

father in a whisper ; "you need not be afraid of any consequences. I am a man of the world, Dick ; and she can have no claim on you—no claim, I tell you ; and we'll be handsome too, Dick—we'll give them a good round figure, father and daughter, and there's an end."

He had been trying to get Dick towards the door, but the latter stood off.

"You had better take care, sir, how you insult that lady," said the son, as black as night.

"You would not choose between your father and your mistress?" said the father.

"What do you call her, sir?" cried Dick, high and clear.

Forbearance and patience were not among Mr. Naseby's qualities.

"I called her your mistress," he shouted, "and I might have called her a ——."

"That is an unmanly lie," replied Dick slowly.

"Dick!" cried the father, "Dick!"

"I do not care," said the son, strengthening himself against his own heart ; "I—I have said it, and it is the truth."

There was a pause.

"Dick," said the old man at last, in a voice that was shaken as by a gale of wind, "I am going. I leave you with your friends, sir—with your friends. I came to serve you, and now I go away a broken man. For years I have seen this coming, and now it has come. You never loved me. Now you have been the death of me. You may boast of that. Now I leave you. God pardon you."