

I have thought it all out ; and if my father did wrong thy mother, it is but mine to right this matter."

"Hugh," I answered, "I am but a wreck of a man ; stay thou here and keep thy place. Thy mother will never see this as thou dost."

"She must !" he cried. "Her pride hath been too strong in the past."

"But how is she to know ?" I cried. "She taketh me for thee, and her anguish is terrible. Dost think it right to cheat her thus ?"

"'Tis her just punishment," he answered. "My poor mother ! And who is there to tell her, for I cannot ? Oh, Ian," he continued, "I am weak ; oh ! so weak ! Ever since this dread imprisonment I am not the same man. But keep this mockery up for one day more, and I will reveal the whole truth."

"Hugh," I cried, "my brother, thou must not lose courage. 'Twill all come right in the end." Thus I spake to him ; but in my heart I wished that I might die. Then I said, "Where is she ? Hast thou seen her yet ?"

"Nay," he answered, "'tis this very matter of her that hath made me the poor weak thing that I am. I sorrow to say it, but I fear not for my mother ; though I know her trouble will be woeful and great ; but 'tis the other's scorn and contempt I fear."

"Not if she loveth thee truly," I cried.

"Nay, Ian, I am but a lost man," he answered, with a sort of sob. "Ever since I allowed thee to take my