

the absurdity of the image his mind would form.

Finally, dashing his spurs fiercely into his poor horse, he dashed along the road at a fierce gallop: alternately roaring with laughter, and with swelling veins and heated brow hissing out curses. He looked the picture of a laughing demon, until, at last drawing his half spent steed up at his own door, he hurried to his own room and ordered brandy and sherry to be brought to him.

He sat, alternately drinking great draughts of the liquor, laughing, cursing and swearing, and repeating again and again that he would marry her, until, almost helpless, he, far into the night, rang the bell for his valet, who helped him off to bed, where he lay in a drunken stupor until far into the next day.

Somewhat different was the scene at Payne Hall. Lady Eloise, as soon as her wooer had disappeared, returned to her own apartments, where she remained far into the next day. Late that night, when all the household was still, the Countess might have been seen in her white robes, standing with a lighted taper outside of her daughter's bedroom door.

Having satisfied herself that her daughter was asleep, she noiselessly opened the door and stole softly to her bedside. Although one beautiful arm was thrown across her face, the Countess saw signs of weeping and sorrow there; and stooping down she tenderly kissed her. Then, seeing the sleeper move uneasily in her slumber, she moved quietly away. When she arrived in the hall she pressed one hand to her brow, as her thoughts flew across land and sea to the plains of Austria, and she muttered: "She is as much my daughter as his, and I will save her." That night there came near being a rebellion in the House of Payne.

It was not that the Earl was lacking in affection that he desired this

marriage. Having been implicitly obeyed by all around him since he was three years of age, it had become as impossible to move him from a fixed purpose as to move the adamantine hills. He had also been brought up in an atmosphere that led him to believe that no one could know as well what was good matrimonially for a daughter as her male parent.

The first meeting that took place between Lord Dolphin and his inamorata was not a bad sample of the subsequent ones, she repelling his advances, he going away mentally cursing everything around him, but growing stronger at each visit in his determination to possess her. Not that he loved her. He would have positively hated her had she been a being less fair and lovely.

It was a natural desire to obtain what was difficult to get; combined with a not very well defined, but an ever present, desire for revenge. So, it all ended in her ostensibly, but the Earl and Lord Dolphin in reality, fixing the wedding day for September.

The night after one of her wooer's visits, about four weeks before the fatal day, was a feverish and wakeful one for Lady Eloise. In the morning she nervously and excitedly paced the floor of her apartment, pressing her hands to her brow, exclaiming just above her breath: "Shall I send it? What will he think of me if I do? Can he save me? Will he? He only can."

She pulled from her bosom a letter, looked again at the address, went to the bell to ring it, then withdrew her hand, returned the letter to her bosom, threw herself on the sofa, rose again and paced the floor again, saying: "What would he think of me?" She repeated this many times, becoming more and more excited.

Then, finally, with a resolution formed of desperation, she rang the bell for Julia, her maid, to whom she handed the letter, telling her to give