

"THE STRESS OF THE STORM"

inherited neither his mother's looks nor his father's brains.

He grew up plain and dull, a mere puppet in his father's hands, and in the course of time married the plain and dull daughter of a colonel in the English army, branch of a poor and titled Irish house, and had two children, a boy and a girl.

Before this son had hurried home from Boston with his family, the will was read.

It gave two-thirds of the estate to the son, the remaining third to the widow, with absolute disposal of her share.

To his daughter Susan's first child was left the old home near Bridgewater, Isaac Neisner to have the use of it until it should be claimed, Isaac Neisner and Ellen Sievert being each given a small annuity.

It was the evening of the funeral, and Isaac was busying himself rearranging the furniture in the big, bare dining-room, where the company had gathered.

A movement in the room made him look up, and he saw his mistress standing watching him.

Of course her dress was black, but in her Southern fashion she had huddled a red and yellow shawl about her head and neck, which kept up her wonted fantastic air.

"And so, Isaac, you have a home now," she began, as he looked round, "but you will still stay with me, will you not? I should miss you about me."

The impenetrable gray eyes met the fixed stare of the black ones stolidly, although from the movement of Isaac's hands, it might have seemed that he was nervous.