

himself, for which Lord Roderic had suffered; he made a full and clear deposition, and recognized in Drummond the man he had so deeply injured, ere he died.

'And so we knew the secret at last, and the true Earl of Clontarf stood before us! He who had been the plighted husband of the mother, and stood there the accepted lover of the daughter. To see her he had come from America after all these years, and at first sight mutual love had been the result. My handsome colonel was a veritable hero of romance.

'A wonderful story, you say, I agree with you; and the most wonderful part, the conduct of Vivian Trevannance. He resigned "La Rose de Castile" without a struggle. Is it possible he never really cared for her? That vanity, not love, made him seek her? Gerald Desmond from the moment he was struck down, and knew himself dying, seemed bent to have two desires left, that this new found cousin would forgive him for something, and that he would marry Evelyn before he died. He could not bear him out of sight; he would lie for hours. She was whiter than her robes and veil, but inexpressibly beautiful. And he—oh, Veronique, I sigh to think I shall never see anything like him again. Trevannance was groomsmen—I laugh when I think of it—very handsome, very elegant, eminently self-possessed, and with just the gravity becoming the occasion. It did not cost him one pang. I wonder if there be such a thing as a heart in man's anatomy?

'Gerald Desmond died that night, his daughter's husband by his side, his last look in his face, his last word "Forgive?" And he is buried, and his secret with him, and the new earl and countess, and Lady Inez—she won't be countess-dowager—have left for old Castile. It is the land of mother and daughter—both pine to behold it, and Lady Inez goes there to die. She seems strangely happy, and yet her days are numbered. A peace I never saw in her face before, has come there since the hour she discovered this Lord Roderic lived.

'Immediately after the strange, weird wedding, Trevannance disappeared. Whither he went, he declined to tell, only Evelyn whispered a word to me as she said farewell, "He has gone back to America for a dark eyed bride." I don't now whether it is mere surmise or not—time will tell.

'Dear! what a long letter, and what a bodge of news! Never complain of me again as a bad correspondent. I am dreadfully lonely since they all left. I wish you were here, Veronique. But that may not be, and

so farewell. Best regards to M. le Comte—a thousand kisses to you from thy

'BEATRICE.'

The amber glory of a sunny September afternoon filled the city, and Vivian Trevannance sat at a hotel window looking listlessly down on the tide of life ebbing and flowing along Notre Dame street, Montreal. The inevitable cheroot was between his lips, the old, languid grace was in his attitude, but his handsome, nonchalant face looked worn, and pale, and very grave.

For his search after Mignonnette seemed a well nigh hopeless thing. He had tried New York, and Philadelphia, and Washington, and had failed. The stage had lost her; since she disappeared so mysteriously the previous spring, in St. Louis, none of her theatrical friends had heard of her. Advertisements, large rewards, detectives—all failed. *La Reine Rouge* had vanished.

Trevannance gave up the chase in the United States, and went to Canada. He visited Toronto, Ottawa, and finally Montreal. Still in vain; all the means used hitherto had failed as well here; Minette, the actress, was not to be found.

The very difficulty of the chase gave it added zest—the oftener he was disappointed the more determined he grew. He had never known how dear she was to him until the hope of finding her began to leave him. He grew haggard and pale, and a certain look of nervous anxiety and watchfulness grew habitual to his handsome face.

He sat alone, this sunlit September afternoon, weary and half-hopeless. What had become of her? Whither had she gone, poor little, frail wanderer, adrift on life's stormy sea? Ah, if he had been true to his own heart, and made her his whilst he could have taken her to his bosom and shielded her from shipwreck in the world.

Crowds passed up and down—he only saw a black, moving stream. All at once, though, he started, took the cigar from his mouth, stared again, half in doubt, half in hope and delight. An instant later he had seized his hat, and was leaping down the stairs, five at a time. Chance had done for him at last what labour and search so long had failed to do.

An elderly Frenchwoman stood on the curb-stone, waiting for a chance to cross the street. With a dozen long strides he was beside her.

'Madame Michand.'

The little old woman wheeled around and recognized her handsome accoster at once with sparkling eyes.