

"I was only seven years old when you saw me last."

An indescribable change came over his face. It would be hardly right to say that he became pale; rather his dark skin turned a shade darker. He put his hand to his throat; his eyes were suddenly the eyes of a sick man. He tried to speak, but no words came.

"I am Freda, uncle," the girl said again. "Freda, whom you sent to Marigny thirteen years ago. I have been looking for you since I came back. I came here by no arrangement of my own, little thinking I should find you. I never suspected that Lord Grandison could be the uncle I was looking for, till yesterday, when your daughter, my cousin, took me to see the little church at Wendamere. The tablet to your brother's memory gave me the clue. Traquair is an uncommon name. It was almost all I kept of my father and mother—just the name, and the memory that their lodgings were in Sloane Street. Those were very slight clues."

"But they have brought you here," he said, turning about suddenly and indicating with a wave of his hand the lofty and splendid apartment. "But, supposing, Mademoiselle, that I ask you to go away quietly, rather than have you removed as an impostor? You say I am your uncle. What proof have you of this most unlikely tale?"

"I have no proof at all," said Freda simply; "but, I think Lady Roseveare knows. I think there are