

saddle her with a new tyrant. There seemed no more use in denying it; the Major said it, Miss S. said it, the neighbourhood was all agreed. What she herself was most conscious of, and most oppressed by, was a sense of audacity. How dared she devote herself to Harry Tristram? He had asked nothing of her. No, but he had imposed something on her. She had volunteered for his service. It was indeed "woman's nonsense" when she spoke of him as "That Boy."

Duplay turned away from her, disheartened and disgusted. Things looked well for the enemy. He was alone with his unsupported story of a conversation which Mina would not repeat, with his empty purse which could supply no means of proving what he said. He ran the risk of losing what chance he had of Janie Iver's favour, and he was in sore peril of coming off second-best again in his wrestling-bout with Harry Tristram. The Man in Possession was strong. The perils that had seemed so threatening were passing away. Mina was devoted; Neeld would be silent. Who would there be who could effectively contest his claim, or oust him from his place? Thus secure, he would hardly need the cheque always by him. Yet he was a cautious wary young man. There was little doubt that he would still like to have the cheque by him, and that he would take the only means of getting it.

Now that the moment had come for which all his life had been a preparation, Harry Tristram had little reason to be afraid.

*(To be continued.)*