

entrance of the girl herself, with a little tray of coffee. 'It isn't breakfast,' she said; 'it will be an hour before aunty has done all her work and is ready for that, but I heard you were up, and so I brought you this.'

Then she looked round the room. 'Mr. Wentworth comes back to-day,' she said, 'this evening. Oh, please do stay to see him—I should like you to see him.' Her cheeks were glowing now. Hope stooped to kiss the down-drooped face.

'Mr. Wentworth shall find no one in his place in his room,' she said smilingly. 'No, dear, I am obliged to leave early;' she put aside the coming remonstrances and spoke firmly; 'my journey is one of business, I must not delay longer.'

Flora looked really disappointed. 'I had taken such a fancy to you,' she said, like the petted child she was. 'Well, then, I shall go and gather you some flowers to take with you.'

Hope drank her coffee, and wondered if by the same time to-morrow she should have found Harold. She almost felt as if she might be near him. She must have that talk with Miss Furniss before she started for Merseymouth. As she replaced the cup on the little table the spoon fell out of the saucer, and Hope, in stooping to pick it up, leant heavily against a cupboard door she had hardly noticed before. It was a door in two pieces with a lock in the middle, but it could not have been properly fastened, for the two flaps swung steadily wide open as she stood up, revealing several shelves and a hanging cupboard.

Hope went to close them, when a sudden shiver ran through her whole body. What did she see? What awful skeleton did that cupboard contain? She stared with wild eyes of fascination on a spot of colour on the first shelf. *The green baize bag of money* she had last seen in Harold's carpet bag. Yes, there it was, carelessly thrust behind a flannel shirt—Harold's shirt, she knew the pattern. The shirt had fallen away from the bag, and a stray sun-ray lighted up the O. H. in cross-stitch on the baize which Hope knew so well.

How many times, as a little girl, had she

asked for that O. H. to copy. It was mother's work, and therefore most admirable.

Hope touched nothing. She did not even take up the bag to see if the money were there. She sank into a chair and put her hands over her eyes to collect her thoughts. Harold had been here in this room most certainly—was here perhaps, had slept the night before on this pillow. He was—she stood straight upright now and panted, for she had made a discovery—he was that Mr. Wentworth who had captivated the fancy of this pretty childish girl. He had evidently never betrayed the fact of his being a married man.

And he was coming back again to this house, under his false name, to grieve and disappoint that child's heart still further for his own selfish pleasure.

Of course hers was just the face to please Harold—bright, fair, and young; and this wealthy, comfortable dwelling would exactly suit him. Hope ascribed no worse feelings to her husband than the desire to remain awhile in possession of these excellent quarters, even at the expense of breaking a girl's heart in the end. Yet the shock was terrible. He could no longer care for her, his wife.

She had found him—not sick and weary, longing for his wife to wait upon him, but posing as the wealthy Englishman looking for land to settle on, and meantime free to trifle with any pretty girl that crossed his path.

What was Hope now to do? She positively shrank from the question. But it must be faced. It was Harold all over, to leave his valuable possessions open to any chance passer by, as he had done. The bag of money—but that was a small matter. The gold was nothing to her now. She had weightier matters to think of.

The girl must never see 'Mr. Wentworth' again. That was Hope's first thought, but she could not manage this alone, she should have to take Miss Furniss into her confidence.

Then another plan suggested itself to her mind—a better one, since it would not necessitate unhappy disclosures. She would find out the route by which the gentlemen