

But in point of fact her heart was at that moment far from being meek and charitable; it was, on the contrary, filled with bitterness and indignation. And the real cry of her soul, unknown to herself, went out to all the vague, imaginative powers of magic and witchcraft—to the mysterious influences of the stars and the strange controllers of chance; and it was to these that she looked for the rescue of her sister from the doom that threatened her; and it was to them that she appealed, with a yearning far too great for words or even for tears. When she was but a child playing among the rocks, she had stumbled on the dead body of a sailor that had been washed ashore; and she had run, white and trembling, into the village with the news. Afterwards she was told that on the hand of the corpse a ring with a green stone in it was found; and then she heard for the first time the rhyme that had never since left her memory. She certainly did not wish that Mr. Roscorla should die; but she as certainly wished that her sister Wenna should be saved from becoming his wife; and she reflected with a fierce satisfaction that it was she who had driven him to promise that Wenna's engagement-ring should be composed of those fatal stones.

CHAPTER X.

THE SNARES OF LONDON.

IF Mr. Harry Trelyon was bent on going to the devil, to use his own phrase, he went a quiet way about it. On the warm and close evening of a summer day he arrived in London. A red smoke hung about the western sky, over the tops of the houses; the thoroughfares that were in shadow were filled with a pale blue mist; the air was still and stifling—very different from that which came in at night from the sea to the gardens and cottages of Eglosilyan. He drove down through these hot and crowded streets to an hotel near Charing Cross—an old-fashioned little place much frequented by west-country people, who sometimes took rooms there, and brought their daughters up for a month or so of the season, at which time no other guests could obtain admission. At ordinary times, however,

the place was chiefly tenanted by a few country gentlemen and a clergyman or two, who had small sitting-rooms, in which they dined with their families, and in which they drank a glass of something hot before going to bed at night after coming home from the theatre.

Harry Trelyon was familiar with the place, and its ways, and the traditions of his father and grandfather having invariably come to it; and, following in their footsteps, he, too, obtained a private sitting-room as well as a bedroom, and then he ordered dinner. It was not much in the way of a banquet for a young gentleman who was determined to go to the devil. It consisted of a beefsteak and a pint of claret; and it was served in a fairly-sized, old-fashioned, dimly-lit room, the furniture of which was of that very substantial sort that is warranted to look dingy for a couple of generations. He was attended by a very old and shrunken waiter, whose white whiskers were more respectable than his shabby clothes. On his first entrance into the room he had looked at the young man who, in a rough shooting-suit, was stretched out at full length in an easy-chair; and, in answering a question, he had addressed him by his name.

"How do you know my name?" the lad said.

"Ah, sir, there's no mistaking one o' your family. I can remember your grandfather, and your uncle, and your father—did you never hear, sir, that I was a witness for your father at the police-court?"

"What row was that?" the young gentleman asked, showing his familiarity with the fact that the annals of the Trelyons were of a rather stormy character.

"Why, sir," the old man said, warming up into a little excitement, and unconsciously falling into something like the provincial accent of his youth, "I believe you was in the hotel at the time—yes, as well as I can recollect, you was a little chap then, and had gone to bed. Well, maybe I'm wrong—'tis a good few years ago. But, anyhow, your father and that good lady your mother, they were a-coming home from a theatre; and there was two or three young fellers on the pavement—I was the porter then, sir—and I think that one of 'em called out to the other, 'Well, here's a country beauty,' or some such cheek. But, anyhow,

your father, sir, he knocks him aside, and takes his good lady into the door of the hotel, and then they was for follerin' of him, but as soon as she was inside, then he turns, and there was a word or two, and one of 'em he ups with a stick, and says I to myself, 'I can't stand aby and see three or four set on one gentleman;' but lor! sir—well, you wouldn't believe it—but before I could make a step, there was two of 'em lyin' on the pavement—clean, straight down, sir, with their hats running into the street—and the other two making off as fast as they could bolt across the square. Oh, lor, sir, wa'n't it beautiful! And the way as your father turned and says he to me, with a laugh like, 'Tomlins,' says he, 'you can give them gentlemen a glass of brandy and water when they ask for it!' And the magistrate, sir, he was a real sensible gentleman, and he give it hot to these fellers, for they began the row, sir, and no mistake; but to see the way they went down—lor, sir, you can't believe it!"

