

A frown gathered on Kate's brow as she replied :

"Perhaps, uncle, you would be so good as to explain why my happiness cannot be entrusted to the Marquis? You cannot doubt is love for me; he has rank, wealth, and as far as I can see, is everything that one would desire."

"Believe me, Kate, you are mistaken; his rank I have always doubted; wealth he certainly appears to have, but Heaven only knows what ill-gotten gain it may be."

"Fie, uncle," interrupted Kate, with flashing eye, "you are unjust; because you have taken a dislike to the man, you accuse him of all sorts of horrors. I tell you my happiness depends on marrying him, and *that* is a matter of such importance to you,"