CHAPTER XXX.
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

When the morning sun early shone on the meadows and woods, and the buds opened to his light, and the flowers gave their sweetness to his warm wooing, we started on our way to the farm, where the gray foal had been brought. The duke, the duchess, Mary Vero, and Novel rode, while Vernon took the children, their governess, and myself in the large electro car. We moderated the car's speed to allow the horses to keep within sight, and occasionally come up to us. After a pleasant journey through sunshine and shade, meadows and wood, we came to the farm, and dismounting found the gray foal, whose misnomer our first glance proved.

With two quiet horses, timid and strange, moved a tall snorting dapple gray gelding, with dark muzzle and large black eyes. His small head, set on a massive arched neck, fringed with a long dark mane, was a picture for an artist. The forehead broad, half hid with forelock; the nostrils distended with fright, and pink lined; the whole crowning the arched crest set on a short round body, supported by fine legs with flat strong knees, and ornamented by a matted arched tail that reached the ground.

Quietly Vernon put down his harness. "You will let Novel and me do it all," he said pleadingly to his father, "won't you? He is our horse; we will manage him all ourselves till mother takes him."

"Be careful, boys," said the duke, who was anxiously admiring the beautiful animal. "You are more than all the horses in the world to your mother and me."

"We will be very careful," said Novel; his flushed cheeks and eyes bright with excitement belying his words.

The duke, who never feared for himself, looked slightly nervous for his sons. After all, courage, with a perfect nerve, brings the greatest safety.

Seats were brought for the duchess and my wife, and the rest of us took up the best positions we could find. The two boys, alert and eager, entered the yard with the three horses.

Vernon first took from his trappings a strong, light halter,
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which he put on a thin pole he held in his hand, the part to go under the horse's chin resting on it.

Novel, with a whip, the long lash of which he kept carefully coiled round the handle, moved the horses round and round the yard. Vernon now brought his halter along the backs and necks of the moving horses.

The lads from much exercise in all manly sports were supple and graceful as tigers. We all looked on, our pulses quickening. The duke, with compressed lip and proud eye, watched the boys who were the hope of his life. First one horse led, then another.

At last the gray foal came to the front, and Vernon, with a quickness devoid of flurry, dropped the halter on his neck, and bringing the pole in front of the horse freed the halter; the animal threw up its head, the rope was tightened, and for the first time in his life the gray foal felt the trammels of man. With an ineffectual shake of his head he rushed into the middle of the yard, then, feeling the strain of the halter, opposed it, and backed into a corner. Puzzled for a moment he stood still, then, with a bound, came into the middle of the yard, and reared straight up on his hind legs. With a quick backward pull on the halter, Vernon threw him over on his back, and Novel, running to his head, held up his muzzle, and kept him from rising.

The gate was opened, and the two quiet horses driven out to leave the other alone. Shutting the gate, Vernon took a bag, which he put under the animal's head, and relieved Novel, who brought a double strap from their tackling, which he put round the horse's forearm, so that the straps dangled about his legs; next he took a lock of the tail, and tied its ends in a knot, after which both boys patted and caressed the fallen animal, who exhausted with his struggles lay quite quiet.

"Your boys manage their purchase with very little trouble," said my wife to the duke, who was elated with pride.

"They manage very well," he answered, with sparkling eyes. "Usually they do not get a chance of throwing their pupil. They have a lot to do yet, however, for he will make several struggles before he is taught wisdom, as he is in splendid condition, from his sovereignty in the mountains."

The boys now strapped up their pupil's foreleg, opened the gate, and let him free. Springing up, he plunged round the yard, wildly rearing, but hampered as a man on one leg.

Vernon now led him out into the soft turf, where, after a few plunges, he stood, flecked with white foam, and panting, tired. Novel took an end of the halter, and Vernon, catching hold of the horse's mane, loosed his leg. Relieved, the panting animal turned to Vernon, who held out a wisp of grass, smeared with a chemical oil, which the horse sniffed and ate; meanwhile, one boy stroked him, while the other held the halter. Novel now reached, and catching the lock of the tail he had tied in a knot, gave it to Vernon.
"What are they going to do now?" I asked the duke.

