

boy whose education she had handed over to grooms and gamekeepers, and to his own very pronounced instincts.

The frown that came over the lad's handsome face as he sat on the door-step, resuming his task of making trout-flies, was caused by the appearance of a clergyman, who came walking forward from one of the hidden paths in the garden. There was nothing really distressing or repulsive about the look of this gentleman; although, on the other hand, there was nothing very attractive. He was of middle age and middle height; he wore a rough brown beard, and moustache; his face was grey and full of lines; his forehead was rather narrow; and his eyes were shrewd and watchful. But for that occasional glance of the eyes, you would have taken him for a very ordinary, respectable, commonplace person, not deserving of notice, except for the length of his coat. When Master Harry saw him approach, however, a diabolical notion leapt into the young gentleman's head. He had been practising the throwing of flies against the wind; and on the lawn were the several pieces of paper, at different distances, at which he had aimed, while the slender trout-rod, with a bit of line and a fly at the end of it still dangling, was close by his hand. Instantaneously he put the rod against the wall, so that the hook was floating in front of the door just about the height of a man's head. Would the Rev. Mr. Barnes glance at the door-steps, rather than in front of him, in passing into the house, and so find an artificial fly fastened in his nose? Mr. Barnes was no such fool.

"It is a pleasant afternoon, Mr. Trelyon," he said, in grave and measured accents, as he came up.

Harry Trelyon nodded, as he smoothed out a bit of red-silk thread. Then Mr. Barnes went forward, carefully put aside the dangling fly, and went into the house.

"The fish won't rise to-night," said Master Harry to himself, with a grin on his face. "But parsons don't take the fly readily; you've got to catch them with bait; and the bait they like best is a widow's mite. And now, I suppose, I must go and dress for dinner; and don't I wish I was going down to Mrs. Rosewarne's parlour instead!"

But another had secured a better right to go into Mrs. Rosewarne's parlour.

CHAPTER VI.

THE — AMONG THE TAILORS.

THIS other gentleman was also dressing for Mrs. Trelyon's dinner-party, and he was in a pleased frame of mind. Never before, indeed, had Mr. Roscorla been so distinctly and consciously happy. That morning, when his anxiety had become almost painful—partly because he honestly liked Wenna Rosewarne and wanted to marry her, and partly because he feared the mortification of a refusal—her letter had come; and, as he read the trembling, ingenuous, and not-very-well-composed lines and sentences, a great feeling of satisfaction stole over him, and he thanked her a thousand times, in his heart, for having given him this relief. And he was the more pleased that it was so easy to deal with a written consent. He was under no embarrassment as to how he should express his gratitude, or as to whether he ought to kiss her. He could manage correspondence better than a personal interview. He sat down and wrote her a very kind and even affectionate letter, telling her that he would not intrude himself too soon upon her, especially as he had to go up to Trelyon Hall that evening; and saying, too, that, in any case, he could never expect to tell her how thankful he was to her. That she would discover from his conduct to her during their married life.

But, to his great surprise, Mr. Roscorla found that the writing and sending off of that letter did not allay the extraordinary nervous excitement that had laid hold of him. He could not rest. He called in his housekeeper, and rather astonished that elderly person by saying he was much pleased with her services, and thereupon he presented her with a sovereign to buy a gown. Then he went into the garden, and meant to occupy himself with his flowers; but he found himself staring at them without seeing them. Then he went back to his parlour and took a glass of sherry to steady his nerves—but in vain. Then he thought he would go down to the inn, and ask to see Wenna; but again he changed his mind, for how was he to meet the rest

of the family without being prepared for the interview? Probably he never knew how he passed these two or three hours; but at length the time came for him to dress for dinner.

