

he might have retained his usurped rank. She should suffer for this : she at least was his, if Ravenhall were not, and he would exercise his authority by applying a horsewhip to her shoulders. It would be a pleasure to hear her screams ! Yes : he would do it, though his father were lying dead in the house. There was an additional pleasure in the thought that by subjecting Lorelie to indignity and humiliation he would be mortifying Idris.

"Where is Lady Walden ?" he demanded, turning upon one of the servants. "I must," he continued, with an ugly smile at Idris, "I must have a word with her."

"Your wife—she repudiates the title of Lady Walden—is now at Wave Crest," replied Godfrey. "I am desired by her to state that you will never see her again."

"Indeed ?" sneered Ivar, haughtily. "She shall return. A wife's place is by her husband's side."

"That sentiment comes with an ill grace from an adulterer who once offered his wife poison to drink," responded Godfrey.

Ivar grew white to the very lips.

"What do you mean ?" he muttered. "O, I see ! Some wild accusation of Lorelie's. Honourable gentlemen, ye are !" he continued, with an assumption of dignity that sat somewhat awkwardly upon him. "Honourable gentlemen, to corrupt a wife, and use her as a tool against her husband ! This stage-play of to-night, this hypnotising of my father's mind, this forcing him to utter whatever you wish, has been very finely arranged on the part of you all. It is a plot to deprive me of my rights. You shall hear what my solicitor has to say on the matter. It is one thing to claim an estate, and another to make good the claim."

"Quite so," replied Godfrey, who acted as spokesman for Idris, since the latter was too much be-