

Here is the letter, word for word :

Sunday morning.

MR. HAYWOOD.—If I don't see you to-day, and I may not, there is something I wish to say. You were kind to me that little voyage together, and I should have been grateful, but your money tempted my reckless poverty, and I took it. From the hotel, you remember, the day before I went away. Since then I have gone to the devil every way. There is no use going over that now, though,—I don't want you to forgive me; but I do want you to do something else. You know my father, and you know old Sir James. Tell them both—gently if you can—but tell them, that all the evil stories they ever heard of Fred belonged rightly to me, and were, by my wickedness and jealousy, diverted to his discredit. For my name is not Vane any more than it is Gilbert; but it is, I am ashamed to say,

FREDERICK LOCKYER.

Frederick Lockyer! So the explanation of our mystery had come at last, itself more mysterious and terrible than the tangle it had unravelled. Not Gilbert, as they called him; not Vane, as I had known him; not even Lockyer, as he called himself—for, as we all learned later, his father had died weeks before, and the man who was to have been hanged next morning was actually, at the moment of his escape, the Right Honorable Frederick, eighth Baron Mortlock, of the peerage of the United Kingdom.

This story is now told. For, it were tedious to recount, what every reader will anticipate, the *eclaircissement* that took place between myself and Fred, and the subdued triumph of Nelly and joy of all three in the last visit of the man whom her womanhood had intuitively vindicated, and the brother whom my Masonry had failed to hold above suspicion, to the quiet, pretty cottage *ornee* on Lane Cove, that had replaced Burrane. Nor need I tell how we kept the wretched peer's incognito preserved, and how we managed, after all, to obtain him decent burial, although already dead in law when the Visitor before spoken of so mercifully came. How or why it did come, that is upon what scientific principles could the visit be explained—not even the doctors could decide. There is a higher law above any that physicians know or surgeons can expound, and there is a Higher Power above all justice of ours that can interfere to stay the blind motion of its bungling hand.

When Nell next embraced Charley, a cockatoo looked gravely on just as I had seen him looking on in dear old Sydenham. This time the perch stood, however, on the steps of Kennington Grange, and the bird was a direct importation of the Grange's master, as a souvenir for the Grange's mistress of long, weary days of doubt and misconstruction and hardship and exile forever happily gone by. Misconstruction and doubt and misery to which until this present CRAFTSMAN reaches her Charley will have had no key, nor yet fancies to what sin her rejection of her husband's cousin and namesake drove the latter in his mad despair. As it is, I don't know whether Fred will show it her.

But I do know that he will accept from his old friend whatever mora