

so strange and pathetic in the opinion of all who knew him, and so depressing to himself.

The improvements at the Hall which he had planned with such care were at length completed, but he could not see them; and the son, whose honour and stability he had in view when they were undertaken would never return, not even his dust would mingle with his native soil. So far as the spoken word was concerned, it was as though Reginald Hardcastle had never been born.

Only once, a groom in speaking of some changes in the stables said something about 'one of Master Reginald's horses' in the hearing of the old Squire, before Glenmore's warning glance could check him. Hardcastle's face flushed and paled and twitched painfully, while his lean, nervous fingers clutched his chair in a brave effort to hide his sufferings.

Whether he had succeeded in doing so or not, he could not tell; for alas! the windows of the mind were darkened, the sun and the moon and the stars had ceased to give their light, the once strong man was bowed down, and all the keepers of the house trembled. Yet it was not with age, measured by the years, but rather the outcome of the consuming fires of cunning and crime.

His mind, at times, seemed to have regained much of its old vigour, but his interest in life had died. He had become a siliencer, rarely even asking a question or showing any interest in the business or concerns of others. He moved silently about the halls and rooms of the old mansion, feeling his way with pitiful uncertainty, or led by the hand about the grounds in which he had once taken such pride, until the sight moved even strangers to pity, and at last won the compassion of even his enemies.

And so the years passed; it is needless at this distance of time to recount the full history of events.

The works flourished, and Glenmore's inheritance became bewilderingly extensive. So much is matter of common knowledge. A new village rose, as by magic, to take the place of the old; cottages beautiful