

"Not she, faith ! Major Percival has a son and daughter besides ; Nell's the youngest. You ought to know Nugent Percival ; he's a glorious fellow, and no mistake—about your age, too, I should think."

"I may see them all yet—who knows ?" said Fred. "I wish this voyage were over. I long to see my father and tell him all, and join the patriot army of Washington."

"You told me you were born in America," said Gus, after a pause. "I thought Lady Stanley was an Englishwoman, and had never crossed the Atlantic Ocean in her life."

"The Lady Stanley you knew was not my mother," said Fred, coldly.

"She was not ! That's something I never heard before," exclaimed Gus, in unbounded surprise

"It's none the less true on that account," replied Fred, while a slight flush crimsoned his dark cheek. "My mother was an American born ; she lived, died, and was buried in that land."

"Well, now, that's odd," said Gus, puffing meditatively at his cigar. "Come, Fred, make a clean breast of it ; I made an open confession to you : and one good turn, you know, deserves another."

The young man smiled slightly, and then his face grew serious—almost sad.

"Very few know my history," he said, with a half sigh, "but with you, my dear Gus, I know I may speak freely. Many years ago, when my father was a young man, business or pleasure—I know not which—called him to America. Whilst there, he made the acquaintance of a young girl far beneath him in wealth and rank, but his equal in education, and his superior in moral worth. Bewildered by her beauty, he forgot their different degrees of rank, and the