



"It is quite, quite impossible to let out another inch; she must have a new skirt, Miss Pincham."

My mother knelt on the floor of our little sitting-room. The green cloth had been removed from our table, which was strewn with scissors, cotton, tape and snips. On a square piece of drugget, put down by our landlady, Mrs. Lipscombe, to save the carpet, I stood, undergoing the agonies of being "tried on."

I was wondering whether it could be in any way connected with a letter which mother had received a day or two previously—a letter which I had seen her take out and read several times since. I had not seen her answer it yet—another so seldom wrote a letter that I should have been certain to notice it. Altogether was puzzled. The letter, I believed, concerned me in some way; else, why this new frock?

Poor, darling mother! As she rose from the floor and arranged her widow's cap at the glass, I thought how sweet was her pale, lined face. To me it was all so natural, our monotonous life together at Shipley-le-Marsh, that I never knew what she suffered.

Mother was the eldest daughter of Matthew Carewe, a mill-owner, rolling in money. He bought Gray Ashstead, a beautiful estate some fifteen miles from Shipley, and added to it every modern luxury that wealth could supply. His family consisted of two daughters—Emmeline and Rosalie. Emmeline was beautiful, with that fragile loveliness which so soon decays. A complexion like a peach shell, delicate features, hair of pale gold, and soft, blue eyes. On her centered all his ambition. "Who married Emmeline, married her name," said she. She was to be heiress of Gray Ashstead; she was to perpetuate the line of Carewe. At the age of eighteen his idol at Home, a young Frenchman, Monsieur Damien by name. He was a member of a most ancient and noble house, deprived of its title and estates by the revolution of 1789. He was supremely handsome, and of course, penniless.

When Emmeline and her affianced were Constant my grandfather almost had a fit. With much coarse language he dismissed the idea altogether, turning his would-be son-in-law a "beetling adventurer." Beside himself with rage, Constant told him that it was a condescension on his part to stoop to the daughter of a parvenue—one who certainly did not derive her beauty and goodness from her father, but inherited them straight from the angels; but Mr. Carewe should know that it was not for such chivalry as he to insult a nobleman of France with impunity.

So the two separated, and next morning Emmeline ran away with young Damien. They went to London and were married. My grandfather expected them to appear in a few weeks, suing for forgiveness and help. He much mistook the nature of Constant Damien. The young man, who was by profession an artist, worked night and day to keep his girl-wife from want. He would have died a thousand deaths sooner than apply to Matthew Carewe for a pin. For a year the foolish couple were very, very happy. Success began to smile on Constant; people took him up. I was born, and their bliss seemed perfect. Then the shadow fell. Constant, walking home one day in the rain, caught a chill. He neglected his cold—neglected the hollow cough which followed it—continued to go out in all weathers, and at last, one day, took to his bed. He was in a rapid decline; nothing could save him, and in a year he was dead, and beautiful Emmeline was a widow—just twenty years old.

Then, indeed, she wrote to her father, but too late to do her. He could forgive or forget. His darling, idolized daughter had dealt him a blow from which he could not rally. He desired his solicitor to write to her and tell her that £100 a year, which she inherited from her mother, would be paid regularly. That was all.

The despairing young widow next wrote to Constant's mother, who had married a second time—a Devonshire gentleman named Burnsides. The answer from her was that she could have no communication with any member of a family which had insulted her Constant; Mrs. Damien's own grand relations might look after her and her baby. By the next post came a black letter from Mr. Burnsides, my grandfather's English husband, inclosing a ten-pound note, and promising to send more when I should be old enough to need education. But before that time came he was dead. Poor mother was indeed friendless. She came to Shipley-le-Marsh, and settled there, for two reasons. First, it was within the reach of her sister Rosalie; secondly, it was a place where nobody knew her.

For some years mother was always hoping that her father would relent; but when I was about four years old, Mr. Carewe adopted the son of his cousin—a boy about three years older than I. Then mother felt that our chance was gone. This adopting of a son and heir was a final blow. Day by day she lived on her quiet, dreary life, meek and crushed, hoping and expecting nothing. All dinner-time that day mother was silent and preoccupied. The kind attention and grave smile with which she usually met my childish chatter were not mine to-day. Once I almost thought I saw her crying, but it might have been tears.

