

than usual came down to us. This will do. You can go, Mrs. Uproft, without a police escort for the present, but you had better bear in mind, in future, that if you are insolent to Miss Denison you will settle with me, and that next time I promise you it shall be a settlement in full.

With a low courtesy the discomfited housekeeper left the room—anger raging in her breast, but mixed with a strong proportion of fear. Her malevolence would know no bounds if she should ever see her opportunity, but for the present Grenville Rose had established a wholesome terrorism. Her feelings were much like those of the Indian mutineers after the fall of Delhi.

Let her go, my darling," said Grenville, as he stole his arm round Maude's waist. This is the deed I wanted. I must leave for town directly after breakfast. Armed with this, I think I can safely say Pearman shall trouble you no more. What guerdon is your champion to have when he has rescued you from the dragon—eh, anima mia?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid."
"You ingrate! what do you mean?"
"What I said, I fear, Gren," replied the girl, as she lifted her smiling face to his, "that I have given my champion all I have to give already, and, if that don't satisfy him, I can only—"

Miss Denison's further views on the subject were never promulgated, for reasons that are palpably obvious, nor will an ordinary observer be much astonished to hear that the cousins put in a disgracefully late appearance at the breakfast-table—a fact that may be noted in support of my great theory, that early rising is dependent on fictitious excitement, and not in accordance with natural laws. Breakfast over, Grenville had a hurried interview with the squire, the result of which was great jubilation on Harold Denison's part, and a remark that he had always had an immense opinion of his (Grenville's) talents, and that he thought present circumstances already justified his opinion.

"Good-by, uncle," said Rose, as he stood on the steps of the carriage that was to convey him to the station. "I think I'm right, but you mustn't blame me if I've made a mistake. I'll telegraph as soon as I have had counsel's opinion on my friend here," and he tapped his travelling-bag, in which reposed the anxiously sought-for deed.

"God bless you, boy," I feel you're right—you must be. Good-bye. Drive on."
"Stop—stop—he can't go like that," and Maude, like a flash of sunlight, dashed through the porch. The idea of anybody leaving Glinn without a flower in his button-hole. "Gren, dear, one moment while I put this in your coat. Keep it," she whispered, "to remind you of me."

"Not much necessity for that," he replied, as he bent over her. "But you shall see it, darling, next time I come. Good-bye."
"Not for long; mind and write; they won't care now, will they?"
"Can't help it if they do. I shall."

CHAPTER XI.

AN AFTERNOON AT TATTERSALL'S.

It is Monday afternoon. The usual crowd of refuse humanity clusters, like bees, round the door of the great turf exchange. Ex-pugilists, low publicans, noblemen's butlers that were, traders on men's weaknesses or just—grousy, brass-chained, shovel-hatted, brazen-throated, brazen-browed—with wondrous greed of gain stamped more or less on their features—the hungry, gold-seeking mob oscillate round that door-way. The turfite's temple of Janus never shuts; the fell war between backers and layers never ceases.

Agony murmurs are heard midst that vul-ture-faced crowd:

"He went very bad in the market this

"Put it down to me," said Pearman, quietly.

"Yes, sir. Will you take it twice?"
Pearman nodded.

The bookmaker pencilled it into his notebook. The crowd, attracted by the fact of Coriander's owner coming to the rescue, had surged round them, but no sooner had Mr. Playart completed his memorandum than he reiterated his hoarse war cry of "Here's 1,000 to 800 against Coriander!"—a shout in which he was almost immediately joined by two or three other large speculators.

"Put it down again, Playart," said Pearman, grimly; and now, inspired with confidence by the way in which its owner had supported him, several backers invested on the favorite.

For a little it seemed as if Coriander would rally in the market; but the layers of odds far exceeded the backers, and finally came forth Mr. Playart's ominous shout of "4,000 to 1,000 against the favorite for 'the Gaines'!"

