Good Parodies.

"WE ARE SEVEN." Said I, "What is it makes you bad?

How many apples have you had?" She answered, "Only seven." "And are you sure you took no more, My little maid?" quoth I.

"Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four, But they were in a pie!" 'If that's the case," I stammered out, "Of course you've had eleven."

The maiden answered, with a pout, I ain't had more nor seven!" "HOME THEY BROUGHT," ETC.

Home they brought her sailor son, Grown a man across the sea, Tall and broad and black of peard, And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake and mouth to kiss, Both he offered ere he spoke; But she said, "What man is this Comes to play a sorry joke ?"

Then they praised him—called him "smart,"
"Tightest lad that ever slept;" But her son she did not know, And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose, a nurse of ninety years, Set a pigeon pie in sight; She saw him eat-"'Tis he! 'tis he!" She knew him-by his appetite!

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

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, thought. Through the deep bay-window, prised." she could mark from where she sat the golden raiment of the autumn woods of stream, from its beginning the thread of pearl, which, like a long necklace, now hid, now seen, upon a maiden's bosom, decked the swelling fell, down to the far distance, where, a river broad and shining, it yet was plain which pleased her best, because it gazed upon that lordly scene. All was far she would have hungered still for more. All was hers, but for her life only—to enjoy, but not to possess. True, she concerned herself with this life alone, credited it alone, never hoped or thought (although she sometimes dreamed, in spite of herself) of loved herself, and therefore it could matter nothing into whose hands this wealth should pour when hers must needs unloose it. Nevertheless, it was that thought that darkened her fair face and marred her brow as she gazed forth upon this scene, whose peaceful beauty should have found its own reflection there—to enjoy, but not to possess. "Nay," answered those tight shut lips, "but that cannot be. I must possess before I can enjoy it." She beat her little foot against the floor, once, twice, and yet again, but not in passion; whatever stirred the depths of her subtle heart rarely indeed was evidenced upon the surface. There was one answering rap from beneath, and after an interval, a side-door opened behind her, and a young girl entered the room. Mrs. Clyffard did not even turn her head, but sat with her rapt how you must help me, Mildred?" gaze still fixed upon the view without.

"Breakfast waits, Mildred," said she thoughtfully. "You are late this morning. Have you heard the news from the Dene?" ard, and that soon." "Yes, aunt,' replied the girl. "Mr.

Cyril Clyffard is dead."

"Ay, child; the ground behind us then at least is safe. Madmen are said to become saue men sometimes, and stretch their fettered hands again for what was once their own; but the dead lay claim to nothing. Ralph Clyffard is lord of Clyffe at last. I place my feetfirm on the second

step; but it is still far to climb. Do you feel strong, child?" She did not speak these words as a mother would have done. It was her contemptuous habit to address her niece as

"child," and she used it now mechanically when no contempt was meant. "I am strong enough, aunt—for a child," replied Mildred Leigh coldly. "What

would you have me do?" turned round and placed her face quite future mate should flutter her thus!" close to that of her niece, as she sat at the

"Listen, Mildred; you are no fool, those lustrous eyes have been given youin a half-dream, through poring on his

"I, aunt? Nay, not I!"

as the quivering wire upon a tower draws that as mad as you would be if you said the lightning. "Well, and what then? 'No' to Rupert; for if you lose him, Are not all men mad to marry? By Mildred—who are poor as any beggar, Heaven, if I were male, I'd call my house dependent on my bounty for your very gar.

"I wish you wouldn't whistle so, Ray,"

*Not by any means to be compared with those persons now termed "Naturalists," who, it has been said, would peep and botanize upon my own, my purse my own; nor would I ments—you lose all you see from yonder their mother s grave.

to make you his, and yet be no spendthrift." yet has failed to work her will!" "I have never thought about it, aunt," "I know it well," answered Mildred, "Is it?" replied the other carelessly. "I replied Mildred Leigh, colorless as virgin hopelessly. "I will endeavor not to never do either, and therefore am no fain hew it to his purpose. Not a muscle Rupert."

