

Count, greatly moved by the scene; "what is the matter?"

Mr. Meldon turned to Amy greatly moved himself; and to the astonishment of Clara, her father's eyes were filled with tears, and he touched Amy's forehead with his lips.

"The fact is, M. le Comte, this is a namesake of yours."

Amy had suddenly brightened, and was trying to laugh at her own weakness. She turned imploringly to Mr. Meldon.

"Do not disturb yourself, Amy. The Count will soon understand that there is some pleasure as well as pain in your excitement just now. M. le Comte," he said, turning to the Count, "it is curious that Miss D'Alton had a brother, 'Henry D'Alton,' too; still more singular that he was reported to be a private soldier in that same regiment; and most singular of all that the certificate of his death, taken from the regimental records came to his father's hands, and tallies exactly with the date of your son's demise. These facts have all been ascertained by Father Hayes, in the course of his enquiries; but that there must have been some confusion of identity in the case is evident from the tenor of the letters contained in a packet given to him by an old Indian who had been the protector of the young girl whom he is now bringing home with him. She was known as the adopted daughter of an Indian, and was called Noemi; but the letters and certain memoranda, which the Indian had received from the dying mother of the girl—then a mere infant—disclosed the fact that her Christian name was Euphrasia, that she was the daughter of Henry D'Alton and his wife Euphrasia St. Laurence, and that the family of her father was noble and wealthy, but estranged from her parents up to the time of their deaths."

Count D'Alton vehemently clasped his hands.

"Stop sir! stop sir! Oh, I beg your pardon! Surely you will not censure me,—I know you will not; but have you the originals of all the letters, of which you sent me copies?"

They saw at once the agony produced by a possibility.

"Alas! sir, I do not blame you in the

least," said Meldon, and unlocking a desk, he placed a packet before the old man. "There, M. le Comte, there they are; open the packet, M. le Comte; no ceremony."

The old man opened the packet, and the very first letter which he encountered was in his own hand-writing—the letter disinheriting his son, Henry D'Alton. Count D'Alton gave a shriek.

"All hope gone!" he cried; no hope remaining!"

For a moment—but only for a moment—he had forgotten that the fact of his son's identity had been perfectly fixed; and the poor old mind had been carried away by the mere possibility that all the documents might not be originals. It was only for a moment. The old man, in a few minutes, rose from his chair; and, gracefully moving across to Amy, he took her by the hand.

"Pardon me, my child," he said: "common sense forsook me for a moment I ought to be thankful for the hope of having near my pillow, in my dying day, some one like you. For a moment I lost my senses. Ah! Miss D'Alton!—stop," he said suddenly. "If my son be not alive, may not your brother be alive?"

"Oh, M. le Comte, God bless you for that word! I longed to hear someone say it. I have never seen my brother Henry; and I have had no sister, and, until lately, no friend; but the old people say that Henry was very noble and very wise; and that papa had never been so hard-hearted had he not been deceived."

"We must try then to trace the second Henry D'Alton," the old Count said, enthusiastically. "We must try more; and, I do declare, I shall rejoice in discovering your Henry nearly as much as if I found my own alive! We shall try Mr. Meldon. It is worth while."

"Certainly, M. le Comte, it must be worth while."

"Ah! Mr. Meldon! Mr. Seymour!" the poor girl wept out.

"Amy, my child," Mr. Meldon answered, "is there anything I would not do to make you happy? Is there?"

"Ah, no, sir, pardon me."

"Well," Mr. Seymour said, somewhat