

simplest action in the world revealed it. So far, it was just as Clara had expected.

Harold it was who brought about this accident as follows.

'Very well,' he said, 'I will add within the packet a note stating that this paper was placed in my hands on the twentieth day of the month of June, 1893, by its discoverer, Emanuel—Emanuel—now I come to think of it—the very first time that I have thought of it. . . . I have never heard your surname, Emanuel.'

'Have you not? It matters nothing. Among my friends I have but one name—Emanuel. When I was young and belonged to Western Europe, they called me Emanuel Elveda.'

'Elveda?' Francisca looked up astonished. 'My own name?'

'Emanuel Elveda?' Harold repeated. Then the whole truth suddenly flashed upon him. He knew the story of the separation—the family story. He knew that the husband had been a man of science, a chemist of great promise, whose papers were in old Transactions; and that he had left his wife and gone away—perished in Morocco, it was thought. And he knew the miniature—Francesca's portrait of her father—and now he recognised the likeness, and, with the certainty that is surer than logic, and falls upon the mind with greater swiftness than follows the narration of facts, he knew the man before him. 'Emanuel Elveda? You are Emanuel Elveda, come back again? Why, we thought you dead—dead—dead long ago. Francesca, this is Emanuel Elveda—Emanuel Elveda—'

'Yes, I am Emanuel Elveda. Why not? Why are you astonished?'

'Oh! He asks why I am astonished!'

Francesca looked up quietly.

'What is the matter? Is your name really Emanuel Elveda? Why, that is my name too. My father was Elveda. We must be cousins.'

'Cousins!' Harold repeated, scornfully and impatiently. 'Has no one got eyes but myself? Good Heavens! Emanuel—tell me, please—you once had a wife?'

'Certainly, I had once a wife.'

'What was her name?'

'Her name was Isabel—Isabel Albu.'