

that the dying man looked out upon, a vivid contrast to the tumult of soul that he was enduring. After a time he opened his eyes, and looking to see that I was paying attention, he told, amid frequent pauses for breath and rest, the following story:

“I was reared in your grandfather’s home with your father, and did not know till I was eighteen years old that I was not his brother. One day I was rummaging amongst some papers in the library when I came upon two certificates. One was of a marriage performed in Scotland, and the other, which was pinned to it, was of the birth of a child bearing my Christian name. In my curiosity I showed the certificates to an old servant who had been in the family for forty years, and questioned her about them. She told me that the certificate was that of the marriage of my mother to a man who proved to be a villain and who deserted her. The birth certificate recorded my own advent into the world. The discovery wrought a remarkable change in me, and from that day I hated your father, who until that hour I had regarded as my brother. I construed every act, no matter how trivial, as a slight upon me, and my resentment continued to grow—indeed, I nursed it sedulously. I conceived the idea that your father as the lawful heir would utterly overshadow me, and I formed the purpose of thwarting him in every way possible. As you doubtless know, I robbed him of his sweetheart, and, after I married her, broke her heart, for I did not care for her. I knew she always liked your father better than me. I do not think I could have seduced her from