

I think it was a happy omen, just within the gates of my new home, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, love, I do," he answered, "so wear them if you wish. And now I suppose I must be off and leave you to dress in peace. How long will it take?"

"Oh, half an hour will suffice for me," she answered, "so come into the next room and tell me all about the Abbey ruins; and see this dear little turret room with steps leading down to the grounds! But how foolish of me," she laughed; "of course you have seen it hundreds of times before you ever saw me."

"Yes, of course I have; but, as I never saw it with you, we will go together and inspect it with its new furniture," replied her husband.

Could Kathleen have seen the malignant face with the pair of green-grey eyes that furtively watched them from the adjoining room she surely must have felt some uneasiness and dread, even amidst her great happiness; and she surely would have been amazed to hear her maid, Nancy Perks, hiss between her teeth:

"A—h, how I hate her! He never even saw me as I courtesied to him when I made the excuse into that room after the tea service. Any other time he would have had a kind word for me—now he sees no one but that white faced wife."

But Kathleen saw nothing, heard nothing, of her hidden enemy, and so went her way happy and rejoicing. When the first dinner bell rang she returned to her dressing room and said to her maid: "Now, Nancy, I will dress at once. I hope you will be able to do my hair becomingly."

Nancy answered with proper humility: "I hope so, ma'am. I'm sure I will try." And being a deft-handed and skilful maid she succeeded admirably in her task, and it was a picture of beauty and elegance that greeted Harold when he returned to lead his wife down to the drawing-room.