

self desperately in love. As her uncle waited for a reply she answered flip-pantly :

"I suppose he is as good as most men ; perhaps you might discover his merits if you sought for them as earnestly as you seem to have done for his faults."

"Why do you speak to me in that tone, Kate? Have I not been ever a kind uncle to you. In not giving my consent to this union, I can have no motive but your welfare at heart. I am an old man, Kate, and have seen much of the world, and deeply have I studied the human physiognomy, and from the very first I have doubted this Marquis—his eye corroborates not the tale that his mouth tells. It is not an honest eye. I have watched it often Kate, when he thought himself unobserved, and the