

His Favorite Niece;

OR A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER II

Anos Hatton stormed and raved when he received a letter from Martin Ray, asking for his daughter's hand. Nothing could exceed his wrath and indignation.

"You have good blood in your veins," he cried to the trembling girl. "You have ancestors who fought and died—died mind you—for king and country, and you ask me if you may marry the man who has boasted that, if no one else were found willing, he himself would be head every sovereign reigning." He said, "In his last lecture at Manchester, I read the words, and wondered at the patience of his listeners, and you, my gentle, well-born, well-bred Doris, you could marry him!"

"I love him—I cannot help it, papa. You misjudge him," she answered, despondingly. "I must love him; no one understands him but me."

"Must love him!" objected Amos Hatton. "Why, child, if you could see it, he is, and such as he, who are the greatest enemies of the people."

"You do not know him!" she exclaimed. "He is a hero!"

"Hero!—Nonetheless, Doris' hero does not live on the earnings of the people. Heroes do and dare; this man incites others to deeds he dares not do himself. I should object to such a part-husband of such heroes sent off to Van Diemen's Land."

"You are unjust, papa," she cried. "I cannot help it; I love him." Oh, if you could but see how it is! He wants me to be his wife and his helper. I am to assist him in his work. O, papa, do you not see how grand is the mission he offers me? I am to be to the women of England what he is to them."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Amos Hatton. "I would rather, dearly as I love you, see you in your grave than in his bed." He added passionately, "I am to see you dead than the wife of Martin Ray."

"And I," she replied, raising her pale face to him, "would rather than forsake him or give him up!"

"You must choose between us, Doris," said her father, trying to speak calmly. "If you marry him, I will never look upon your face again. I will never speak to you or hear your voice; you will be no child of mine. I will cast you off from me."

She uttered a low cry of pain, and dropped to the floor.

"I wonder," she said, "if ever a girl had to choose between her father and her lover before?"

"Yes," he replied; "hundreds. As a rule, they choose the lover; but you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you, I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a ten days or months, that you have to decide, but for life. Doris, my dear try to dislodge yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a patrician, intemperate schemer, who lives upon the fund earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried despondingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a traitor, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he and only

the masses that old lawyer would clinch his friends; he read.

"It broke the old lawyer's heart every time he opened a newspaper to read such words as 'Riot in Liverpool,' 'Seditious Movement in Manchester,' 'Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower Classes.' Disloyalty, he said, was the chief cause of all the trouble. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively refused to be an exception. Doris, you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you, I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a ten days or months, that you have to decide, but for life. Doris, my dear try to dislodge yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a patrician, intemperate schemer, who lives upon the fund earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried despondingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a traitor, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he and only

the masses that old lawyer would clinch his friends; he read.

"It broke the old lawyer's heart every time he opened a newspaper to read such words as 'Riot in Liverpool,' 'Seditious Movement in Manchester,' 'Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower Classes.'

Disloyalty, he said, was the chief cause of all the trouble. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively refused to be an exception. Doris, you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you, I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a ten days or months, that you have to decide, but for life. Doris, my dear try to dislodge yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a patrician, intemperate schemer, who lives upon the fund earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried despondingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a traitor, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he and only

the masses that old lawyer would clinch his friends; he read.

"It broke the old lawyer's heart every time he opened a newspaper to read such words as 'Riot in Liverpool,' 'Seditious Movement in Manchester,' 'Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower Classes.'

Disloyalty, he said, was the chief cause of all the trouble. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively refused to be an exception. Doris, you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you, I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a ten days or months, that you have to decide, but for life. Doris, my dear try to dislodge yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a patrician, intemperate schemer, who lives upon the fund earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried despondingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a traitor, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he and only

the masses that old lawyer would clinch his friends; he read.

"It broke the old lawyer's heart every time he opened a newspaper to read such words as 'Riot in Liverpool,' 'Seditious Movement in Manchester,' 'Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower Classes.'

Disloyalty, he said, was the chief cause of all the trouble. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively refused to be an exception. Doris, you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you, I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a ten days or months, that you have to decide, but for life. Doris, my dear try to dislodge yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a patrician, intemperate schemer, who lives upon the fund earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried despondingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a traitor, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he and only

the masses that old lawyer would clinch his friends; he read.

"It broke the old lawyer's heart every time he opened a newspaper to read such words as 'Riot in Liverpool,' 'Seditious Movement in Manchester,' 'Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower Classes.'

Disloyalty, he said, was the chief cause of all the trouble. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively refused to be an exception. Doris, you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you, I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a ten days or months, that you have to decide, but for life. Doris, my dear try to dislodge yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a patrician, intemperate schemer, who lives upon the fund earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried despondingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a traitor, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he and only

the masses that old lawyer would clinch his friends; he read.

"It broke the old lawyer's heart every time he opened a newspaper to read such words as 'Riot in Liverpool,' 'Seditious Movement in Manchester,' 'Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower Classes.'

Disloyalty, he said, was the chief cause of all the trouble. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively refused to be an exception. Doris, you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you, I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a ten days or months, that you have to decide, but for life. Doris, my dear try to dislodge yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a patrician, intemperate schemer, who lives upon the fund earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried despondingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a traitor, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he and only

the masses that old lawyer would clinch his friends; he read.

"It broke the old lawyer's heart every time he opened a newspaper to read such words as 'Riot in Liverpool,' 'Seditious Movement in Manchester,' 'Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower Classes.'

Disloyalty, he said, was the chief cause of all the trouble. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively refused to be an exception. Doris, you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you, I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a ten days or months, that you have to decide, but for life. Doris, my dear try to dislodge yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a patrician, intemperate schemer, who lives upon the fund earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried despondingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a traitor, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he and only

the masses that old lawyer would clinch his friends; he read.

"It broke the old lawyer's heart every time he opened a newspaper to read such words as 'Riot in Liverpool,' 'Seditious Movement in Manchester,' 'Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower Classes.'

Disloyalty, he said, was the chief cause of all the trouble. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively refused to be an exception. Doris, you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you, I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a ten days or months, that you have to decide, but for life. Doris, my dear try to dislodge yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a patrician, intemperate schemer, who lives upon the fund earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried despondingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a traitor, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he and only

the masses that old lawyer would clinch his friends; he read.

"It broke the old lawyer's heart every time he opened a newspaper to read such words as 'Riot in Liverpool,' 'Seditious Movement in Manchester,' 'Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower Classes.'

Disloyalty, he said, was the chief cause of all the trouble. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively refused to be an exception. Doris, you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you, I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a ten days or months, that you have to decide, but for life. Doris, my dear try to dislodge yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a patrician, intemperate schemer, who lives upon the fund earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried despondingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not, Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. Your brother Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a traitor, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he and only

the masses that old lawyer would clinch his friends; he read.

"It broke the old lawyer's heart every time he opened a newspaper to read such words as 'Riot in Liverpool,' 'Seditious Movement in Manchester,' 'Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower Classes.'

Disloyalty, he said, was the chief cause of all the trouble. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.