to her the lion heart which beat beneath the quiet exterior, and the muscles of steel behind the womanish touch. It came as a complete revelation to her, and opened her eyes to her own heart as nothing else could have done.

It was just before the opening of the fall shooting. Darcy’s duties were over with, but it had been arranged that he and Frank Dysart, in company with several men invited down to Oakley from town, were to pass a last week together in shooting the Chellingworth covers. Jack Darcy looked forward to the week with curiously contradictory feelings. He planned with considerable care the week’s entertainment, and at the same time secretly speculated as to how many days of the six he could decently shirk the field and remain behind,—that is, at Oakley.

He wisely foresaw that very much of this “shirking” would arouse suspicion in the fun-loving bosoms of his companions, and also that if he was going to say anything to Miss Dysart, it had better be said before the arrival of a houseful of guests at Oakley. With half a dozen men around, opportunities for anything like tete-a-tete would be few and far between.

One morning, several days before the arrival of the guests, they were gathered in the morning room at Oakley,—Miss Dysart, Dysart, and Jack Darcy. The men had been discussing the unusual abundance of game in the Court covers, and Darcy had been complaining of the poaching going on among the dependents. Miss Dysart had seated herself at the piano, and was idly running her fingers over the keys while she listened to their talk. Standing with his back to the empty fireplace, and softly whipping his boot-leg with his riding-whip, Darcy became aware that Frank had left the room, and that he was alone with the woman he loved. Even as he stood watching her unconscious face, her fingers left off their idle running over the keys, and the opening bars of a sweet melody in a minor key flowed from beneath their touch. It was the “Auf Wiedersehn”; and as Darcy recog-