And, as he did so, the problem that occupied his mind was to discover the probable reasons that had induced Wenna Rosewarne to promise to be his wife. Had her parents advised her to marry a man who could at least render her future safe? Or had she taken pity on his loneliness, and been moved by some hope of reforming his ways and habits of thinking? Or, had she been won over by his pictures of her increased influence among the people around her? He could not tell. Perhaps, he said to himself, she said yes because she had not the courage to say no. Perhaps she had been convinced by his arguments that the wild passion of love, for which youth is supposed to long, is a dangerous thing; and was there not constantly before her eyes an example of the jealousy, and quarrelling, and misery that may follow that fatal delirium? Or, it might be—and here Mr. Roscorla more nearly approached the truth—that this shy, sensitive, self-distrustful girl had been so surprised to find herself of any importance to any one, and so grateful to him for his praise of her, and for this highest mark of appreciation that a man can bestow, that her sudden gratitude softened her heart, and disposed her to yield to his prayer. And who could tell but that this present feeling might lead to a still warmer feeling under the generous influence of a constant kindness and appreciation? It was with something of wonder and almost of dismay—and with a wholly new sense of his own unworthiness—that Mr. Roscorla found himself regarding the possibility of his winning a young girl's first love.

Never before in his life—not even in his younger days, when he had got a stray hint that he would probably meet a duchess and her three daughters at a particular party—had he dressed with so much care. He was, on the whole, well pleased with himself. He had to admit that his grey hair was changing to white; but many people considered white hair, with a hale complexion, rather an ornament than otherwise. For the rest, he resolved that he would never dress again to go to any party to which Miss Wenn?

Rosewarne was not also invited. He would not decorate himself for mere strangers and acquaintances.

He put on a light top-coat and went out into the quiet summer evening. There was a scent of roses in the air; the great Atlantic was beautiful and still; it was a time for lovers to be walking through twilight woods, or in honeysuckle lanes, rather than for a number of people, indifferent to each other, to sit down to the vulgar pleasures of the table. He wished that Wenna Rosewarne had been of that party.

There were two or three children at his gate—bright-cheeked, clean, and well-clad, as all the Eglosilyan children are—and when they saw him come out, they ran away. He was ashamed of this; for, if Wenna had seen it, she would have been grieved. He called on them to come back; they stood in the road, not sure of him. At length a little woman of six came timidly along to him, and looked at him with her big, wondering, blue eyes. He patted her head, and asked her name, and then he put his hand in his pocket. The others, finding that their ambassador had not been beheaded on the spot, came up also, and formed a little circle, a cautious yard or two off.

"Look here," he said to the eldest; "here is a shilling, and you go and buy sweetmeats, and divide them equally among you. Or, wait a bit—come along with me, the whole of you, and we'll see whether Mrs. Cornish has got any cake for you."

He drove the flock of them into that lady's kitchen, much to her consternation, and there he left them. But he had not got half-way through the little garden again, when he returned, and went to the door, and called in to the children—

"Mind, you can swing on the gate whenever you like, so long as you take care and don't hurt yourselves."

And so he hurried away again; and he hoped that some day, when he and Wenna Rosewarne were passing, she would see the children swinging on his gate, and she would be pleased that they did not run away.

"Your Polly has never been false, she declares—"

he tried to hum the air, as he had often heard Wenna hum

it, as he walked rapidly down the hill, and along a bit of the valley, and then up one of the great gorges lying behind Eglosilyan. He had avoided the road that went by the inn; he did not wish to see any of the Rosewarne just then. Moreover, his rapid walking was not to save time, for he had plenty of that; but to give himself the proud assurance that he was still in excellent wind. Miss Wenna must not imagine that she was marrying an old man. Give him but as good a horse as Harry Trelyon's famous Dick, and he would ride that dare-devil young gentleman for a wager to Launceston and back. Why, he had only arrived at that period when a sound constitution reaches its maturity. Old, or even elderly? He switched at weeds with his cane, and was conscious that he was in the prime of life.

At the same time, he did not like the notion of younger men than himself lounging about Mrs. Rosewarne's parlour; and he thought he might just as well give Harry Trelyon a hint that Wenna Rosewarne was engaged. An excellent opportunity was offered him at this moment; for as he went up through the grounds to the front of the Hall, he found Master Harry industriously throwing a fly at certain bits of paper on the lawn. He had resumed this occupation, after having gone inside and dressed, as a handy method of passing the time until his cousin Juliott should appear.

