

has correctly stated what is in my mind with regard to what may happen, but I can hardly believe it. There's not the slightest reason why Mr. Haggar should have been so generous."

"I don't agree with you, Miss Montrose," said the lawyer. "In the face of Mr. Haggar's letter—always supposing that to be genuine also, and I really see no cause for thinking otherwise, for who could have written such a letter but he?—there's nothing outrageous in the fact that he should leave you his wealth. The conversations I have had with Mr. Haggar on the subject of his will are entirely confirmatory of this view."

"I know nothing about that," exclaimed Alicia agitatedly. "The letter is, I suppose, what I might have expected, but why did he write it? We had said all there was to be said about the matter. It was unnecessary, and now that it has been published for all the world to read, it has inflicted a cruel injustice on me which, at least, I might have been spared. I never—never gave Mr. Haggar the slightest encouragement. I never deceived him as to my feelings. You don't think that of me do you?" she cried, turning suddenly to Graydon.

"No. You are incapable of deception."

"Thank you for saying that. But, Mr. Perry, you haven't stated *all* my objections. It's terrible to think I should benefit by poor Mr. Haggar's death. I can't forget how he died. I never *shall* forget. No one knows the agony I've gone through but myself. I've sometimes thought—"

She stopped. The white lips quivered and that look of terror which Eric remembered so well, came into her eyes.