

and at last came, late at night, into the yard at Castle Monmouth.

There was a great baying of dogs, and a man appeared and took their tired horses, as they dismounted, and moved toward the door. Just then Monmouth came out, and gave the young man a cordial greeting. He was attired in his usual careless fashion, which sometimes bordered on eccentricity, but he appeared to be in his brightest mood, and chaffed the other about the evident strong attractions which had caused him to linger so long at the Capital.

But Etherington noticed that he looked older, and that under all this assumed gaiety there was a sad look, as of one who brooded much in solitude, and carried a secret burden of some sort. Now, however, he received his guest with a welcome which made him feel as though he had arrived at home.

"I have been expecting you," he said, as he led the way into the front of the house, and rang for water and other necessities for the comfort of his guest, "so I delayed dinner. You can serve in ten minutes, James," he said to the man as the latter went out.

In a short time they were seated at the table, and Etherington, though worn by his journey, felt happier than he had been for some months. Monmouth seemed to have lost his usual cynicism, and with brilliant flashes of wit and humor, related reminiscences of his past life at the courts and in the camps of Europe; and by his general tone of friendship and kindly interest, woke in the younger man's mind a desire to make this remarkable man, who showed so unusual an