

was wanted. Bletsoe had married abroad, and he and his wife had established a gambling hell in Paris, where fortune waited upon them for many years. On the death of his mother, who had returned to her friends in Italy, and who had held little or no communication with her son, certain papers belonging to Dr. Bletsoe came into Anthony Bletsoe's hands. These papers gave him some highly-coloured information about the mysterious owner of Redpost Park, and Bletsoe determined he would lose no opportunity of making capital out of his information. Having made a good deal of money in Paris he was enabled to travel wherever his inclination beckoned, and by one of those unlucky accidents which occur every day he had come across Mr. Brabazon, for whom he was ever on the watch. Baffled at finding his first threat had produced no effect, except the flight of Mr. Brabazon from Monaco, his slumbering madness began to assert itself. He set inquiries on foot, and soon learned that Mr. Brabazon had returned to Redpost Park. Bletsoe feared to follow him to England. He was not aware that under his pseudonym the police were endeavouring to trace him, but he thought it would be unwise to tempt the fates by returning to the scene of his greatest crime. Therefore he despatched his wife to England, telling her what he knew of the secret, and instructing her to get to my ear, and impress me with his (Bletsoe's) determination to disclose the secret if the demand made at Monaco was disregarded. He further desired his wife to adopt the name of Viacava, in order that I might be taken completely off my guard. Bletsoe possessed