

young fool—and if ever he mentions that girl's name in his hearing again he will turn him out of the house without a shilling, like the beggar he was when he took him in.

James Longworth in a passion is a sight not good to see; he is not choice in his words nor particular in his epithets. He sinks back now out of breath, mopping his crimson old face, and glaring up ferociously angry at his heir. That contumacious young gentleman stands before him, his blonde face quite colourless with a passion as intense as his own, his lips set, a steely fire in his handsome blue eyes; but though his rage is at white heat, he holds himself well in hand. Whenever the uncle waxes furious, and coarse, and vituperative the nephew puts him down with contemptuous, lordly, gentlemanly, frigid quiet.

"Whatever abusive epithets you may find it necessary to use, sir," in his most ducal way says "Duke Laurence," looking the fiery old man unwinkingly in the eye, "you will have the goodness to apply to me, not to a young lady whose acceptance of my suit I consider the chief honour of my life. I will not give her up. As to turning me out without a shilling, the beggar that you found me, that is a threat you have made before. To save you the trouble of repeating it, the next time you make it I will take you at your word."

Mr. Laurence leaves the room, and smarting with anger and wounded dignity, rides at a furious rate to his lady's bower, to proclaim that through good and ill, through fire and water, through life and beyond life, he is hers, to do with as she chooses.

Totty listens, and wishes he wouldn't—he makes her head ache when he goes on like that. He had better speak to mamma; mamma will know what to do. And mamma knits her maternal brows and looks anxious.

"Laurence, does he mean that?" she asks. "Is it only an idle threat of anger, or will he keep his word? I mean about disinheriting you."

"I think it is extremely likely," says Laurence, coolly; "he's the sort of customer, is the governor, to say unpleasant things and stick to them. But you know, Mrs. Longworth, not a thous-

and fortunes shall come between me and my love for Totty."

"Oh! I know, I know," says Mrs. Longworth, in a still more worried tone. "Of course you're everything that's honourable, Larry; but it isn't that. You see there is honour due on our side too, and I couldn't, oh, I really couldn't, allow you to ruin yourself for my daughter's sake. If your uncle won't consent, you must give her up."

"And a pretty, penniless, good-for-nothing son in law I should have on my hands," adds the lady, mentally, glancing contemptuously to the fair-haired prince of the house of Longworth. "A nice lily of the field you would be, if cut off with a shilling, neither able to toil nor spin, twenty-two years of age, and fit for nothing but tomfoolery out of poetry books, and talk like the hero of a novel."

"Give her up!" cries young Laurence, with eyes afire. "Never! My uncle shall come round and accept her, or if he does not I can still make my own way in life. I have youth, and health, and strength, a fair education, and the average of brains. Surely I am not such a milksop as to be unable to achieve a career for myself. The world is mine oyster—I'll open it. I ask nothing but that Totty may be true to me."

Mrs. Longworth listens to this rhapsody with illconcealed contempt.

"Well, my dear boy," she says, "if you can bring your uncle round, well and good—I shall be delighted to give you Totty. But if you cannot—and indeed I am afraid you cannot, for he is the most obstinate old wretch on earth—if you cannot, I say—"

"You will refuse me Totty—do you mean that?" cries the lad, indignantly.

"Well, now, Laurence, be reasonable. Think of it. You are twenty-two, you have no profession, you are unfit for trade, you can't live on a very fine university education, and a knowledge of Greek and Latin, French and German. I believe a young man who has to make his way in the world will get on much better without any of those things, although the French and German might not hurt him. There would be an engagement of years and years, and I object to long engagements, and I am poor,