

ing heart. Something told him there must be hope, or Monmouth would not have written him so strongly upon the subject. He rang for his man.

"Tom," he asked, when the man entered, "how are the horses?"

"Never in better condition, sir."

"Well, get them and all else ready for to-morrow. We are going to pay a visit to Colonel Monmouth;" and as the servant withdrew, he read somewhat in his master's face, which he had not seen there for some time.

"Lord a' mercy," he said, "something's going to happen. He's woke up at last, he has."

But Etherington sat there, and gazed at that letter, and saw once again, in memory, the dark eyes and beautiful proud face of Lydia Bradford.