"How do you do, Trelyon?" said Mr. Roscorla, in a friendly way; and Harry nodded. "I wish I could throw a fly like you. By-the-bye, I have a little bit of news for you—for yourself alone, mind."

"All right, fire away," said Master Harry, still making the fine line of the trout-rod dart through the air.

"Well, it is rather a delicate matter, you know. I don't want it talked about; but the fact is, I am going to marry Miss Rosewarne."

There was no more aiming at those bits of paper. The tall and handsome lad turned and stared at his companion as if the latter had been a maniac; and then he said—

"Miss Rosewarne? Wenna Rosewarne?"

"Yes," said Mr. Roscorla, distinctly conscious that Harry Trelyon was regarding his white hair and general appearance.

The younger man said nothing more, but began to

whistle in an absent way; and then, just as if Mr. Roscorla had no existence whatever, he proceeded to reel in the line of his rod, he fastened the fly to one of the rings, and then walked off.

"You'll find my mother inside," he said; and so Mr. Roscorla went into the Hall, and was soon in Mrs. Trelyon's drawing-room, among her six or eight guests.

Harry Trelyon did not appear until dinner was announced; and then he was just in time to take his grandmother in. He took care, also, to have his cousin Juliott on his other side; and, to both of these ladies, it was soon apparent that something had occurred to put Master Harry into one of his most ungovernable moods.

"Harry?" said his mother, from the other end of the table, as an intimation that he should say grace.

There was no response, despite Miss Juliott's appealing look; and so Mrs. Trelyon had to turn for assistance to one of the clergymen near her, who went through the prescribed form.

"Isn't it shocking?" said Miss Penaluna, across the table, to Harry's grandmother, who was not nearly so severe on him, for such conduct, as she ought to have been.

"Grace before meat takes too much for granted," said the young man, unconcernedly. "How can you tell whether you are thankful until you see what sort of dinner it is? And what's the use of keeping a dog, and barking yourself? Ain't there three parsons down there?"

Miss Juliott, being engaged to a clergyman, very naturally resented this language; and the two cousins had rather a stormy fight; at the end of which Master Harry turned to his grandmother and declared that she was the only woman of common sense he had ever known.

"Well, it runs in the blood, Harry," said the old lady, "that dislike to clergymen; and I never could find out any reason for it, except when your grandfather hunted poor Mr. Pascoe that night. Dear, dear! what a jealous man your grandfather was, to be sure; and the way he used to pet me when I told him I never saw the man I'd look at after seeing him. Dear, dear!—and the day he sold those two manors to the Company, you know, he came back at night and said I was as good a wife as any in England—he did,

indeed—and the bracelet he gave me then, that shall go to your wife on your wedding-day, Harry, I promise you, and you won't find its match about this part of the country, I can tell you. But don't you go and sell the lordship of Trelyon. Many a time your grandfather was asked to sell it; and he did well by selling the other two; but Trelyon he would never sell, nor would your father, and I hope you won't either, Harry. Let them work the quarries for you—that is fair enough—and give you your royalty; but don't part with Trelyon, Harry, for you might as well be parting with your own name."

"Well, I can't, grandmother, you know; but I am fearfully in want of a big lump of money, all the same."

"Money? what do you want with a lot of money? You're not going to take to gambling or horse-racing, are you?"

"I can't tell you what I want it for—not at present, any way," said the lad, looking rather gloomy; and, with that, the subject dropped, and a brief silence ensued at that end of the table.

Mr. Tressider, however, the mild and amiable young curate to whom Miss Juliott was engaged, having been rather left out in the cold, struck in at this moment, blushing slightly:

"I heard you say something about lordships of manors," he observed, addressing himself rather to Trelyon's grandmother. "Did it ever occur to you what a powerful thing a word from William the Conqueror must have been, when it could give to a particular person and his descendants absolute possession of a piece of the globe?"

