

what an aristocratic-looking boy he was. How surprised—how charmed she will be! Oh, you must find her; I am sure it can not be so difficult. And I believe she's in England, though that horrid old Walmsley will not tell."

"You think he knows her address, then?"

"I am sure of it; but it is no use asking him, I've begged and implored of him to tell me, but the most he will do is to forward my letters; and Irene always answers them through him, and there's an end of it."

"And she is well?" demands Muiraven anxiously.

"Oh, the dear child's quite well, my lord," replies Mrs. Cavendish, mistaking the pronoun; "you need have no fears of that. Her letters are full of nothing but Tommy. She little thinks who she has got the charge of. She *will* be proud, I am sure."

"I am afraid we must leave you now," says her visitor, rising, "as we must try and see Mr. Walmsley to-day."

"Oh, can't you stay a few minutes longer—just ten? No! Well, then, good-by, my lord, and I hope you will let me know as soon as you have traced my niece."

And Mrs. Cavendish, much to her chagrin, is left alone; for Mary, who has been up-stairs all this time changing her dress, descends to the drawing-room in her new blue merino, all ready to captivate his lordship, just as his lordship's tall figure disappears outside the garden-gate.

"Just a minute too late! What a pity!" thinks Mrs. Cavendish, as she puts up her eyeglass to watch the departure of the two young men. "Well, he certainly is a fine-looking man. And fancy his being a widower! Not but what I think my Mary would be too sensible to object to that. And if the child were in the way, why, I dare say Irene wouldn't mind continuing the charge, as she seems so fond of it. Well, all I hope is, he'll come again, and I'll take good care next time that Mary is ready dressed to receive him. Such a chance to throw away! If he'd only seen her as she looks now, the girl's fortune would have been made."

Old Walmsley, the solicitor, is a tougher customer to deal with than either of them anticipated, and even Saville Moxon finds it beyond his skill to worm out any thing from him that he doesn't choose to tell.

"It's all very well, gentlemen," he says, in answer to their combined entreaties, "but you're asking me to betray the confidence of one of my

clients, which is a thing I've never done during a practice of five-and-thirty years, and which I don't intend to begin doing now."

"But, look here, Mr. Walmsley," says Muiraven, "surely, under the circumstances, I have a right to demand Mrs. Mordaunt's address; she is detaining my child from me."

"Then you can write and demand the child, my lord, and the letter shall be duly forwarded to her."

"But she may not answer it."

"I think that very unlikely."

"But I want to see the child."

"I am sure my client will not detain it an hour longer than it is her due."

"But I want to see *her*," he bursts out impetuously.

Old Walmsley looks at him over his spectacles.

"I think you were the Honorable Eric Keir, my lord?"

"What of it?"

"I was in the late Mrs. St. John's entire confidence," Muiraven reddens.

"Well, if you were, you know the reason why I disappointed her. I have just told it you. I was a married man—I *am* a widower!"

"And Mrs. Mordaunt is a widow!"

"Exactly so.—Moxon, for Heaven's sake can't you find something more interesting to stare at than myself?—Now, will you give me her address, Mr. Walmsley?"

"I see no further reason for it, my lord. You can still write."

"This is *too* hard," cries Muiraven, impetuously, as he jumps up from his seat, and commences striding up and down the solicitor's office. "My tongue has been tied for years. I have banished myself from her presence; I have even left home in order to avoid the temptation of speaking to her; and, now that the opportunity presents itself—now that at last I am able to—to—"

"Go on, Muiraven," says Moxon, encouragingly, "*to claim my charming child.*"

"You sha'n't go down with me, wherever it is for one," replies Muiraven, flushing up to the roots of his hair, as he tries to turn off his rhapsody with an uneasy laugh.—"Mr. Walmsley, is there no hope for me?"

"None that I shall betray Mrs. Mordaunt's confidence, my lord."

Muiraven sighs.

"Well, I suppose I must content myself with writing, then."

"But if," continues the old lawyer, slyly—"if