



A VEXED INHERITANCE.



CHAPTER I

FOREBODINGS.

HUBERT, dear, just look! Only St. Valentine's Day, and see what beauties! I am quite sure they couldn't be found anywhere but in West Court woods.'

It was a sweet, young voice, and a sweet, young presence, too, which interrupted Hubert Westray's meditations that afternoon in the library at West Court. He started, almost as if he had been caught unawares in some untoward action, and looked up with a slight smile to greet his wife. She made a fair picture, as she stood by the table emptying her basket of its precious hoard of early primroses and sweet violets, and a deep, yearning tenderness filled the man's eyes as he looked. She