

'the case is not so serious as it looks. The poor child is suffering under a severe shock to the brain and nervous system, caused by that sudden and violent distress you hinted at. My medicine will give her the one thing she wants to begin with—a good night's sleep.

Amelius asked when she would be well enough to see him.

'Ah, my young friend, it's not so easy to say, just yet! I could answer you to better purpose to-morrow. Won't that do? Must I venture on a rash opinion? She ought to be composed enough to see you in three or four days. And, when that time comes, it's my belief you will do more than I can do to set her right again.'

Amelius was relieved, but not quite satisfied yet. He inquired if it was not possible to remove her from that miserable place.

'Quite impossible—without doing her serious injury. They have got money to go on with; and I have told you already, she will be well taken care of. I will look after her myself to-morrow morning. Go home, and get to bed, and eat a bit of supper first, and make your mind easy. Come to my house, at twelve o'clock, noon, and you will find me ready with my references, and my report of the patient. Surgeon Pinfold; Blackacre Buildings—there's the address. Good-night.'

## CHAPTER XLIII.

**A**FTER Amelius had left him, Rufus remembered his promise to communicate with Regina by telegraph.

With his strict regard for truth, it was no easy matter to decide on what message he should send. To inspire Regina, if possible, with his own unshaken belief in the good faith of Amelius, appeared, on reflection, to be all that he could honestly do, under present circumstances. With an anxi-

ous and foreboding mind, he despatched his telegram to Paris in these terms:—  
'Be patient for a while, and do justice to A. He deserves it.'

Having completed his business at the telegraph-office, Rufus went next to pay his visit to Mrs. Payson.

The good lady received him with a grave face and a distant manner, in startling contrast to the customary warmth of her welcome. 'I used to think you were a man in a thousand,' she began abruptly; 'and I find you are no better than the rest of them. If you have come here to speak to me about that blackguard young Socialist, understand if you please that I am not so easily imposed upon as Miss Regina. I have done *my* duty—I have opened her eyes to the truth, poor thing Ah, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

Rufus kept his temper, with his habitual self-command. 'It's possible you may be right,' he said quietly; 'but the biggest rascal living has a claim to an explanation, when a lady puzzles him. Have you any particular objection, old friend, to tell me what you mean?'

The explanation was not of a nature to set the good New Englander's mind at ease. Regina had written, by the mail-train which took Rufus to England, repeating to Mrs. Payson what had passed at the interview in the Champs Elysées, and appealing to her sympathy for information and advice. Receiving the letter that morning, Mrs. Payson, acting on her own generous and compassionate impulses, had already answered it, and sent it to the post. Her experience of the unfortunate persons received at the Home was far from inclining her to believe in the innocence of a runaway girl, placed under circumstances of temptation. As an act of justice towards Regina, she enclosed to her the letter in which Amelius had acknowledged that Sally had passed the night under his roof.

'I believe I am only telling you the shameful truth,' Mrs. Payson had