

Francisco and cable me two hundred pounds to the Union Bank, and I will give you my word never to show my face in England again. I am sick of the old country."

"It shall be done," Philip said briefly. "Go on."

"Well, it was a put up conspiracy between Eleanor Marsh and myself. I returned from abroad penniless and destitute, and Eleanor got to know of it through a telegram which I had sent to Monkwell asking for assistance, and which fell into her hands. She took me into her flat, provided me with every thing I needed, even down to my old wardrobe which I had pawned before I set out on my travels, and then she let me know that in return there were certain things she wanted me to do. She had found some letters which Miss Grey had written to me, and which, I give you my word of honour, I thought had been destroyed long ago. I can see you don't like Miss Grey's name being dragged into this narrative, but it can't be helped. I assure you the letters were quite innocent and might have been read by anybody. But they were enough to serve Mrs. Marsh's purpose, which was to create a rupture between yourself and the girl you were going to marry. It was not difficult for Mrs. Marsh to arrange for me to appear under the same roof as Miss Grey, and I lost no time in making use of those letters as a lever. You already know the trick we played upon Fiona Dear and how Eleanor took her place. The other comedy, I mean the price Miss Grey was to pay for her letters before I parted with them——"