"I'll take that!" cried Pearman, though his astonishment knew no bounds; and as the bookmaker noted it, he remarked with a sneer, "You'll find my horse bad to get out of on the Two Thousand day. I don't think you will hedge, except at loss."

"Perhaps so, sir; perhaps so; but I'll bet you an even hundred he don't start."

"Done! and I'll make it 5,000, if you like?"

"No; you might start him on three legs. I won't risk more than a hundred on his not starting; but here's 4,000 to 1,000 he don't win, once more."

Sam Pearman shook his head, and, at all events for once in his life, walked out of Tattersall's thoroughly puzzled. He knew his horse to be perfectly well, he had seen him that morning. As far as he had tried him, he had never tried a three-year-old better. What the devil were these ring-men going on?

They make great mistakes at times, these members of the magic circle. Their brethren of the Stock exchange occasionally get the worst of it also; but, as a rule, either backers or shareholders are justified in feeling alarm at a persistent assault on what their money may be invested in. The decline of the favorite for a big race in the market is hardly so disastrous to the world in general as bank shares dropping twenty per cent. below premium. Before Pearman left London next day, he was aware, from various sources, that Coriander's status in the betting was still further shaken, and that as much as five to one had been offered against the crack of forty-eight hours ago. He thought of it all the way home, and felt more utterly bewildered than he had ever done before in the whole of his turf experience.

Could Sam Pearman have been present at a conference held in Silky Dallison's rooms, between that astute gentleman and Grenville Rose, though he would have been still a long way from enlightened on the subject, yet he would have learned a good deal. It was the Friday night before that eventful Monday. Grenville had returned from Glinn the day previous. A mouldy old parchment lay on the table between them; it had apparently been consulted and thrown aside.

"Rumford says the deed is perfectly good, and Mr. Denison is certain there has been no enfranchisement. That's the case, Gren, isn't it?"

Rose nodded, and Mr. Dallison for a few minutes puffed meditatively at his cigar.

"Well," he continued, "the law part I leave to you. I presume that is all right. Rumford's opinion is quite good enough to go on, and old Denison, you say, was quite clear there has never been any enfranchisement. Odd there should not have been; but no doubt Pearman defunct was quite unaware of the existence of our friend here," and Dallison jerked his head in the direction of the parchment. "He wasn't the man to leave

"No. I'm not likely to, if you knew all."

"Got his measles pretty bad, apparently," observed the astute host to himself, as Gren's footsteps died away down the staircase. "Hope his success there really does depend, as he says, on this business coming off all right; else, when it's a regular case of 'spoons,' never a soul, ever I knew, could be counted on in a business way—or any other way, for the matter of that. It is wisely, by Jove! with a confederate in this state. D—n it, I believe I'm a fool to trust him! That idiot, Jim Turley, lost me a pony last year at Lord's—crack bowler of his eleven—and blest if they hadn't to play with ten men because he was seeing some olit of a cousin off at Paddington Station. Wonder why they do it! Never was spoons myself but once, and— and, despite his tirade, Dallison sat down and mused for more than an hour over that by-gone flirtation of eight years ago. He might be cynical about all that sort of thing now, yet there was a woman still living who could make his pulses leap should she meet him. It is a fact that, in some cases, women retain their sway years after they are, not only unconscious of it, but have almost forgotten their admirer. It is true we also sometimes see the converse of this, when a woman would fain pick up the dropped stitches of a by-gone love affair, but the male creature has freed himself from the yoke."

The early train on Thursday morning saw Grenville Rose, accompanied by Mr. Nightjar, solicitor, junior partner of the firm of Hawk, Sparrowbill, & Co., on his way to Slantover, the nearest railway station to Mannersley, from which it was distant about four miles. Having arrived at the latter place and ascertained that Pearman was at home, Grenville sent in his card, and a request to see that gentleman for a few minutes on business of importance. Now, it so happened, that though Rose had a thorough knowledge of Sam Pearman, the other knew nothing of him. He had never encountered him personally, except to exchange that sentence or two after the Xminster ball. I don't know whether even then he had identified him; but of a surety that scene had pretty well faded from his memory, especially as regarded the personality of the other actor therein. It was as an entire stranger that he received the young barrister.

