seemed to include an especially beautiful daughter. Then he remembered his engagement to the millions in New York, and joined a poker game with an idea of influencing his thoughts. After losing a few dollars he left the game for a smoke on the piazza, and the moon still shining calm and quiet across the water only served to bring back his experience on the cliff with increased vividness.

The sensation of having a woman for his theme of thought was so very novel that he was not very communicative to his companions, and they left him to carry on his musings in solitude. After one or two turns on the walk a terrible idea struck him. What if he had fallen in love with this girl at first sight, like the heroes of some novels had done, and he should be tormented with thoughts of her ever afterward? Such a predicament would be dreadful; but, on analysis, did he not certainly have all the symptoms of the master passion? Then he thought of the girl herself, and of how much pleasanter life would certainly be with her than with the banker’s daughter in New York. Perhaps she, too, was rich, and would serve his father’s purpose just as well. If so why should he not look her up immediately, and arrange matters before the affair in New York had gone any further?

He went up to his room with the determination of setting out on a search the next day; and as his thoughts wandered over the meeting at the cliff before losing themselves in sleep, a sort of dim conviction came over the understanding of the future Lord of Michel-dean that perhaps women were not to be ignored and considered unimportant, after all.

The following day saw him ride off alone to the cliff by the sea and tie his horse to the same tree as the evening before. He passed down the path to the same part of the ledge, and seated himself near where she had stood. For a long time he sat there musing, his chin resting on his hands and his eyes looking vacantly out to sea. His horse pawed the turf restlessly back on the path and nibbled the leaves within his reach. He was evidently not used to seeing his master so taken up with thought. Finally Lord Arthur rose and stood on the highest point of the rocks and looked about him.

On a hill near by was a small inn and a respectable appearing mansion house. They were the only buildings within sight. Evidently she must have walked from the house the night before. It was not an imposing structure, but one that showed age and respectability.

He hoped for his father’s sake the girl’s family had more than age and respectability. From his own free will he would have married her without money if the moonlight had showed her as she truly was, but of course the family would object.

He mounted his horse and rode toward the house. When he came to the gate no signs of life were visible, and on closer inspection the place appeared closed and without inhabitants. He passed down the hill to the inn to make inquiries. An American landlord, he mused, knows everything. Moreover, there was the possibility that the object of his search might have chosen this spot rather than Del Monte on account of the quiet. She seemed when he had seen her like a girl who would enjoy a pleasant view and a quiet hotel rather than the tumult of Monterey. If she were stopping at this house nothing would be easier than to move in himself, and in that way learn to know her, and decide whether she was worthy of all the worry she had occasioned him and if her parents were rich. It was past noon, and he decided taking dinner at the inn. It was a very pleasant, homelike place, with well-furnished parlors and great, broad piazzas. Just the thing for rest and quiet. He chatted with the clerk, and learned that the house up the hill was closed, and that the owner, a wealthy Kentuckian, was at present stopping at the inn.

“Had he much of a family?”