"Wait," he whispered; "and you will see."

Vernon now put the halter cord through the lock of hair, and gently drawing the animal's head and tail towards each other, tied it in a bow. The horse, trying to get his tail free, pulled his head, and commenced to move in a circle round and round. Quietly the boys watched him, occasionally approaching, which again started him on his circular course; till tired out he allowed Vernon to catch him, and was rewarded by having his tail freed, and being allowed to stand comfortably.

This time he smelt Vernon's hands and clothes, and when he brought out some more oil-smeared grass, ate it with evident enjoyment. A leather headstall with a long strap was now substituted for the halter, and a surcingle put on the gray foal, who, though still timid, regarded the boys with more favour. They now led him up to us, and with a half hoop began to scrape away the sweat which streamed off after his exertions. The beautiful animal already began to be friendly with his captors, and to regard their strength as overwhelming. The boys, who looked so athletic beside their fellows, in comparison with the splendid strength of their purchase seemed slimgly fragile; he, with arched neck, sniffed inquiringly at everything. The boys next took the strap attached to the headstall, passed it through the surcingle under the horse's tail, and so back again, tied it to a post, so that if the horse went backwards he pulled on his own spine. After one half-hearted struggle, the horse found this and refused to pull any more.

With a knife the boys now unravelled the never combed tangles of the beautiful mane and tail, and the gray foal began to look a cultivated specimen of equine beauty. Leading the quieted horse, we now went to the farmhouse to have some dinner.

On either side of the mother stood the boys.

"What shall we call him, mother?" asked Vernon.

"We must consider carefully," said the duchess, smilingly, "and ask Mary Fairleigh to help us. She named Undara, and perhaps can suggest some equally happy name for the gray foal."

My wife smiled. She loved the boys, as, indeed, did all who knew them, so brave and thoughtful were they; and though not handsome with a regular-featured prettiness, they had the glorious beauty of health, strength, ability, and goodness, to which they added the most charming manners. I could never quite understand why she refused the duke when he was Vernon Dreman, the progressionist.

Often neither the woman herself nor any human ingenuity can tell why she refuses one man for another, who has less than one half his advantages. No one more thoroughly admired the duke than Mary, and yet she refused his love; still, I think she loved the lads more than she would have had their father not paid her the
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compliment—the highest man can pay woman—to ask her to be his wife.

"I have thought of a name," said my wife; "but only by a legend can I tell you the reason I think the gray foal should bear it."

"Tell us, please, dear," they asked.

"Amongst the Rodas," replied Mary, "the young men used to regard their mothers as slaves, whose duty was to work for them without further notice than the blows they received when their work did not receive their approval. The young women were dressed and cared for till they were married, when their life of toil began. Now in these times—which were very many years ago—there grew up amongst the Rodas a young man, strong and brave; his laugh was as loud as the north wind, while his heart was as warm and as kind as the sunshine. His canoe was first on the waves, as he was foremost in the hunt. Strong men made way before him, for he was sudden and terrible in his wrath; yet the little children looked up into his face and smiled, for instinctively they knew he was good. Alone he would slay the white bear and the sea-lion, and more seal and walrus fell to his spear than were captured by any other three men of all the tribes. Now when he came from the hunt he would have his mother to sit by him and eat with him, and not, as was the custom, take all the best and leave her afterwards to feed on the scraps. Round her neck he hung strings of bears' claws, and he would bring her the shark's teeth and the skin of the seal for her use and adornment. Seeing this, the men marvelled, and would have scoffed, had they dared, at one who so disregarded their customs. But Motrarer—that was the hero's name—knew not, or cared not, but would have his mother to sit beside him when the feast was done, and smile with kindness when she stroked his beard, which was long and dark as the raven's wing. Now when a man is strong and succeeds, his fellows regard his acts with favour, and soon copy them. So it was in this case, and the young men began to bring their mothers presents, and show them kindness never before received by them. These, after a time, were called Motrarer, after the hero. When the hunter would bring his old mother a piece of seal fat or some bears' claws, he would say 'Motrarer,' and she would be happy, for she knew his heart was kind like that of the mighty man they all loved. You have brought your mother a present, as did the hero I tell of—a hero's deeds live for ever, and for ever bear fruit—will you call it, as the Rodas did, 'Motrarer?'"

