

doesn't sicken him of governesses for the remainder of his mortal career. Hey?"

But Sybil was gone—out through the French window, with Cyril, and Sybil, and Bijou, and Amour—a whole little army of dogs, in jingling silver bells, after her.

"Hold on!" cried Charley, settling his sofa cushions. "Don't be ill-bred, and cut a fellow short. I hate bad manners, and I haven't finished. Macgregor—oh, hang it! Trevanion—told me to say he was coming over this evening if he can possibly get away, and what with a corpse down-stairs, and a murderess upstairs, and a skeleton in the Priory to be exhumed, and an inquest to be held to-morrow, I really think he has his hands full. However, he's coming, and, if you like, I'll demand his intentions while he's here, and bring him to the point at once, seeing I stand in a father's place to you. Hey?"

But this time Sybil was really gone, and Charley, settling his pillows, lay back and closed his eyes.

"Be kind enough not to ask any more questions, mamma, if you please," he said, plaintively. "I'm fit to drop of exhaustion—beat out—used up—completely flabbergasted! Pray allow me a gentle siesta, and don't exclaim any more. I have nerves, though no one ever considers them, and they've been worn to fiddle-strings by the tragical events of this day. So absurdly hot as it has been, too! And the first of September, and not one pop at the partridges! Oh! why couldn't Mrs. Ingram have postponed shooting that fellow four-and-twenty hours, at least?"

Charley gently lapsed into balmy slumber, while his mother, quite dizzy with all these horrors and astounding revelations, sought out her daughter on the terrace.

But Sybil was not there. She had wandered off to a little rose-garden, where fountains plashed, and rich red and white roses—the royal flower of love—bloomed in wanton profusion.

A fairy vision, she stood there, her little dogs frisking about her and making fairy music with their silver bells—the sweetest rose among the roses—when a step came crashing over turf and gravel—a step she knew dearly and well—and a tall form stood between her and the rosy western light.

"Sybil!"

She looked up—the eloquent glow on her cheeks, the starry radiance in her eyes—then, again, down. Those great dark eyes were not so easily met.

"What!" he said, bending over her, "not one word—not one word of welcome for Cousin Cyril? And the ring—the

love token—to wear for a pond! Little truth."

She laughed close to him.

"Oh, Cyril, at him with me so?"

wretched there! Oh!

"My father! When I heard news of him here. It

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