

the testator under abiding obligation, beyond money to repay.'

The balance was left to his little grandson, Reginald, whose style and title was set forth with minute care, the interest till his coming of age, to be at the disposal of 'his beloved daughter, the Lady Glenmore.'

His latter years at the Hall had been so quiet and uneventful, and the past had been so completely pushed into the background, that his death came as a surprise to everyone. His remarkable career was recalled for a time with some keenness, and well-nigh forgotten fragments of his life were commented on with amazement and wonder that so little of his once all-powerful personality and influence could be even imagined. In fact, Eric Hardcastle belonged to a bitter past of men's lives which people had learned to forget, and he had become, for all his wealth and forceful will a memory, even a faint memory, before he died.

Among those who stood by his grave on that early spring day, there are but two who need be mentioned, Lord Ruthven, and a lady, closely veiled, whom we have met before. Notwithstanding the place and the occasion, Ruthven's eyes wandered in spite of himself in the direction of the veiled mourner, with a look of curious and eager interest.

As the last word was spoken over the mortal remains of the erstwhile Master of Fosseway, the lady moved away, almost hastily. One might imagine that her presence there was not owing to regret, however conventional, but to make sure that the once-terrible Squire was at last safely underground.

Lord Ruthven noticed the movement, and impelled by something stronger than his will, followed and with a low-spoken word, offered her his arm. Her hesitation was but for a moment. but to Ruthven it seemed a long time of racking suspense, into which was compressed the unspoken anguish of years. As he handed her into the carriage, he whispered falteringly, labouring under deep emotion, 'Miss Anstru-