The duchess's big brown eyes shone bright.

"My boys are like that hero," she said, moved to emotional joy. "They are brave and kind, and as I now kiss their lips, I shall hereafter stroke their beards, and they will smile with love."
And so the horse was called "Motrarer."

Afterwards, when the two women recalled these things, and looked on the great horse full of pride and strength, the one would weep for sympathy, and the other envy the happy mother who sat by her brave, loving son, and stroked his beard.

After dinner the boys rose. "Mother," said Vernon, always the spokesman, "will you excuse Novel and me? We want to go and give Motrarer another lesson."

"Be careful, boys," said the duke; "think of your mother's grief if you are hurt," and so we were left alone. The boys were always careful, not from fear, for they were fearless, but because they dreaded their parents' grief if they were hurt. Skilful, courageous, and strong, they had never had an accident, though they hunted, shot, and followed more physical exercises than the average youth.

When we went to return we found Motrarer saddled, with Novel riding, and Vernon leading him about the field. Already he had ceased to fear his trainers, and regard their strength as too great to struggle against, so that all that remained was to educate him to his duties. Between them the boys led their captive home, and in a few days had him as docile as a dog. Talking as men will who have helped and befriended each other whenever opportunity occurred, though with few trifling exceptions the duke was the helper, I found all my friend's ideas and fancies had only become the more fixed with time. Personally, he had only altered sufficiently to conform with his surroundings. As we rested one evening while our wives discussed their children, the nature of the man unfolded itself in all its contradictions of masterly logic and far-fetched fancies, on which his godlike ambition was founded.

"Frank, we have been very fortunate," he said, his mind travelling back to the scenes of long ago, as his voice became mellow—it was a beautiful voice, clear and distinct as a trumpet's notes; or soft and sweet with a masculine mellowness, as befitted his words—and his expressive face, gentle and emotional as in the days of our bachelorhood. "Everything has prospered with us; with me especially."

"Perhaps," I interrupted, "we have deserved success?" He hardly seemed to hear me as he continued,—

"Our future was assured, when we won the love of our wives. They are women not only perfect, but of all women the best fitted to bring us near perfection. I always succeed in the end." Again he paused. "Sometimes that end was long delayed; but if I lived and kept my health, I knew I would win at last; and I have—everything. Cora always helped me; always loved me; I thought I loved other women, but I never did. I thought to fit them into my ambition. My ambition is my life. I have conquered. Whatever happens to me now does not matter."
Cora is safe. Novel is established. My boys will live to carry out all my ideas. In my future existence, I shall watch them, and live again. Their sons—one or other, I hope, will have sons—will complete what they cannot finish in their lives."

"Before that time you will have started new projects in your new life."

"Yes, I expect I will, but I want my work here completed first. One language. No disease. Wisdom and happiness for all living creation. I should like to live a few hundred years; but I am certain of the boys." He paused; his voice dreamy, and his brains busy with visions of the future. "They will be partners; Vernon can conceive, and Novel execute."

"What a pity they are not all boys," I said, smiling, for I could never understand the fulness of his ambition. He did not notice my smile; the suggestion fitted in with his thoughts.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh, "for then they could form other Novels, and I could risk them more than I dare with only two."

"Couldn't you do with sons-in-law?" I asked.

"No," he said decidedly, "one cannot rely on them; they are chosen by one's daughters principally; they might help a little, of course. Now, when I am dead, we"—the use of the pronoun seemed peculiar—"will continue Novel, and by its example reform the whole world. When you plant a community, you can direct it root and branch, and make it perfect; and with a perfect community you can set an example to others on the road to perfection."