Mrs. Trelyon stared at the young man. Had a relative of hers gone and engaged herself to a dangerous Revolutionary, who, in the guise of a priest, dared to trifle with the tenure of land? Mr. Tressider was as innocent of any such intention as the babe unborn; but he was confused by her look of astonishment; he blushed more violently than before; and only escaped from his embarrassment by the good services of Miss Penaluna, who turned the whole matter into ridicule, and asked what William the Conqueror was about when he let a piece of the world come into the hands of Harry Trelyon.

"And how deep down have you a hold on it, Harry?" she

said. "How far does your right over the minerals extend? From the surface right down to the centre?"

Mr. Tressider was smiling vaguely when Master Harry's eye fell upon him. What harm had the young clergyman, or any other clergyman present, done him, that he should have felt a sudden dislike to that ingenuous smile?

"Oh no," said Trelyon, with a careless impertinence; "William the Conqueror did not allow the rights of the lord of the manor to extend right down to the middle of the earth. There were a good many clergymen about him; and they reserved that district for their own purposes."

"Harry," said his cousin to him, in a low voice; "is it your wish to insult me? If so, I will leave the room."

"Insult you!" he said, with a laugh. "Why, Jue, you must be out of your senses. What concern have you in that warmish region?"

"I don't appreciate jokes on such subjects. My father is a clergyman, my husband will be a clergyman——"

"Worse luck for you," he observed, frankly, but so that no one could hear.

"Harry," she said, "what do you mean by your dislike to clergymen?"

"Is that a conundrum?" said the unregenerate youth.

For a moment, Miss Penaluna seemed really vexed and angry; but she happened to look at Master Harry, and, somehow, her displeasure subsided into a look of good-natured resignation. There was the least little shrug of the shoulders; and then she turned to her neighbour on the right, and began to talk about ponies.

It was certainly not a pleasant dinner-party for those who sate near this young gentleman, who was more outrageously capricious than ever, except when addressing his grandmother, to whom he was always courteous, and even roughly affectionate. That old lady eyed him narrowly, and could not quite make out what was the matter. Had he been privately engaged in some betting transaction that he should want this money?

When the ladies left the room, Trelyon asked Mr. Roscorla to take his place for a few minutes, and send round the wines; and then he went out and called his mother aside into the study.

"Mother," he said, "Mr. Roscorla is going to marry Wenna Rosewarne."

The tall, fair, pale lady did not seem much startled by the news. She had very little acquaintance with the affairs of the village; but she knew at least that the Rosewarne kept the inn; and she had, every Sunday morning, seen Mrs. Rosewarne and her two daughters come into church.

"That is the elder one, is it not, who sings in the choir?"

"It's the elder one," said Master Harry, who knew less about the choir.

"It is a singular choice for Mr. Roscorla to make," she observed. "I have always considered him very fastidious, and rather proud of his family. But some men take strange fancies in choosing a wife."

"Yes, and some women take precious strange fancies in choosing a husband," said the young man, rather warmly. "Why, she's worth twenty dozen of him. I don't know what the dickens made her listen to the old fool—it is a monstrous shame, that's what I call it! I suppose he's frightened the girl into it, or bought over her father, or made himself a hypocrite, and got some person to intercede, and scheme, and tell lies for him."

"Harry," said his mother, "I don't understand why you should interest yourself in the matter."

"Oh! well, it's only this—that I consider that girl to be the best sort of woman I've met yet—that's all; and I'll tell you what I mean to do, mother—I mean to give her five thousand pounds, so that she shan't come to that fellow in a dependent way, and let him give himself airs over her because he's been born a gentleman."

"Five thousand pounds!" Mrs. Trelyon repeated, wondering whether her son had drunk too much wine at dinner.

