

"So it would seem," commented Mr. Sharp, dryly. "Then, in defiance of your uncle's wishes, it is your desire that this profligate, this mummer, this consort of vagabonds and rogues, should come into the birthright he resigned to cast his lot with actors?"

The girl's eyes shone with great seriousness of purpose.

"Yes, oh, yes," she responded. "It is heaven's pleasure as well as mine, else it had not come to pass. Brandon Hall must have a Brandon for its master. We shall see the glory of the house restored. Charles will leave the players and their haunts, and return to his own again. Thus errors of the past will be atoned for!"

"Ah—you think that probable, Lady Eleanor?" asked the old man, quietly.

"I am certain of it, Mr. Sharp," came the answer, ringing with supreme confidence. "When Charles alone represents the race,