

# THE HEARTHSTONE.

and infidelity. This letter reassured Arthur a little, and made him feel somewhat more at his ease, but still he could not overcome entirely his uneasiness with regard to Brydon, and the fear was ever before him that that gentleman was only playing with him as an end does with a mouse, in order to prolong his torture and make his ruin more complete. Then the anomalous position in which Jessie was placed was a constant misery to him; a wife in the eyes of the world, and about to become a mother, and yet not married to him. Again and again he tried to tell her, and again and again his courage failed him. Then he thought of writing to Mr. Lubbeck explaining all, and asking him to return, or to get Mr. Loynds to come to Montreal to take charge of the business, and allow him, Arthur, to take Jessie to England, where he thought he could leave her with less scandal than he could do here. But he never wrote the letter; when it came to the point of doing so, he always put it off and allowed himself to drift on, trusting to chance to shield him from discovery and disgrace before Mr. Lubbeck's return.

During these three months Mr. Brydon had been properly itself. Wonderful to relate, he had not exceeded his salary, had "borrowed" nothing from Arthur, and had attended closely to business. He lived quietly and indulged in no excesses—at least none that were known—except his periodical epigrams with Arthur, and altogether behaved himself exceedingly well. His speech grew less frequent, and he even attempted to dissuade Arthur from his habits of intemperance, which had now grown terribly strong on him, and really did influence him a little; but the habit had become too strong, and nothing but the greatest effort of self-control could stop it now. Mr. Brydon had become a regular and frequent visitor at Mr. Lubbeck's, and, singular to relate, appeared to have made a favorable impression on Miss Frank. She did not call him a snob any more, but confessed that although he was not very refined he was exceedingly polite, and highly entertaining and amusing. He was full of anecdotes and stories, had read a good deal of the light literature of the day, and was rather an agreeable companion. He sympathized deeply with Frank in her medical studies, and actually studied medicine a little, on the sly, to be able to converse with her. He escorted her to church every Sunday evening, and sang the hymns in a very loud voice, very much out of time. To be sure, he used to go to a well-known French restaurant afterwards and indulge in a game of eubrie with any one who was not aware of his extraordinary luck in holding horses, and drinking a good deal of brandy and water, "to wash the taste out of his mouth," as he called it; but nobody but himself knew of that, and he passed as a very quiet, respectable, steady young man.

Miss Frank had not assumed her liking for Brydon at first; in fact, she quietly snubbed and ignored him for about a month, but gradually she had changed her manner towards him, and now treated him politely, and indeed, sometimes very kindly, as if he was an old friend. Mr. Brydon ascribed this change to his own personal powers and agreeable manner, and would have been greatly elated had he known the real cause. He did not return until the second act when that penetrating young lady had very quickly discovered that there was some private understanding between that talkative young man and her brother-in-law. She noticed that Brydon exercised some sort of authority over Arthur; she knew it was not that authorized by old friendship, for she was convinced Arthur did not really like Brydon, and would have kicked that insinuating young gentleman out of the house had he dared to do so. What then was the secret that bound them together? That there was a secret of some kind Miss Frank was certain, and as she had a natural antipathy to mysteries, she resolved to force the matter out. She noticed that Arthur's habit of intemperance had commenced only after his acquaintance with Brydon, and also that his whole nature seemed to have changed since his intercourse with that worthy. Frank had not more than the average curiosity of women, but she felt there was something wrong about the secret between Arthur and Brydon; she mistrusted that glib individual, and determined to set her woman's wit to work against him, and in favor of her brother-in-law, whom she really liked and sincerely respected. This was the secret of Miss Frank's changed manner toward Mr. Brydon; but that gentleman, being totally unconscious of it, smiled himself on an easy conquest, and already felt that the hundred thousand dollars was secured to him.

Matters went on smoothly for three months, when Mr. Brydon, led away by his self-conceit, made trouble for himself by formally proposing for her hand and a hundred thousand dollars. Frank was thoroughly astonished, and Mr. Brydon had kissed her hand and attempted to press her to his bosom before she had recovered her presence of mind enough to snatch her hand away and tell him not to make a fool of himself.

"Mr. Brydon," she said, "you have perfectly astonished me. What could ever have put into your head a notion that I even cared for you? I have treated you as Arthur's friend, but nothing more, and any other construction you may have put upon my conduct has been the result of your own self-conceit. I trust you will never recur to this subject again." She bowed haughtily and left the room.

