

while Katie listened in silence. Meanwhile the others had reached a carriage, which Mrs. Russell entered: Lopez immediately followed.

'Oh, look!' cried Katie; 'Captain Lopez has gone into our carriage. He must be going to travel with us.'

'The infernal sneak!' growled Ashby. 'But then,' he continued, 'what's the use of that? He can't go. Why, old Russell hates him worse than me.'

At this moment Mrs. Russell put forth her head.

'Katie!' she called, in a thin, shrill voice.

'Yes, auntie dear,' said Katie.

'In a moment,' chimed in Ashby.

'Perhaps I'd better go,' said Katie; 'she's so horrid, you know.'

'Then,' said Ashby, 'good-bye for the present, my own darling.'

Saying this, he took her in his arms and deliberately kissed her two or three times. Katie then darted away and entered the carriage, to find Mrs. Russell speechless with indignation. The moment Katie had gone, up came Russell in a fury.

'Look here, sir!' he cried, shaking his fist at Ashby. 'I say, sir! Look here, sir! You scoundrel! Didn't I tell you—'

'And look here, you!' said Ashby, in a stern voice, laying his hand heavily on the other's shoulder, 'none of this insolence, my good man, or I shall have to teach you better manners. You know perfectly well that Katie is engaged to me, and that I mean to make her my wife.'

'You shall never!' cried Russell passionately; 'never—never!'

'Pooh!' exclaimed Ashby contemptuously.

'I'm her guardian,' said Russell.

'That may be,' said Ashby calmly, 'but only for a few months longer. I can wait. Don't be alarmed.'

'You shall never marry her!'

'Pooh, my good man! attend to your luggage.'

Muttering inarticulate threats, mingled with curses, Russell now stamped off, and entered the carriage. Here he found Lopez. At the sight of this man his fury burst all bounds. With Ashby he had felt under some restraint; but with Lopez there was nothing of the kind, and he ordered him out in the most insulting manner. Lopez, however, refused to stir, telling him that Madame Russell had given him permission to remain.

'Madame Russell be hanged!' roared the other. 'You get out of this, or else I'll kick you out!'

'No, señor,' said Lopez coolly, 'I advise you not to try violencia.'

For a moment Russell measured him from head to foot; but the sight of the sinewy young Spaniard did not reassure him. His own muscles were somewhat flabby, and by no means fit for