

"His name—yes," said Will, "but I never knew anything else about him. I had nothing to remember or to forget, except, indeed, that he got the name of being a wild scapegrace, something like myself!"

"Like yourself, darling," exclaimed the old lady, with a look of indignation—"no indeed! Have not you repented and come back, like a good prodigal son; and didn't the dear beautiful letter that you wrote from that awful island—what's its name?—where you were all but eaten alive——"

"The coral island," suggested Will.

"Yes, the coral island—didn't that dear letter give more delight to your beloved father than any letter he ever received in his life, and more than made up to him for your running away, and cheered him to his last hour, whereas Uncle Edward was wicked to the last—at least so it is said, but I don't know, and it's not right to speak ill of the dead. Well, as I was going to say, Uncle Edward died in some outlandish place in North America, I never can remember the name, but it's in the papers, so you'll see it—somewhere on the other side of the something mountains—I forget——"

"Rocky, perhaps."

"Yes, that's it, the Rocky Mountains, and I wish they were not so rocky, for your sake, darling, for you've got to go there and take possession (or serve yourself heir to, or something of that sort) of the property. Not that it's large, so they say (I wish