"We cannot direct worldly matters from beyond the grave," I replied.

"No," he said sadly; "but we can start them in a course we approve of, and leave sons to direct them as we wish."

"I hope so for the sake of the people whom you work to benefit and bring to happiness."

"They will reach that whether or no; but to save the world even a year of ignorance and suffering, by hastening it so much on its road to perfection, is a thing to strive for." The man had everything the world could give, or his heart wish for, except the power to rest. "Tis well there are such heroes, or else men would retire on their laurels at the time of their greatest use; for never is a man so able for good as when he has in early life, by his own honourable exertions, made a fortune and attained power; and in so doing seasoned his abilities."

Amongst the duke's assistants were two Roda youths he had got to help his sons with their garden, animals, hunting, and machine, and other gear. They were strong swarthy fellows, in each case, about three years older than the boys they assisted. As yet they could speak very little but the Roda language, which, added to a sullen disposition on the part of the elder, caused
the exercise of all the boys' tact to keep them under control, and sometimes sorely tried Vernon's temper; for though he was amiable to a degree, like all very athletic and clever boys, he was sometimes apt to be hasty. These boys had been captured in an expedition into Roda, to make prisoners of some thieves, who had made a raid into "Undara" to steal cattle, and had speared a man who had tried to prevent them.

The savages' camp had been surrounded, and the criminals demanded; as, however, they were great warriors, the only reply received by the soldiers was a shower of spears. Immediately an attack was made on the village, the houses being fired, and the men shot as they came out; only the women and children being allowed to escape.

The Rodas knew that, on surrendering, the lives of all but the offenders would be spared, but still they fought on, probably forced to do so by the criminals, who knew death would be their portion when they were captured. As the fire spread from hut to hut, the men rushed out with spear and shield to attack the soldiers, and die by their bullets. Winda, the elder of the youths, rushing out with the rest, had had his right arm broken by a bullet; instantly he dropped his shield, and taking his spear in his left hand, rushed undaunted at the soldiers. Miraculously he escaped the shower of bullets his appearance caused, and tripping over a stump, fell forward on his face, striking his head, and being stunned by a fallen log.

The Rodas fought till every man amongst them was either killed or wounded, when Winda was found insensible where he fell. His people had been killed, male and female—in the rush and excitement, many women were accidentally shot—so after he left the hospital, Duke Dreman, admiring his bravery, took him and his brother to Quindira, where they were deputed to assist Vernon and Novel.

The young savages' bravery was found after all to be of very inferior kind. In the rush of fight, they fought as a wounded stag would, and by use and instinct displayed great nerve in hunting the seal and bear.

When, however, "Motrarer" was led into the stable, snorting and timid, they were afraid to go near him, and so with everything new to them they were abject cowards; in short, their courage was the lower ignorant courage of the savage, which in every way is inferior to the educated bravery and cool nerve of civilized man. The education of these young savages had developed the tact and patience of the duke's heirs.

With keen gratification, he witnessed the suppression of the filthy ways and nasty habits of the two young brutes, and now that they were made rational and useful, regarded his sons' triumph with evident pride.

Motrarer very soon became docile as the older horses, following
the boys about for biscuits, and other equine delicacies; and would stand delighted under the soothing influence of the grooming brushes. He was a credit to the boys’ taste. In handsome condition, his shining coat and dark flowing mane and tail set off the magnificent beauty of his great arched crest and mighty strength.

One day we watched Vernon taking him over some hurdles. The beauty of the boy and the horse, expending the exuberance of their strength, as they rushed over the jumps, entranced us. Beside them Novel rode on a sedate old charger, keeping discreetly behind Motrarer, who had a decided preference for being in the lead. After the exercise was finished the gray foal was brought up to us for the children to feed with biscuits and roots.

"Motrarer will find your mother hardly heavier than a sunbeam," said my wife to Novel.