Mr. Brydon in his turn was thoroughly astonished. He had expected an easy victory, and had suffered instead an ignominious defeat. He saw all his brilliant project of getting one hundred thousand dollars vanish in a moment, and his disappointment was very bitter. He appealed to Arthur to interfere, but this Arthur peremptorily declined to do.

"I told you you would have no chance with Frank," he said to her, "and have tried and failed, and I do not intend to interfere. Besides, Frank is her own mistress, and what I could say would probably have very little weight with her. You must manage your own affairs without any assistance from me."

"Very well, my dear boy, I will try, and perhaps I shall succeed."

Although Mr. Brydon tried to speak lightly, he felt his disappointment keenly. He had taken quite a little fancy to Frank, and quite a large fancy to her prospective hundred thousand dollars. In fact, the possession of that had become quite a morbid fancy with him, and he felt as if he had actually been defrauded by Frank out of what properly belonged to him. He was not a man, however, to be defeated by one rebuff, and he set himself to work to find out a way to recover what he considered his lost fortune, and to a man of such great resources for evil as he was, it did not take long for him to devise a plan which he thought would answer his purpose. His plan took an epistolary form, and again he addressed himself to his correspondent in the States. A few days after he made his first application to Arthur for money; he said he wanted two hundred and fifty dollars for a few days, when he would return it. Arthur gave him the money, but had no idea that it would ever be returned.

It was now the early part of March and the theatre had been closed for several months, when suddenly every dead wall in the city was covered with flaming placards announcing in

glaring letters of immense size that Mdlle Seraphine, the great dramatic and burlesque actress would give six performances commencing on the following Monday in the great sensation drama of "The French Spy." Arthur was a great admirer of the drama and actor, and did not like plays of the French Spy order as a general thing, still it was so long since he had had any opportunity of attending the theatre that he determined to go. He, therefore, engaged a box for the opening night and asked Jessie and Frank to accompany him. On the evening of the performance, however, Miss Frank excused herself on the plea of a headache and remained at home, and Jessie and Arthur went to the theatre together. The house was crowded in every part and the piece proceeded smoothly until near the middle of the first act when Mdlle Seraphine makes her entrance as Henri St. Amant a French soldier. She was a fine-looking woman, coarse, but of great physical development, and her handsome tight-fitting uniform displayed her ample figure to great advantage. She came on with the easy self-possession of an actress who feels assured that she will be well received by her audience, and she was not disappointed, ringing plaudits greeted her from every part of the audience, and she paused near the centre of the stage and, raising her eyes, bowed low in acknowledgment of the compliment. As the applause subsided she raised her head and looked with a steady unflinching gaze into the private box where Arthur and Jessie sat. One look at her sent every drop of blood in Arthur's body chilling back to his heart; he said like one suddenly turned to stone, gazing with a fixed rigid look, and a blanched terror-stricken countenance as one suddenly spell-bound, and unable to remove his eyes from the young French soldier.

Husband and wife looked into each other's faces.

Mdlle Seraphine paused only for a second and then with a scornful bitter smile she barely touched the brim of her cap, bowed very slightly and turning to the actors went on with the piece. No one had noticed the acting of this small drama, "not set down in the bills," and all were now too intent on the business of the scene to pay any attention to the pallid, horror-stricken face in the private box, watching with glaring, wild looking eyes every movement of the voluptuous figure on whom the attention of all was now centered. Even Jessie, did not notice the strange glance exchanged by the actress and Arthur, and it was not for some time that she turned to him to make some remark about the play and to rest his deadly paleness.

"Arthur, darling, what is the matter; are you ill?" she said, laying her hand on his arm.

He started as she spoke and shrank from her touch as if it stung him.

"No, no," he said in a hoarse, pained voice, "I am not very well; I want some fresh air; I will be back directly." He rose hastily and moved toward the door of the box.

"Let us go home, darling, if you are not well; I don't care to stay."

"No, no; you remain here, I will be back presently." He staggered out like a drunken man and had to support himself by the backs of the seats as he passed out to the entrance door.

He did not return until the second act when he nearly collapsed, and Jessie sat with pain, by his flushed face and unsteady manner, that he had been drinking heavily. He took his seat without a word, and sat sullenly looking at the stage. Mdlle Seraphine noted his return and a strange, hard bitter smile hovered for a moment about her lips and then passed away. She was just coming to one of her most effective "points" and she appeared nervous herself for a great effort.

