

that she would never forgive, never forget, the past, and all her ideals and prejudices, and the tragic deaths of her father and brother.

Toward the end of May, he was one afternoon debating this over, for, it seemed to him, the hundredth time, when his man brought him a letter. It was from Monmouth.

"When are you coming?" it ran, "or have you deteriorated from your high ideal, and proposed to one of those official belles of Muddy York? Not that there are not some of them very attractive and captivating. I don't believe it, if I know your better self. This war will soon be over, and I am anxious to restore peace to this remote region over which I rule. I have only one obdurate rebel who refuses to acknowledge my supreme authority, namely your fair captor. Could you not come and use your influence to heal the breach? If not, I give you fair warning that I, even at my age, will be driven to do something desperate in that quarter myself. You can ride, or get a passage from Newark (not on "The Scud"). Did you hear that my old friend, Philpotts, had won a victory, and is to be made a baronet? More's the pity! as that poor sot, Tom, has got himself married to a common wench in this neighborhood. Such is the irony of fate. My roses are in bud already, and almost as fair as a certain young lady of Bradford's Cove. I will hope to see you by this day two weeks at the latest, or you will have lost the confidence and good will of your friend and well-wisher,
George Monmouth"

This epistle Etherington read through with a beat-