"I must apologise for troubling you, Mr. Pearman; but I am here as the representative of Mr. Harold Denison."

"You could not have come with better credentials, Mr. Rose. Charmed to see both you and your friend," he glanced at the cards in his hand. "Mr. Nightjar, I think? Will you take some lunch now, or after we have had our little palaver?"

"Nothing, thanks; our time is precious, and we will detain you as briefly as may be. You are, of course, aware that there is a death-fine on Mannersley, or, to speak more intelligibly, that the owner of Glinn has a right of heriot over your manor on the death of any holder thereof?"

"A right of heriot!" muttered Pearman. "No, I never heard of such claim; and I think my father died in complete ignorance of any such right."

Though far from suspecting what was about to take place, Sam Pearman knew enough of law to understand this expression.

"You had better read that deed, Nightjar. Such right exists, and has been always exercised; generally compromised as a fine—a course we propose to adopt in the present instance."

The solicitor laughed, and opened first a somewhat musty parchment, and then a document consisting of some two or three sheets of foolscap. "I will be as short as I can, Mr. Pearman, but the story is a little intricate to follow. I must premise that Mannersley was by no means originally part of the Glinn property. It seems to have been granted by the Abbot of Xminster to one Hugh Wilson, yeoman, for service rendered, conditional upon his bearing arms for

much about these things myself, but the veriest tyro know the first favorite for the Two Thousand, ten days before the race, is worth a big sum. Mr. Denison is in difficulties; money is an object to him. We give you the option of paying a £10,000 fine or letting us make what we can out of Coriander. I fancy there will be plenty of people to bid for him, either one way or the other—I mean either to try and win with him, or to take very good care he don't."

Sam Pearman's turf-training stood him in good stead. He had learned how to lose. He swallowed the ferocious execration that rose to his lips. "You will allow me to look at that deed," he inquired; "and, of course, you cannot expect an answer till I have had time to communicate with my solicitors."

"Certainly returned Grenville; "and your solicitors may also peruse it at the offices of Messrs. Hawk, Sparrowbill & Co. I tell you fairly we have had counsel's opinion upon it, and there is no doubt the right of heriot still exists. We mean to make the most we can out of it, and either take Coriander or a £10,000 equivalent."

Sam Pearman ran his eye rapidly over that old deed, which stated, after some technicalities, "And whereas Hugh Wilson, yeoman, did render to us good and secret service last time Ralph Everley did lay claim most sacrilegious and outrageous on lands appertaining to us, abbot and chapter of Xminster, in the year of our lord 1456, we do hereby grant to him and his body's heirs the fee-simple of the manor of Mannersley, in perpetuity, on the right of heriot of three beasts, to be delivered as token of fealty to us, the said abbot and chapter of Xminster; with further right of heriot on the part of Sir James Denison of Ghinn, and his heirs, to claim one beast in acknowledgment of allegiance to him as lay-baron and secular leader of the retainers of Xminster Abbey. The above acknowledgments of fealty and allegiance to be paid on the death of the then holder by his successor and heir male. Signed, Edmund Gervoise, Abbot of Xminster, by the grace of God, March 10th, 1456."

"All very well," said Pearman; "but if this is all you have to go upon you can scarcely expect me to pay much attention to the claim, more especially when fixed at such a preposterous figure."

"No, of course not; we never thought you would. Serve the writ of seizure, Nightjar, and then I think we need intrude on Mr. Pearman no longer."

"Two questions, please, before you go," replied the owner of Mannersley, as he accepted a neat legal document from the solicitor. "First, time is an object, at all events to me, in this case. Have you any objection to say whose opinion you have taken on that obsolete parchment?"