It may be remembered by some of my readers that one of the most dramatic situations in the French Spy occurs in the second act when the heroine, disguised as the Arab boy Hamet shoots a burning arrow over the walls of Algiers to the French forces without. All actresses take great pains with this part of the business and execute it carefully; and Mdlle Seraphine acted the pantomime with more spirit than she had hitherto displayed. She affixed the paper on the arrow, lighted it at the old Sergeant's torch, as is always done, and then advancing to the footlights, fitted the arrow to the string, knelt for a moment on one knee, as if silently engaged in prayer, and reverently kissed the haft of the arrow. But, instead of rising, going to the back of the stage and shooting the arrow off, as all actresses do, she simply turned on one side facing the box Arthur was in, and with a look of deadly hatred on her face raised her bow, and aimed the point of the arrow directly at Arthur's head.

(To be continued.)

little more of his Kingsbury friends or acquaintance since his return from Australia. So far as it was possible he held himself aloof from all who had ever known him. Finally, however, after six months wasted in vain endeavours to discover some trace of his lost daughter, the conviction came slowly home to him that his own brave heart and strong arm were not enough for the work he had to do. He went to a solicitor—a man who had arranged some small business matters for him occasionally—and put a case hypothetically, as if in the interest of a friend.

A young woman was missing, had run away from home to be married, and had never been heard of since. What steps should the father take?

Mr. Smoothey, the solicitor—Smoothey and Gabb, Gray's-inn-place—rubbed his chin meditatively.

"How long has the young woman been missing?" he asked.

"Thirteen months."

"A long time. Your friend should have gone to work sooner."

"My friend has been at work for the last six months."

Mr. Smoothey looked at his client sharply from under pensive-looking pepper-and-salt-colored eyebrows, and suspected the real state of the case.

"What has he been doing during that time?" he inquired.

"Looking for his daughter everywhere: in public places, churches, theatres, parks, streets, omnibuses, shops, up and down, here and there, from morning till night, till his body has grown as weary as his heart; day after day, week after week, month after month, without rest or respite."

"Pshaw!" cried the lawyer impatiently. "Your friend might live in one street and his daughter in the next for a twelvemonth, and the two never come across each other. The man must be mad. To look for a girl in London, without any plan or system; why, the proverbial needle in a bottle of hay must be an easy find compared to that. Your friend must be daff, Redmayne."

"He has had enough trouble to make him so," the father answered quietly.

"I'm heartily sorry for him. But to go to work in that ad-captandum way, instead of getting advice at the outset! In the first place, how does he know that she isn't in New York?"

"He has some reason to suppose that she is in London. The man who is suspected of tempting her away is a man who lives in London."

"But Mess my soul, if you—if your friend knows the man who ran away with the girl, he can surely find her by applying to the man."

"The man who is suspected denies any knowledge of his daughter."

Richard Redmayne stopped suddenly, and reddened to the temples.

"The murderer's out," he said. "It's my daughter who's missing, Mr. Smoothey. You'll keep my secret, of course. I want to shield her from slander by and by, when I take her home."

"I guessed as much before you'd said half-a-dozen words about the business," remarked the lawyer in a friendly reassuring tone; "your face was too earnest for a man who's talking of a friend's affairs. The more candid you are with me, the better I can help you."

On this Rick Redmayne told his story, as briefly as it could be told, while the lawyer listened, with a grave and not unsympathetic countenance.

"Have you any grounds for supposing that there would be no marriage; that this Mr. Walgry would deceive your daughter?" he asked, when he had heard all.

"Only the fact of my daughter's silence. If—if all had been well, she would have hardly left her father in doubt as to her fate. My poor child knew how well I loved her. And then a man who meant to act honestly would scarcely steal a girl away from her home like that."

"The manner of the business, and the girl's silence, look bad, I admit," replied Mr. Smoothey. "Her letter stated that they were to be married in London, you say—you might give me a copy of that letter, by the way. Have you made any attempt to discover whether such a marriage took place?"

"How could I do that?"

"Advise for information on the subject, offering a reward to parishes clerks, registrars, and suchlike."

"What I and blazon my girl's dishonour to the world?"

Mr. Smoothey smiled over so faintly at this—as if the world at large were interested in the fate of a Kentish yeoman's daughter.

