

matters? It's her blood and my blood. That's my real title to Blent."

In the midst of his lying he spoke truth there, and Mina knew it. It seemed as though there, to her, in the privacy of that night, he lied as but a matter of form; his true heart, his true purpose, and his true creed he showed her in his last words. By right of blood he claimed to stand master of Blent, and so he meant to stand.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, yes. God help you to it!" She turned and left him, and ran up the hill, catching her breath in sobs again.

Harry Tristram stood and watched her as long as he could see her retreating figure. There were no signs of excitement about him; even his confession of faith he had spoken calmly, although with strong emphasis. He smiled now as he turned on his heel and took his way back to the house.

"The Major must play his hand alone now," he said; "he'll get no more help from her." He paused a moment. "It's a funny thing, though. That's not really why I took her up."

He shook his head in puzzle; perhaps he could hardly be expected to recognise that it was that pride of his—pride in his mother, his race, himself—which had made him bid Mina Zabriská look upon Lady Tristram as she slept.

*(To be continued.)*