"Well, but look here, mother," he said, quite prepared for her astonishment. "You know I've spent very little—I've never spent anything like what I'm entitled to; and next year I shall be of age; and all I want now is for you to help me to get a release, you know. I am sure I shall be able to persuade Colonel Ransome to it; for he'll see it is

not any piece of extravagance on my part—speculation, or anything of that sort—"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Trelyon, startled, for once, into earnestness, "you will make people believe you are mad. To give five thousand pounds to the daughter of an innkeeper, a perfect stranger, as a marriage dowry—why, Harry, what do you think people would say of such a thing? What would they say of her?"

He looked puzzled for a moment, as though he did not understand her. It was but for a moment. "If you mean what one of those parsons would say of her," he said, impetuously, while a sudden flash of anger sprang to his face, "I don't care; but my answer to it would be to kick him round the grounds and out at the gate. Do you think I'd care a brass farthing for anything these cringing sneaks might say of her, or of me, or of anybody? And would they dare to say it if you asked her here, and made a friend of her?"

"Make a friend of her!" repeated Mrs. Trelyon, almost mechanically. She did not know what length this terrible son of hers might not go.

"If she is going to marry a friend of yours, why not?"

"Harry, you are most unreasonable: if you will think it over for a moment, you will see how it is impossible. If Mr. Roscorla marries this girl, that is his own affair; he will have society enough at home, without wishing to go out and dine. He is doing it with his eyes open, you may be sure: he has far more knowledge of such affairs than you can have. How could I single out this girl from her family to make her a friend? I should have to ask her parents and her sister to come here also, unless you wish her to come on sufferance, and throw a reflection on them."

She spoke quite calmly, but he would not listen to her. He chafed and fidgeted, and said, as soon as she had finished—

"You could do it very well, if you liked. When a woman is willing she can always smooth matters down."

Mrs. Trelyon flushed slightly, and said, with clear emphasis:

"I presume that I am best fitted to say what society I

shall keep ; and I shall have no acquaintance thrust upon me whom I would rather not recognize."

"Oh, very well," said the lad, with the proud lips giving evidence of some sudden decision. "And you won't help me to get that five thousand pounds?"

"I will not. I will not countenance any such folly."

"Then I shall have to raise the money myself."

He rang a bell, and a servant appeared.

"Tell Jakes to saddle Dick and bring him round directly."

His mother let him have his own way, without word or question ; for she was deeply offended, and her feeble and sensitive nature had risen in protest against his tyranny. He went off to put on a pair of riding-boots and an overcoat ; and by-and-by he came down into the hall again, and went to the door. The night was dark, but clear ; there was a blaze of stars overhead ; all the world seemed to be quivering with those white throbs of fire. The horse and groom were just visible, their dusky figures being scarcely blacker than the trees and bushes around. Harry Trelyon buttoned up the collar of his light overcoat, took his switch in his hand, and sprung into the saddle. At the same moment the white figure of a lady suddenly appeared at the door, and came down a step or two, and said—

"Harry, where are you going?"

"To Plymouth first," the young man answered, as he rode off ; "to London afterwards, and then to the devil !"

CHAPTER VII.

SOME NEW EXPERIENCES.

WHEN the first shock of fear and anxiety was over, Wenna Rosewarne discovered to her great delight that her engagement was a very pleasant thing. The ominous doubts and regrets that had beset her mind when she was asked to become Mr. Roscorla's wife seemed to disappear like clouds from a morning sky ; and then followed a fair and happy day, full of abundant satisfaction and calm. With much inward ridicule of her own vanity, she found herself nursing a notion of her self-importance, and giving herself airs as if

she were already a married woman. Although the engagement was kept a profound secret, the mere consciousness that she had attained to this position in the world lent a new assurance to her as she went about the village. She was gifted with a new authority over despondent mothers, fractious children, and selfish fathers, as she went her daily rounds ; and even in her own home Wenna had more attention paid to her, now that she was going to marry Mr. Roscorla.

