

part to quarrel about, have the best of it. Mr. Wilmer meditated a retreat before this storm of indignation, but before he could accomplish the movement the door opened, and Porrocks made his appearance. "If you please, sir," he said, "Mr. Hugh will see you in the library, if you will follow me."

The visitor arose briskly and followed the butler into the room designated, rejoicing to escape from his tormentor. Mr. Hugh was standing within the library door, hooded and apparel for a ride. He was about to set out for West Hoxton, in pursuit of his mysterious bride, and his countenance wore a slight shade of annoyance at the delay occasioned by the visit of Mr. Wilmer. He advanced a step, however, with assumed cordiality, extended his hand, and begged his guest to be seated. "I suppose you have come to pay us a visit," he said, in a friendly tone. "It is time to pay the old intimacy of the Wilmer and Chellis. My aunt will be delighted to see you, Mr. Wilmer. For myself, I regret that I am obliged to take a sudden journey and cannot remain to entertain you."

"And to Adah Holte Wilmer?" "Adah Holte Wilmer," repeated the bridegroom, a sudden light breaking over his countenance. "Yes, I see! How blind I have been! But," he added, with a quick transition of gloominess, "she is insane." "No more than I am," declared Miss Chellis, energetically. "I don't understand how you came to marry her, but she's a dear, high-spirited girl. We must go to her at once. Dear, dear, isn't this delightful?" Hugh married, and to Adah Wilmer! Why do you stand there and stare. Mr. Wilmer? she demanded abruptly. "Your errand is finished, I suppose. I should think you must begin to desire a change of scene. Let me tell you one thing before you go. Adah has friends now, and you had better make up your mind that your pretty little scheme is frustrated."

"You may think yourself well off if Sir Hugh doesn't prosecute you for your ill-treatment of his wife. Good morning." The crest-fallen visitor accepted his dismissal with an ill-grace, and took his departure in a sizzling manner. When he had gained the open air his face darkened with despair and hatred, and he muttered: "I have failed! Trickery and mild means have not availed me. Henceforth, to carry this matter further, I must become a ruffian, and resort to brute force." As he made this resolution, his innate ruffianism gave character to his countenance. His gentleness fell from him as a useless garment, and, as he returned as a very different being from the quiet-looking individual who had come from Hawk's Nest so recently. He had scarcely driven away, when Miss Chellis, in a fever of excitement, ordered the carriage, assumed an antiquated travelling costume, and overwhelmed her nephew with questions regarding his marriage. "I am not angry with you, Hugh," she said, as he assisted her into the chariot and followed her—"not a bit of it. But, dear me, how surprised I am! Tell me to drive as fast as possible. We must catch the first train. But where are we going, Hugh?" she added, in sudden dismay. "I did not ask that creature—"

"Where is Mrs. Hoadley?" inquired the young lady, observing that the woman had not returned. "She is serving beer in my place, if you please, miss. I will send her for you." "No, you need not. I will go to speak to you alone for a few moments. Shut the door, Mr. Hoadley, and listen to me." The innkeeper closed the door, and returned with an expression of surprise upon his countenance at the young lady's manner and words. "I am not angry with you, Hugh," she said, as he assisted her into the chariot and followed her—"not a bit of it. But, dear me, how surprised I am! Tell me to drive as fast as possible. We must catch the first train. But where are we going, Hugh?" she added, in sudden dismay. "I did not ask that creature—"

"Think of the good you will do my poor father," said Ild, softly, believing that she had at last engaged his consideration for her offer. "Think of his frail health, of his troubled existence. Think of the terrible fate from which you would rescue me! Oh, Mr. Hoadley, by your love for your own children, I conjure you to love for the last, when all these human cares are forgotten, and mere temporal wealth will be utterly useless. I beseech you to be honest with yourself, honest with my father, honest with me." She concluded in an impassioned tone, full of pathos and energy, but the man to whom she appealed was dead to everything except the promise of gold. "Five hundred pounds, I think you said," he muttered, reflectively. "Name your own price, Mr. Hoadley," was the reply. "You will find my father generous if you will be just."

"The truth is, I can't be bought over. Your fate ain't so bad as it might be. Therwell is a gentleman." "I do not wish to hear your opinion as to my future, Mr. Hoadley," said the young lady haughtily, and unable to conceal her disappointment at his decision. "You refuse, then, to do my father justice?" "Justice! Well, that depends on how we look at it," said the innkeeper. "Do you look at Miss Dare, that you have injured your cause by coming to me on this errand? Suppose I was called upon to testify in court, I should have to say that you had tried to bribe me, and that would tell heavily against Sir Allyn." "I shall tell, of course, and he smiled, and rubbed his hands together, as if he were telling the truth to soothe her. "I'll be sworn to soothe her."

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