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"I believe you are right," answered the major, "and certainly poor Harrington had both."

Here the conversation in regard to this individual ended, and shortly after the party returned to the drawing-room; but even there they did not protract the night long; for lady Fairfax was in rather a delicate situation, and about half-past nine she retired. She had not long been in her dressing-room when her husband joined her, and sitting down by her as she lay upon the sofa, he said,

"Leslie has gone to bed, for he is sadly shaken, poor man; and so now, Margaret, I have come to tell you a story."

"Indeed!" she said. "Is it an oriental tale, or a romance of our own land?"

"A little of both, dear girl," he answered. "You remarked, I dare say, our conversation about Captain Harrington?"

"Yes, I did, and was sorry for him, poor man," replied Margaret.

"Well, my love, upon his life hung the only secret I hid from my Margaret," said Fairfax. "I gave my honour that I would not reveal it as long as he lived, not even with the reservation of the name; for one part of the transaction was so well known, that the other, if told, was sure to