

A portion of Gwynett's narrative at this point referred to the attack on the duc d'Oléans' carriage, and his own share in rescuing that gentleman from his assailants, together with details of the remainder of his journey to Bavaria, in which the reader would find nothing of interest.

"My uncle," he went on, "received me with open arms, and recommended me to resume my life with him as if nothing had happened. He argued that my rescue was so utterly improbable, that if the circumstances of the trial and execution transpired, everyone would take for granted it was a mere coincidence of name, and consequently never dream of suspecting my connection with the affair. On the other hand, I pointed out to him that I had no private income apart from my interest in Thornhaugh, and that if he did not claim the property as my heir, it would be lost altogether."

"A very neat quandary," commented the lawyer, with professional interest. "What did you decide?"

"Eventually we agreed to invent a supposititious cousin of mine of the same name, executed for a political offence, who would pass muster in Bavaria. But my uncle must claim Thornhaugh, in order to pass the income from it over to me, and this is partly the occasion of my visit."

"Then you propose to accept your own decease?"

"Is there any help for it?"

"I am afraid not. Luckily, there is no forfeiture."

"So lord Bolingbroke supposed—I came from him this morning. I had forgotten the gavelkind tenure, and went to him to ask for a stay of inquisition."

"You need not trouble about that. But we shall want papers from your uncle."

"I have brought a whole bundle from the electoral chancellerie."

"That is all right. But what on earth possessed you to run the risk of coming over here in person, even with this disguise of yours?"

"It was chiefly to obtain news of Muriel, and I am terribly disappointed by your account of matters. But I suppose we can ascertain her present whereabouts?"

"I doubt it. The aunt came here like a legion of furies, and I gathered from what she said that the old squire was, if possible, a little more outrageous than herself—swore he'd disinherit Noel, and the rest of it. As regards myself, the first I heard was that he had changed his solicitor, and the next that he had taken his niece out to Virginia. Of Noel