"Oh, can't I, though?" Master Harry said, with a roar of laughter. "Don't you make any mistake: I say, what did you say your name was?"

"My name, sir," said the old man, suddenly sinking from the epic heights which had lent a sort of inspiration to his face, down to the ordinary chastened and respectful bearing of a waiter, "my name, sir, in the hotel is Charles; but your good father, sir, he knowed my name, which is Tomlins, sir."

"Well, look here, Tomlins," the boy said, "you go and ask the landlady to give you a holiday this evening, and come in and smoke a pipe with me."

"Oh, lor, sir," the old waiter said, aghast at the very notion, "I couldn't do that. It would be as much as my place is worth."

"Oh, never mind your place—I'll get you a better one," the lad said, with a sort of royal carelessness. "I'll get you a place down in Cornwall. You come and help our butler—he's a horrid old fool. When I come of age, I mean to build a house there for myself. No, I think I shall have rooms in London—anyhow, I'll give you £100 a year."

The old man shook his head.

"No, sir, thank you very much, sir. I'm too old to begin again. You want a younger man than me. Beg your pardon, sir, but they're ringing for me."

"Poor old beggar!" said Trelyon to himself, when the waiter had left the room. "I wonder if he's married, and if he's got any kids that one could help. And so he was a witness for my father? Well, he shan't suffer for that."

Master Harry finished his steak and his pint of claret; then he lit a cigar, got into a hansom, and drove up to a street in Seven Dials, where he at length discovered a certain shop. The shutters were on the windows, and a stout old lady was taking in from the door the last of the rabbit-hutches and cages that had been out there during the evening.

"You're Mrs. Finch, ain't you?" Trelyon said, making his way into the shop, which was lit inside by a solitary jet of gas.

"Yes, sir," said the woman, looking up at the tall young man in the rough shooting-costume and brown wideawake.

"Well, my name's Trelyon, and I'm come to blow you up. A pretty mess you made of that flamingo for me—why, a bishop in lawn sleeves couldn't have stuffed it worse. Where did you ever see a bird with a neck like a corkscrew?—and when I opened it to put it straight, then I found out all your tricks, Mrs. Finch."

"But you know, sir," said Mrs. Finch, smiling blandly, "it ain't our line of business."

"Well, I'd advise you to get somebody else next time to stuff for you. However, I bear you no malice. You show me what you've got in the way of live stock; and if you take fifty per cent. off your usual prices, I'll let the corkscrew flamingo go."

A minute thereafter he was being conducted down some very dark steps into a subterranean cellar by this stout old woman who carried a candle in front of him. Their entrance into this large, dismal, and strangely filled place—at the further end of which was a grating looking up to the street—awoke a profound commotion among the animals around. Cocks began to crow, suddenly-awakened birds fluttered up and down their cages, parrots and cockatoos opened their sleepy eyes and mechanically repeated "Pretty

Polly!" and "Good night! good night!" Even the rabbits stared solemnly from behind the bars.

"What have you got there?" said Trelyon to his guide, pointing to a railway milk-can which stood in the corner, nearly filled with earth.

"A mole, sir," said Mrs. Finch; "it is a plaything of one of my boys; but I could let you have it, sir, if you have any curiosity that way."

"Why, bless you, I've had 'em by the dozen. I don't know how many I've let escape into our kitchen-garden, all with a string tied to their leg. Don't they go down a cracker if you let 'em loose for a second! I should say that fellow in there was rather disgusted when he came to the tin, don't you think? Got any cardinals, Mrs. Finch? I lost every one o' them you sent me."

"Dear, dear me!" said Mrs. Finch, showing very great concern.

"Ay, you may well say that. Every one o' them, and about forty more birds besides, before I found out what it was—an infernal weasel that had made its way into the rockwork of my aviary, and there he lived at his ease for nearly a fortnight, just killing whatever he chose, and the beggar seemed to have a fancy for the prettiest birds. I had to pull the whole place to pieces before I found him out—and there he was, grinning and snarling in a corner. By Jove! didn't I hit him a whack with the stick I had! There were no more birds for him in this world."

