

that no man bearing the name of Yankton had been a patient in the institution within the space of the previous ten years.

Nicholas left the hospital sick at heart. It did not seem possible, to his simple nature, that a man could lie so boldly and simulate disease so cleverly, and do it all for a paltry sum of money. He thought of what Glezen had said at Mrs. Coates's dinner table, and concluded that his friend should not know how thoroughly he had been deceived.

He took a vigorous turn about the streets, until it was time for him to return to his lunch. Pont met him at the door, and informed him that during his absence a gentleman had called, who would be in again at three o'clock. Nicholas took the man's card without looking at it until he reached his room. Then he tossed it upon the table, removed his overcoat and gloves, and as he drew up to the fire, picked up the card and read the name of "Mr. Lansing Minturn, of Missouri."

The name startled him. He knew that his family was small, and he had never heard of the Missouri branch. But this was not the most remarkable part of the matter. His own mother was a Lansing, a name as honourable as his own, and representing a much larger family. Here was a man who, apparently, held a blood connection with him on both sides of the house. The love of kindred was strong within the young man, and he found his heart turning with warm interest and good-will toward the expected visitor.

Indeed, he was impatient for him to appear, for he anticipated the reception, through him, of an accession of knowledge concerning his ancestry and his living connections.

He ate his lunch and passed his time in desultory reading, until, at last, Mr. Lansing Minturn was announced. He rose to meet his unknown relative with characteristic heartiness and frankness, and invited him to a seat at the fire.

Mr. Lansing Minturn, it must be confessed, did not bear a strong resemblance to Nicholas. He was plainly but comfortably dressed, bore upon his face the marks of exposure, and apparently belonged to what may be called the middle class of American citizens. He was modest in demeanour, respectful without being obsequious, and self-possessed without obtrusiveness.

"I have called," said he, "not to make any claim of relationship—for I should never have presumed to do that—but in the pursuit of an errand which has brought me to the city. Four months ago a brother of mine left home for the East, and not a word have we heard from him since. I have come to New York to find him. So far, I have been unsuccessful. He had but little money when he left, and it occurred to me that, in his straits, he might have come to one of his own name for help. That's all. Has he done so?"