

'Francesca! now do you understand. His wife's name was Isabel. This man—this wise man—this man we all love—why—he is your father—your own father—your father—Francesca.'

Francesca looked astonished, but was, so far, unmoved.

'You are quite wrong, Harold,' she said coldly. 'My father is dead long ago. He died on a scientific expedition in Morocco.'

'You are quite wrong, Harold,' said Emanuel. 'There are other Elvedas in the world, and other Albus. As for me, I have no daughter.'

'Are there, then, two Emanuel Elvedas? Two chemists of that name? Two men of that name who separated from their wives? Two Isabels of that name who parted from their husbands? Are there two men with the same face? Francesca, you are blind—blind. Here is the very face of your miniature—twenty years older. I see—there is no doubt—now why I always thought I knew your face, Emanuel. Francesca,' for the girl began to doubt and to tremble, 'this is your father, I tell you. He is not dead. It must be.'

'My father is dead.' She was now trembling, and her face was white. 'He died long, long ago, in Morocco. But oh! I wish—'

'I have no child,' said Emanuel. 'I left my wife long ago. But—if it had been otherwise—I wish—'

'Tell me again, man!' cried Harold, impatiently, 'are there two men of your name and your story? Are there—can there be two women of that same name and that same story?'

'But—I have no child.'

'My father left my mother a month after their marriage,' Francesca explained. 'He saw her a year later when I was an infant. He was not told that I existed. He went away, and my mother heard afterwards that he was dead—it was said that he had died on a scientific expedition. I do not understand. I have always been told that my father was dead,' she added helplessly.

'Who is your mother, Francesca?' Harold persisted. 'Tell us that. Where does she live?'

'She is Isabel Elveda, who has written on the Condition of Women, and she now lives in the Cromwell Road.'

'In the Cromwell Road?' Emanuel asked. 'Why, I have