

THE FIGHTING CHANCE

rall, now third vice-president of Inter-County, he only laughed with the tolerance of a man in safety; and, looking at Quarrier through the pickets of the financial fence, not only forgot how close his escape had been, but, being a busy and progressive young man, began to consider how he might ultimately extract a little profit from the expensive tenant of the enclosure.

Grace made the journey to town to express herself freely for Sylvia's benefit; but when she saw Sylvia, the girl's radiant beauty checked her, and all she could say was: "My dear! my dear, I knew you would do it! I knew you would fling him on his head. It's in your blood, you little jade! you little jilt! you minx of a baggage! I knew you'd behave like all the women of your race!"

Sylvia held Mrs. Ferrall's pretty face impressed between both her hands, and looking her mischievously in the eyes, she whispered:

*"Comme vous, maman, faut-il faire ?
—Eh ! mes petits-enfants, pourquoi,
Quand j'ai fait comme ma grand'mère,
Ne feriez-vous pas comme moi ?"*

"O Lord!" said Mrs. Ferrall, "I'll never meddle again—and the entire world may marry and take the consequences!" Then she drove to the Santa Regina, where Marion was to join her in her return to Shotover; and she was already trying to make up her disturbed mind as to which might prove the more suitable for Marion—Captain Voucher, gloomily recovering from his defeat by Quarrier, or Billy Fleetwood, who didn't want to marry anybody.

In the meanwhile, Siward's new duties as second vice-president of Inter-County had given him scant