

“ And how long have you borne the latter name ?”

“ Since my return to this city.”

“ Then you have been in this city before ?”

“ I was born in it, and I left it when about sixteen years age.”

“ And what other name have you borne ?”

Edmund shuddered, and replied not.

“ Speak !” cried his Inquisitor, pointing his forefinger to his forehead, “ speak ! I will it !”

“ I have borne the name of Julian Erleloff.”

“ And what recollections are coupled with that name ?”

“ I dare not breathe them aloud.”

“ Then whisper, what character you assumed when you assumed that name.”

He bent down his head, and the other with pallid lips, as the sweat trickling from his brow, stooped forward, and whispered in his ear.

“ Ah,” said the Biologist, drawing his breath between his shut teeth, with a whistling sound, when his brother had concluded, “ wait a moment”—he bent over the table, and traced a few lines on the paper before him. He again confronted his victim—

“ And what other name have you ever been known by ?” he resumed.

Edmund paused. “ Henry Beauchamp,” he said, “ but have borne many names—but they are of little importance.”

“ And what did you represent when you bore this appellation ?”

“ A man of fortune, traveling for pleasure.”

“ Where was it ?”

“ In England.”

“ How did you acquire that fortune ?”

“ In the manner I have already described to you, and during the time I bore the cognomen of Erleloff.”