

but if I were, I am sure I should defer seeing him till to-morrow."

"Gentlemen, have you left off saying your A B C?" demands old Walmsley, as he puts his head in again at the door.

"My dear sir, I am so *much* obliged to you," exclaims Muiraven, seizing his hand with unnecessary warmth.

"I'm rejoiced to hear it, my lord; but what for?"

"For telling me Mrs. Mordaunt's address."

"I'm sure I never told you that. It's against all my principles to betray a client's confidence."

"But for slamming the door in that delightful manner. It comes to the same thing, you know. Cocklebury in Hampshire. There can't be two Cockleburys. And now I must be off to see if I can get a train down there to-night."

"I can satisfy you on that point, my lord. No train stopping at the nearest station to Cocklebury leaves town after two o'clock."

"The devil!" says Muiraven.

"Come, Muiraven, be reasonable. Keep your appointment with Cray this evening, and don't think of leaving London till to-morrow."

"He can't do it," interposes the solicitor, dryly.

"He is equal to any thing: he will bestride a forty-horse power bicycle if I don't prevent him," replies Moxon, laughing.

But Muiraven does not laugh. All the light seems to have faded out of his face.

"You are right, Moxon," he says, gloomily. "Take me home, and do what you will with me. I am worse than a child."

Old Walmsley sees them go with a sly chuckle and a rub of the hands.

"Hope I haven't departed from my principles," he thinks to himself; "but I couldn't have sent him away without it. Poor young thing. How it will brighten up her dull life to see him! And if it should come right at last—and it looks very much to me as if it *were* coming right—why—why, I hope they'll let me draw up the settlements—that's all."

Joel Cray's untutored mind is vastly astonished by the reception which he receives at Lord Muiraven's hands that evening.

"I hope you understand perfectly," says his host, when, after considerable difficulty, he has induced the rough creature to take a chair, and sit down beside him, "that I had no idea but that my wife had left me with another man, else I should have advertised openly for her, or set

the detective officers to find out her address. But I feared the discovery would only lead to an exposure of my own dishonor, and preferred the silent, solitary life I have adhered to since. Could I have known that Myra was still true to me, I would have risked every thing to place her in the position she had a right to claim."

"She was true to you, sir, and no mistake; for, I don't mind a-telling you now, that I tried hard to make her my wife; but 'twern't of no good. She allays stuck to it that she couldn't forget you; and till strength failed her, she was on her feet a-tramping after you."

"While I was out of the country, trying to forget the disgrace which I thought attached to me. Poor Myra!"

"She's dead and done with, sir. It's no use our a-pipin' nor a-quarrelin' over her any more."

"You speak very sensibly, Cray; but at the same time I am anxious to show you that I regret the past, and should like to make some amends for it, if possible. I cannot let any of Myra's relations want. You tell me you are going back to Priestley. What do you do there?"

"I'm a day-laborer, sir—my lord, I mean," with a touch of his hair.

"And your mother?"

"She takes in washin', my lord, and has five little 'uns to keep on it."

"It is those five little ones I wish to help her and you to maintain; so I have placed with my friend here, Mr. Moxon, who is a lawyer, two thousand pounds to be disposed of as you may think best; either placed in the bank to your credit, or laid out in the purchase of land, or in any way that may most conduce to your comfort."

"Two—thousand—pounds!" repeats Joel with drawn-out, incredulous wonder, as he rises from his chair.

"Yes! that will bring you in about sixty pounds a year; or if you expend it in a little farm—"

"Two—thousand—pounds!" reiterates the laborer slowly, "it ain't true, sir, surely!"

"I would not deceive you, Cray, I give it you, not as compensation for your cousin's blighted life, remember, but as a token that if I could I would have prevented her unhappiness. I loved her, Cray; didn't marry her to desert her. She deserted me."

Joel's dirty, horny hand comes forth, timidly, but steadily, to meet Muiraven's.

"May I do it, sir? God bless you for them words! They're better than all the money to me.