full of people, and all the exhibits were duly admired, and Cuthbert's kindly interest in his townsmen praised as it deserved to be.

"But your statue is still veiled. When are we to see it?" asked Lady Greystone, who with her party had clustered around the spot where it stood.

"Will your ladyship condescend to unveil it?" asked the sculptor, bowing.

"With pleasure," answered her ladyship, and withdrew the cloth with her usual graceful movements.

A murmur of admiration was heard around as the pure white marble glistened in the October sunlight.

The figure was that of the goddess Ceres, and corn and vines surrounded her, and her hands were full of fruit, which she seemed to be offering to the spectator. But the face was not the lovely, faultless, Grecian features of the Lady Gertrude, but the sweet and tender face of her cousin Elma.

Not a feature of the countess's well-bred countenance changed as she gracefully complimented the sculptor on his work, although her surprise and chagrin were only equalled by her daughter's. But whatever they felt was nothing to the confusion and almost terror poor Elma experienced; she wished the floor would open and swallow her, and was thankful enough when the carriage was announced, and the party left.

At first Lady Greystone had intended to scold Elma well, but reflecting that it would make no difference, she congratulated her instead, and when, with flaming cheeks and tear-stained eyes, Elma disclaimed all idea of being Cuthbert's wife, her ladyship closed her eyes and smiled as if her niece's assertion were simply amusing.

That very afternoon, slipping away from the guests who demanded his attention, and leaving it to his housekeeper to attend to the preparations for the ball, the squire appeared at Greystone Hall, and after a short interview with the earl he asked for Elma.

She had gone out in the grounds and could not be found, and he was walking away disconsolate, feeling sure

that she would not appear at his ball if he did not see her first, when he heard the rustle of a dress near, and saw her, thinking she had escaped him, go into the very labor Gertrude had sat in on that eventful morning in the spring. He was by her side in a moment, and had taken both her hands.

"Darling, forgive me for not asking your consent," he pleaded. "It was wrong, and I ought to have told you before this morning."

"But Gertrude—you loved her——" began Elma, striving vainly to withdraw her hands.

"I did; but I found her heartless, and oh, my darling, she never had my heart as you have! Be my wife, love, or I swear no woman shall ever be! I will be content with my darling in marble, if I cannot have her real self."

What could she say?

Anyhow, they were married soon after, and all Greystone, Hayward, and Burwood went wild with excitement. It was so delightful that the squire had married that darling Miss Elma instead of the proud Lady Gertrude, who took no more interest in the poor than if they had been so many machines.

And Lady Gertrude is unmarried still, and wishes she had been less ambitious, while Cuthbert is only too thankful that the gentle Elma, and not her proud ladyship, was his "model."

THREE KISSES.

"An' is't true, Nora, beyant a doubt?"

"Quite true, Con. The young master's writ the news to madam that he's to be wed at Michaelmas to an earl's daughter, no less, wid oceans of goold to her fortune. Hasn't he made the fine match of it?"

"Begorra and you're right there. It's the luck he's got. But talking of fine matches," said Con O'Moore, as he brushed his master's boots outside the kitchen door, while Nora Rooney rubbed the spoons not far away—"talking of fine matches, Nora, honey, didn't my great-grandfather throw away just the finest chance you ever heard of? And if he'd taken it, it isn't living at service I'd be, but in my own castle, with bags of goold and bundles of banknotes to my hand; and, maybe, in this warm weather, my own man bringing me the iced wine, the while I swore at him for not being speedier."