

them away. "He has made him a clerk in his counting-house, and gives him a pound a week for his clothes and pocket-money."

"And pays me precisely the same sum for keeping him in food and lodging. It's disgraceful!" interposed Miss Rayne excitedly; "and some one ought to tell the old man so. Particularly—if what folks say is true—and he means to leave Mount Eden to Will."

"Aunt!" cried Evelyn, dropping the shirts upon the bed again, "is that really the case?"

"Well, my dear, it was told me in confidence, so you must be sure not to repeat it; but Mr. Gamble was called in to witness your uncle's will the other day, and from a few words dropped by the lawyer, and from a few more he couldn't help seeing, he quite thinks Mr. Caryll has nominated your cousin his heir, instead of his son Hugh."

"Poor Cousin Hugh. But is it quite—quite sure, auntie, that he will never be heard of again?"

"As sure as anything can be in this world. The poor boy ran away to sea, and was drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the surf in the Bay of Callao. His body was never found again. They say the boat must have hit him on the head as it turned over. It was a terrible shock at the time for your poor uncle, but it is five years and more since it occurred. Hugh would have been three-and-twenty had he lived; but since he is gone, and we none of us can take our money away with us, it is only natural Mr. Caryll should think of those who have a claim upon him."

"I am so glad! I hope it is true," said Evelyn, with a suspicious sound in her voice like tears. "How happy it will make poor Will. And he is so fit for the position, too. He hates work. He would always be miserable as a poor man."

"Well, I've no patience with you, Evelyn," replied her aunt testily. "Instead of being angry with your uncle for his injustice to yourself, you can only think of the benefit that will accrue to your cousin. And what has he done to deserve it more than you, I should like to know?"

"Oh, he is a *man*, or he will be," said Evelyn, with her grave smile. "He will help Uncle Caryll in his business, and, I daresay, take a deal of trouble off his hands. I couldn't do that, you know; and it is only fair that Will should have his reward. And uncle is not an old man."