"Her weight will be immaterial to him," answered the boy, who continued wisely: "as long as strength does not bring slowness it is an advantage."

"But the duchess will never try his strength," said Mary, smilingly, "or want him to take her over fences."

"No," replied Novel; "but it's a consolation to us to know she has a horse that could do these things, or anything else, if she wanted him to; besides, he is a beauty. I think he is handsomer than the black stallion."

He certainly was a most perfect animal. Strong and gentle, he let the little girls sit several at a time on his great back, as he was marched up and down by one or other of the boys. Kindness and skill had in a few days changed him from an animal wild as the wind to one docile and obedient as a good child. Having found it useless to struggle against the trappings of his captors, and learned to like the chemically prepared dainties, and general treatment he experienced, he already showed his appreciation of his surroundings by every means in his power.

"Take Motrarer to the stable, Winda, and give him a feed," said Vernon to his assistant. The man who had completely got over his fear of Motrarer by this time, took the halter and caught the horse by the wither, preparatory to getting on his back.

"Stop," called Vernon; "do not mount that horse on any account."

Sullenly Winda scowled at him; understanding his meaning, but not the full purport of his words.

The duke sternly repeated the command in Roda, and the horse was led away.

"Are you not afraid," I asked; "to let that sullen savage work for Vernon? He has a bad face. "You would be well rid of him."

"There is no fear," answered the duke carelessly; "Vernon manages him perfectly. I got the young savages to exercise my
boys' governing qualities. Novel has no trouble with his Roda; but Winda is a cowardly, untractable brute. I cannot understand his courage at the attack."

"He had no other chance," I replied; "either he stayed to be burnt, or face the soldiers; he was bound to do the latter."

Next morning I was awoke at daylight. A dream, or someone shouting, disturbed me. Getting up, I found it was only just light, and to my surprise, saw Motrarer being ridden furiously up the paddock. Fearing trouble, I slipped down to the duke's dressing-room, and knocked at the door. It was opened in a moment. The duke, in slippers and a dressing-gown, drew me into the room.

"Hush, I do not want to wake Cora," he whispered, warningly; "the boys will hear the noise. I want to see how Vernon will act."

"Are you not afraid?"

"No." He put his hand on two great hounds that he had called into the room from the verandah, where they slept at night.

"If Vernon is in danger, I will let them loose. They, like us, can see all that goes on, and will go to my son's aid, if necessary, in a few seconds. As to that Roda—damn him." The duke's face was set and white with anger; "he may take his chance. The cowardly brute feared to approach the horse at first, and now he is quieted the wretches would ill-treat him."

The horse was still being galloped round the lower paddock, the elder boy up, the younger watching and occasionally clapping his hands. In their fiendish glee, the young savages were oblivious of everything. Winda, swinging one of Vernon's riding-whips round his head, from time to time, shrieked his native hunting cry, and brought it cruelly down on the flanks of the terrified animal under him. The hounds, with bristling backs, watched the scene. The paddock was enclosed with a six-foot fence. Vernon, who had evidently heard the noise, appeared bare shanked, in knickerbockers and boots. He had come out in a hurry. Running swiftly to the fence, he vaulted over it, with only the loss of an instant, and called to Winda, who instantly dismounted, and freed Motrarer, who rushed through the open stable door and disappeared. Vernon approached the Roda, saying something we could not hear, but his actions, imperious and angry, showed his temper. Just as they met, Winda raised his heavy whip and treacherously struck at Vernon, who, parrying the blow with his left arm, struck his assailant on the chin with his right fist, and as he staggered caught his right hand with both of his and twisted it round. The whip dropped, and Vernon, picking it up, stepped away from the Roda. All this passed in a flash, but though we could see all that took place, we could hear very little of what was said. Vernon stood alert, whip in
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hand, while Winda with clenched fist faced him with sullen mien. Vernon, who was evidently speaking angrily, several times pointed to the stable with his whip. At last he took Winda, who still stood sullen, by the arm, apparently to lead him to the stable. Hardly, however, had they gone a dozen yards, when Winda suddenly turned round and struck Vernon with his right fist on the cheek.

