

may be worth—that the heavy stick which was found by him, ever was his; and though it is a hard thing to say, it can be imagined that the very things which fasten suspicion on him may have been arranged for that purpose by another person.”

“He does say something on the subject then, since he denies the stick being his? Did he talk to you willingly on the subject?” asked Mrs. Costello.

Mr. Strafford answered her question by another.

“Have you courage and strength to see him?”

“Yes; if you think it well for me to do so.”

Lucia caught her mother’s hand.

“You have not, mamma, you must not go! Mr. Strafford, she cannot bear the exertion.”

“You do not know what I can bear, my child. Certainly this, if it is needful or advisable.”

“You will find it less trying in some ways than you perhaps expect,” Mr. Strafford went on, “and in others more so. There is nothing in the man you will see to remind you of the past, and yet my great reason for thinking it well for you to see him is a hope that you may be able to recall the past to