

distinguished-looking gentleman, and the

name, too, tells for him, one of the fine old families of the South—a fine old family, dear, impoverished as so many fine old families have been, by the recent war, etc. That the bride, in white satin and pearls, lace, and orange blossoms, and diamonds, etc., looks lovely, you know before I tell you. That the wedding presents are numerous, and of great value, you know, too.

triumph of culinary art that the speech of

the bridegroom is notable among stammering
bridal speeches—are not these things—

ten in the chronicles of the books of Jankl

—have you not read it all in the daily papers and shall I say

Thus far Olga and Geoffrey, Mrs. Abbott and Leo go back to their suburban retreats, and their birds, their books, their piano, their quiet life. Abbott Wood knows no change. Mrs. Hill still reigns supreme. Joanna is still in her prediction, that Leo's mother will never again dwell within its walls. "All houses where men have lived are haunted homes," she says.

"Abbott Wood is to be a haunted house haunted by terrible memories and a dreadful death."

For Frank Livingston, he goes to New York, sets up his easel and atelier, and goes to work with an energy and will that astonishes his friends. His *lucky insurance* is gone. He is a hobo.

making no money at all, playing at pictures, and
he does with all his might. And he has
failing, perhaps—he is no embryo Raphael or
Dürer, but his best he does. And he has
fair success. He paints a picture that is
exhibited, and criticised, and a good deal
talked about. Belter, a very rich man, has
a patron of native talent, buys it at a fancy
price. It is a twilight scene—some bare
brown fields, a dreary expanse of arid marsh
under a gray frowning sky, a chill wind. You can
feel the chill rustling of the reeds and sedges
in the grass, a broken rail, and a barefoot girl
leaning upon it. Her wild hair blows in the
wind, her face is wan and unchillible, her
eyes, fixed on the far-off sky line, have a
mournful, appealing, dog-like look. It is
called "Happ'ng Hungry."

It is Joanna, of course, as he has often seen
her in the days when he thought of her so
little. He thinks of her now, almost more
than any one else, with mingled affection,
admiration, and remorse. How
credible she is, how generous, how great of
heart! He feels that he could never have
made her happy; her nature is too noble for
him. As man and wife they would have
warred. It is better as it is. All he can do
is to try, by constant hard work, to approach
her level nearer her level. He paints
other pictures, and they sell. He is fairly
successful, and each new success spurs him
on to still further endeavours.

Of Leo he sees nothing; in these busy
days he has little time for visits, and besides
—well, besides, there is a long future for all
that

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With the end of June returns the wedded pair, looking happy and handsome, and absorbed in each other of course. Almost immediately they go to Brightbrook. The Venturers are to follow in a couple of weeks and

Mrs. Abbott and Leo have promised to spend the holidays with him. Mrs. Abbott is going

"And indeed he did not want to come," says, severely, Mrs. Dr. Lamar. "She makes the most charming of young mistresses." "We had almost to tear him by force from his beloved studio. You may see for yourself how badly he is looking—quite old and ugly. And he used to be the very good looking—now I need not tell Little Leo!"

And of course at this malicious household poor little Leo is overwhelmed with confusion, and wishes the carriage would open and swallow her. Frank laughs heartily. "He is looking rather thin, but perfectly well as a all other respects. And there is an expression of manliness, of gravity, of determination on his handsome face, which is new and extremely becoming."

"His latest work of art," says Olga Lomar, in the back seat, to Leo, is—guess what? A

picture of you. It is painted from memory, and the commission is mine - as you looked

"What a trick the child has of blushing! He has brought it down with him, and will finish it here. It is for my particular sitting-room."

Do you know we are going to live in Bright-

brook, and Geoffrey will actually practise in the village? They want a doctor, and he wants work. Of course we will go to New York in winter, but to all intents and purposes the villa will be home. Home! Is it?

not a sweet word? We are enlarging and improving it in a number of ways. And we

"Improving it in a hundred or two ways," she was going to settle down in the most humdrum. Dany and Joan like you can imagine. And speaking of Joan reminds me of a letter from her last night, and oh! Leo, she will not come. She is going to England for the summer; her mother wishes to visit her native land once more. Is it not too bad? And I counted so confidently on her spending July and August with us. But so it ever is. I still have my life-pictures like Queen Elizabeth's portrait, without shadow, and it cannot be. Joanna is the gray background this time, and yes—the fact that Abbott Wood is still without a mistress. But yet—I live in hope!"

She was on gaily, and laughs down in Leo's sombre soft eyes. She is so radiantly happy—this fair Princess Olga, in her new baptism, that she seems to have received a fresh baptism of brightness and beauty.

Next morning the famous picture is displayed—a soft-eyed, sweet-faced girl in white silk and laces, with white flowers in her dusky hair. In the shy, wide-open, wonder-drooping eyes, there is an unconscious touch of pathos.

"Is it not charming?" Olga cries; "and do you not fall in love with yourself, little Leo, simply to look at it? I do. And what have you got that pleading look in your eyes for, and why do you seem as if you were waiting for something or somebody? Perhaps you must know. Did she look like that on my wedding-day, Frank? As grown-up men ought to know. How do you like yourself, Leo?"

"It is much too pretty," Leo answers, "but I am not so much interested in it."

...d. But I like to be flattered—in that way,

"You do not really think it is flattered," Livingston says, a few minutes later. He is adding some finishing touches to the likeness, and has asked her to remain. The others have moved away—they are alone with only the summer wind swinging

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