

broke the news to Monmouth, "but his country never called Jack Philpotts in vain."

"This place will seem very lonely without you all," the Colonel said.

"Why not come, too?" cried the new Admiral.

"Never! I intend to die here." This was said with a tone of finality which brooked no answer.

A month later, when the wild autumn stormed over forest and shore, lonely and alien, Monmouth walked his grounds alone; for the Philpotts family, all save poor unfortunate Tom, who had joined the militia as a private, had departed; and Carey, who had once more tried his fate and been repulsed, this time finally, as even he realized, had also left to join his regiment.

But before he went, there was a scene between the two men. Carey was now more than desperate. He had gambling and other debts, and was feverishly anxious to discover how he stood, he had even the audacity to search for what he suspected to be his uncle's will. In his search, however, he came across other papers, never intended for his eye, correspondence which startled and confounded him, and showed him that he had been duped all along, and that he had been kept in ignorance of a remarkable mystery. But the day he left, he had been drinking more wine than was good for him, and he grew reckless and spiteful over his bottle.

"Who is that fellow Etherington, Uncle?" he asked sneeringly, as he faced the latter across the table.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Monmouth in tones that would have warned a soberer man.