

"Both, sir. Lady Eleanor bade me say she 'd come as near eleven as possible. She longs to see this fortunate cousin, on whom she has not set eyes since she was a child."

"Fortunate? Yes, he *is* fortunate. It is not given every man to win disinheritance as he won it, to flout a good and godly father by associating with vile player-folk, and then, after adding to his disgrace by becoming one of them—painting his face, and strutting in tinsled finery for *pay*—to come into his own at last. Sycamore, I am sure the late Lord Brandon never destroyed that will. He was at such pains to have me draw it up for him, and to make it clear that not one guinea of his money, not one foot of his land, should go to this dissipated mummer who had defied and disgraced him. All was for his sister's child, the Lady Eleanor Beaumont, and, in his wrath, he made me draw a will that left no weak spot for his son to break. He never forgave that son, never