At this moment Mrs. Finch's husband and two of her small boys came downstairs; and very soon the conversation on natural history became general, each one anxious to give his experiences of the wonderful things he had observed, even if his travels had carried him no further than Battersea Reaches. Master Harry forgot that he had left a hansom at the door. There was scarcely an animal in this dungeon that he did not examine; and when he suddenly discovered that it was considerably past eleven o'clock, he found himself the owner of about as much property as would have filled two cabs. He went upstairs, dismissed the hansom, and got a four-wheeler, in which he deposited the various cages, fish-globes and what not, that he had bought; and then he drove off to his hotel, getting all the waiters in the

place to assist in carrying these various objects tenderly upstairs. Thus ended his first evening in London, the chief result of which was that his sitting-room had assumed the appearance of a bird-catcher's window.

Next morning he walked up into Hyde Park to have a look at the horses. Among the riders he recognized several people whom he knew—some of them, indeed, related to him—but he was careful to take no notice of them.

"Those women," he said to himself, in a sensible manner, "don't want to recognize a fellow who has a wide-awake on. They would do it, though, if you presented yourself; and they would ask you to lunch or to tea in the afternoon. Then you'd find yourself among a lot of girls, all with their young men about them, and the young men would wonder how the dickens you came to be in a shooting-coat in London."

So he pursued his way, and at length found himself in the Zoological Gardens. He sat for nearly an hour staring at the lions and tigers, imagining all sorts of incidents as he looked at their sleepy and cruel eyes, and wondering what one splendid fellow would do if he went down and stroked his nose. He had the satisfaction, also, of seeing the animals fed; and he went round with the man, and had an interesting conversation with him.

Then he went and had some luncheon himself, and got into talk with the amiable young lady who waited on him, who expressed in generous terms, with a few superfluous *h's*, the pleasure which she derived from going to the theatre.

"Oh, do you like it?" he said, carelessly; "I never go. I always fall asleep—country habits, you know. But you get somebody to go with you, and I'll send you a couple of places for to-morrow night, if you like."

"I think I could get some one to take me," said the young lady, with a pretty little simper.

"Yes I should think you could," he said, bluntly. "What's your name?"

He wrote it down on one of his own cards, and went his way.

The next place of entertainment he visited was an American bowling-alley, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, a highly respectable place to which gentlemen

resorted for the purpose of playing a refined sort of skittles. Master Harry merely wanted to practise, and also to stretch his arms and legs. He had just begun, however, to send the big balls crashing into the pins at the further end of the long alley, when the only visitor in the place—a sailor-looking person, with a red face, who was smoking a very elaborate meerschaum—offered to play a game with him.

"All right," said Trelyon.

"For a couple of bob?" suggested the stranger.

"Do you mean two shillings?" asked the young man, calmly looking down upon the person with the red face; for, of course, Harry Trelyon never used slang.

"Yes," said the other, with much indifference, as he selected one of the balls.

They played a game, and Trelyon won easily. They played another, and again he won. They played a third, and still he won.

"Oh, let's play for a sovereign," said the stranger.

"No," said the young man; "I'm going."

Well, this did not at all seem to suit his opponent, who became rather demonstrative in manner. He did not like gentlemen coming in to win money, without giving a fellow a chance of winning it back. At this, Trelyon turned suddenly—he had not yet put on his coat—and said:

"What do you mean? I won't play any more; but I'll knock the head off you in two minutes, if that'll suit you better."

The gentleman with the red face paused for a minute. He was evidently in a nasty temper. He looked at the build of the young man: he also observed that one of the assistants was drawing near; and still he said nothing. Whereupon Master Harry quietly put on his coat, lit a cigar, gave a friendly nod to his late opponent, and walked out.