The duke groaned, his face was white and cruel—never before had I seen it so.

Vernon staggered, nearly knocked down; but by an effort saved himself. Then, for an instant, he faced the Roda. Just such a second as takes place between the flash of a distant gun and the hearing of its report. Then, dropping the whip, he sprang on Winda, and struck him rapidly five or six blows on the face. Each fist came straight from the shoulder to its mark, quick as a lance, and, travelling with the swing of his body twice the length of his arm, staggered the Roda, who was completely dazed.

Near them we now perceived the younger Roda firmly held by Novel; neither of whom we had noticed for some time. Winda, now striking wildly with both hands, rushed at Vernon, who, ducking under his arm, struck him on the ear, and knocked him clean off his legs.

I looked at the duke, who was pale and quiet. I had never seen him look so cruel.

"Stop them now, for God's sake," I implored.

"Leave them alone," replied the duke, hoarsely. "Let the boy win his first battle."

The Roda sat up; his face was bleeding profusely. Vernon again spoke, and pointed to the stable. We heard after that the Roda denied striking Motrarer, and Vernon insisted on him coming to see if the horse bore the marks of the whip. Winda at last rose, and, putting his head down, rushed at Vernon, as a bull would charge his fellow.

Duke Dreman gave a short gasp; my heart stopped beating. The savage Roda would surely kill his younger antagonist. Vernon stood still—the whole thing took little more than a second—and, just as the Roda reached him, swung his right knee into his face, and knocked him completely over on his back, where he lay almost helpless. Stooping down, Vernon took his antagonist's ear between his first and second finger, where he secured it with his thumb; and so led him into the stable out of our sight.

"Come down to them, Vernon," again I asked, overcome with dread; "don't delay, that brute may kill the boy in the stable."

"There is no fear of that, all the fight is knocked completely out of him," he answered grimly. "Let us see the end of it. My boy does well."
The duke smiled a smile like sunshine on an iceberg, it made me shiver; long as I had known him, I never suspected a remorseless side of his character. Years ago I had heard how a man, brought before him for beating his stepdaughter—he broke her arm with a walking-stick—and, starving and cruelly treating her, had had the charge against him changed to murderous assault, and been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. And how, when a petition for the mitigation of capital punishment against a man who had kicked his wife to death—a woman, drunken, unfaithful, and utterly vile, but still a woman—had been presented by a deputation of influential men—both these cases were before I knew him, and when he had still to make his fame—he tore the paper into shreds, and ended up an eloquent and impassioned speech by declaring that the man should forfeit all his lives, even had he twenty, and so sent away the deputation humble and ashamed. Under his generous kindness on occasion, deep down, could be found a relentless determination, which made friend and foe alike careful not to needlessly harass him.

The two lads now issued from the stable, where Motrarer's flanks had been found waled with the cruel whip.

Vernon, still holding the Roda by the ear, whose two hands grasped his to protect that organ, remorselessly shook him from time to time. He was evidently tigerishly savage. Forcing Winda on his knees, he commenced unmercifully to flog him, the younger Roda meanwhile sobbing piteously. At last exhausted, he released the savage, and stood fierce and panting.

"Come," I said to the duke; "surely this has gone far enough."

"Wait," he said; "let us see the end of it."

Would the man never be satisfied?

The duchess, in a dressing-gown, now entered. She had evidently looked out of her bedroom window, and seen something of the occurrence. She looked pale and frightened. Going up to her husband, she asked,—

"What is the matter, dear?"

His face softened at last.

Putting his arm round his wife, he drew her to him, and kissed her. I had never seen him do so before.

"That young brute, Winda, flogged Motrarer, and our boy"—Vernon was always "our boy," the others were called by their Christian names—"has properly given him a good flogging."

"Is there no danger, my husband? Winda is so much stronger and bigger than he."

"So is Motrarer," replied the duke; "but he has conquered both, treating each according to their nature."

