

destroyed the handsome lines for the moment on the other's face. "The family have lived long enough on me and my poor misfortune. Now, sir, you have had my last word."

"But, uncle!"

Monmouth rose to his feet, and the veins were swollen on his forehead. "Never dare to use that word to me again," he said sternly, "I am no uncle of yours."

"Not my uncle?"

"No, not even of your blood. Now leave me; go." And there was a look on his face, which told the other not to delay his departure. This then was the mystery. But as Carey rode away from that place, he had but one over-ruling desire, and that was to kill Etherington.