

"Oh, Miss Carr!" I exclaimed.

"Listen, Antony," she said, looking at me with a proud and loving look.

"Being sure, then, of our pay," said Tom Girtley, laughing, "we went to work with the greatest of zeal, making another long bill, and for result—after completely disentangling everything—after finding out, without his knowing it, that the enemy was well worth powder and shot—in short, after making the ground perfectly safe under our feet, I have the pleasure of announcing to you, my dear fellow, that not only is there a sum of five hundred pounds a year belonging to you in your lawful right——"

"Five hundred!" I ejaculated.

"But the same amount, with interest and compound interest, due to you for the past eight or nine years, and which that scoundrel Blakeford will be obliged to refund."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, as I realized my position.

"The rascal plundered your poor father of goodness knows how much, but of that we can get no trace. This five hundred pounds a-year, though, and the accumulation, is as certainly yours as if you had inherited it at once, and no judge in England can gainsay it. Let me be the first to——"

"No!" exclaimed Miss Carr, rising; "let me, Antony, my dear boy, be the first to congratulate you, not so much because of the amount, as that it will give you a feeling of independence, and take away that sense of obligation to pay your father's debts."

She took my hands in hers, and kissed me, and then, feeling giddy with surprise, I turned away for a moment, but only to falter out something in a disconnected way.

"Peter's delighted," cried Mr. Jabez; and he took a tremendous pinch of snuff. "I shall be turning out somebody's long-lost child myself before long, only we are twins, and I shall have to share it."

"I am very, very glad, Antony," said Hallett, shaking hands.

"And now, if you like, Grace," continued Tom Girtley, "we will set to work to-morrow to make that scoundrel Blakeford disgorge; and before a fortnight is passed, if he doesn't mind, he will be cooling his heels in prison, for I have undeniable proofs of his illegal practices. At the very least he will be struck off the Rolls. It is utter professional ruin."

I did not speak, for the scene seemed to change to that wretched office once more, and I saw the black, forbidding, threatening face gazing down into mine. I heard the harsh, bitter voice reviling my poor dead father, and a shudder ran through me. The next moment, though, I was dwelling on the soft sweet face of Hetty, and as I recalled the child's many gentle, loving acts, there was a strange choking sensation at my breast, and I walked into the little drawing-room to be alone.