Clyffard, slowly. "Not a thought about thought. This Carr here, he is your uncle, your Jacobite tendencies." it, and a girl! Why, girls think of nothing | child, but not your equal. Give him your finmistress of Clyffe Hall? Are you not a should anger him; it will be easily enough course of the bend and ribbon, lozenge and fancy," striking his broad chest a soundlady born? Can you not paint? Can you to be affable when you have become great; fret. After a little he broke silence with, "I ing blow, "without much damage. I am not play? Ah, what a lure is there—the for a smooth word from one who is in honor | wish I was you, Raymond!" rounded arm thrown round the golden harp, heals all." the fingers twinkling on the jet-black keys! Can you not sing as any siren can? What would a man have more? But, mark! if you had not known none of these fine might have said indeed: 'Should any ancestors, a yellow primrose was a yellow | "Really, Rue, you make me blush," Clyffard, the proudest and the richest in other flower ever awoke in them the reflec- accustomed to such pretty speeches from all the country-side-propose to marry me, tions too deep for tears, they have care- the ladies, I assure you. Mrs. Clyffard and take me from this sordid roof, and fully concealed the circumstance. Doubt- was so good as to tell me in confidence, make me mistress of his ancestral home, less there must have been persons born only yesterday, that I was a black devil. he surely must be mad.' So, niece, when with some spiritual discernment of natural I wonder whether there is such a thing as I saw you smile, or thinking of a smile beauties; the scarred sea-rocks were not a white she-fiend." if not of respectful sorrow, at least of serious | marry me?' I was neither angered or sur- been suggestive to some of other things have ears."

deprecating tone, "I meant nothing like mute, inglorious Wordsworth, it is probable, two years old, as I reckon, this day. You its uneasy chair at the like interval, time Clyffe, and the windings of its well-stocked that indeed. But having heard you say existed in all those generations, which have may shake your head, brother, but until hangs heavy with that country gentleman yourself that Uncle Ralph was likely some left us scarcely one wood-note wild conday to-"

fied ears they seemed to fill the room with sound, Mrs. Clyffard added, "do you know

"No, aunt." "By being a dutiful and faithful daughter-in-law. You must marry Rupert Clyff-

"But I do not love him, aunt." the less likely to be blinded."

Mrs. Clyffard, coldly, "there are means to dise, you may be disabused of that idea by to the same tune." make him, without using love-potions. But remarking a little furrow down the centre "They wag not to me, brother; never, had been good and wise before him, and he does love you and you know it, Mildred; of the outlet, for the convenience of pour- at least, since I pitched Gawain Harrison his father before him, it is a subject of

Ay, so I thought. Why, what a trembling Swift as a snake, the lady of Clyffe dove is this, that the very mention of her

poising, and threatening to stoop.

although you would fain that I should take although I doubt whether one of them ever within by a descent: the sun even at noon- ancestors whose memory so dispirited me. between you two in this respect is, that you for one. You are not a baby either. had enough to swear by, but you play the day only made a sort of splendid gloom If Guy Clyffard did leap into Boden Pot, you have the money and the inclination to Girls have been wooed and won, ay, and maiden prettily. Only, look you, Mildred," there. Its beams had to struggle through what then? Are you and I, and all his spend it upon making clear those last few been widowed, too, before they have added her aunt, changing her tone of rail- the painted shields of Sir John and Sir descendants, obliged to jump after him? steps which intervene between yourself reached your age. You know for what lery to one of sharpest earnest, "do not Gwinnet, of Sir Bevis and Sir Mark, before over act it; or rather, keep your more they passed the window. This apartment and how to use them. You do not plait frigid moods for me, but to your lover had once been the armory, and still bore that raven hair so cunningly to please your- thaw a little. You may let him kiss your traces of the use to which it had been put, self alone. Boys like that color always"- hand next time-not snatch your fingers before the mighty tomes, standing shoulder she glanced aside in a mirror, glistening away, as though his lips were springs. I to shoulder, as though resolved not to be in the oaken panel like floating ice on a thought to have had a very different role taken down alone and read, garrisoned the dark sea, at her own auburn tresses-" but to support, girl, when I brought you to room. Above the shelves glanced many a 'tis the blonde that lasts. You will be gray, Clyffe Hall last year; I deemed you would fair device, deserving to be better seen, of child, before me. Your time is short, want a duenna of Mistress Prudence to say, mace and spear, of axe and harquebuse; and young as you think yourself-beware lest | Hang back, hang back.' Why there is upon the oaken panels between the shelves you misuse it. Look you, because Ralph not a handsomer lad than Rupert Clyffard | shone whole sheaves of ancient weapons, Clyffard wears his hair like you, and hav- betwixt this and Carel, and fitted with all the gleamings of many a harvest-field of ing cellars filled with goodly wine, persists the graces that are dear to fools of your war. indrinking water from the spring, and lives | age; while, as for those matters to which a | Upon the morning of the interview woman, if a wise one, sets her mind, there between Mildred Leigh and her aunt this poor _____" ancestors, and looking for their curse to is scarcely a better match in all the north. apartment was occupied, as it usually fall on him and his, you think perhaps that | What luck was mine, say all folks here, was at that period of the day, by Rupert and rupted Rupert menacingly. "I tell you, These are much "respected" as long as yet yours is twice as good. Ralph Clyffard Raymond Clyffard. They were sitting I will not hear his name.' was neither young nor fair to look upon; within the same oriel-window, and close to "Who, then, child? Who has dared to and he had sons-another woman's sons- the casement, in order to get as much light Raymond. "I was merely about to repeat dates perhaps at earliest from some rogue think my husband mad? Your face does and Cyril was alive; while you, you mop- as possible for the occupations in which that his melancholy arises mainly from whom Bluff Harry loved (for his wife's not pay compliments. Was he mad to ing milk-faced fool, beware how you anger they were engaged. The elder was poring encouraging such fancies." marry me?" A twitching at the corner of the girl's mouth—the hint of the beginning upon my way to be balked by a girl's mad younger was engaged in making a fish-hook effort at self-control—"perhaps it does. I to boast himself in scutcheons and chevof a smile-had brought this question swift fancy. Mad? There never was a Clyffard attractive for trout.

