

Papèta Carrer was taken ill on learning of Cadra's flight. She is to join her friends at Constantinople. I have said nothing to my wife of Carlo Bartelli though I have no doubt she suspects I know all.

I was closeted for an hour with Jane Mosfitt. God had sent her to me!

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"Have you read all, Helen?"

"All, my husband!"

"Are you calm now, my wife?"

"Yes, my Eugene! calm and grateful. I am even happier!"

"I am glad to hear you say so."

"Can you bear sudden joy, Helen?"

"Joy? Eugene!"

"Yes, my Helen!"

I clasped my hands three times.

Papèta Carrer, leaning on the arm of Jane Mosfitt, entered the room.

"Helen! My wife! behold the real Ida! Behold your long lost child!"

A cry of joy; and Papèta was clasped in her mother's arms. Jane Mosfitt had recognised her!

Papèta was the long lost IDA VERNON.

Where thy revenge now? O! Carlo Bartelli!

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We return to England.

The sun is sinking, as I stand in my stirrups, and gaze my last on the old familiar city.

Hearts long estranged, are now united. Smile at thy home, O! spirit of Charles Darley!

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