

but that of one who in another hour will be my husband. No doubt you will disown me for this, but I cannot help it.—Farewell.

“KATE HETHERINGTON.”

“Mad, mad,” murmured the Admiral, as he concluded the epistle; “but I spare her one harsh word; she will live to bitterly repent this irrevocable step. My poor sister, thank God she is spared this hour of misery,” and he descended again to the dining room with a face of stern sorrow, that awed the inquisitive servants into silence; in the kitchen only, their voices sunk into whispers, did they discuss the matter, each and all vowing that they had always had their suspicions “of that there Marquis.”