have children praying for my death, or casement - wealth; and station, that observed the former testily; "how is one heirs of any kind. I would not buy the makes the proudest smile upon you; best of wives at such a price. And yet, I and power, that bends the stiff neck of the suppose, you think there is no man so rich poor and you gain-Mildred, be sure of but that he might give both land and gold this-a life-long enemy in one who never

marble before some sculptor who would shrink; I will strive to love your step-son, judge. What are the important matters genuine sympathy until the door had

CHAPTER V. THE HEIR AND THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE. things, but scarcely could read a line out the aspect of external nature, as beautiful tion your fortune—as it was mine, child—you rejected and ignored. To our far back of your face." man of rank and wealth-let alone a primrose and nothing more; and if any replied the other laughing. "I am not besides the chase; a mountain stream of "Their talent for hearing, Rue, is, how-"Never, Mildred!" interrupted Mrs. now about ourselves. Did they then love the ears for which they were intended." Clyffard—"never, never! You are mis- no birds but such as were good for table? taken. You never heard me say so! and Were the parks only fair because their lost in the misty plain. Many a mile it if you dreamed you heard me, see you for- venison grew therein? Some we know strayed down to know their beauty, or in her hand pressed to her brow-"Nay, I but did men ever thank Him for the sunthe broad rich level beyond, white with wish I could think otherwise, child," con- rise itself, "the awful rose of dawn?" farms, and yellow with grain. It was the tinued her aunt coldly. "There is no life Was it the premature birth of what is demesnes of Clyffe had stretched twice as be altered; I shall no longer be mistress. mumbled Latin and counted beads—thus Rupert will be bringing home some worshipping, as one might say, through the smooth-faced, smooth-tongued wife, who medium of the classics and mathematicsswears she loves the books that are his spiritually deaf and blind, that they knew idols. Or Raymond will have free quarters nothing of the truths which nature speaks at the Hall for some still more hateful direct from God himself? Or if they did mate—a gypsy from the forest like as not, know, how was it that they never told anything beyond it; moreover, she only some large-limbed fury, whom I shall have their people? Perhaps they had ther reato poison." Her hands closed tightly as sons for silence upon this matter; perhaps she spoke, so that the pink nails of her fin- there was an unthorized sect, calling themgers stabbed her delicate flesh, and she selves Lovers of Nature,* whom it was threw open the casement, as if for air. expedient to put down, and a censorship of But for that, she must needs have seen the press, which exorcised everything Mildred's tell tale bosom palpitate, and the written about her, as William Cobbett color rush impetuously over cheek and would have eliminated from poetry all adjecsions of her own to hide, and kept her been made answerable for so much, poor face averted, though she spoke on. men, although they are useful too in there "Where I have ruled, I will rule still to time) cannot be held responsible for this the end; and it is you who must help me fact, that when our forefathers-a good to do so, as the mouse helped the lion in many times removed—set their hands to the fable." She paused as if waiting for a build, their notion of what we call "aspect" a great wall immediately in front.

has been said, would peep and botanize upon

to read?"

you seemed to me to be only thinking."

