

kennels seemed strangely quiet, for it was a hunting day, and Sir Alan Chichester, M.P. for the county, had been away since nine o'clock in the morning, with all his retinue. Not a sound was to be heard, except the crunching of the gravel drive under the clumsily shod feet and heavy tread of the baronet's sister, Miss Chichester, as she tramped up and down like a soldier on duty. Miss Chichester was a woman about fifty, full ten years older than her brother, Sir Alan, and of what most people mistook for a hard and uncompromising nature. Glebe Royal had been her home (as it had been that of her brother) all her life long, and her visits to other places had been few and far between. Her circle of acquaintance was therefore necessarily small, and her mind had had no opportunities of development. Her ideas were narrow and bigoted; she wished to do right, but she had a most unpleasant way of doing it. Once put a notion in her head and it was impossible to drive it out again. Her settled opinion was, that what was right for Tom must be right for Harry, and that if a thing was advisable on Monday, it was advisable on Tuesday. It was in the fulfilment of this theory, that she was marching up and down the drive of Glebe Royal after a soaking shower at five o'clock in the afternoon. The damp ground made her feet cold and her frame shiver. She was swallowing the rising mists in an unlimited quantity, but she knew it was healthy exercise to walk for an hour every day, so she would have done it had the heavens rained fire. Not only that, but she would have left no stone unturned to make her friends do the same, for herein