

NEMESIS

As the reading closed, Mark's voice shook and his eyes filled with tears.

"Can you trust me—Dan—do you think?" he asked wistfully. "I never had but one friend, and him I threw aside. But I will try to make up for it now. Will you trust me to carry out your father's wishes, and take me as your guide?"

"With all my heart!" answered Dan, and from the tone of his voice there was no doubting but that he meant what he said. Then his thoughts wandered back to the subject of the letter, and he remarked: "The first thing to do will be to make tracks for Last Mountain. After that it'll be a race to Falmouth. We must lose no time. I suppose there will not be any difficulty in finding that Mrs. Hansard?"

"I don't think so," returned Bray, with a twinkle in his eye, as he turned towards Jack, whom he then asked:

"I suppose you know your mother's present address?"

Hansard laughed self-consciously, and Dan broke out with utter astonishment:

"You don't mean to say that he—that she——"

"Is the mother of your rescuer?" said Jack.

"Yes. That's just what I do say."

"Why, Hansard, that makes my gratitude all the more——" Dan began impulsively.

But Jack interrupted brusquely:

"Rot! Don't begin to talk of gratitude be-