

gentleman came to the hotel and listened attentively to what Beauchamp had to tell him.

"Miss Featherstonhaugh did not come here with her father," he said. "She was not on the ship, and she has not been seen in town." He glanced keenly at the man in the bed. "So you want to marry her?" he queried.

"I do," replied Charles.

"Have you discovered the source of her father's sudden wealth?"

"Perhaps I have. I wonder what it amounted to!"

"Not very much. I've been cabling to London. He has nothing of it left but Rum Island and about fifty pounds; and yet he was talking very big when I last saw him alive, as if he could lay his hand on more without much effort. He died without leaving a will, by the way, and Rum Island belongs to his daughter now. It is a considerable property."

"May the devil take it!" said Charles. "She'd be happier without that wretched island."

"What's the matter with it? It would be a valuable sugar estate, if properly managed."

"I've taken a strong dislike to the place."

"The fever has sickened you of it, I suppose."

Bedford cabled to London, at Beauchamp's