Mrs. Anne Lipscombe had hardly finished clearing away the dishes when, from my post at the open window, I announced triumphantly, "Here's Aunt Rosalie!" The elegant barouche, with its spirited chestnuts, drew up at our humble door. Aunt Rosalie marched into the room full of life and spirit. She was twenty-six years old, and a very striking-looking woman. She embraced mother warmly, and sat down, with me on her lap, and said, "Well, Tadpole, 't goth sa large as your head?"

In answer to this inquiry I burrowed my tadpole head in her shoulder and giggled.

"Long and lanky! What a gawky child!"

she's growing, Emmeline! I don't know how you keep her in frocks."

"It is difficult," said mother, sitting near, and watching with a smile of pleasure as I dived into a basket of Gray Ashstead strawberries. "And that reminds me, Rosalie, I have been waiting most eagerly for your visit to-day, to consult you about something. I had a letter the other day from Mrs. Burnsides."

"Mrs. Burnsides—my mother-in-law—old Madame Damien, that was."

"Oh, to be sure! What did she say?"

"She wants to make Olga's acquaintance. She wants me to send her down to Burnside for a long visit, and I—I have decided to let her go."

"Emmeline! All that distance?"

"Here is the letter; read it for yourself."

Aunt Rosalie took the missive, in its cramped, angular, French handwriting, which seemed to belong to another century.

"Burnside, June 3.

"My Dear Madame Damien—You will, without doubt, experience a great surprise in receiving a letter from me after my long silence; but it is written in deference to the wish of my late husband, Mr. Burnsides. In his lifetime he expressed a desire to be at the expense of educating the daughter of my Constant, whose memory he ever held as dear as that of a son. According to my calculations, your daughter must be ten years of age by this, and he grew a great girl. I would ask, let her come to Burnside and pay me a long visit. Let me ascertain her character, her mental capacity, her tastes, and her temper; I shall then be able to judge how best to carry out the wishes of Mr. Burnsides. I trust that no foolish pride will induce you to stand in the way of your child's interests in this matter. Send me a letter, indicating the day and hour of her arrival, and she shall be met."

"Hoping for a favorable reply, I am, madame, yours very faithfully,

"BLANCHE MARIE NICOLINE BURNSIDE."

"I think the old lady's rather uppish," was my aunt's comment on reading this epistle.

"Only look on the matter rationally, Rose," said mother, pleadingly; "what other prospects have I for her? You yourself must by this time despair of papa's ever coming round. My darling Olga had only been a boy it might have been different—but now! His adopting young Rayvenham Carewe has been my final blow."

"You see," continued mother, with a hopeless sigh, "my only hopes for the poor child must come through Mrs. Burnsides. She must have a little money, I should think, and when she dies she might leave it to Olga."

"But I don't want to leave you; I won't go anywhere," I cried, and therewith I burst into tears.

But the flat had gone forth. Mother and aunt set about to comfort me; but nothing could change mother's determination. I was to go and make my grandmother's acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

I will pass over the sad parting with my mother and the few incidents of my journey to Kingsden, where I was met by some of my grandmother's folks. When the train reached my destination I scrambled up, the guard appeared, dived open the door and deposited me and my portmanteau on the platform.

A heavy step crunched on the gravel near me. I looked up. A very tall, and, it seemed to me then, fabulously broad man stood over me. A rough, gray-clothed cap covered tangled yellow hair, blue Saxon eyes looked down from under squarely marked brows, the lower part of the face was hidden in thick blonde beard and mustache.

"Miss Damien?" said he, in grave, deep tones.

"Yes, I am Olga Damien," I answered, looking up at him with a treacherous quiver of my mouth, which warned me that tears were not far off.

Hercules lifted me up a tremendous height into an airy "trap." I liked being there. It was not so pleasant when Hercules climbed in beside me, carefully arranging a dust-cloth over my knees, and easily gathering up the reins. We started at a smart clip, and I, too, naturally took a sharp turn to the right, through a gate which stood open over a bridge under which a stream murmured, and, behold, the house fronted me! An old, low, long Elizabethan pile, gray, stone-built, and beautiful. We stopped at the front door; it was open, which struck me then, I remember, as odd. I was set on my feet by Hercules, who then strode to the wide door at the foot of the staircase, and called aloud, "Madame! I have brought her!"

