



COPYRIGHTED 1907 BY

THE NORTH AMERICAN COMPANY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Isobel Stormont, daughter of Sir David Stormont, a wealthy Scotch country gentleman, disappears without leaving the slightest trace. She was a quiet, retiring girl, but a very beautiful and charming creature...

eyes aglow. "If I care for him, isn't that the one reason why I can't do what he wants? Would you do harm to the man you loved, and just because he loved you?"

more the conventional young lady, as a point of view in manner and expression as was her very correct and dainty traveling dress. She was a few days worth of wear; not a mere winking, to be made use of.

"Well, Mr. Ashe, what have you to say to a girl who cannot be said in ordinary circumstances. Needs must when I won't finish the proverb, however my latest acquisition in my mother-tongue."

and that is that the young lady who is now known as Isobel Stormont is more likely Isobel Brown than Isobel Stormont.

to mourn a dead child, to cherish a sure memory that to face a terrible life in her lost child's very shape and form. If, to save her mother from that there was no other way than to strike that monstrous system...

CHAPTER XXII (Continued)

THEN the question arose of what should be done with her. Mrs. Thistlethwaite was pondering on this when a vacancy had just occurred in the laundry; really it seemed quite a providence. I took pains to point out that out to her, and even to accompany her to the scene of her new home.

"Ah, it's that personal effort that tells. I've known Mrs. Thistlethwaite go round the refectory at breakfast time, and taste every bowl of porridge," put in Mr. Thistlethwaite.

"Heretofore," murmured Ashe, "I may truly say I have done what I could," sighed Mrs. Thistlethwaite, "but—"

"Your protegee did not recognize it," said Ashe. "Recog-nite it! The ungrateful creature decried that very night—took advantage of a little extra liberty which had been given her, and though she had no money and every faculty cramped, made not a trace could be found of her. Now, I daresay it seems impossible to you, but that young lady is the very image of that poor, lost creature."

"Which, I am certain, you will consider enough not to speak of," said Ashe. "It is not possible to any one to know that they had such a double as your very unsatisfactory protegee; and while as men of the world, Mr. Thistlethwaite, you are bound to know," he shrugged his shoulders and "Henry," eyes glancing towards the position may be wholly put aside."

"Of course," murmured Mrs. Thistlethwaite, "but may I ask you, Sir David?" "They are one of the best-known and the oldest of Scotch families," said Ashe, "and the lady in question would supply the information if he did not."

"The young lady is Sir David's only child, I must have known that," said Ashe, "and by and by, but really I got interested in your institution—much sadder the difference to hear of the matter from its first hand. I'm afraid, like most men, I sing a shanty report when I am not to hear all about it, as you tell it, with a glance at the past."

"A man of remarkable breadth and grasp of intellect," breathed Mr. Thistlethwaite, when Ashe had at last disengaged himself from his new acquaintance. "I've seldom met any one who showed more an intelligent appreciation of the labors of your labor, my dear—and I think indeed a more genuine understanding of your empty-headed fashionable."

