family control, and had a host of new things opening before him, he landed in New York early in September, and started in his search for fortune. His letters secured him entrance to everything that was going on, and as soon as the strangeness wore off he enjoyed the freedom and heartiness of American society immensely.

Of course he was made much of, and being a peer of England in prospective, the expectations of Lady Treeford were not doomed to disappointment, for he had apparent proposals from various title-struck maidens during the first two weeks of his visit.

Starting in with Newport toward the close of the season, he came to New York with November, being on the go continually, and meeting all kinds and conditions of America's topmost inhabitants.

The men aped him, and the women were as infatuating as possible. The papers talked about him enough to make Lady Treeford's scraps run into volumes, and he found himself, in fact, a lion. This was not entirely due to his coat of arms, for he was, as has been said, not inclined to foolishness in any marked degree, and his shortcomings were not worn on the surface. Was it strange, then, that after a three weeks' sojourn in Newport and New York that he should arrive at a matrimonial understanding with the daughter of a New York banker, who was possessed of a large ambition? Of course there was no engagement announced, and the matter was kept quiet by Lord Arthur's leaving on a tour through the West. Business particulars were entered into, however, between his father in England and the banker in New York, and matters expected to be brought to a definite understanding in time for Lord Arthur to marry a short time after his return from the trip. The girl herself was not exactly commanding in appearance, but she had a Chicago mother, and was therefore wildly enthusiastic over the prospective title.

She had seen a good deal of the young nobleman during his stay, and considered herself deeply in love. In order to keep the affair from the energetic New York press until definite arrangements could be made, and a suitable time elapse for courtship; therefore the fond lover left for San Francisco and a month's tour, well satisfied that he had done his duty to the family name, and could afford to enjoy himself. The train carried him from the object of his affections, for whom he really cared quite as much as for any of his feminine acquaintance (which was nothing at all), and in the company of some New York men, whirled him toward the Pacific slope, with stops along the route for rest and sights at the country.

The middle of November found him established at Monterey, taking excursions away from the Hotel del Monte on horseback, and enjoying weather and sights unknown to England. He liked the riding, particularly, and did most of the country thereabouts, not as a tourist, but as a lover of nature and her beauties. The shore was attractive and the interior pleasant, and his month of probation was likely to prove a happy one.

He bought a good horse, and sometimes arose before breakfast and rode alone into the outskirts, and in the cool of the evening took brisk canters over the suburban roads. It was on one of these evening rides that he began what was the only romance of his unsentimental life. He was riding out the Northern road from the hôtel, which runs along the shore, and, dismounting, tied his horse and took the path to the cliffs that jutted out into the sea. A splendid view of the bay lay before him, and the moon, which had just begun to make its silvery path on the water, gave the whole scene a setting of brilliancy. His thoughts turned to his home as he strolled before him, and the moon, which had just begun to make its silvery path on the water, gave the whole scene a setting of brilliancy. His thoughts turned to his home as he strolled along, and he wondered what was taking place there, so far away from his present surroundings. Some one passed hurriedly by him on the path to the rocks, and he noticed without concern that it was a woman. Passing leis-