

looked on him, nor allowed his name to be mentioned, to the hour of his death. Why, then, should he have destroyed that will—if he *did* destroy it?”

“Lady Eleanor thinks that he must have done so, sir.”

“Lady Eleanor! Yes, but— Ah, well! Get me the Brandon deed-box. In this defective world, Sycamore, there would be nothing astonishing in the disappearance of that will were it not that it left everything, without reserve, to Lady Eleanor Beaumont herself. A girl of her high ideals and pride of race, a girl who has often declared herself an usurper, and called it ‘cruel her cousin might not have his own’—”

Humble Sycamore paused in amazement on the steps he had mounted to secure the box bearing the white-lettered name “Brandon,” and looked round at his employer.

“My faith! You cannot think that she— La, sir, no woman in her senses would plan