

transparent face to the roots of her hair. "Do you know the greatest wrong you did me, Lord Grandison? It was to leave me a nameless child—with that stigma upon me—upon the memories of those who gave me life. I heard it whispered first when I was a little child—before I understood what it meant. If it were not for that I should leave things as they are. There is nothing that money can give me."

She lifted her young face, and there was a light upon it which the man who had wronged her failed to understand.

"It shall be righted," he said, almost humbly. "That was a consequence of my action that I did not anticipate—that anyone should think that of you. Poor Lance! He was the soul of honour. I don't know how he came to have such a black sheep for a brother. We had a very harsh father, Freda. He had not forgiven my marriage. He would not have forgiven his favourite son's if he had known of it. I suppose there must have been something—some terror of him implanted in our hearts when we were little and helpless that made your father keep his marriage a secret as I kept mine. After all, I am glad it is done with. I shall sleep to-night."

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Lord Grandison, when all was said and done, abdicated with a completeness that left him a very poor man. But what he could not prevent was Freda's provision for her cousin, which was what a most