

pressions to her cousin, some cutting remarks on Bluebell's deceitful and designing conduct, and she was gone—apparently for the purpose of exposing the intrigue she imagined herself to have discovered. Dutton sprang after her, and Bluebell, in much vexation and alarm, returned to the house.

Not much breathing time was to be obtained in the nursery, whither she had hurried. The door was half open, and, entering unperceived, she beheld a sight that gave her almost as genuine a start as Kate's inopportune appearance. Yet it was only Lord Bromley sitting by the table, looking pale and shaken, and gazing intently on—could she believe her eyes?—the miniature of Theodore Leigh! The case was broken. Bluebell had been gumming it, and had left it on the table to dry. But why should he be studying it with such absorbing interest?

Lord Bromley raised his eyes, and fixed them sternly on the beautiful girl. "Come here *Theodora*."—and she started. "Whose portrait is this?"

"My father's."

"Exactly. And, such being the case, your presence in this house requires some little explanation."

Unable to see the connexion between the miniature and this attack; Bluebell remained silent and confounded; but, as he continued to gaze severely at her, she roused herself to reply.

"I came here because Mrs. Barrington brought me, and I went to her by the purest accident. Did you *know* my father, my Lord?"

"Simplicity may be rather overdone! Do you think, child, I have not seen through your evident desire to ingratiate yourself?—and scheming yourself into this house will, I assure you, not further your designs!"

Bluebell could not deny the former charge, though guiltless of the latter insinuation. But who could have betrayed their marriage, and why did he only blame her?

"I do not know who may have prompted you, but if he thought duplicity and cunning a recommendation in a grandchild—"

"Grandchild!" echoed Bluebell. "What can you mean, Lord Bromley! Sir Timothy Leigh was *my* grandfather!"