A moment elapsed, during which, spite of June sunset, cold shivers ran down my back. Then a door opened, and through it came my grandmother, with hands outstretched. Ah! She was like an old picture—like a lady from another century. What grandmother for me to possess! As she stood smiling, and never speaking, but holding out her hands to me, I held back no longer, I ran straight into the shelter of her arms, let her pull my hat off my tumbled locks, and felt her caressing touch as she held my head against her breast and murmured over me, in the softest voice imaginable.

"My dear granddaughter! My poor Constant's fatherless little one! So thou hast come to me at last, mon enfant! Art thou very tired, then? Nay, do not weep, the journey has been a long one for such small feet."

Drawing me into a room near, whereof I was too tired to notice anything but that it smelt of roses, she rang a bell. In a moment a middle-aged woman appeared, with a sweet, sober face, dressed in black like her mistress, with one of those pretty Normandy caps which framed the face like an aureole.

"Esperance, this is Monsieur Constant's little one," said my grandmother, tremulously. Do you see a likeness, asked my grandmother, with a kind of

appeal in her voice. The old serving woman shook her head.

"My Monsieur Constant had deep brown eyes," she said. "The young deemoiselle's eyes are gray. His complexion was a perfect olive—her skin is fair under her black hair. But, madame, she reminds me strikingly of the old portrait of the Princess Olga, which was brought from La Chaudenaye."

"You think so?" said my grandmother, with evident delight. "Yes, you are right, Esperance, it is so. She has the same low brow and short upper lip; she is aristocratic to the backbone. Thank heaven, there can be very little of the Carewes about her."

"She is tired, madame. It is seven o'clock. I shall take her straight to bed. Yes, my lamb," she went on to me, "cry if you will, thou must be so weary. It is a frightful journey for so young a creature."

I laid myself down in the strong arms and wept quietly. My grandmother stoled up and stroked my hair.

"She must wait, then, until to-morrow to see her Uncle Remy," said she, softly.

"I wonder, Esperance, will be, too, see the likeness which we have discovered?"

"I think so," said my grandmother, "and Monsieur Remy will also be a playfellow for her. I dare say the master scared her."

"Yes," observed madame, regretfully, "my poor Victor is not a ladies' man." I wondered, sleepily, whether Victor were Hercules, who had vanished miraculously as soon as my grandmother appeared; also, I wondered how my Uncle Remy must of necessity be grown up, could be my playfellow; and so I felt the touch of soft lips on my tear-stained cheeks, and was carried up the wide, shallow oak staircase, along a corridor, and into the sweetest little chamber imaginable.

CHAPTER III.

I was awakened on my first morning at Burnside by singing. A young, vigorous man's voice was caroling in the garden below me. I sprang from my bed, drew aside my rose-colored curtains, and peeped forth; but the singer had disappeared. Esperance now entered and proceeded to wash and dress me.

At the door I paused, and demanded in a low voice of Esperance: "Who is the gentleman who drove me from Kingsden yesterday—what is his name?"

"He is Mr. Burnsides," said she, looking at me from the side, the master of the house!"

"But Mr. Burnsides is dead," I objected.

"True, Mr. Burnsides who was husband to madame is dead; but this is his son, Monsieur Victor. Now, run in, dear child, and greet thy grandmother."

I entered timidly. My grandmother was presiding over a most tempting breakfast table. At the other end of the table sat Mr. Burnsides, quietly unfolding the Times.

The lion looked no less terrible without his hat than with it. He turned on me a half-puzzled, half-amused glance. I drew reluctantly near, and received a grave and awkward "How do you do, Miss Damien?"

I retreated as far as possible from him to the other end of the table, and at that moment he heard an elastic step on the gravel outside, the French window was flung open, and a young man bounded in and flung his arms round my grandmother with effusion.

"Good-morning, my dearest," she replied to his ardent salutation; "see Remy, here is your little niece—poor Constant's little girl."

My uncle flung himself on his knees beside me and encircled me with his arms. His beautiful face was close to mine. I saw dark masses of clustering curls, a rich brown skin, sparkling black eyes, a slight dark mustache on the impetuous lip, and a warm flush of color in the cheeks. My heart went out to him at once. His smile of pleasure and amity won me. I gave to him willingly the kiss for which he entreated, and in a minute found myself enthroned upon his knees, yet held very happy.

"Tell me, Remy, do you see any likeness?"

"To my brother? None. But I tell you to whom I do see a likeness—to our Muscovite ancestress, the Princess Olga!"

"I am enchanted," said madame.