"Go to them, dear," said the wife caressingly, and so we went.

The horse had been brought out, and now stood by Novel feeding, while the two Rodas gently brushed him down, under
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Vernon's directions. When Vernon saw us he came to meet us.

"Father," he said, in a voice shaking with emotion; "Winda has flogged and ill-used Motrarer, and I have flogged him. Are you angry?"

"No, my son," the duke spoke very quietly, and, putting his hand through the boy's arm, went up to Motrarer. On the docile animal's satin-like skin numerous whip-marks stood out like ropes. Trembling from time to time, he put his beautiful head into Novel's arms as he stood caressing him. Father and son meanwhile chatted unconcernedly on different subjects. Standing, arm in arm, they were wonderfully alike. As I looked on them the old proverb, "Like father, like son," repeated itself in my mind again and again.

Vernon's face, disfigured by a black eye, and a swollen, bruised cheek, was otherwise in feature and expression—now steely cruel and remorseless in the extreme—a repetition of his father's.

The young Roda, utterly cowed, sobbing at his work, looked the picture of misery. His broad swarthy face was bruised and cut from Vernon's knuckles, and blood from his mouth and nose trickled on his breast, while his ear, swollen twice its ordinary size, was red and raw.

"Doctor Frank," said Vernon; "will you kindly examine Winda's face, his lip is badly cut against his teeth."

"Certainly, Vernon."

"Shall he go and clean himself first?" the boy asked, in pretended unconcern, though he was vibrating with suppressed excitement.

"Come here, Winda," I said. He came obedient and humble. The cuts on his lips I found would heal of their own accord, but his nose was completely smashed by Vernon's knee, when he rushed at him with his head. He was dreadfully bruised, and had evidently fought as long as he could strike a blow. Stripping him to see if his ribs were all right, I found his back and arms in a state from the flogging that made me pity him. Vernon afterwards said,—

"He selected the whip, not me. Certainly he took it to flog a harmless animal, and for that reason it was, if anything, too good for his own back."

Father and son strode away, each in an unnatural state of calm. Presently the duke returned, and taking me aside, said,—

"My boy has broken down, Frank. Do not let him suspect you know. His mother, overstrung, kissed and cried over him when we went to her, and so set him crying—I have not known him to cry since his babyhood—he has broken the little finger of his right hand, I suppose it is of no great consequence?" He put his arm through mine; he was smoking a cigar, a thing he never
did till evening, except when he was very much excited or troubled.

"I will go to him at once," I said, readily.

"No, don't go yet," replied Duke Dreman. "I think he wishes no one but his mother and me to know of his tears; he behaved splendidly—my boy. You will not speak of it, old friend." The man was himself again, warm-hearted and thoughtful to a degree.

Presently I was asked to go to Vernon's room, where I found him lying on a sofa, with the duchess by his side. He was very pale, and the whiteness of his face seemed intensified in contrast with his black eye and discoloured cheek.

"I hurt my eye and finger in that unpleasant affair this morning, Doctor Frank," he said, smiling faintly, still hiding his emotion. "Can you do anything for me?"

"It is unpleasant to have his face disfigured," said the duchess, who always adopted the humour of her husband or son, "and I am afraid his finger may be permanently weak." Mother and son played the comedy perfectly. An ordinary observer would have noticed nothing unusual. Simple remedies made the boy fairly presentable, and that evening, to my surprise, I saw him and Winda moving about the garden together as usual; on calling the duchess's attention to this, she said,—

"He has forgiven Winda. Why should he not, now he has punished him? And though I believe he has given him a lecture for his future guidance, he has, I know, sent him some delicacies to aid his recovery."

Winda was tamed the only way such as a brute could be, namely by physical violence. Mutely, the marks on Motrarer, and Vernon's black eye, gave evidence against him that turned away any pity he might otherwise receive, and as the young hero—now doubly exalted—passed with his tamed assistant, people looking on the now doubly ugly face of the latter, shortly expressed their opinion,—

"Serve him right."