

he struck it, an observer would have noticed that his hand was still shaking.

"Did you go down yonder?" he asked, indicating generally the neighbourhood east of Aldgate.

"Searched every coffee-shop in Whitechapel, sir."

"Ah, you weren't lucky. I have been living three days on Hampstead Heath."

"On Hampstead Heath? My godfather! wish I'd known!"

They were driving through Regent's Park by this time, and the darkness of a tempestuous night enshrouded them. Alban recalled that unforgotten evening of spring when, with the amiable Silas Geary for his companion, he had first driven to Mr. Gessner's house and had heard the story of Wonderland, as that very ordinary cleric had described it. What days he had lived through since then! And now this news surpassing all the miracles! What must it mean to him and to her! Had they been fooling him again, or might he dare to accept it for the truth? He knew not what to think. A surpassing excitement seized upon him and held him dumb. He felt that he would give years of his life to know.

They toiled up the long hill to the Heath and entered the grounds of "Five Gables" just as the church clock was striking eleven. There were lights in the Italian garden and in the drawing-room. Just as it had been six months ago, so now the obliging Fellows opened the door to them. Alban gave him a kindly nod and asked him where Lois was.

"The young lady is there in the hall, sir. Pardon me saying it, she seems much upset to-night."