In this wise he lounged about London for a day or two, looking in at Tattersall's, examining new breechloaders in shops in St. James's Street, purchasing ingenuities in fishing-tackle, and very frequently feeding the ducks in the Serpentine with bread bought of the boys standing round. It was not a very lively sort of existence, he discovered. Colonel Ransome had left for Scotland on the very day before his

arrival in London, so that peaceable and orderly means of getting that dowry for Wenna Rosewarne were not at hand; and Master Harry, though he was enough of a devil-may-care, had no intention of going to the Jews for the money until he was driven to that. Colonel Ransome, moreover, had left his constituents unrepresented in the House during the last few days of the session, and had quietly gone off to Scotland for the 12th, so that it was impossible to say when he might return. Meanwhile young Trelyon made the acquaintance of whatever birds, beasts, and fishes he could find in London, until he got a little tired.

All of a sudden it struck him one evening, as a happy relief, that he would sit down and write to Wenna Rosewarne. He ordered in pens, ink, and paper with much solemnity; and then he said to the old waiter, "Tomlins, how do you spell 'retriever'?"

"I ain't quite sure, sir," Tomlins said.

Whereupon Master Harry had to begin and compose that letter which we have already read, but which cost him an amount of labour not visible in the lines as they stand. He threw away a dozen sheets of paper before he even mastered a beginning; and it was certainly an hour and a half before he had produced a copy which more or less satisfied him. Mr. Roscorla noticed at once the pains he had taken with the writing.

Then in due course came the answer; and Master Harry paused with much satisfaction to look at the pretty handwriting on the envelope—he did not often get letters from young ladies. The contents, however, did not please him quite so much. They were these:—

"EGLOSILYAN, August 3, 18—

"DEAR MR. TRELYON,—Thank you very much for giving me your beautiful dog. I shall take great care of him, and if you want him for the shooting you can have him at any time. But I am surprised you should write to me when I hear that you have not written to your own relatives, and that they do not even know where you are. I cannot understand how you should be so careless of the feelings of others. I am sure it is thoughtlessness rather than selfishness on

your part ; but I hope you will write to them at once. Mr. Barnes has just called, and I have given him your address. I am, yours sincerely,

“WENNA ROSEWARNE.”

Harry Trelyon was at once vexed and pleased by this letter ; probably more vexed than pleased, for he threw it impatiently on the table, and said to himself, “She’s always reading lectures to people, and always making a fuss of nothing. She was meant for a Puritan—she should have gone out in the *Mayfly* to America.”

Mayfly for *Mayflower* was perhaps a natural mistake for a trout-fisher to make : but Master Harry was unaware of it. He passed on to more gloomy fancies. What was this parson about that he should come inquiring for his address of Wenna Rosewarne ? How had he found out that she knew it ?

“Come,” said he to himself, “this won’t do. I must go down to Cornwall. And if there are any spies pushing their noses into my affairs, let ’em look out for a tweak, that’s all !”

CHAPTER XI.

THE TWO PICTURES.

“Oh, Mabyn,” Wenna called out in despair, “you will have all my hair down ! Have you gone quite mad ?”

“Yes, quite,” the younger sister said, with a wild enjoyment in her eyes. “Oh, Wenna, he’s gone, he’s gone, and he’s gone to get you an emerald ring ! Don’t you know, you poor silly thing, that green’s forsaken, and yellow’s forsworn ?”

“Well, Mabyn,” the elder sister said, laughing in spite of herself, “you are the wickedest girl I ever heard of, and I wonder I am not angry with you.”

At this moment they were returning to Eglosilyan along the Launceston highway ; and far away behind them, on the road that crosses the bleak and lofty moors, the dogcart was faintly visible which was taking Mr. Roscorla on his first stage towards London. He had driven the two sisters

out for about a mile, and now they were going back ; and Mabyn was almost beside herself with delight that he was gone, and that her sister had shown no great grief at his going. Their parting, indeed, had been of a most unromantic kind, much to the relief of both. Mr. Roscorla was rather late ; and Wenna devoted her last words to impressing on him that he must have something to eat in Launceston before going down to the Plymouth train. Then she bade him make haste, and said good-bye with a kindly smile on her face, and away he went.

“Mabyn,” she said in a mysterious voice, which stopped her sister’s pulling her about, “do you think—now do you really think—Mr. Pavy would lend us his boat ?”

