

with his blue eyes
out him in good
like a Christian,
Englishman. The
this chap looks as
of us. One could
saying now."

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I can obtain suit-
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ing but Mexican

"and have been
ell-nigh forgotten

on of a well-to-do
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week in London,
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ger, having seen
ipal inn, took his
. The latter was
ger entered it.

"?" he said. "I
rk and Spanish;

"I would have a talk with you alone, Master Beggs. I am the bearer of a message from an old friend of yours. If you will grant me a few minutes' talk we may do business together."

"By all means," the merchant said, thinking that such an introduction offered some important transactions. "Will you be good enough to follow me?" and he led the way upstairs.

Dame Mercy was sitting at work with her youngest daughter when they entered the room, Diggory saying, "Please to leave, Dame; this gentleman and I have business of importance to discuss together."

"There is no occasion for you to leave us," Roger said. "My business is not so private but that you and Mistress Agnes may hear us."

"You know my daughter's name!" Dame Beggs exclaimed in surprise.

"The gentleman comes with a message from an old friend of ours," Diggory said, "and has doubtless heard him mention our daughter's name."

"And Dorothy," Roger asked; "she is well, I hope."

"My eldest daughter was married three months since," Dame Mercy replied.

Roger gave an exclamation of satisfaction. "And so none of you know me?" he asked. "And yet you are but little changed, except that Mistress Agnes has grown into a young woman, whereas she was but a child when I parted from her."

Diggory Beggs and his wife gazed at Roger in astonishment; Agnes stood up with her hands tightly clasped together:—

"It is Roger," she cried. "Oh, mother! it is Roger come back to us."

"I am Roger, sure enough, aunt," he said, stooping and kissing her, and then shaking hands with his uncle and kissing Agnes.

"And your father," Diggory asked, "and the *Swan*?"

"It is a sad story," Roger said, "a very sad story, uncle. Six years ago the *Swan* was wrecked on the coast of Tabasco, and every soul save myself lost."

It was a blow for Diggory Beggs. He had, indeed, long since given up all hope of ever seeing his cousin Reuben, or of obtaining any return for the capital he had embarked on the *Swan*; but the sight of Roger had for a moment raised his hopes that the venture had after all been productive. However, he speedily recovered himself:—