"I do not know when my life at Burnside first became an ordinary thing to me. It seemed to me then, a happy, sunny, Every day developed some new pleasure, though the life at the Manor House was of the quietest and most retired order. My chief delight was in my rides with Uncle Remy. Esperance made me a little riding skirt, and together we scampered over Dartmoor, or traversed the old coach road, whence, at the high points, one could catch glimpses of the sea."

One day, many weeks after my arrival, when I had settled down into all the Burnside ways, and ceased to feel a single pang of homesickness, my uncle and I were riding along the coach road, past a pair of old gates, evidently leading to some park or country seat. As we passed, at a foot-pace, the heavy gate swung open, and a young, pretty girl stepped out into the road. She glanced up as my uncle was closing the latch, met my uncle's eye, and bowed, with a blush and a smile. He instantly checked his horse, and raised his hat, with looks of most evident pleasure.

"How do you do, Miss Lyndon? I did not know you were returned from London."

"How do you do, Mr. Damien?" was the answer, in a fresh and prepossessing voice. "We only returned yesterday evening. Who is your fair lady?"

"It is my little niece, Olga Damien. She and I are sworn brothers and the best of comrades."

"I am delighted to see her, and hope we may be better friends," said this delightful young lady. "We are going to have a garden party next week; I shall certainly enclose a card for Miss Olga Damien. Will Mr. Damien's pressing engagements allow him to honor us with his presence?"

Remy burst forth into a vehement declaration that ropes should not keep him from the Brooklands on the day mentioned; at which Miss Lyndon laughed, waved her hand, and walked quickly away up the lane.

After this meeting my uncle was silent and abstracted during a long portion of our ride. That day a lurch he announced suddenly, "The Lyndons are back at the Brooklands." The squire looked up, and I saw a frown of annoyance gather on his usually passive face. His stepbrother looked defiantly at him.

"When did they come home?" growled the squire.

"Last night," was the airy reply. "They are going to give a garden party next week, and Olga is to be included in the invitation."

"I give you due notice that I do not go," went on the squire.

"That is a pity; you will be terribly missed," answered my uncle, with greatest gravity.

My grandmother, who had been listening to this jangle with evident uneasiness, now thought it prudent to interfere. "No more of this, please, my sons," said she; and neither of the young men spoke another word.

It was my first intimation that this peaceful Devonshire household possessed, like other households, a skeleton in their cupboard. I had never before seen the domestic quiet disturbed in any way. But, as I looked at the lowering brows of Mr. Burnsides, under which his blue eyes seemed to shoot sparks, I pitied Uncle Remy from the bottom of my heart.

CHAPTER IV.

Next day my uncle Remy elected that we should not go for a ride; instead, we would go for a walk through the hay-fields. I acquiesced, as I should have done in anything he had proposed. So we took a lurch of strawberries and cake in a little basket, and went off together. We came to stop at length in a delicious meadow which, like all Devonshire meadows, lay on the slope of a hill. Uncle Remy appeared to be in a drowsy and contemplative state of mind. He lay full length on the warm, fragrant hay, and allowed me to pile it up behind his head to keep off the sun. This done, I crept to his side and lay down with my head on his arm.

"What are you thinking about just now—this very minute?" I demanded.

"I? Oh, nothing that would interest you, child. I say, Olga, did you notice Miss Lyndon, the young lady we met yesterday?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Didn't you think her very pretty?"

"I think she's the prettiest person I ever saw, and the nicest, too. Are you going to marry Miss Lyndon, Uncle Remy?"

"He started at which he spoke. He seemed to me to be in a drowsy and contemplative state of mind. He lay full length on the warm, fragrant hay, and allowed me to pile it up behind his head to keep off the sun. This done, I crept to his side and lay down with my head on his arm."

"I don't know, child. No one can say beforehand what he or she will do. If only I were free—"

"Are you not free? You are grown up," I said, wondering. On this he burst forth with bitterness.

"Free? I am chained like a captive! I wear a galling yoke! Almost as I raise my arms—suing the action to the world—I expect to hear my chains rattle! I cannot do as I like half so much as you can, child Olga! No; may you never know the bitterness of being bound as I am—eating another's bread, and expected in return to do as I am told, and look pleasant! It is servitude—ignominious slavery."

I was fairly puzzled. I had certainly never before noticed any signs of the bondage of which he spoke. He seemed as unshackled as the June, hay-scented breeze which cooled our foreheads.

