

Good Farcades.

"WE ARE SEVEN."
"WHAT IS IT MAKES YOU BAD?"
"Only seven."

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Dating.
By the author of "What He Cost Her," "Gwendoline's Harvest," and other popular novels.

CHAPTER IV.

AUNT AND NIECE.

The morning that witnessed the arrival of the messengers from the Dene was many hours older when Mrs. Clyffard sat down to breakfast in her own boudoir, attired in deepest black, and wearing an air of not of respectful sorrow, at least of serious thought.

have children praying for my death, or heirs of any kind. I would not buy the best of wives at such a price. And yet, I suppose, you think there is no man so rich but that he might give both land and gold to make you his, and yet be no spendthrift.

casement—wealth; and station, that makes the proudest smile upon you; and power, that bends the stiff neck of the poor—and you gain—Mildred, be sure of this—a life-long enemy in one who never yet has failed to work her will!

CHAPTER V.

THE HEIR AND THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.
There is nothing more strange than that the aspect of external nature, as beautiful many thousand years ago as on this enchanted morning (which, so fresh and fair it is, might well be the first that ever broke on human vision), was cared for nothing at all till within the last three hundred years; that the common glories of the sea and land, offered alike to lord and vessel, should have been by both rejected and ignored.

All allowance made for their pardonable solicitude to make our dwelling houses defensible, when every man's hand (with a cross-bow in it) was against his brother, our architects of old, whether British, Danish, or Norman, were, it must be admitted, Gothic.

observed the former testily; "how is one to read?"
"I didn't know you were reading, Rue; you seemed to me to be only thinking."

"Really, Rue, you make me blush," replied the other laughing. "I am not accustomed to such pretty speeches from the ladies, I assure you. Mrs. Clyffard was so good as to tell me in confidence, only yesterday, that I was a black devil. I wonder whether there is such a thing as a white she-fiend."

"I wish you wouldn't whistle so, Ray," said the other, laying his hand kindly on Rupert's shoulder. "Come now with me a fishing in Ribble Beck."

"I will join you there, Ray, presently; but I have something else to do first, I have indeed. I would rather be alone for a little."

CHAPTER VI.
THE MASTER OF CLYFFE.
Ralph Clyffard was no book-worm like his elder son, and yet no sportsman like his younger. Now, for a man of fortune to live in the country and be happy, it is almost essential that he should be one of these two things.

This is surely something worse than unreasonable. A good and wise father is an inestimable blessing, and if his father had been good and wise before him, and his father before him, it is a subject of satisfaction indeed to a great-grandson, and the more so, inasmuch as such continuity of excellence is rather rare; but the mere fact of being able to trace the existence of one's forefathers—unless by their good deeds—even to infinite series, is surely no genuine ground for self-congratulation, the sole credit is due to the Herald's college, or to the man whom you have ventured to censure, perhaps, for having somewhat prolonged his task in the muniment room (at a guinea a day, and free quarters in your ancestral mansion) of making out the family tree. That red-nosed scribe himself is indubitably descended from the same ancestor—one Adam—as you are; and the sole difference between you two in this respect is, that you have the money and the inclination to spend it upon making clear those last few steps which intervene between yourself and William the Norman at furthest. The rest of the ladder is hidden, like Jacob's, in impenetrable cloud. Nor am I to be told that this is all vulgar talk; that a certain divinity doth hedge about this wonder of long descent made plain, more than can be explained away by mortal scribbler; for if, at any round of the said ladder, some ancestor of any man of lineage has chanced to leave his purse behind him, we call his descendant yeoman, or worse, look you, and attach no sort of divinity to him at all. Thus there are farms in Devon, as doubtless all over this historic land of ours, which have been held by the same race in an unbroken line for twenty generations; whose blood is as pure as the Howards'. These are much "respected" as long as they pay their rent; but it is reserved for their landlord—the lord of the manor, who dates perhaps at earliest from some rogue whom Bluff Harry loved (for his wife's sake), and to whom he gave lands filched from their common mother, the Church—to boast himself in scutcheons and chevrons, in "jackasses fighting for gilt ginger-

\* "Their inward thought is that their houses shall continue forever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names."

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