

almost finished, and the Smyth family would soon move into it. Charlie

ny entered. Already the hall was aglow
h light and warmth.

more substance, thought Anthony. and
dressed for dinner, and took more wa
ordinary pains with himself.

they were just a line below the high-
mark of even a country place.

(To Be Continued).

Hidden in the wood from all eyes but those of the Great Mother, poor Estelle was breaking her heart, yet doing her best not to be too selfish in her sorrow. It was for Charlie's good in every way that he should have this splendid commission; and she grew as well as he that it was for her good as in the end. Were not their lives essentially one, although to all appearance as yet separate? At the moment the bitter, cruel thought came into her mind that the Great Mother was not ashamed to suffer. Those young creatures in the wood were through the old familiar tragedy; and the worst moment came when they must absolutely turn—his face turned to the mighty world of London, where he should find the grand outpouring of work and the noble stimulus of endeavor—she to the restricted life of a home, where the mother might be a mother, but the father might not be it. The weak one is ever singled to endure what it once possessed"; and while the men dare and die, the women weep.

In the country where they lived, the Harfords had that character for eccentricity which belongs to all people of originality and insight, and of individuality of character. Strong, energetic, and independent, the Harfords had never been away from school, as men they shot big game and sought adventure in the wilds. All sorts of wild traditions floated through the family annals. A white man had been heard of as a medicine man of power among the Blackfeet Indians, and he was a Harford. The most daring pirate in the Chinese seas was said to be a Harford, and if so, who could he be but a Harford? The same thing happens always turning up as Mohammedans, the turbans and baggy breeches, were Harford's man; and there was never a time when there was not a Harford, under another name, in the workhouse or in prison, driving a cab, or sweeping a crossing. In short they were the modern representatives of the Vikings, the knight-errant, the crusader, the Casaque, the free-lance of all times and nations. But they made a good money when they went, they did it goodly down; and as owners of the estate were as hard on poachers as if they were not of the same kidney themselves.

As if from ignorance or design that
 thony Harford dispensed with the
 malities usual among civilized people, as
 reaching the relations between guest and
 and set out for Hindleet without notice
 at a time when the English and the
 meeting condescend to small ruses of
 thony, though prouder than most, had
 a condescended.

He wanted to take his old friends
 aware, so that he might test them by that
 that trustworthy of all personal litmus
 papers surprise. It was the old parable of
 Virgins—had the Asplines preserved
 air oil of affection for him, or had they
 asked it?

But he was in the mood which
 which he was called a "marrying man"
 dy to fall in love with the first likely
 who presented herself. Hence it was
 that shortly after the interchange of those
 mal business letters he packed up his
 timateant—so far as he had gone yet he
 claimed a man for his personal service—
 he took the train to Kingshouse, driv-
 up to Hindleet unheralded, uninvited,

"There would have been pleasant," Mrs. Asplaine insisted.

"I found a buggy," he returned.

"I don't like to hurry," she said, with a broken-kneed smile.

"I," said Anne, with a smile that was intended to neutralize the flavor of her pettily acidulated prudery.

"They mostly are in this old country," Anthony, with a very pronounced Irish, and again Anne hated him for his pettiness; but how handsome he was! how well he bore himself! like a king for patent rights; and that superb air of self-respect which is as indescribable as an aroma but visible as light.

"Why," cried Mrs. Asplaine, "I feel into familiarity. Our English ladies are superior to artists in the world."

"Fact?" queried Anthony. "The fact of our mustangs would give the pick of old three legs as many points as a new one, and beat you at a hand-gallop!"

"Have you a Mand S. in any of your places?" No, Mrs. Asplaine: America takes shine out of you for horseflesh just as much else. So I tell you," he said.

events swell into important ones. The Black Crows of immortal memory. The fact of Anthony Harford's arrival at Fleet went; the round of the restricted day at Kingshouse like the tearing of a paper in the Ear of Dionysius, or turned her magnifying-glass chiefly to his fortune. That Thrift was a fine story as well as a pretty place, every one knew; but the rent as settled by the owner, the taxes were high, and Anthony's private pile made in America another. How the private pile had made was the great Proteus of nature, which changed its shape in each whence it issued. By ransoming, some; by mining, said others—he, only Harford, the English gentleman, and like and with those ruffians spoken Bret Harford—by "striking the oil"; by "the slave-finding by physical option"; by "ring in cotton, railroad"—what not. In any case, there was: how heavy it lay on its owner's conscience, and whence it had sprung—in slough of sin and crime its roots

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