"You could hardly advertise without making the girl's name public, certainly," he said; "and that might do her mischief in the future. The written word remains. Put an advertisement in to-morrow's Times about Tom, Dick, or Harry, and the odds are five to one it may crop up as evidence against Tom, Dick, or Harry at the other end of the world forty years hence. Upon my word, Mr. Redmayne, I can't see that you have any resource open to you except to put yourself in the hands of one of these private-inquiring people."

"My brother Jim did that, and no good came out of it."

"Never mind what your brother did. I know a man who can help you, if any one can; as sharp a fellow as there is to be found in London. He served his articles with me, and practised as a solicitor for nine years in a small town in the West of England; took to drinking, and went altogether to the bad; then came up to London, and set up as a private inquirer. He drinks still, but has some method in his madness, and can do more work in his own particular line than any other man I ever met with. I'll have him here to meet you, if you like, to-morrow morning, and we can talk the business over together."

"I suppose I can't do better than put myself in your hands," Richard Redmayne said gloomily. "I reckoned upon finding my girl myself; but I'm sick at heart. I feel as if a few months more of this work would make an end of me."

Mr. Smoothey suggested that fathers and daughters are in the hands of Providence, and that things must not be looked at in this manner.

"What!" cried Rick, "do you want me to think that my child and I are like two pieces upon a chessboard, to be moved this way or that, with no power of our own to shape our lives? I tell you, man, I will find her, will

save her, will take her from the villain who stole her away from me!"

"May God prosper your endeavours, my good friend!" said the lawyer piously; "but that is hardly a Christian way of looking at the question."

"I have never been a Christian since I came home to England, and found my daughter missing," answered Richard Redmayne.

He met Mr. Kendel, the private inquirer, at Messrs. Smoothey and Gabb's office early next morning. Mr. Kendel was a tall bony man of about forty, with dark close-cut hair, a long red nose, a coal-black eye of fiery brightness, glittering as that of the Ancient Mariner, a clean-shaven visage, a good black coat, and as respectable an appearance as could coexist with the aforesaid red nose; a clever-looking man, in whose hands Richard Redmayne felt himself a very child.

He jotted down two or three memoranda in a little black-bound notebook, and then snapped the snap thereof with the air of a man who saw his way to the end of the business.

"If a marriage took place in London, shall have the evidence of it in a week," he said. "If anywhere in England, I pledge myself to know all about it within a fortnight." And on this the council broke up, Mr. Smoothey having done nothing but take snuff and look ineffably wise during the consultation.

At the end of a fortnight Mr. Kendel wrote to Richard Redmayne, stating that to the best of his belief no marriage between Miss Grace Redmayne and any individual whatever had been celebrated within the British dominions since last November twelve-month. He had put the business into good hands on the Continent, and hoped shortly to be able to speak as definitely with regard to any foreign marriage which might or might not have been contracted. In the mean time he was hunting for information about Mr. Walgry, but as yet had not been able to get on the track of any person of that name answering to the description of the suspected party.

Richard flung the letter from him in a rage.

"Easy enough to tell me what he can't find out," he muttered to himself moodily. "Jim was about right; those fellows are no good."

He left Mr. Kendel's letter unanswered, and went on with his own unsystematic wanderings: now in the remotest purlieus of the east, or in the haunts of sailors at Wapping and Whitechapel; now among half-deserted western squares, whose denizens were spending their Christmas holidays at pleasant country houses. He sat in sparsely-filled theatres, indifferent to, my hardly conscious of, what he saw, but peering into every dusky corner of the house, with the faint hope of seeing the sweet pale face he was looking for.

Christmas came and went. Richard Redmayne heard the joy-bells clamouring from half a hundred London steeples, and that was all. Christmas—O God, how well he remembered Christmas at Brierwood a few years ago, his daughter's face radiant among the holly and mistletoe, the simple pleasures and banquets, the quiet home joys!

"Shall we ever sit beside that hearth again?" he wondered; "we together, my girl and I?"

"Bitter as this ignorance of his child's fate had been to him, a bitterer knowledge was to come. One bleak morning in January, about five weeks after his introduction to Mr. Kendel, the office-boy from Smoothey and Gabb brought him a brief note, requesting his immediate presence in Gray's-inn-place.

He followed promptly on the heels of the messenger, and was shown straight into Mr. Smoothey's office. The lawyer was standing on his hearth-rug warming himself, with a solemn aspect. Mr. Kendel was seated by the table with a short file of newspapers before him.

"You have got some news for me," Richard Redmayne cried eagerly, going straight up to the private inquirer.

