

recluse, while they never would agree on politics, in secret grew to admire each other.

Thus time went on, until something happened, which broke up this social truce between loyalist and rebel. This was the arrival of two letters: The first was Etherington's to Lydia, announcing her brother's death; the other was one from the Naval authorities to Captain Philpotts.

Etherington's letter Lydia read and re-read, at first with dry eyes and terrible despair; then she thought of her mother, and of how it would affect her. They had had no word from Robert save a short note, announcing his intention of joining the American army. In view of his silence they had hoped that he had been unable to carry out his plan, and Lydia was still in her heart cherishing this hope, when this letter came as a death-blow. After a terrible half hour alone, she at last roused her courage and broke the news as gently as possible to her mother. It was two hours afterwards that the latter, scarcely able to grasp the terrible truth, and going, as was her wont, automaton-like about her household duties, hearing a rap at the door, went herself, and confronted Diana Philpotts, in all her delicate, girlish loveliness and happy youth.

"Miss Philpotts," she said in a heartbroken voice, "God help me, my son is dead,—my son is dead!"

The girl's face had at first a look of vague wonder, as she gazed up at her, then somewhat of the truth flashed upon her. "Dead?" she asked, "dead?"

"Yes," the mother sobbed, "he was killed in the big battle;" but as she said it, all the color fled from