

all search was vain, and she at last desisted, concluding that mamma's lawyers must have them in their possession.

"From the time of my realization of mamma's death, I only remember my utter desolation, till one day Fenton and I walked down the pier at Calais towards the steamer. Fenton had told me we were going to England: we were going to papa. The first idea made me wretched—mamma had not loved England; the second angered me—only once had mamma spoken to me of my father, when, in answer to a childish question of mine, she said he had not been kind to her, and it was better not to speak of him. I determined to resist Fenton; the water flashed and sparkled before me. Fenton says she saw a flash in the air—heard a splash in the water: then she screamed. Immediately there was a rush along the pier, a polyglot cry. Then another splash—a loud cheer from the motley crowd, as a fair head appeared above water, and a young boy was seen striking out for a boat, holding before him a dark-haired, pale-faced girl. The boy was only about sixteen. When he stood up in the boat, he shook himself like a huge water-dog, and laughed like a big, brave English boy, then, very like a Frenchman, he bowed to the shrieking crowd, saying, in French, 'Oh, that is nothing; at least for an Englishman.' I only know that, thoroughly frightened and drenched, I looked into his blue eyes, so like mamma's, and, as he carried me to Fenton, wondered if he, too, were going to England. He went to England; he parted from us in London; he told me to call him Ralph; he took our lawyer's address; he promised merrily to look me up, and come and see me often: that, distinctly, he never did. Next comes up before me a long interview with two old gentlemen, who questioned me closely about mamma's jewel case, evidently bent on making me contradict my concise statement that I knew nothing about it. Then another interview with the two old gentlemen, and a third, small, dark, bright-eyed, whom they told me to call papa. I looked at him from behind the screen of my fingers. I saw expressed in his face what even made me shrink from him; what I can now define as cruel, contemptuous indifference. That look helps me to understand how exasperated a proud, sensitive, reticent woman like my mother must have been before she could submit to him and condescend to leave him. The remembrance of that cutting, exasperating expression of my father's face has all my life been to me—him. From first to last