"Yes," he resumed, "I am like the miserable French nation when Marat gripped her by the throat! I am unable to help myself, yet all the time obliged to gasp out 'Vive la Liberte!' Oh, where is the Charlotte Corday who will rid me of the tyrant!"

The allusion to Charlotte Corday was the only thing in this sentence which caught my attention. I reminded my uncle that he had promised me the history of this heroine, who, he had told me, was one of my French ancestors. His eye lit up.

I feel exactly now in the mood for that, said he. "So listen to me well, your little descendant of the noblest daughter of France."

So his emphatic, melodious, voluble French voice related the account of Marat's assassination, and, as he called it, the martyrdom of his murderer. I lay entranced, deep among the hay—buried in the deep—so that all I could see was the blue, deep sky, with occasionally the flight of a swallow across it. Uncle Remy began to sing the "Marseillaise." How he could sing! The martial words rang across the quiet English hayfield with a quaintly incongruous effect.

The next few days passed quietly. We did not again meet Miss Lyndon, although I am sure, now I look back upon it, that Uncle Remy purposely bent his steps to the places where we were most likely to meet her. To me the days seemed to roll by on loaden wings—the slow days which stood between me and that garden-party.

I was awake by 6 on the eventful morning, and when the withdrawal of my window curtains showed me a cloudless sky, I could have cried with joy. The carriage came round at 3 o'clock—the large open carriage and pair which was only used on state occasions. What excitement to meet her at the gate of having Mr. Burnsides's formidable beard opposite me, I never uttered a syllable during the whole drive. I knew my heart was beating as the carriage shot past the old gateway leading to the Brooklands, and I squeezed Uncle Remy's hand.

What a fairy sight met my gaze when we alighted! The broad terrace lawns were gay with ladies attired in every delicate hue of pale blue, coral, amber, terra-cotta, and cream. Tennis was being played in three separate courts, and the proceedings were enlivened by the strains of a band playing a soft, German-sounding waltz.

I cannot here describe the delights of that afternoon; how we swung, played tennis, ransacked the fruit garden, and constantly retired to the marquee on the lawn for ices. I now and then caught a glimpse of Uncle Remy, now and then of grandmother, who was sitting under the trees, and now and then of the squire walking and talking, or once or twice, standing still and blank, as if lost in unpleasant thought.

At last the wonderful, beautiful day came to an end. Miss Lyndon's nieces, Hugh and Christie, and I had finished our game of tennis, and were reclining on a garden-seat, while I regaled the others with a tale about a knight and a maid, which was one of the many that Uncle Remy used to tell me. Suddenly a quick firm step crunched on the gravel, and, looking up, I beheld Mr. Burnsides.

"Child, we have been looking for you everywhere; be quick, the carriage is waiting," he said, in a voice which sounded irritated and harsh.

Uncle Remy never spoke to me like that, nor called me "child" in that way, as if I had been doing something naughty. I made my adieux, and followed him reluctantly. He walked on, his thoughts miles away from the little girl who trotted beside him—how amazed he would have been could he have known of the angry, resentful feelings then working in her mind. Uncle Remy stood at the carriage door, his lips set his face defiant. Miss Lyndon I could not see.

I was very tired indeed. The even trot of the horses' hoofs was soothing and sleepy. I leaned my head on Uncle Remy's shoulder, and he passed his arm round me. I shut my heavy eyes, and only

half roused to consciousness as my uncle lifted me out of the carriage, and the lamplight flashed in the hall at Burnside.

"Remy, I should like to speak to you at once in the library," I heard the squire say.

"With all my heart," answered Remy, obediently.

Uncle Remy, still with me in his arms, walked into the library.

CHAPTER V.

Uncle Remy carried me into the library, and laid me down on a sofa covered with a fur rug. The squire stood erect before the carved oak mantelpiece. In a low chair, over the back of which a stuffed pelican impudently peeped, sat madame; and Remy's graceful limbs were dispersed over two chairs, his head resting on his elbow, his fingers buried among his black curls.

"Now, Remy, I want you to tell me at once, clearly and without equivocation, what you intend to do."

"My good friend, as soon as this momentous interview is over, I intend to go to bed."

"Without equivocation," said the squire, in a muffled growl like distant thunder. "Explain yourself more clearly, Victor, I beg. What do you mean?"

"You perfectly know my meaning. What do you intend to do as regards Miss Lyndon?"

