

stones to-night, and it is a bitter regret to me that I failed. If somebody had not played me false——”

“I don’t know that anybody played you false,” Philip said coldly; “but I had a note, written anonymously, conveying the impression that you were coming down here this evening——”

“So it was you!” Cleave cried, turning furiously on Eleanor Marsh. “You betrayed me!”

“Nothing of the kind, you fool,” Eleanor said contemptuously. “Surely you can guess who it was. Did you not tell me just now that you had consulted Fiona Dear before coming here, and did not Fiona Dear get a thousand pounds for recovering Mr. Hardy’s necklace from that scoundrel, Monkwell? It was she, of course, who wrote the letter, as a parting shot at you before she left the country. It was a mere accident that I was here to-night. I came down on the desperate chance of getting some money out of Mr. Hardy, and the desperate chance succeeded. If you had only behaved yourself I daresay Mr. Hardy would have helped you, too.”

“I am not indisposed to do so,” Philip said, “provided Cleave promises to leave the country for ever. I will pay his passage to any port he likes to name, and see that two hundred pounds awaits him at the other end, on one condition. I am curious to know how this conspiracy has been worked, though I fancy I have a pretty shrewd idea of the outline of the plan.”

“Then I will tell you,” Cleave said eagerly. “And, by the way, I might as well say that I accept your offer to pay my passage out to San