

"A likely story that, and you must be in your dotage to believe it, Edith Hunt," he said, looking straight into her face, and laughing. "If only you knew of all the searching we have done on your behalf you would not be looking at me, as if you wanted to bite my head off. And as to the proofs of your identity, we have got all of them, for I stumbled upon your Mrs. Grey, last fall, only she is not Mrs. Grey now, but Mrs. Frith, and she wrote to the lawyer herself, and told him where he could find the registers of the marriage of your parents, and of your birth, and everything else that was needful; there has been nothing wanting but you, and now that I have happened upon you, it is all that I can do to keep from throwing up my hat, and yelling hurrah, at the top of my voice."

"Why don't you do it then?" she asked teasingly, although her eyes had grown suddenly dim, for she had thought some very hard, and uncharitable things concerning this cousin of hers, who was so willing to profit by her disasters, or so she had been told.

The laughter died out of Elgar's face, as he answered in a grave tone, "I shouldn't like to shout just here, and now, because the poor old man is lying there, dead, I was just going to find some woman to come, and do what is necessary, and then you came along."

"Do you mean Reuben Shore?" she asked, turning very pale. "Sally sent me along to see how he was, and if you had not been here, I should have just gone walking straight in."

"Never mind, I was here, and so you did not do