

THE MYNNS' MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

A ROUGH SUITOR.

"Be quiet! What a silly little fluttering dove it is, struggling like this, ruffling all your plumes, and making your face so red. But how it becomes you!"

"Mr. Saul Harrington, how dare you!"

"Because I love you so, you little beauty. There—and there—and there!"

The kisses were given in spite of the frightened looks and struggles; but at each kiss there was a faint cry of shame, dislike, and indignation mingled.

"You know I love you, and I know you love me."

"It is not true, sir. Let me go!"

"It is true, or you would have screamed the house down."

"If I do not scream for help, it is because I would not alarm your uncle. I tell you he is dying."

"Gammon, Gertie! The old tyrant—he is too tough. No such luck for us. There, don't struggle any more. You are going to be my darling little wife."

"Mr. Saul. Pray, pray let me go."

"Directly you have given me your word, Gertie. There, it is your fault that I was so rough. You do love me?"

"I hate you, sir, with all my heart, and you force me to say it. This is a cruel outrage. What have I done that you should dare to treat me so? Is there no one to help me? Bruno! Bruno!"

There was a short yelp, a sound as of a dog leaping to the floor, the rattle of nails in the hall, and a plump up against the door, accompanied by an impatient bark.