"Is it?" replied the other carelessly. "I own resolution. which demand your attention so urgently closed behind him. moved, and the long lashes of her eyes "I care not for that, strive you to marry this morning, that my whistling 'Charlie is drooped down almost as if in slumber. him. Now, get you gone, for I have webs my Darling' would interrupt them? I "God grant that thou may'st not bring the "You lie-you lie!" returned Mrs. to weave that demand my most deliberate was doing it solely out of compliment to curse down on thine own head! It is no

else. Why not confess it, Mildred? You gertips, but not to kiss. Be cold and stately downcast eyes fixed on the floor, on which like thine to deal with. I wish with thee have some right to value yourself highly. to him, and especially in the presence of the rich heraldic blazons were thrown, that thou and I could change places. Rub-Are you not my niece—the nearest to the Ralph Clyffard. Do not fear least this tracing idly with his foot the fantastic bish of that sort might be shot here, I

"That is an odd wish," returned the It is 11 o'clock. There are, one, two, three other laughing. "Do you, who know so good hours of fishing before me; and then, much, then, desire to be ignorant? Or, ah! then, for my sweet Mildred!" being the heir of Clyffe, would you The dark face lightened as he spoke, and

"She is our father's wife, Ray, and-and

--- "Rupert stopped and stammered. ran before her, and all its course was fair; get that dream. Ralph Clyffard is sane thanked God for the early sunrise, that sake,' you were about to add," observed swallow flights to town by help of the whether with the moorcock and ptarmigan enough, but he will not live long."-Mildred enabled them to start betimes upon a suc- Raymond cooly. "Upon the contrary, I steam horse, whose hot white breath can upon the heathery hill, or in the rocky pushed aside her plate, its contents almost cessful foray—thanked Him, that is, for protest it is mainly upon his account that I be seen, let us hope, from our Castle of dells of the park, where the gentle does untouched, and sank back in her chair with luck in larceny (by no means "petty") - hold her so vile. He is a changed man Indolence, rising serpentine along the since he married her; he loves not us, his distant valley, like incense from the Altar boys, as he used to do; as for poor me, it is of Travel. But it is only lately that such well if he does not end by hating me. Do has been the case. If a grandfather of -not yours or Gideon's-which I can afford | called "the love of the picturesque," which | you remember telling me that ancient story | ours, being a country squire, did not hunt, was the richest; for it was greed that so ill to lose just now as his. But he has caused them to lay out hideous gardens, of the Greek creature, half woman, half it awoke commiseration or contempt, ackindled in Grace Clyffard's eyes as she not many years, perhaps months, to pass at trim and true as measuring-line could serpent, fair without, but foul within, with cording as he was popular or the reverse his beloved Clyffe. When I am widowed make them, and surround the same with whom men fell enamored, and so perished? among his neighbors. If he took to reading, hers, as far as those eyes could range, to here—well dowered though I be, and free box-trees, elaborately cut in travesty of the There must be some glamour about this it was a portent, a course of proceeding so live in and be mistress of; but if the proud to live my life out at the Hall—things will human form? Were all the priests who woman, or our father could never be so altogether abnormal and uncanny, that it enmeshed."

> old are more liable to the enchantments of love than even in youth."

"I can scarcely believe that, Rupert," exclaimed the younger gravely after a pause.

man has written it, who had himself been degree; for there never had been a Clyffyoung. It is certain that Mrs. Clyffard is ard, from Bryan the founder-a freebooter gentle and comely; and there lies magic -to Cyril, the shell of whose rayless mind enough in that without sorcery."

