

request, for Miss Featherstonhaugh's present address. Upon receiving a reply, three hours later, he sent two cablegrams to Paris, one addressed to Victoria, the other to the hotel, just in case the girl had moved.

A reply to the second message arrived in the morning. Bedford showed it to Charles, then picked up a copy of the morning paper and glanced at the last page.

"She is due in Princetown to-day," he said. "Her ship should be in early this afternoon, for it was off St. Vincent at five o'clock last night."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Charles.

Bedford observed him for some seconds in silence, with something of amusement and something of admiration in his eyes.

"I see that you are absolutely, hopelessly cracked about the girl," he said. "Nothing could frighten you off, I suppose; but I can tell you something that may ease your mind a little, in spite of the violence of your affection."

"Fire away!" said Charles.

"The coroner here is an old chap named Morris—Dr. Maxwell Morris," returned Bedford. "The other day, after he had looked old Feather over, he told me that he used to treat him for some complicated trouble, long ago, in the days of Feather's first wife. I forget the name of the thing, but it was the result of a sunstroke which Feather had had