"Do not be in a hurry, my dear Mr. Redmayne," the lawyer said soothingly. "There is news; Kendel has made a discovery, as he supposes; but the fact in question, if it does concern you, is of the saddest nature. I am bound to bid you prepare your mind for the worst."

"My God!" cried Richard Redmayne. "It is the thing I have thought and dreamed of a hundred times. My daughter has destroyed herself!"

"Not so bad as that. Pity sit down; calm yourself. We may be mistaken."

"The date is the same," said Kendel gravely. "Miss Redmayne left home on the 11th November."

"Was your daughter a sufferer from heart-disease, Mr. Redmayne?"

"No—certainly not, to my knowledge. But her mother died of it; dropped down dead at four-and-twenty years of age. Why do you beat about the bush? Is my daughter dead?"

"We have some reason to fear as much; but I repeat we may be mistaken. The fact of the two events occurring on the same date might be a mere coincidence. You had better read those paragraphs, Kendel. Let Mr. Redmayne know the worst."

Mr. Kendel turned over the papers, rather nervously. He was accustomed to be employed in painful affairs; but this seemed to him more painful than the common run of family troubles. Richard Redmayne's listening face, white to the lips, told of no common agony.

"It appears," he began in a quiet business-like way, "that Miss Redmayne left her home early on the morning of the 11th November. From that hour to this nothing has been heard of her. Now, having occasion some days ago to look through a file of old newspapers in relation to another case I have on hand, I came upon the notice of an inquest held on a young lady who died suddenly on that day—a young lady whose christian name was Grace, and whose age was nineteen; a young lady who had arrived in the neighbourhood of London from the country, within an hour of her death. Shall I read you the account of the inquest?"

"Yes."

The word came with a strange muffled sound from dry white lips.

Mr. Kendel read first one paragraph, and then two or three others, from different papers. One was more diffuse than the rest, a small weekly paper published at Highgate. This gave a detailed account of the inquest—headed, "Sad and sudden Death of a young Lady"—and dwelt on the beauty of the deceased with the penny-a-liner's flourish.

"The man called himself Walsh," Richard Redmayne said, at last, "and describes the girl as his sister."

"He would be likely to suppress his real

name under such painful circumstances, and to conceal his real relation with the young lady. Mind, I don't say that this poor girl must needs have been your daughter—coincidences are common enough in this life; but the christian name, the age, the date all agree. Even the initials is the same—Walgry, Walsh, Come. Mr. Redmayne, it is a hard thing to trace your daughter's steps only to find the track broken off short by a grave; but not so hard as to find your child as many a man has done, in something worse than the grave."

"This was quite a burst of sentiment for Mr. Kendel; but his heart, not utterly dried up by alcohol, was touched by the silent grief of the yeoman. That despair, which betrayed itself only by the ghastly change in the man's face, the altered sound of the man's voice, was more awful than any loud expression of sorrow.

"Do you consider this clue worth following up, Mr. Redmayne?"

"Yes, I will follow it, and the murderer of my child afterwards," answered the yeoman.

He sat down at the table by Mr. Kendel's side, and wrote the name of the coroner and some particulars of the inquest in his pocket-book. The private inquirer watched him curiously, wondering a little at the firmness of his hand as he wrote.

"Shall I follow up this affair for you, Mr. Redmayne?" he asked.

"No, I'll do that myself. If—the girl who died that day was my daughter, I am the likeliest person to find it out; but if I fail, I can fall back upon your professional skill. You shall be paid your own price for what you have done."

"Thank you, sir. I wish with all my heart I could have brought you pleasant news. Have you any photograph of your daughter, by the way? That would help you to settle the question."

"Yes. I have her portrait," answered Richard Redmayne, touching his breast. He had carried his daughter's picture in his breast-pocket all through his Australian wanderings; only a rustic photographer's image, a small wistful face, which would hardly be taken for the face of a beautiful woman, colour, life, expression so much that made the beauty of the original being wanting in this pale reflection.

It was settled, therefore, that Mr. Redmayne should go to Highgate cemetery, hunt up the coroner, and follow the clue afforded by those newspaper paragraphs as far as it might lead him.

He went, found the coroner, and the doctor who had been called in at Hillside Cottage, when Grace lay dead in her lover's arms. From this latter he obtained a close description of the dead girl—the fair oval face, small nose and mouth, a little mole just under the rounded chin, the reddish-ash-brown hair.