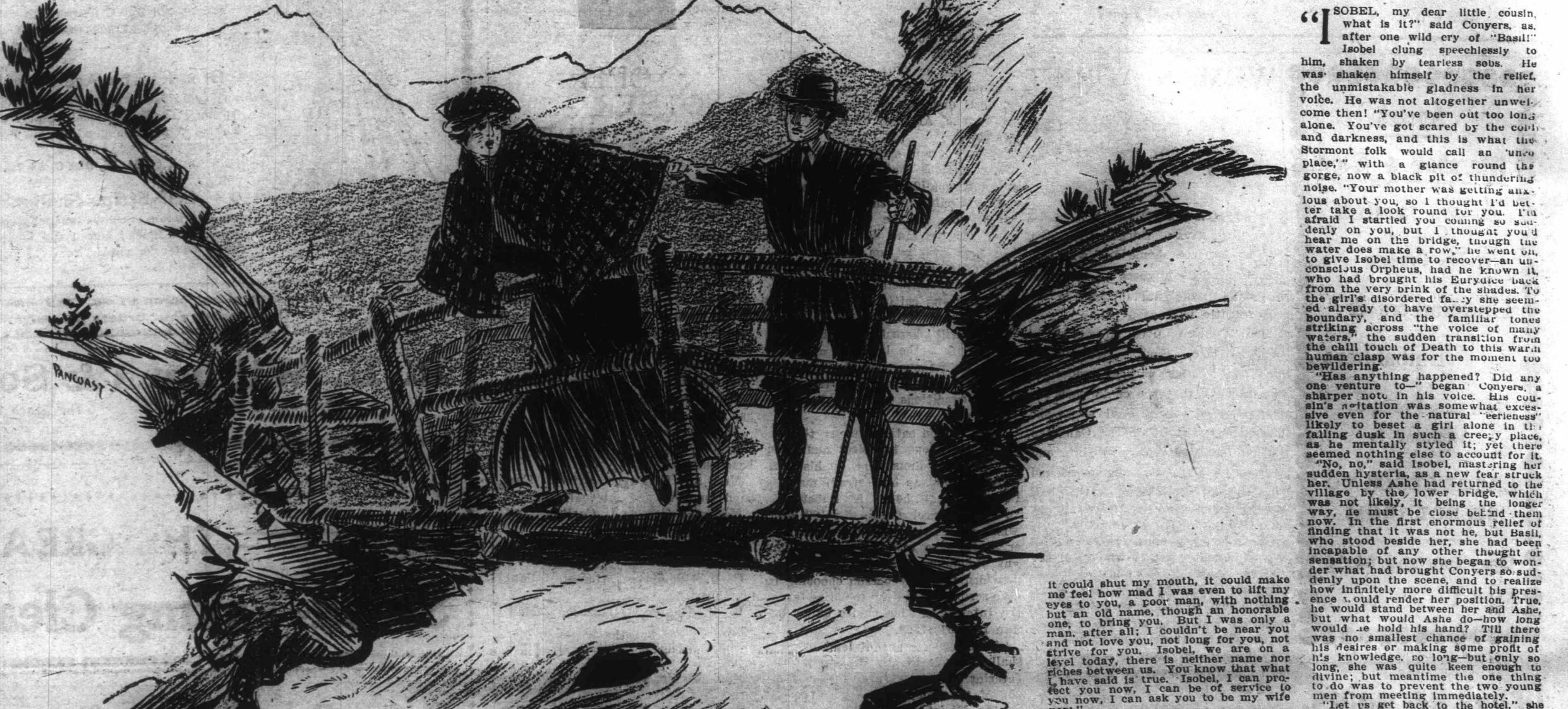
"You are always hasty, my dear Henry," if you had not taken the liberty of the echo of the words came rumbling down the terrace after Ashe. His smile was not so bright as before, and his definite shape. Doubt and conjecture were at an end. He seemed to have been at the scene of the crime.

"Dinner was over before at last, he got his opportunity. The terrace, more thronged than ever, the young lady in the light, beyond the village, and a piece hung like a vast dim pall of purple, the line of hills from Clifton and far away to Vesuvius lying like a golden stream in a nook screened off by the trees. He seemed to have been at the scene of the crime."

"She turned with a slight start, but in the cheerfulness of the light, and the smile made by the broad plain fronts, even Ashe's keenest scrutiny could not see any expression. He had known of the testament, he had known of the testament which had changed her life."

"It is a matter of many words, as I have said, but her own child ought not to be so estranged to her, the mother felt—she would have had more of her own heart some sudden and sudden she speak."

"What did he tell you?" asked Isobel, with sudden sharpness. "My dear, he told me no more than you have done," with a hint of reproach. "But there are some things that ought to be told, and I guessed that he had taken his chance, for the time at least had lost it. Of course, I want nothing but your happiness, and you really feel that he cannot make you happy now, then I have no more to say, but you seemed happy enough once with you, and he is the same, dear, with sudden sharpness."



MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

MANOR

&lt;