"I can't see what earthly right you have to ask."

"You cannot? Well, I will tell you. While you live under my roof I refuse to allow you to offer to any lady such an insult as the offer of your hand would be. When you leave this house, as you are free to do at any moment, you can, of course, indulge in any such blackguardly meanness as you think fit, but while you live at Burnside I will not have it."

"Have you any further names to call me in the presence of my mother? I begin to see the reason why the virtuous squire so strongly disapproves of my proceedings," said Remy, sarcastically. "It appears that he, too, has cast an admiring eye on the golden apple."

"Such an attempt to waive the point will serve you nothing, Remy," was the firm reply. "I merely wish you to understand that I will not have you conducting yourself like this under my roof. If you wish to marry Miss Lyndon you can leave Burnside and take a house of your own."

"Noble, generous being," said Remy, through clenched teeth; "you are admirably consistent as well as essentially charitable. If you think so much of Miss Lyndon's broken heart, why not give me the wherewithal to mend it? You could well spare it."

"You have asked me to tell you why, and I will," returned the squire, folding his arms and frowning Remy quietly. "I will not stir a finger to facilitate your marriage, because I consider that a man who refuses to help him to understand that I will not have you conducting yourself like this under my roof. If you wish to marry Miss Lyndon you can leave Burnside and take a house of your own."

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my benefit, making the bright blade flash in the sun.

"I paused and listened. The whole house was still. My whole being was centered on the awful end I had in view. I crept along the corridor to the door of the squire's room. It was not locked; it yielded to my pressure, and I stole in. The moonlight flooded the room. The only sound was the squire's regular breathing. He lay with one arm thrown up under his head, the other stretched on the counterpane. I felt as though he must hear the loud thumpings of my heart. I turned sick and faint. The very thought of blood to me was an abhorrence; but a tremendous power, not myself, seemed to have taken possession of me. It was my duty, and do it I would. I climbed on a large footstool by the bed—"

I scarcely know how to write it. I raised the knife in both hands, and brought it down with all my might. I heard a sudden, choking, smothered cry, and terror, such as I cannot describe, took possession of me. The sleeping man writhed and started up. I wildly tugged out my murderous weapon; I had aimed as near to the heart as I knew how. The dagger had something glittering wet upon it. I threw it to the further end of the room, and fled. It seemed to myself hardly a second before I was back in bed in my own room, every limb shaking as if with the ague. I lay with my face buried in the pillows, hearing the monotonous beatings of my heart, as if it would burst. Should I ever sleep again, I wondered. Gradually the moon set, the stars faded, the dawn came up over the lovely Devon landscape. It was broad daylight at last; and, as I lay, hating the level beams of the hot morning sun, before I knew it my eyes closed, and I sank into an uneasy slumber.

In my sleep I enacted over again the dread tragedy of the night. I dreamed that I stole from the bed, procured the Damascus dagger, and entered the room of the sleeping squire. Again in fancy I raised the weapon and struck with all my force; and again I heard that cry, the level beams of the hot morning sun, before I knew it my eyes closed, and I sank into an uneasy slumber.

"I opened my door. Uncle Remy at the same moment opened his, and came out, without his coat, and with a white, scared face. One of the men-servants, with ash-blond hair and wild eyes, was running down the corridor.

"Oh, Lord, Mr. Damien, it's his murder, neither more nor less! Oh, in heaven's name, come here—"

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Burnsides, sir—the squire—"

"I saw my uncle stagger and lurch back against the wall."

"I went to call him this morning, sir, as usual, and I found him lying on the floor, midway between the bed and the door, and all over blood."

"Oh, you're dreaming! It can't be," Uncle Remy, I interposed, trembling with excitement.

He never even saw me. He ran like an arrow down the corridor, and I heard his cry of agonized horror as he entered the chamber of my victim.

(To be continued.)

RAMS' HORN BLASTS

THE brave man is ever a believing one.

Love is a conviction that supersedes the senses.

If you would avoid sin do not seek out temptation.

The only true divine service is the service of humanity.

A man is worth what he gives.

Reformers must be transformed.

Manliness is built on godliness.

Fast living is really but slow dying.

The Christian serves all men but Christ is his only Master.

The heaviest cross of many Christians is the church collection.

The man who will not serve others cannot succeed himself.

The light of a Christian life either shines out or it goes out.

Spasms of spiritual indigestion are produced by following isms.