“Oh, Wenna,” the other one cried, “do let us have the boat out ! Do you know that the whole air seems clear and light since Mr. Roscorla has gone ? I should like to thank everybody in the world for being so kind as to take him away. Wenna, I’ll run you to the gate of Basset Cottage for half-a-crown !”

“You !” said the elder sister, with great contempt. “I’ll run you to the mill for a hundred thousand pounds.”

“No, Wenna—Basset Cottage, if you like,” said Mabyn, sturdily : and with that both the girls set out, with their heads down, in a business-like fashion that showed there was very little the matter with their lungs.

“Oh, Mabyn !” said Wenna, suddenly ; and then both of them found that they had very nearly run into the arms of a clergyman—an elderly, white-haired, amiable-looking gentleman, who was rather slowly toiling up the hill. Mabyn looked frightened, and then laughed ; but Wenna, with her cheeks very red, went forward and shook hands with him.

“Well, girls,” he said, “you needn’t stop running for me—a capital exercise, a capital exercise, that young ladies in towns don’t have much of. And as for you, Wenna, you’ve plenty of work of a sedentary nature, you know—nothing better than a good race, nothing better.”

“And how is your little granddaughter this morning, Mr. Trewhella ?” said Wenna, gently, with her cheeks all flushed with the running.

“Ah ! well, poor child, she is much about the same ; but

the pin-cushion is nearly finished now, and your name is on it in silver beads, and you are to come and have tea with her as soon as you can, that she may give it to you. Dear, dear! she was asking her mother yesterday whether the beads would carry all her love to you, for she did not think it possible herself. Well, good-bye, girls; don't you be ashamed of having a race together," and therewith the kindly-faced clergyman resumed his task of ascending the hill, while the two girls, abandoning their racing, walked quickly down to the harbour, to see if they could persuade the silent and surly Mr. Pavy to let them have his boat.

Meanwhile Mr. Roscorla drove along the silent highway in George Rosewarne's dog-cart, and in due time he reached Launceston, and took the train for Plymouth. He stayed in Plymouth that night, having some business to do there; and next morning he found himself in the *Flying Dutchman*, tearing along the iron rails towards London.

Now it was a fixed habit of Mr. Roscorla to try to get as near as possible to an accurate and definite understanding of his relations with the people and things around him. He did not wish to have anything left vague and nebulous, even as regarded a mere sentiment; and as this was the first time he had got clear away from Eglosilyan and the life there since the beginning of his engagement, he calmly set about defining the position in which he stood with regard to Wenna Rosewarne.

The chief matter for discontent that he had was the probable wonder of his acquaintances over the fact that he meant to marry an innkeeper's daughter. All the world could not know the sufficient reasons he had advanced to himself for that step; nor could they know of the very gradual way in which he had approached it. Every one would consider it as an abrupt and ludicrous act of folly; his very kindest friends would call it an odd freak of romance. Now Mr. Roscorla felt that at his time of life to be accused of romance was to be accused of silliness; and he resolved that, whenever he had a chance, he would let people know that his choice of Wenna Rosewarne was dictated by the most simple and commonplace arguments of prudence, such as would govern the conduct of any sane man.

He resolved, too, that he would clearly impress on Harry Trelyon—whom he expected to see at Nolan's—that this project of marriage with Miss Rosewarne was precisely what a man of the world placed in his position would entertain. He did not wholly like Master Harry. There was an ostentatious air of youth about the young man. There was a bluntness in his speech, too, that transgressed the limits of courtesy. Nor did he quite admire the off-handed fashion in which Harry Trelyon talked to the Rosewarne, and more especially to the girls; he wished Miss Wenna Rosewarne, at least, to be treated with a little more formality and respect. At the same time, he would endeavour to remain good friends with this ill-mannered boy, for reasons to be made apparent.

