

tie apartments, ordering him not to appear again until he had learned how to behave himself "properly in society."

O'Sullivan remained quiet, so preternaturally quiet, that the Judge began to get nervous: he always was nervous, even in court, when the Q. C. was very silent, for he knew some desperate piece of mischief would follow. He did his best to engage the Colonel in conversation, but it was hopeless. When O'Sullivan meant to do a thing he did it, and interference had only the effect of aggravating matters. A quarter of an hour passed away in general conversation. The page had picked himself up, when he found no one else was likely to perform the operation for him, and was not much the worse for his correction. He came back to the dining-room, and was not expelled by the other servants. No one else, except, perhaps, O'Sullivan, who had the knack of seeing as well as hearing everything, knew how the accident had happened.

It has been said that perhaps a quarter of an hour had passed—when O'Sullivan looked up, and, with the most natural air possible, addressed the unfortunate Colonel once more. His tone, his manner, had merely the air of continuing a conversation which had been going on, but was momentarily interrupted:

"You were saying, Colonel, that you had a suspicion, and perhaps a clue to this outrage?"

"We are not in court, O'Sullivan," observed the host, who was painfully anxious to keep the peace for the evening.

"Always in courtly presence where you are, Judge," was the happy reply, and then he looked at the Colonel for an answer.

Everard was a perfect gentleman, and as brave a man as ever lived; but he had served several years in India, which neither improved his health nor his disposition towards dependents. There were, moreover, several Irish soldiers in his regiment who had given him immense trouble by their unconquerable passion for drink—the curse of the race—and his prejudices against the race had not been lessened thereby. His mother was Irish, at least by birth, and her father had been shot after an act of

gross injustice to a tenant. The murderer was never discovered; the widow, Mrs. Brownlaw, went to live in England, and not unnaturally instilled into her daughter's mind the most intense hatred for her race.

Those who do not give themselves the trouble to reflect, and there are not very many persons who do reflect deeply on any subject, are entirely unaware how completely we are under the influence of education and of early impressions. It requires a strong, vigorous exercise of the will in after life to free ourselves from the false maxims and untrue opinions which, through our circumstances of birth or parentage, have become almost part of our very being. There are not many persons who would admit that they are the victims of prejudice, but like the lady who is reported to have said, "I hate prejudice—I hate the French!" there are multitudes who can give no better name for their likes and dislikes than a strong assertion of them. If Everard had put his opinions into words he would have said: "I hate the Irish!" If he had been asked to give a reason, a reason personal to himself, and not a stock of traditional prejudice he would have found himself very much perplexed. If those prejudices did not react on others they might be harmless, if what is false can ever be harmless; but, unhappily, men are too often governed in their actions by their prejudices, and in the present instance it will be seen how the prejudices of an otherwise excellent and honorable man led to the most fatal consequences.

"You were saying, Colonel," continued O'Sullivan, "that you had a suspicion, and perhaps a clue to this outrage?"

"Well, yes, Mr. O'Sullivan, there is generally a motive. In my grandfather's case—" ("For Heaven's sake, get him off his grandfather!" whispered O'Sullivan's next neighbor.)

"Yes, but in *this* case," interrupted the barrister, with gentlemanly effrontery.

"In this case, sir, I believe there was a motive, and I believe I know the motive, and"—he added, after a moment's hesitation—"the person."

Every one was silent now. Though Lord Elmsdale was not very popular with the country families, his death had