

beneath her feet. It was she who was pale now.

"Phyllis!" he cried, "I love you!" and he held out his arms.

He drew her towards him and she did not resist. But suddenly he thrust her away, almost roughly, and cried in despair, "What have I done!"

She sank down on a log by the road side and hid her face in her hands.

"I forgot myself," he explained.

"That beastly farm!"

"We forgot ourselves," she said looking up with a wan smile.

"And it can never be," he said.

"Never," she answered. "I have my duty to my father."

"And I my honor, for I knew."

"I know. Father told me. And I promised. But then I didn't know. Come, let us go home."

He caught her horse and brought it to her and then they rode along side by side, neither speaking a word.

He found a letter from his mother on the table in his room. "Orders," he said sentiently. He picked it up and then flung it down again. "It does not matter where I go now," he thought.

He sat by the window through which the moon sent a golden flood of light into the room.

Finally he picked up the letter again. "I might as well read it," he thought, opening it. Then he lit the lamp and sat down again. He had no sooner read half a dozen lines than he started to his feet with a cry of amazement. For this is what he read:

"I was more than surprised to hear that you were in Pocohasset. I would not have had you go there because you have probably learned my own sad story, the story of Elizabeth Polk. I have always kept it a secret because I wanted you never to know my own family had disowned me."

Then he read the remainder. In it she told the story related to him by Van Hasset. It agreed exactly. The letter concluded:

"As you are not called by your father's name your identity, even now, may be unknown to my people. If it is I leave it in your own hands to re-establish the connection between us. There is one

only remaining whom I would care to see—Jacob Van Hasset—the man whom I so deeply wronged many years ago, and he that I might implore his forgiveness."

"And I am the eldest son of the Polk family," he said. "And it means Phyllis!" and he rushed downstairs.

At the foot he met Phyllis. In his arms he grasped her, and kissing her passionately he whispered, "It's all right. Come with me," and he led her to the room in which her father smoked his last pipe at night and rapped on the door.

"Come in," shouted Mr. Van Hasset, and they went in.

When he saw Delancy he smiled; when he saw his companion with a more than guilty look on her face he grew suddenly stern. "What does this mean?" he asked. Phyllis afterwards declared that it sounded as if he had an ice-house down his throat.

Delancy was extravagantly cheerful. "It means that I am going to marry your daughter," he explained.

"What!" roared Mr. Van Hasset. "You're not it I have anything to say about it," he declared.

"With your consent, sir. Read that please."

He sat down in his chair. "Here Phyllis, you read it," he said.

Mr. Van Hasset closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair, and as his daughter read a look of wonderment came over his face. When she had finished he asked:

"There's another thing that's not explained. The man that Elizabeth Polk married was named Fitzgerald. Yours is Delancy. How do you explain that, eh?"

"Easily enough. I had an uncle who, on dying, was kind enough to leave me something like a million and a half on condition that I would take his name. The legislature was kind enough to let me take it. As for my reputation I must refer you to my friends. As for that farm property that seems to have done its best to keep happiness out of either family, you can have it."

"Well, I'm dumbed," the old man exclaimed. He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and then looking at