

the land wild as land could be. I took possession of it, and kept it. Mr. Latour was not hard upon me, nor Miss Latour neither; and I can't see why you as has had nothing to do with it, neither buying it, nor building on it, should be so much keener after it than them."

"I don't mean to argue the matter," the Doctor answered. "You've had warning enough; and I mean you to go. Loose my horse."

Clarkson's face was growing darker every moment. He held the bridle more firmly, and began to speak again.

Doctor Morton suddenly raised his riding-whip, and let the handle fall sharply on the hand that detained him; at the same moment he spurred his horse, and the animal, springing forward, struck Clarkson with its shoulder and sent him staggering back across the road. He recovered himself in a moment, and darted forward with an oath, but it was too late—horse and rider were already far beyond his reach.

Doctor Morton went straight to Mr. Bellairs' office. He felt it needful to get rid, in some way, of his new irritation against Clarkson, but some consciousness of being for the moment urged on by