"Not in the least. Rumford's. Refer your solicitors to him."

"Good man; getting a little old, perhaps, but still safe. Liable to mistakes, as they all are, of course."

"We consider him good enough. Anything more?"

"Well, yes; are you aware of my peculiar relations with Mr. Denison's family just now?"

"Perfectly; and equally so with the causes which led to that result."

"You are travelling rather out of the record, sir," rejoined Pearman. "I will see Mr. Denison on the subject myself to-morrow."

"Certainly, you will find him at home; but permit me to say that I consider I have expounded his views pretty accurately, so far."

"Perhaps so; but I've known people change their views. Might I ask, are you related to the family in any way?"

"I am Mr. Denison's nephew, and have the honor to wish you good-morning."

Pearman bowed, and rang the bell.

equanimity. It must be borne in mind that practised speculators on the turf, as elsewhere, are accustomed to take their reverses with much outward nonchalance. But nevertheless, when his visitors had departed, he commenced pacing the room after the manner of a caged tiger. It was not likely Denison, whom he had deemed so entirely to his power, would have ventured upon such a bold stroke as this except under very high legal opinion, and, whatever it might be, him at the time to say in disparagement of Rumford, he was quite aware that no counsel's opinion in London stood in higher repute. He foresaw at one sweep the upset of all his forthcoming schemes. His father had told him how Harold Denison had first taken his pretensions to Maude's hand. He knew, none better, how, under the pressure brought to bear upon him, the Squire of Ghinn's self-interest had been enlisted in his behalf. He was far too keen a judge to think that he had any hold upon Maude's affections; his idea was that she justified him sufficiently to marry him if her parents made a point of it. He was entirely ignorant of their being a favored lover in the field. He felt little doubt that, if Denison could extricate himself from his power—and should he establish this claim he would go near to do so—his marriage would be postponed to the Greek Kalends.

Now for the other point. If he deprived this "right of heriot," could they pretend to running Coriander for the Two Thousand? That became a question of great importance. He had backed the horse heavily—just, taking last Monday's work into consideration, very heavily—for the race, and, if he was not to run, there at once was a loss of some thousands, to say nothing of the big stake he had hoped to win over that event.

"By—!" he exclaimed, "that's it! There is some inkling of this in the turf market, and that's the reason the horse has been so much laid against lately. This accounts for Playart's determined attack, and his betting me a hundred even that he don't start. I'm off to town by the three train."

Pearman drove straight to Lis solicitor's from Waterloo Station. Office hours were over, but he contrived to catch one of the—as shrewd an attorney as one would often meet with. He shook his head over the case, more especially when he heard of Rumford's adverse opinion.

"I don't like it, Mr. Pearman, at all, but I will look over the Mannersley title-deeds the first thing to-morrow morning, and then go over to Hawk & Sparrowbill, and ask them if they will let me see Rumford's opinion. But these unenfranchised heriots are the very deuce to deal with, if the right, as in your case, is of great value, and the opposite side are aware of it."

"Well, you must make out all you can for me. What time shall I be at your office to-morrow?—the earlier the better, mind. Time, in this case, is worth something like half a sovereign a minute to me."

"Certainly, sir. Say ten; and you mustn't mind if you have to wait for me; I shall be conferring with the enemy, but I'll be back at the office as near that as I can."

"That'll just do. I must catch the eleven train from Waterloo, if possible. Good-night."

Sam Pearman strolled into his club. He was, as one may naturally suppose, in a great humor for conversation. It is one of the drawbacks of these pleasant evenings that the old adage of "Sarcasm for my friends" is unattainable therein. It always runs the chance of some garrulous acquaintance discoursing upon that ancient case in the Divorce Court, utterly unconscious that you are one of the parties implicated. You are asked, perhaps, after your wife by some old friend of by-gone year who is entirely ignorant that you have either burned or separated from her.

To be continued.