

second column, the most interesting portion of the whole newspaper to Eve's like-minded daughters, discovered and pondered over one foggy morning in the blissful repose of 128, Bletchingley Road, South Kensington.

"Challoner: Heir-at-law and Next of Kin Wanted. Estate of Hugh Massinger, Esquire, deceased, intestate.— If this should meet the eye of Elsie, daughter of the late Rev. H. Challoner, and Eleanor Jane, his wife, formerly Eleanor Jane Massinger, of Chudleigh, Devonshire, she is requested to put herself into communication with Alfred Heberden, Esq., Whitestrand, Suffolk, when she may hear of something greatly to her advantage."

Eddie took the paper up at once to Warren. "For 'may' read 'will,'" she said pointedly. "Lawyers don't advertise unless they know. I always understood Mr. Massinger had no living relations except Elsie. This question has reached boiling-point now. You'll have to speak to her after that about the matter."

CHAPTER I.II.

THE TANGLE RESOLVES ITSELF.

"You must never, never take it, Elsie," Warren said earnestly, as Elsie laid down the paper once more and wiped a tear from her eye nervously. "It came to him through that poor broken-hearted little woman, you know. He should never have married her; he should never have owned it. It was never truly or honestly his, and therefore it isn't yours by right. I couldn't bear, myself, to touch a single penny of it."

Elsie looked up at him with a twitching face. "Do you make that a condition, Warren?" she asked, all tremulous.

Warren paused and hesitated, irresolute, for a moment. "Do I make it a condition?" he answered slowly. "My darling, how can I possibly talk of making conditions or bargains with you? But I could never bear to think that wife of mine would touch one penny of that ill-gotten money."