Raymond." reply, but no answer coming, save in the was peculiar; and if in spite of them, their has never revealed her true character. the bully and the sot of to-day are held at quick throbbings of the girl's heart, inaudi- ground-floor sitting-rooms did happen to How strange it is, Rue, with all your brains their just value. If the future is seen ble to her aunt, although to her own terri- command a view, they generally saw their and book learning, that you cannot read a darkly, or rather dimly, it is not least error, and hastened to repair it, by raising wicked woman. You see our father's distorted like this past; there is no weird All allowance made for their pardonable withdraws itself more and more from all good and baseness beauty. I have known solicitude to make our dwelling houses wholesome matters, to brood over the sad even godly men to be greatly befooled in defensible, when every man's hand (with a fortunes of our house; and yet you cannot this matter, taking their Jack o' Lanterns, cross-bow in it) was against his brother, see who casts the shadow, and ever thrusts arising from the phosphorescent bodies of our architects of old, whether British, herself between him and the fostering sun." their dead ancestors, for quite a celestial

"But he does not love me," faltered the want to approach it; and when you find a chamber in this house which is not saints of the earth." peep-hole in a Norman tower, designed, as eloquent of our crimes or shame; and if we This is surely something worse than "Even if such were the case," answered you think, to afford a bird's eye view of Para- go out-of-doors, there is no tongue but wags unreasonable. A good and wise father is

mischief."

"Be silent; do not mention him," inter-

"What! not my father's?" returned

misunderstood you, Raymond; I did not rons, in "jackasses fighting for gilt gingermean--"

"I am sure you meant me no harm," shall continue forever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after on Rupert's shoulder. "Come now with their own names." me a fishing in Ribble Beck."

"I will join you there, Ray, presently; but I have something else to do first, I have "I didn't know you were reading, Rue ; indeed. I would rather be alone for a little." Rupert said this, walking hastily "Only thinking," sighed Rupert; "but towards the door, as though afraid lest his that is much harder work than reading." brother's importunity should overcome his

Raymond's eyes followed him with

"Poor Rue! poor Rue!" he murmured. wonder that such prophesies work on their The other did not reply, but sat with own fulfilment, when they have minds not one of your dreamy ones, thank God!

There is nothing more strange than that exchange it for a younger brother's por- the eyes, somewhat too stern for boy hood, softened like the black waters of a mounof a book; or if you could, would have many thousand years ago as on this "There are worse things than being tain tarn touched by the moon, as he none to listen to you, since all were rude enchanted morning (which, so fresh and poor," returned the young man gravely; strode gayly from the sunken chamber, and and cultureless about you; your father a fair it is, might well be the first that ever "but it was not of mere station I was through the vaulted passages to the hall, boor, dead in a drunken brawl; your broke on human vision), was cared for thinking. I envy your happy disposition, whistling his merry tune. So blithe he mother an evil memory; your brothers nothing at all till within the last three your never flagging spirits, and those plea- shone amid the general gloom, it seemed as hated by all who knew them, and most hundred years; that the common glories sures which the simplest sports never fail though the haunting shadows of the place hated by those who knew them best-driv- of the sea and land, offered alike to lord to afford. I envy you your very strength fled at his sprightly step, and gathered toing a base trade basely; if this had been and vassel, should have been by both of limb, Raymond, and the manly beauty gether after him more darkly than before, like clouds behind the sun.

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 attired in deepest black, and wearing an air just now, when I said, 'Was he mad to merely horrid to all; a forest must have "Hush, Ray, hush; the walls of Clyffe these two things. Even nowadays, when he has the fortnightly, or even weekly, dispensation of justice at the next town to "Nay, aunt," answered the girl in a more than a creel of fish. Nay, some ever, a very modern accomplishment; just attend, and the board of Guardians offers our good father brought that woman whose library mainly consists of works of cerning the scenes which lay about them, as hither, what things we spoke reached only the era of the "Turkish Spy," and who cannot take sweet counsel with his keeper concerning "the birds." Still the Times comes every morning, save on that unhappy "'And we should respect her for his | Monday, and there are mitigations in short was not much spoken about; but if he was "I have read, Raymond, that men when | neither sportsman hor scholar, people set him down as mad. Ralph Clyffard was not mad, but he was possessed with a devil —the fiend of family pride; not a reasonable sort of disease with any folks, but in "And scarcely can I, brother, yet a wise his case unaccountable in the highest had not been yet put underground, of "Comely!" echoed Raymond with abhor- whom their descendants had any cause to rence. "I could as easily admire the come. be proud; on the contrary, that generation liness of a viper. Gentle! ay, the stealthy was an exceptional one, the record of gentlessness of a tigress, as she creeps upon | which was unstained by gross vices. What brow. But the Lady of Clyffe had pas- tives. But even the monks (who have her unconscious victim. You smile a gracious power is that of time, which can incredulously, Rue; you have only seen make dullness shine from afar with starher velvet foot; but I have seen its claws." light mellowness, aye, and hallow crime "She has, I do think, been cruel to you, itself! How strange it is that the tyrant of a few years ago should look to us the "Nay, brother, say rather she has been hero, and the wild rake win our readiest herself to me; to my father, and to you she charity, if not extort our admiration, while melancholy deepens daily-how his mind charm about it, that can make evil seem Danish, or Norman, were, it must be "It needs no woman to make a Clyffard lustre; the few centuries over which their "So much the better, niece. Your judg- admitted, Goths. If they did build a house sad," returned Rupert gloomily; "to forefathers have straddled more or less ment, when you come to rule him, will be upon a hill, it was not for the prospect, but blacken the annals of our race would indeed ignobly, divining their thoughts with that in order to better to annoy people who might be a superfluous task. There is scarcely a eternity which they hope to pass with the

