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and hear what she had to say.

She was still living the most solitary of lives, and every sense had become quickened; she saw in the few lines what Ronald could not see, that her lover's need for her was very great, and although love as love had died in her heart, the love of a divine compassion was still there. She did not hesitate a moment; she would accede to his wish and tend him by night and day until he died. She wrote to Ronald to that effect, and he sorely against his will, was constrained to think out some plan for carrying her wishes into effect.

He determined to go down to Plymouth, hire a boat, and go off to the Eddystone, that he might judge for himself of Cornwallis's state. He sailed down the coast, and, the weather being favourable although very cold, shaped a course for the Eddystone after dark.

He held some conversation with the men, to whom he made a further present, and then saw Cornwallis, who, wrapped in rugs and blankets, was sitting up in a chair. By this time the men had come to the conclusion that there was something very queer about their guest. During his delirium he had pushed aside his wig, but on first recovering consciousness had asked for a looking glass and appeared painfully anxious to renovate himself. Ronald saw that he was looking very ill, but otherwise could perceive no particular change in his appearance; once more he wondered why everyone said he was so handsome a man, he, Ronald, did not consider him handsome at all.

He spoke to him very kindly, and promised to bring Enid to him.

Cornwallis's face brightened.

"Bring her at once, and bring a clergyman. I have the license and she can marry me here."

"What?" exclaimed Ronald aghast.

"Why do you say 'What'?" said Cornwallis peevishly. "How else could she be always with me when we land? I want her always, and I can't do without her."

"But supposing I cannot arrange for your removal at once. She cannot stay here."

"I have made up my mind to marry her," said Cornwallis angrily, "and I know she is anxious to marry me. Did she not tell you she would?"

Ronald was constrained to admit that she had done so.

"I know it," the other retorted triumphantly, "there never yet was a woman who did not love me when I chose to make her do so."

The sight of Ronald had brought back, temporarily, some of his old gaiety, his fear had departed for a time. Ronald choked down his disgust, and said that he must now go; he would have to hear what Miss Iredale had to say.

"Get him away soon, sir," said Bell, as Ronald re-entered his boat; "he won't live long. I see it in his face."

Then night deepened, and Cornwallis was once more a prey to terror.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Cat's Paw.

IT sometimes happens that when we can see no light, no means of escape from our troubles, that a path is suddenly opened to us.

Ronald felt absolutely hopeless as he went away from the Eddystone lighthouse. He thought and thought, but no safe means for rescuing Cornwallis occurred to him. After having run such terrible risks it seemed hard to look on all his previous trouble as thrown away.

"I cannot disappoint her," he said, mentally, "although for her own sake the best thing that could happen to her would be that Cornwallis should be taken."

With every landing stage closely watched, how could he get him ashore, and yet how could he leave a man so ill without some strong man to look after him. If he took him to a foreign port his, Ronald's, presence would be sufficient to cause an instant arrest. He saw no way.

But on landing he came across Lieutenant Haselfoot.

"Hullo!" exclaimed that young man,

"why, where have you sprung from?"

"Where have you sprung from?" queried Ronald, instead of answering the question.

"I? I have just landed from my vessel. Every night we go cruising about."

"Where? Not near the Eddystone?" asked Ronald, with an anxiety he tried hard to disguise.

"Why, that is just what we are doing. Looking out for an imaginary enemy, and expecting an attack whenever the powers that be choose to give the orders. Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, I was wondering where you went," replied Ronald, vaguely. "And where are you off to now? Come and have supper with me somewhere."

"Very sorry. Can't. Must go on duty again in three hours' time, and I want to go to my diggings just to see if there are any letters for me. Why not come with me and have a snack there?"

"With pleasure," asserted Ronald.

Haselfoot's "diggings" were of the most comfortable order, while the supper, hastily ordered and served, was daintily spread.

"I do enjoy a meal ashore," said Haselfoot, as he stretched out his legs luxuriously and lit a cigarette which his guest had refused. "I always fancy the food in the destroyer has a flavour of oil. And my landlady is no end of a good soul, a regular mother to me. I've lodged with her every time I've been down this way."

RONALD was silent for a few moments, thinking hard. He had noticed how dainty the supper had been, and was concocting a plan.

"Does your landlady happen to have any more rooms to let?"

"Well, she is generally full up, but just now I believe her drawing-room floor is to let. Now I come to think of it her lodger went out yesterday. The rooms are never vacant long."

"I wonder if I might see them?"

"Why, of course, you might," said Haselfoot, and rang the bell.

It was not long before the landlady, Mrs. Carter, appeared in person, a pleasant-faced honest-looking woman, who spoke with a Cornish accent.

Ronald made his request known and was shown the vacant apartments, a sitting-room and two bed-rooms. They were of a good size and scrupulously clean. He expressed his satisfaction with them.

"They are just what I am looking out for, for some friends of mine, an invalid gentleman and his wife, and I think I may venture to take them for a week from to-day. Should my friends be satisfied they will no doubt remain on. But I must tell you that the gentleman is really ill, and will require total quiet, also such cooking as will tempt the appetite of an invalid. Of course this will be remembered in the terms."

"I am sure I will do my best to make the lady and gentleman happy and comfortable, sir," replied Mrs. Carter, who was greatly taken with the courtesy of Ronald's manner, and delighted with his liberality and failure to request exact mention to be made of "extras." "There can't be a quieter home than this. Mr. Haselfoot is gone for days together very often, and when he is here he does not have any rummy parties like some young gentlemen. I suppose the lady and gentleman will not keep much company?"

"None at all," returned Ronald, gravely; "he is not in health for society. They will see no one, I imagine. I cannot tell you whether they will come at once, but please have the rooms thoroughly ready."

"Certainly, sir, and if quiet is necessary for the poor gentleman I will wait on them myself, instead of letting Eliza go in, who is a good girl, sir, but clumsy at times."

Ronald returned to Haselfoot, and told him what he had done.

"Are the rooms for friends of yours?"

"Yes, and I want you to do me a good turn."

"With pleasure."

"The man who is coming is an invalid. He has set his heart on being married at once to the girl to whom