

ing of the man boiled a volcano of fierce emotions and wild desires. His temper, carefully curbed, was, when unrestrained, perfectly terrible; his dark grey eyes, usually full of sarcastic gleam or dulled by look of indifference, could flash right furiously when anger mastered him. But then this was very seldom, for George Raymond entertained a profound contempt for most of those things which upset a man's equanimity. He had so often, in his younger days, experienced the hollowness of the world's friendships and bonds, he had so accustomed himself to see the little, mean motives which govern most men's actions, that when some new piece of treachery, some farther deceit on the part of any one reached him, he did not feel even surprised. At most he would vouchsafe a shrug of the shoulders—a habit he had well learnt in Paris—and if much pressed for an opinion, would give utterance to some bitter remark or biting reflection, which silenced objection. Withal, he was at heart a good, true man; full of devotedness for those he loved, though he strove to hide his benefits under an appearance of gruffness which blinded many; with noble aspirations towards higher and better things, and a fund of common-sense which generally brought him safely out of the not unfrequent scrapes into which he got. This faculty of drawing misfortune on himself was the infallible offspring of his contempt for his fellows; he cared too little about the "*Qu'en dira-t-on?*" and if minded to do something odd or eccentric would not be deterred by any thought of its endangering his position or character.

"The world may think me mad, if it pleases," he said, "but as the world's opinion is perfectly indifferent to me, I shall just do this."

And he did it, and eventually repented of it.

It was thus he married. He had fallen in love—or fancied he had—with a lovely girl of eighteen, penniless and friendless. Had asked his parent's consent to the match, met with a refusal and a long sermon, had, in his own way, made what would be called by our French neighbours the "*respectful summonses*," but finding his parents obdurate, and being threatened with disinheritance, had taken up his abode in London, and married Jane Varney.