There was but one dissentient, and that was Mabyn Rosewarne, who fumed and fretted about the match, and sometimes was like to cry over it, and at other times grew vastly indignant, and would have liked to have gone and given Mr. Roscorla a bit of her mind. She pitied her poor weak sister for having been coaxed into an engagement by this designing old man ; and the poor weak sister was much diverted by her compassion ; and was too good-natured to laugh at the valiant protection which this courageous young creature of sixteen offered her. Wenna let her sister say what she pleased about herself or her future, and used no other argument to stop angry words than a kiss, so long as Mabyn spoke respectfully of Mr. Roscorla. But this was precisely what Miss Mabyn was disinclined to do ; and the consequence was that their interviews generally ended by Wenna becoming indignant, drawing herself up, and leaving the room. Then Mabyn would follow, and make up the quarrel, and promise never to offend again ; but all the same she cherished a deadly animosity towards Mr. Roscorla in her heart ; and, when her sister was not present, she amused her father and shocked her mother by giving a series of imitations of Mr. Roscorla's manner which that gentleman would not in the least have appreciated.

The young lady, however, soon invented what she considered a far more effectual means of revenging herself on Mr. Roscorla. She never left Wenna's side. No sooner did the elder sister prepare to go out, than Miss Mabyn discovered that she, too, would like a walk ; and she so persistently did this that Wenna soon took it for granted that her sister would go with her wherever she went, and invariably waited for her. Accordingly Mr. Roscorla never by any chance went walking with Wenna Rosewarne alone ;

and the younger sister—herself too sulky to enter into conversation with him—used to enjoy the malicious pleasure of watching him shape his talk to suit the presence of a third person. For of course Miss Mabyn had read in books of the beautiful fashion in which lovers speak to each other, and of their tender confidences as they sit by the sea or go rambling through the summer woods. Was not the time opportune for these idyllic ways? All the uplands were yellowed with tall-standing corn; the sea was as blue and as still as the sky overhead; the gardens of Eglosilyan were sweet with honeysuckle and moss-roses; and in the evenings a pale pink mist hung around the horizon, while the silver sickle of the moon came up into the violet sky, and the first pale stars appeared in the east.

“If our Wenna had a proper sort of lover,” Miss Mabyn used to say to herself, bitterly, “wouldn’t I scheme to have them left alone! I would watch for them like a watch-dog, that no one should come near them; and I should be as proud of him as Wenna herself; and how happy she would be in talking to me about him! But this horrid old wretch—I wish he would fall over Black Cliff some day!”

She was not aware that, in becoming the constant companion of her sister, she was affording this dire enemy of hers a vast amount of relief. Mr. Roscorla was in every way satisfied with his engagement; the more he saw of Wenna Rosewarne, the more he admired her utter self-forgetfulness, and liked a quaint and shy sort of humour that interfused her talk and her ways; but he greatly preferred not to be alone with her. He was then beset by some vague impression that certain things were demanded of him, in the character of a lover, which were exceedingly embarrassing; and which, if he did not act the part well, might awaken her ridicule. On the other hand, if he omitted all those things, might she not be surprised by his lack of affection, begin to suspect him, and end by disliking him? Yet he knew that not for ten thousand worlds could he muster up courage to repeat one line of sentimental poetry to her.

As yet he had never even had the courage to kiss her. He knew that this was wrong. In his own house he reflected that a man engaged to a woman ought surely to

give her some such mark of affection—say, in bidding her good-night; and thereupon Mr. Roscorla would resolve that, as he left the inn that evening, he would endeavour to kiss his future bride. He never succeeded. Somehow Wenna always parted from him in a merry mood. These were pleasant evenings in Mrs. Rosewarne’s parlour; there was a good deal of quiet fun going on; and if Wenna did come along the passage to the door with him, she was generally talking and laughing all the way. Of course he was not going to kiss her in that mood—as if, to use his own expression, he had been a jocular ploughboy.

