

upon him; that he had brothered, fathered, loved; that had cried to him — ah, God, God! how the words came back! — “Everything I’ve got is yours — you know that, don’t you, old man?” That had cried, “I’m never really happy except when I’m with you;” that had said, “I want some one to look after me — the kind of chap I am; a shy ass and delicate.”

He dropped on the bed in the tumult of his torment. He writhed to his knees and flung himself against the bed, his fingers twisting in the quilt, his face between his outstretched arms. He had burned with fury to face Rollo and crush him down. The weapon was in his hands. Ah, ah, too strong, too sharp, too cruel! New thoughts brought him to his feet. Strongly he arose and shook himself. What, was he weakening toward a sentiment? “Everything I’ve got is yours” — but Dora taken from him! “Everything I’ve got is yours!” — it was! it was! and Dora with it! Always arranged because he was Lord Burdon! His darling sold to Rollo and bought by Kollo because Rollo was what he was! And he was not it! He was not it! This night, this hour he should know it!

This night? There came to him the vision of Rollo he had had when they told him Rollo could not come to the station to meet him but begged he would go up to him directly he arrived. He had pictured old Rollo coming to him with eager, outstretched hands. Rollo was waiting for him now, expecting him every moment, would so come to him if he went, would so come to him if he waited till to-morrow; and how would look when he spoke and told? The years ran back and answered him. There came to him clearly as yesterday that first visit to Mr. Hannaford’s when he had been flushed with excitement and praise at riding the little black horse and had