

for it? Will it bring the governor back to life? I'll not stay here to be pitied, and jeered at, as the discoroneted viscount. You killed my father by your wiles. You yourselves can now bury him."

And with these words he passed through the doorway and was gone: and even the coroner's summons failed to secure his attendance at the inquest held upon the body of the earl. Lorelie was present, and, after giving her evidence, quietly withdrew, accompanied by Beatrice.

But when Idris, a few hours later, called at Wave Crest, he was met on the threshold by Beatrice with the tidings that Lorelie had left Ormsby.

"Where has she gone?"

"Indeed I do not know," replied Beatrice, who looked the picture of grief. "She would not tell me her destination or plans. I did my best to persuade her to stay, but in vain."

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A year after Lorelie's disappearance there occurred in a society-paper a paragraph relative to an event which, however melancholy in itself, could scarcely be viewed by Idris with any other feeling than that of satisfaction. This event was the death of Ivar, who was said to have been carried off by fever in an obscure lodging in London. Inquiries on the part of Idris proved that the story was true: and he found, moreover, that Ivar, in his last hours, had been nursed by a lady whose description answered to that of Lorelie.

The forgiving and generous disposition evinced by this act did but endear her the more to Idris.

But where was she? He was certain that she loved him. Why then did she continue to hide herself?

All attempts on his part to trace her failed completely: and a haunting fear seized him that