He had kissed her hand once. That was on his first meeting her after she had written the letter in which she promised to be his wife, and Mrs. Rosewarne had sent him into the room where she knew her daughter was alone. Wenna rose up to meet him, pale, frightened, with her eyes downcast. He took her hand and kissed it; and then after a pause, he said, “I hope I shall make you happy.” She could not answer. She began to tremble violently. He asked her to sit down, and begged of her not to be disturbed. She was recalled to herself by the accidental approach of her sister Mabyn, who came along the passage, singing, “Oh, the men of merry, merry England,” in excellent imitation of the way in which Harry Trelyon was used to sing that once famous song as he rode his black horse along the highways. Mabyn entered the room, stared, and would have gone out, but that her sister called to her and asked her to come and hold down a pattern while she cut some cloth. Mabyn wondered that her sister should be so diligent when a visitor was present. She saw, too, that Wenna’s fingers trembled. Then she remained in the room until Mr. Roscorla left, sitting by a window and not overhearing their conversation, but very much inclined to break in upon it by asking him how he dared to come there and propose to marry her sister Wenna.

“Oh, Wenna,” she said, one evening some time after, when the two sisters were sitting out on the rocks at the end of the harbour, watching the sun go down behind the sea, “I cannot bear him coming to take you away like that. I shouldn’t mind if he were like a sweetheart to you; but he’s a multiplication-table sort of sweetheart—everything so

regular, and accurate, and proper. I hate a man who always thinks what he's going to say; and always has neat sentences; and he watches you; and is so self-satisfied; and his information is always so correct. Oh, Wenna, I wish you had a young and beautiful lover, like a Prince!"

"My dear child," said the elder sister, with a smile, "young and beautiful lovers are for young and beautiful girls, like you."

"Oh, Wenna, how can you talk like that!" said the younger sister. "Why will you always believe that you are less pretty than other people, when every one knows that you have the most beautiful eyes in all the world! You have! There's not anybody in all the world has such beautiful and soft eyes as you—you ask anybody and they will tell you, if you don't believe me. But I have no doubt—I have no doubt whatever—that Mr. Roscorla will try to make you believe you are ugly, so that you mayn't think you've thrown yourself away."

Miss Mabyn looked very indignant, and very much inclined to cry at the same time; but the gentle sister put her hand on hers, and said—

"You will make me quarrel with you some day, Mabyn, if you are so unjust to Mr. Roscorla. You are continually accusing him of things of which he never dreams. Now he never gets a chance that he does not try to praise me in every way; and if there were no looking-glasses in the world, I have no doubt he would make me believe I was quite beautiful; and you shouldn't say those things of him, Mabyn—it isn't fair. He always speaks kindly of you. He thinks you are very pretty, and that you will grow up to be very handsome when you become a woman."

Mabyn was not to be pacified by this ingenuous piece of flattery.

"You are such a simpleton, Wenna," she said, "he can make you believe anything."

"He does not try to make me believe anything I don't know already," said the elder sister, with some asperity.

"He tries to make you believe he is in love with you," said Mabyn, bluntly.

Wenna Rosewarne coloured up, and was silent for a minute. How was she to explain to this sister of hers all

those theories which Mr. Roscorla had described to her in his first two or three letters? She felt she had not the same gift of expression that he had.

"You don't understand—you don't understand at all, Mabyn, what you talk of as love. I suppose you mean the sort of frantic madness you read of in books—well, I don't want that kind of love at all. There is a quite different sort of love, that comes of respect and affection and an agreement of wishes, and that is far more valuable and likely to be lasting. I don't want a lover who would do wild things, and make one wonder at his heroism, for that is the lover you get in books; but if you want to live a happy life, and please those around you, and be of service to them, you must have a very different sort of sweetheart—a man who will think of something else than a merely selfish passion, who will help you to be kind to other people, and whose affection will last through years and years."

"You have learnt your lesson very well," said Miss Mabyn, with a toss of her head. "He has spent some time in teaching you. But as for all that, Wenna, it's nothing but fudge. What a girl wants is to be really loved by a man, and then she can do without all those fine sentiments. As for Mr. Roscorla—"

"I do not think we are likely to agree on this matter, dear," said Wenna, calmly, as she rose, "and so we had better say nothing about it."

