

grazed hand, and a little mud. The mishap, however, put an end to the day's riding; for though Marie insisted upon re-mounting, it was only to return to the Priory. When that point was gained, and Lord Dalton was just excusing himself from entering the house by pleading an engagement, Sir Roger beckoned him aside, and they turned down the avenue.

"I've a word to say to you," exclaimed the Baronet, sternly.

"Ah, and I've a word to say to you!" returned the young lord; "Let me have my word first. Now, I am a man of honour, and like to do things fairly. Are you going to marry Mam'selle De Lisle?"

"Lord Dalton!" said Sir Roger.

"Oh, there!—a fig for ceremony! Never mind the 'Lordship'! I've asked you a plain question."

"Lord Dalton," said Sir Roger, haughtily, "your manners are—to say the least—exceptionable; your company is to me any-