

"Why, only that I suspect he is a mere nobody, you know, just a fellow of no origin."

"How do you know that, sir?" and the questioner's face darkened and hardened ominously.

"Why," returned Carey, "I have been enquiring in England, and—and—that is, they say that he is——." Here he paused, for there was a look on the other's face which cowed him. There was silence for a moment, while the elder man looked at the younger, then he asked sarcastically:

"Would you like to know who Captain Etherington really is?"

"Well, well, the truth is, sir, they say that no one knows," answered Carey, with a silly attempt at a smile, which failed miserably.

"Well, I can tell you," the answer came cold and quiet.

"You, uncle!"

"Yes, but I don't think you will benefit much by the information. He is my heir!"

The glass which Carey was holding fell, and rolling to the ground was smashed, spilling the wine over the table. He was sober now.

"My God! uncle, are you mad?" he cried, as he started to his feet; "your heir?"

"Yes, my heir! The man who is to inherit all that I am possessed of. Now are you satisfied?"

The young man stood up. He was as pale as ashes, and a pitiable sight. "But, uncle, what of me? What of my grandmother; the family?"

"The family!" and there was a bitter sneer, that