"Oh, I am not going to quarrel with you, Wenna," said the younger sister, promptly. "You and I will always agree very well. It is Mr. Roscorla and I who are not likely to agree very well—not at all likely, I can assure you."

They were walking back to Eglosilyan, under the clear evening skies, when whom should they see coming out to meet them but Mr. Roscorla himself. It was a pleasant time and place for lovers to come together. The warm light left by the sunset still shone across the hills; the clear blue-green water in the tiny harbour lay perfectly still; Eglosilyan had got its day's work over, and was either chatting in the cottage gardens or strolling down to have a look at the couple of coasters moored behind the small breakwater. But Mr. Roscorla had had no hope of

discovering Wenna alone ; he was quite as well content to find Mabyn with her, though that young lady, as he came up, looked particularly fierce, and did not smile at all when she shook hands with him. Was it the red glow in the west that gave an extra tinge of colour to Mr. Roscorla's face ? Wenna felt that she was better satisfied with her engagement when her lover was not present ; but she put that down to a natural shyness and modesty which she considered was probably common to all girls in these strange circumstances.

Mr. Roscorla wished to convoy the two young ladies back to the inn, and evidently meant to spend the evening there. But Miss Wenna ill-requited his gallantry by informing him that she had intended to make one or two calls in the evening, which would occupy some time : in particular, she had undertaken to do something for Mrs. Luke's eldest girl ; and she had also promised to go in and read for half an hour to Nicholas Keam, the brother of the wife of the owner of the Napoleon Hotel, who was very ill indeed, and far too languid to read for himself.

"But you know, Mr. Roscorla," said Mabyn, with a bitter malice, "if you would go into the Napoleon and read to Mr. Keam, Wenna and I could go up to Mother Luke's, and so we should save all that time, and I am sure Wenna is very tired to-day. Then you would be so much better able to pick out the things in the papers that Mr. Keam wants ; for Wenna never knows what is old and what is new ; and Mr. Keam is anxious to learn what is going on in politics, and the Irish Church, and that kind of thing."

Could he refuse ? Surely a man who has just got a girl to say she will marry him, ought not to think twice about sacrificing half an hour to helping her in her occupations, especially if she be tired. Wenna could not have made the request herself ; but she was anxious that he should say yes, now it had been made, for it was in a manner a test of his devotion to her ; and she was overjoyed and most grateful to him when he consented. What Mabyn thought of the matter was not visible on her face.

CHAPTER VIII.

WENNA'S FIRST TRIUMPH.

THE two girls, as they went up the main street of Eglosilyan (it was sweet with the scent of flowers on this beautiful evening), left Mr. Roscorla in front of the obscure little public-house he had undertaken to visit ; and it is probable that in the whole of England at that moment there was not a more miserable man. He knew this Nicholas Keam, and his sister, and his brother-in-law, so far as their names went ; and also they knew him by sight ; but he had never said more than good-morning to any one of them ; and he had certainly never entered this pot-house, where a sort of debating society was nightly held by the *habitués*. But, all the same, he would do what he had undertaken to do, for Wenna Rosewarne's sake ; and it was with some sensation of a despairing heroism that he went up the steps of slate and crossed the threshold.

He looked into the place from the passage. He found before him what was really a large kitchen, with a spacious hearth, and with heavy rafters across the roof ; but all round the walls there was a sort of bench with a high wooden back to it ; and on this bench sat a number of men—one or two labourers, the rest slate-workers—who, in the dusk, were idly smoking and looking at the beer on the narrow tables before them. Was this the sort of place that his future wife had been in the habit of visiting ? There was a sort of gloomy picturesqueness about the chamber, to be sure ; for, warm as the evening was, a fire burned flickeringly in the grate ; there was enough light to show the tin and copper vessels shining over the high mantel-piece ; and a couple of fair-haired children were playing about the middle of the floor, little heeding the row of dusky figures around the tables, whose heads were half hidden by tobacco-smoke.

A tall, thin, fresh-coloured woman came along the passage ; and Mr. Roscorla was glad that he had not to go in among these labourers to make his business known. It