an inestimable blessing, and if his father for I know it, and you must needs have ing melted pitch upon visitors. Clyffe Hall into Nettle Hole for prating to me about satisfaction indeed to a great-grandson, learned it before me. When he took your was no exception to other old houses in pre- Guy Clyffard. It is understood now, when and the more so, inasmuch as such conhand in the Oak Gallery but yesterday and parations for this sort of welcome, as like- I go a fishing, that I want a man to carry tinuity of excellence is rather rare; but strove to kise it-pshaw, never blush for wise in its independence of all outward my basket, not to tell foolish stories against the mere fact of being able to trace the that; it was only I who witnessed it-you attractions. The ground floor was shrouded my ancestors. Why, half a century hence, existence of one's forefathers-unless by were right not to suffer him. You did very in gloom. Either the windows were that righteous chastisement of Gawain at their good deeds—even to infinite series, well; but do not say that Rupert is indif- recesses, broad within, but narrowing in my hands will have swollen into an attempt is surely no genuine ground for self-conferent to you. That was not the first love- the thickness of the wall to the merest to murder a vassal. Does heaven set its gratulation, the sole credit is due to the passage between you two, as I presume. slits, or they were hidden by the terrace face against us, think you, more than Herald's college, or to the man whom you parapet. Moreover, where the panes were against other folks, or is it not rather that have ventured to censure, perhaps, for moderately large, many of them were of we have rejected its alliance? You might having somewhat prolonged his task in the stained glass, and blushed with the blood just as well complain that we do not sit muniment room (at a guinea a day, and Mildred Leigh did tremble, yet not with of knights and the dames of the House of here in the pure sunlight, when we have free quarters in your ancestral mansion) of table, so near that not a quiver of the lip, the timidity of love, but rather as the dove Clyffard. The library in particular, which shut it out ourselves with you painted making out the family tree. That rednot a trembling of an eyelid, could escape cowers and quails over whom the hawk is should have been the best-lighted room of pride. I swear that I would rather be nosed scribe himself is indubitably deall, was the worst. It was beneath the that peasant boy, keeping sheep upon scended from the same ancestor—one "By my faith,' as the Clyffards say, level of the terrace, and entered from Ribble Fell side than be cursed with Adam—as you are; and the sole difference Come, sweep these cobwebs from your and William the Norman at furthest. The mind, Rue, or one day they will do you a rest of the ladder is hidden, like Jacob's, in impenetrable cloud. Nor am I to be told "What mean you by that, sir?" cried that this is all vulgar talk; that a certain Rupert, starting to his feet, his blue eyes divinity doth hedge about this wonder of gleaming with rage. "How dare you say long descent made plain, more than can be such things? You call others cruel, but explained away by mortal scribbler; for if, none have ventured to wound me thus far." at any round of the said ladder, some "My dear Rue," returned the other with ancestor of any man of lineage has chanced astonishment and a pity that he strove in to leave his purse behind him, we call his vain to conceal, "what have I said to anger | descendant yeoman, or worse, look you, you? I declare, upon my honor, that I and attach no sort of divinity to him at meant nothing more than such morbid all. Thus there are farms in Devon, as thoughts were bad for anybody. Have we doubtless all over this historic land of ours, not even now the sadest proof of it in our which have been held by the same race in an unbroken line for twenty generations; whose blood is as pure as the Howards'. they pay their rent; but it is reserved for their landlord—the lord of the manor, who sake), and to whom he gave lands filched

(Continued on sixth page.)