

He did not take into consideration Denasia's disappointment. He had no doubt Denasia was telling all her own sorrows to herself and weeping over them and her miserable little baby. After a while he lit a fresh cigar and opened a newspaper. The following notice met his vision:

"Wanted, a private secretary. A young man who has had a classical education preferred. Call upon Mr. Edward Lanhearne, 9 Fifth Avenue."

The name struck Roland. He had heard it before. It had a happy memory, an air of prosperity about it. Lanhearne! It was a Cornish name! That circumstance gave him the clue. When he was a boy at Eton, he remembered a Mr. Lanhearne who stayed with his father. He fixed the address in his mind and went to it immediately.

The house pleased him. It was a large dwelling fronting on the avenue. A handsome carriage was just leaving the door, and in the carriage was a very lovely young woman. The house and household indicated wealth and refinement. What a heaven in comparison with that back room on Second Avenue!

Mr. Lanhearne received him at once. He was a kindly-looking old gentleman, with fine manners and an intelligent-looking face.

"Mr. Tresham," he said, "I was attracted by your name. I once had a friend—a very pleasant friend indeed, called Tresham."

"Did he live in London, sir?"

"He did."

"He was Lord Mayor in the year 18—?"

"He was. Did you know him?"

"I am his son. I remember you well. You went with me and my father to buy my first pony."

"I did indeed. Mr. Tresham, sit down, sir. You are very welcome. I am grateful for your visit. And how is my old acquaintance? I have not heard of him for many years. We are both Cornishmen, and you know the Cornish motto is 'One and all.'"

"My father is dead. He had great financial misfortunes. He did not survive them long. I came to America hoping to find a better opening, but nothing has gone well with me. This morning I saw your advertisement. I think I can do all you require, and I shall be very glad indeed of the position."

"How long have you been in America, Mr. Tresham?"

"More than a year. I went west at once, spent my money, and failed in every effort."

"To be sure. I am glad you have called upon me. The duties I wish attended to are very simple. You will have to read my mail every morning and answer it as I verbally direct. You will arrange my coins and seals and such matters. I want someone to chat with me on my various hobbies. You will have a handsome room, a seat at my table, a place among my guests, and one hundred dollars a month."

"I am very grateful to you, sir."

"And I am grateful to the kind fate which sent you to me. I