

roused in her, and flashed from the velvety blue eyes.

"Do you think, father, I would take your gold, unaccompanied by your blessing? No, if you placed your whole fortune at my feet, I would refuse it. Good-bye, my father, I go from you forever," and with one sad look at him, that haunted the stern judge to his dying day and with tears streaming from her eyes she fled from his presence.

With a brain that seemed to be on fire, Judge Staunton replaced the money she would not touch in its hiding place, and finding his way down into the library, summoned Mrs. Reeves.

Coldly and scathingly he told his trusted friend of all that had passed between himself and his daughter, omitting nothing. He bitterly upbraided her for having concealed from him all knowledge of what had been transpiring in the past few months, and for having abetted his daughter in her disgrace, as he was pleased to call Millicent's change of religion, and the bestowal of her love, on one of the noblest men that ever lived.

Immediately the gentle lady saw her mistake, but she had never thought of such a result, and we may well imagine the effect the judge's words had on her. For a time she could not speak, and when she did, his listening ears could scarcely hear her.

"You have been too quick, too hard, Oswald," she said, 'between tears and sobs. "Perhaps if you had persuaded her gently you would have won her back. I did my best to turn her from becoming a Papist, and did not abet her as you have accused me of doing. But when I saw she was determined, I did not go against her, your beautiful Millicent, nor deprived her of the cloak of my friendship, and George Kingsley is a man I could not scorn; he is what I call a true man."

"And I am not, I suppose? Oh, Helen, Helen, you have helped to bring disgrace, deep-dyed disgrace on our name. Why did you not tell me of Millicent's doings? But regrets are useless now. My edict is posted; my roof only covers her head to-night; to-morrow she goes, I don't care where."

She saw that he was excited, that his storm lashed feelings were fast getting

the better of him, and still she tried to reason and plead with him for his daughter, to whom she had acted as a mother for so long. But it was no use; he was inexorable, and would hear nothing in Millicent's favor, but muttering the one word, "Disgrace, disgrace!" left Mrs. Reeves alone, and returned to his lonely study. Locking himself in, he sat down and wrote with what steadiness he could command, two or three pages of harsh invectives, to George Kingsley, ending with the words "Go where you can, or like, with Millicent, and take her out of my sight, but do not come near me nor seek to make an explanation, or it may not be well for you." He signed not his name, but merely his initials, "O. C. S." and dispatched it by a fleet messenger to the young man's boarding house, a couple of blocks away. He received the brief reply, written in a plain quick hand: "Your daughter's future is safe in my hands, sir. She is willing to trust it to me, and I am willing to share her banishment. May you long live to enjoy what you have denied to her.—G. R. Kingsley."

"Impudent fool," he said angrily, as he read the message, and tore it up into a hundred pieces. "To say such a thing to me; but I guess he knows by now, Oswald Staunton is not a fool. Great God! I cannot stay here; it is too much for my heart and brain. Anywhere but here." He rushed out of the apartment, and left the house by a rear doorway.

Chapter VIII.

Instantly upon her dismissal by her father, Millicent had retired to her own room, dazed and stupefied, but fully awake to the realization that she had no longer a father nor a home. As quickly as possible, Mrs. Reeves followed the judge from the library and hastened to her protegee, and soon her tears mingled with the young girl's. When their grief had spent itself, and Millicent found she must look the future bravely in the face, Mrs. Reeves made arrangements for her leaving her father's house that night.

The servants as yet had only got slight wind of the sad affair, but it was enough to set them talking, and made them burn to find out what had happened between