"There was no doubt it was his Grace. He had tracked her to the end of her brief pilgrimage. All his dreams of the future were over; the fair home in which they were to have begun a new life together, all the plans and hopes which had buoyed him up during that wretched period of waiting, were done with now. Alas, whatever life they two were to share lay beyond the stars! Upon earth his search had ended.

"Except for the man who murdered her," Rick Redmayne said to himself. "God grant that I may live long enough to be even with him!"

He went to the house in which his darling died. There had been more than one set of tenants since that November day; but the cottage was vacant again, and a board advertising the fact of its emptiness was up in the neat little front garden. "Inquire of Mr. Sulby, house-agent, Kentish Town; or within."

Richard Redmayne went in, saw the little drawing-room where she had fallen, struck with death; the pretty bedchamber above where they had laid her in her last quiet slumber. He looked at these things with an anguish beyond tears—beyond passion, or curses even—although deep in his heart there was something bitterer than a curse against her betrayer.

"Perhaps that man Kendel was right," he said to himself, as he stood by the white-curtained bed, on which he could fancy her lying in death's awful stillness with her hands folded on her breast; "perhaps it was better she should die than live to be what that villain meant to make her. Thank God she never was his mistress! Thank God death came between them! And yet to have had my girl again—even a faded flower—to have watched the pale face grow bright again; to have made a new life for her in a new world—O God, how sweet that would have been!"

He thought of Bulrush Meads; those fertile slopes and valleys, the silver water-courses and forest background—all their glory gone now. Thought of the place as he had pictured it from the first, with that central figure, the child of his love. Without it what availed those green pictures, those crystal streams? What were they but a desert waste without Grace?

An old woman was taking care of the house, an ancient bedchamber, with one shoulder higher than the other.

"I helped 'em to lay her out, poor dear!" she mumbled, when Richard questioned her about the young lady who had died suddenly in that house a little more than a year ago.

"Such a pretty creature, with lovely auburn hair down to her waist. I never see her alive, though I was here when the gentleman took the house."

"You saw him, then?" Richard cried eagerly.

"I should think I did. I sor him after she was dead. O, so gashly pale—paler than the corpse almost, and so awful quiet. Ah, it was a queer set-out altogether! When he took the house, it was for his young wife, he said; when the inquis come, it was his sister. Whatever she was, he was precious fond of her. I was in the house till a hour before they came, helping the servants to finish the cleaning and suchlike; and to see the things as he'd sent in—flowers and hothouse fruit, and parcels of all sorts; birds, and a pianer that was a perfect picture only to look at. Yes, whoever she was, he was rare and fond of her."

"May the memory of her cling to him to his dying day," muttered Rick Redmayne, "poison his life, and blight him on his deathbed!"

The coroner was too deaf to hear this smothered imprecation. She went on mumbling about the sweet young creature.

"What was the man like?" Mr. Redmayne asked her presently.

"Mr. Walsh?"

"Yes, Mr. Walsh."

"Rather a handsome man. Tall and straight

## TO THE BITTER END.

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By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Within a month from this family conference, Mr. and Mrs. James and their two sons departed with bag and baggage, after a farewell visit from the married daughter and her bantlings, who came from Chickfield to weep and lament over this uprooting of her race from the soil that had nourished it. The Chickfield grocer came to fetch his wife home, and gave utterance to ambitious and revolutionary views of his own with reference to the great colony. He had it in him, he avowed, to do great things in a new country; had ideas about mixed teas and the improvement of coffee, in connection with roasted beans; to say nothing of the manipulation of Dorset butter, for which he had a peculiar gift—only to be developed in a wider sphere than Chickfield, where the prejudices and narrow-mindedness of his customers stifled every aspiration of genius.

They went. Rick Redmayne stood upon the pier at Gravesend and saw the great ship fade into a speck on the blue horizon, and felt that on this side of the world he was now alone—with his daughter.

The year had well-nigh come to an end before the yeoman's courage and confidence in himself wore out; but in the dreary December days, after so many futile efforts, so many false hopes, he did at last begin to lose faith in his own power to find his child or his child's seducer, and to cast about him for help. From the first he had kept his own counsel—telling no one his grief, asking no aid from sage advisor by way of friendship or profession. He wanted to keep his daughter's secret inviolate—his daughter's name from the breath of scandal. No one but those of his own household knew the address of his London lodging—a darksome second floor in a street near the Strand—or the nature of the business that detained him in London. He had paid all his debts, and shaken hands with his creditors and thanked them for their forbearance; had seen