

Looking up, they saw the young Canadian, standing in the doorway.

"Don't put yourself out, governor," he said, in his old twang, nodding familiarly to Linne, whose face was white with anger. "But I heard you'd got a little family party here, and I thought I'd join."

"Curse your impudence!" cried Linne. "Leave my house!"

"It is not your house, Mr. Edward; it is mine, and he will stay," said Marjorie, quietly, who, however, was as much amazed at this sudden and unexpected apparition as Linne himself.

Roberts gave a laugh and threw his hat on a chair.

"It's as well to have the ladies on your side," he said. "But go on; don't let me interrupt you."

"Really, my dear sir," said the lawyer, who found his voice at last, "I don't know who you are or what you are doing here."

"Don't you? Well, there's time enough for that, I guess. At present I'm not of much account, you see. But there's one thing I want to have a word in, and that is, the disposal of this young lady."

"What the deuce has it to do with *you*?" cried Linne, aghast.

"Well, she hasn't had quite so many dealings with me as *you* have, but she has told me about this little arrangement, and I think she has been humbugged and misled, and I want to know if you mean to give her her property back?"