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Sherlock-Manning Piano & Organ Co.

London (No street address necessary) Canada

August 29th. Was there ever such mischance? Young Bolland missed my father by a week at San Francisco. His lordship has gone on to Australia in his quest for his long-lost son, and I am to cable instructions. After all, Australia is a thinly populated place, and Bolland will be able to trace my parent there if anywhere. Of course I replied that he was to follow at once, and sent another £100. I wonder if these Bollands are perfectly square. I have made inquiries about the old man. No one seems to know anything about him, but he only appeared at his present address five months ago.

August 31st. Mary and I have been twice through the Peerage. There is an extraordinary lot of Williams in it, but only five Lady Bettys. But, of course, that is the short for Elizabeth, of which there are plenty. The combination of Elizabeth, as wife of the present heir, with heir William only occurs in the Baidon peerage, but Lord Baidon addressed a meeting of agriculturists at Skipton the other day, so he is evidently

in triumph: "Lordship found. Sails Friday, Barbarossa. Cable fare New Jersey."

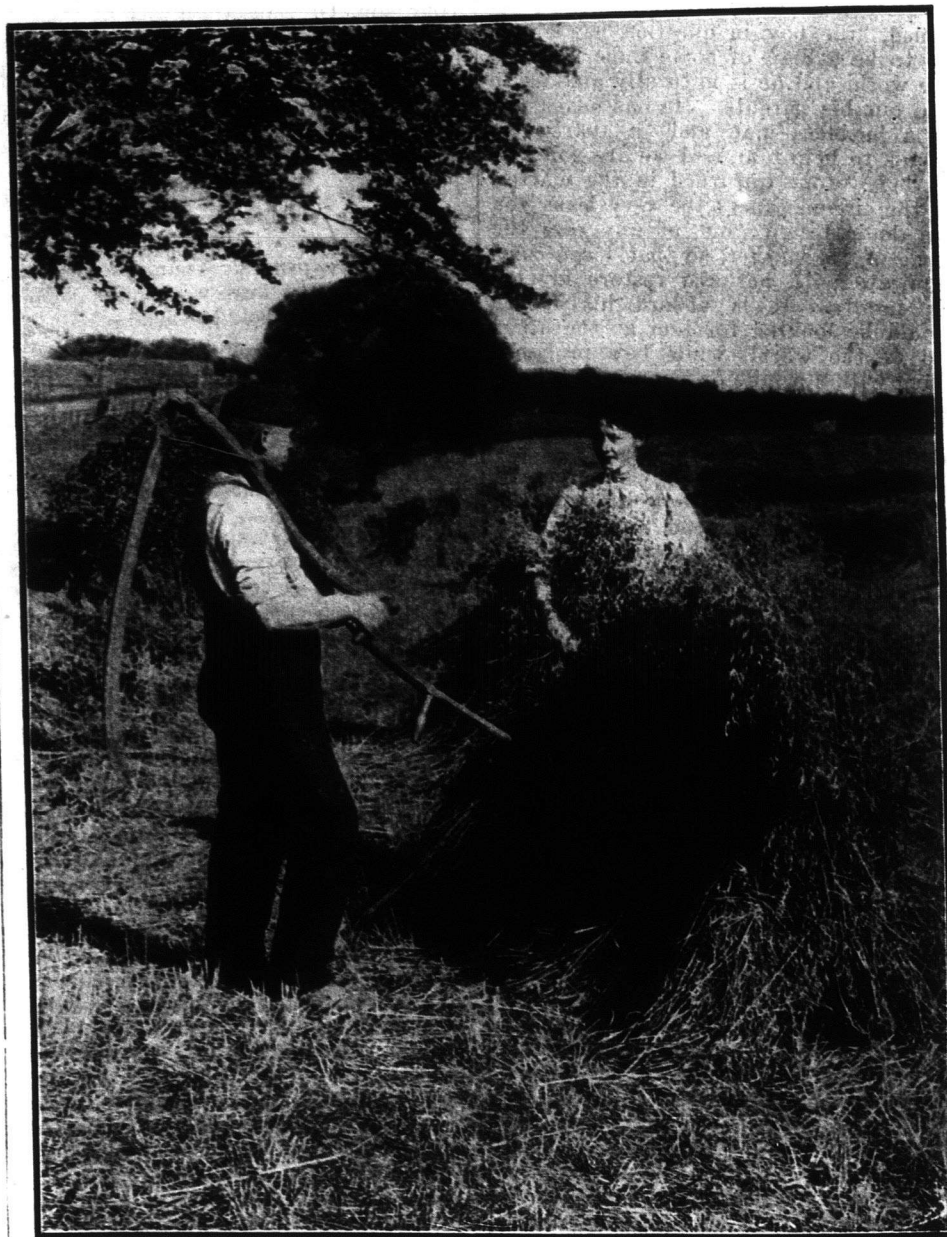
"There, sir," said Bolland. "The heir is coming to his own again."

I think I shook him warmly by the hand. At last the months of waiting and anxiety were over. In a few weeks I should meet my father face to face.

"I knew Tom'd ferret his lordship out," said Bolland gleefully. "You'll not forget him now he's done it, sir."

"I shall not," I answered. On occasions like these one doesn't consider money. "Let me see," I reflected. "£50 should see him back to New Jersey. Another £50 will cover the wage he is losing, and I'll add another £100 for what he has done. That will satisfy your son, I hope. If he doesn't get his situation back, I'll find him a place at the Emporium. His lordship should reach England in six weeks or so, and the day he acknowledges me as his son I'll give you £250 for yourself."

In the excitement of the moment I forgot to keep up the idea that I was



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not looking for his son in Australia. Of course, Betty may only be a conventional name. Bolland won't say a word on the point. "My lips are sealed till I have his lordship's permission to open them," he said, and I must respect his scruples.

October 21st. Bolland has had a cable from Melbourne, from his son: "Lordship up country. Cable remittance." My father is evidently on a wild-goose chase after me. Whatever could impel him to believe I had gone into the Australian bush? It must be cousin William's doings. No doubt he sent his lordship there in the hope he might come to an untimely end. It is a horrible thought that this might really happen. In that case I may have considerable difficulty in substantiating my claim to the peerage. Old Bolland's evidence will be of the greatest value. It would be awful if he were to die. He had a nasty cough today. I shall tell him to consult a medical man at my expense. I shall have to watch his health carefully. Of course I cabled another remittance—£250 this time.

Nov. 21st. This has been the great day of my life. Old Bolland turned up at the Emporium and furnished a cable

acting for a friend. I spoke of myself as the heir, but Bolland betrayed no surprise. No doubt he had thought as much from the first. Possibly he had noted in my appearance a marked resemblance to his lordship.

"Thank ye, sir," he replied. "I knew all along as 'ow you'd do the an'some thing. His lordship's son couldn't do different. I wish I could be there when Lord William gets the news."

A vindictive expression crossed his face as he said this. I am afraid he cherishes a grudge against Lord William. Well, I cannot blame him. I do so myself.

Mary was delighted at the news. More than once she has suggested that I placed too much confidence in the Bolland, so I didn't tell her how much I advanced them. But I told her today, and she considers the money well spent. I looked up the Australian sailings. The Barbarossa sails on Friday, as young Bolland cabled. It is due at Southampton on January 7th. That day will mark the epoch in my life.

Dec. 4th. Bolland has been to see me. He was very apologetic, but he is in need of a little money. All I paid him had gone to his son. Could I give him part of the £250 promised? He