

will be made in your grandfathers lifetime. my advice to you is not to quarrel with him; you had better spend your long vacations away from fording, and when you leave oxford you can travel. so the young man went out from fording, for a wandering that was to prove half as long as that of israel in the wilderness. he came home for a flying visit at wide intervals, but he kept up a steady correspondence with his grandmother as long as she lived. only once, and that in the last letter which he ever received from her, did she allude to the old distasteful discussion. up to this very day, she wrote, i have found out nothing; we may still hope that there is nothing to find out. in all those long years he consoled himself by the thought that he was bearing expatriation for the honour of the family, that he was absenting himself so that his grandfather might find the less temptation to drag the nebuly coat in the mire. to make a fetish of family was a tradition with blandamers, and the heir as he set out on his travels, with the romance of early youth about him, dedicated himself to the nebuly coat, with a vow to serve and preserve as faithfully as any ever taken by templar. last of all the old lord passed away. he never carried out his threat of disinheritance, but died intestate, and thus the grandson came to his own. the new lord blandamer was no longer young when he returned; years of wild travel had hardened his face, and made his heart self reliant, but he came back as romantic as he went away. for nature, if she once endows man or woman with romance, gives them so rich a store of it as shall last them, life through, unto the end. in sickness or health, in poverty or riches, through middle age and old age, through loss of hair and loss of teeth, under wrinkled face and gouty limbs, under crows feet and as he made for his fathers room and thumped at the door. father, quick father hallo any one ill cried the squire, for thieves and burglars were known only by repute out there in the fen. tallingtons farms in a blaze cried dick, hoarsely. he heard a thump on the floor, a hasty ejaculation from his mother, and then ran back to his own room to finish dressing, gazing out of his window the while, to see that the bright glow about grimsey was increasing, and that a golden cloud seemed to be slowly rising up through the still air. now, dick shouted his father, run down and rouse up the people at the cottages. dick ran out, and down past the old priory ruins, to where a cluster of cottages, half way to hickathrifts, were occupied by the people who worked upon the farm; and, distant as the fire was, he could yet see the ruddy glow upon the water before him. half way there, he heard a shout: whos there it was in a big bluff voice, which dick recognised at once. that you, hicky fire fire ay, my lad, i was coming to rouse up the folk. you go that end, ill do this. hey fire fire he battered cottage door after cottage door, dick following his example, with the result that in their alarm the people came hurrying out like bees whose hive has been disturbed by a heavy blow. there was no need to ask questions. every man, while the women began to wail and cry, started for the tallingtons farm; but they were brought up by a shout from the squire. what are you going to do, men he cried. the fire help water rose in a confused babble. back, every one of you, and get a bucket cried the squire. you, hickathrift, run into quaker, and wearing the tri coloured cockade in his broad white hat, made his appearance at the door of this office, and presenting a large packet to one of the officers, desired him, in a tone of authority, to lay it instantly before the magistrate. the magistrate g. r. minshull, esq. having perused this singular paper, inquired for the person who brought it; and in the next moment a young man, in the garb of a quaker, with a broad brimmed, peaceful looking, drab coloured beaver on his head, surmounted by a furious tri coloured cockade, was brought before him. this strange anomalous personage having placed himself very carefully directly in front of the bench, smiled complacently upon his worship, and the following laconic colloquy ensued forthwith: magistrate did you bring this letter quaker thou hast said it. magistrate what is your object in bringing it quaker merely to let thee know what is going on in the world and, moreover, being informed that if i came to thy office, i should be taken into custody, i was desirous to ascertain whether that information was true. magistrate then i certainly shall not gratify you by ordering you into custody. quaker thou wilt do as seemeth right in thy eyes. i assure thee i have no inclination to occupy thy time longer than is profitable to us, and