

MICHAEL'S GRAG

By GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

A CORNISH LANDLORD.

"THEN you don't care for the place yourself, Tyrrel?" Eustace Le Neve said musingly, as he gazed in front of him with a comprehensive glance at the long grey moor and the wide expanse of black and stormy water. "It's bleak, of course; bleak and cold, I grant you; all this upland plateau about the Lizard promontory seems bleak and cold everywhere; but to my mind it has a certain wild and weird picturesqueness of its own for all that. It aims at gloominess. I confess in its own way I don't dislike it."

"For my part," Tyrrel answered, clenching his hand hard as he spoke, and knitting

