

CHAPTER XX.

FINALE.

"THE earl dead!" murmured Beatrice in a tone of awe. "Death! *That* was no part of Lorelie's design." And, after a brief pause, she added, "It is the judgment of God."

Awe-struck by the terrible ending of the play the whispering guests began a hurried departure. Idris, however, at Godfrey's suggestion, remained behind.

The body of Olave Ravengar, *un-lawful* Earl of Ormsby, was carried to the chamber usually assigned to the lying-in-state of the dead lords of Ravenhall.

Having attended to this duty Ivar, passing through the entrance-hall, suddenly caught sight of Idris in conversation with Godfrey.

For a moment he stared superciliously at his rival.

"Impostor!" he muttered, with affected indignation. "John! Roger!" he continued, addressing two tall footmen who stood near, "put this fellow outside the park gates."

"Perhaps," said Godfrey, quietly, "as your title is at present in question, it will be well to wait till it be legally ascertained whether you have the right to give orders here."

Ivar scowled, first at the speaker, then at the throng of mute and immovable servants, who showed little disposition to acknowledge his authority.

His mind reverted to Lorelie, the author of this, his downfall: had she chosen to keep his secret