

always taught him, "His father loved him so" that he had given his life for his boy, and her own heart added that he had nobly redeemed his errors.

The journals of the day rang with the story. His heroism, his devotion to wife and child, were the themes of the hour.

Florence Arle, reading the report of how he died, held up her head triumphantly and defied them to say he was not worthy of the love of woman. She was so proud of his bravery and the sacrifice of his life for his little son that she quite forgave him that impious love for herself which had led him on to ruin her. She sent crosses and wreaths to put on his coffin, and wore mourning for him that was only a shade less deep than Violet's. And while she did these things some people who had looked askance at and scouted her before were startled with admiration and respect for her.

Houndell House was burnt to the ground, but in its ruins Violet found a thing of such value that it comforted her for the rest of her days, and this was the fact that after all her husband had loved his son better than his life.

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"And now," said Lady Susan, when she had read the report of Phillipps-Twysden's ghastly, gallant end—"and now, Lionel, Violet is a free woman?"

"Yes, she is, poor thing."

"And you are a free man, my dear friend. Thank God mamma hadn't hustled you into a marriage with me before this catastrophe. Violet will value you now."

"You surely can't imagine that I can take my freedom?"

"But I insist upon giving it to you. I force you back into the position of the faithful knight who will live and die for the love of one lady."

He fought against accepting the liberty she pressed upon him for some time, but not very vigorously. However,