When he arrived at Nolan's Hotel he took a bed-room there, and then sent in a card to Harry Trelyon. He found that young gentleman up on a chair, trying to catch a Virginian nightingale that had escaped from one of the cages; and he nearly stumbled over a tame hedgehog that ran pattering over the carpet, because his attention was drawn to a couple of very long-eared rabbits sitting in an easy-chair. Master Harry paid no attention to him until the bird was caught; then he came down, shook hands with him carelessly, and said—

"How odd you should stumble in here! Or did Wenna Rosewarne tell you I was at Nolan's?"

"Yes, Miss Rosewarne did," said Mr. Roscorla. "You have quite a menagerie here. Do you dine here or downstairs?"

"Oh! here, of course."

"I thought you might come and dine with me this evening at my club. Five minutes' walk from here, you know. Will you?"

"Yes, I will, if you don't mind this elegant costume."

Mr. Roscorla was precisely the person to mind the dress of a man whom he was taking into his club; but he was very well aware that, whatever dress young Trelyon wore, no one could mistake him for anything else than a gentleman. He was not at all averse to be seen with Master Harry in this rough costume; he merely suggested, with a smile, that a few feathers and bits of thread might be

removed; and then, in the quiet summer evening, they went outside and walked westward.

"Now this is the time," Mr. Roscorla said, "when Pall Mall looks interesting to me. There is a sort of quiet and strong excitement about it. All that smoke there over the club chimneys tells of the cooking going forward; and you will find old boys having a sly look in at the dining-room to see that their tables are all right; and then guests make their appearance and smooth out their white ties, and have a drop of sherry and Angostura bitters while they wait. All this district is full of a silent satisfaction and hope just now. But I can't get you a good dinner, Trelyon; you'll have to take your chance, you know. I have got out of the ways of the club now; I don't know what they can do."

"Well, I'm not nasty partickler," Trelyon said, which was true. "But what has brought you up to London?"

"Well, I'll tell you. It's rather an awkward business one way. I have got a share in some sugar and coffee plantations in Jamaica—I think you know that—and you are aware that the emancipation of the niggers simply cut the throat of the estates there. The beggars won't work; and lots of the plantations have been going down and down, or rather back and back into the original wilderness. Well, my partners here see no way out of it but one—to import labour, have the plantations thoroughly overhauled and set in good working order. But that wants money. They have got money—I haven't; and so to tell you the truth, I am at my wits' end as how to raise a few thousands to join them in the undertaking."

This piece of intelligence rather startled Harry Trelyon. He instantly recalled the project which had brought himself to London; and he asked himself whether he was prepared to give a sum of £5,000 to Wenna Rosewarne, merely that it should be transferred by her to her husband, who would forthwith embark in speculation with it. Well, he was not prepared to do that off-hand.

They went into the club, which was in St. James's Street, and Mr. Roscorla ordered a quiet little dinner, the *menu* of which was constructed with a neatness and skill altogether thrown away on his guest. In due time Master Harry sat

down at the small table, and accepted with much indifference the delicacies which his companion had prepared for him. But all the same he enjoyed his dinner—particularly a draught of ale he had with his cheese; after which the two strangers went up to a quiet corner in the smoking-room, lay down in a couple of big easy-chairs, and lit their cigars. During dinner their talk had mostly been about shooting, varied with anecdotes which Mr. Roscorla told of men about town.

Now, however, Mr. Roscorla became more communicative about his own affairs; and it seemed to Trelyon that these were rather in a bad way. And it also occurred to him that there was perhaps a little meanness in his readiness to give £5,000 direct to Wenna Rosewarne, and in his disinclination to lend the same sum to her future husband, whose interests of course would be hers.

"Look here, Roscorla," he said. "Honour bright, do you think you can make anything out of this scheme; or is the place like one of those beastly old mines in which you throw good money after bad?"

Roscorla answered, honestly enough—but with perhaps a trifle unnecessary emphasis, when he saw that the young man was inclined to accept the hint—that he believed the project to be a sound one; that his partners were putting far more money into it than he would; that the merchants who were his agents in London knew the property and approved of the scheme; and that, if he could raise the money, he would himself go out, in a few months' time, to see the thing properly started.

He did not press the matter further than that for the present; and so their talk drifted away into other channels, until it found its way back to Eglorslyan, to the Rosewarne, and to Wenna. That is to say, Mr. Roscorla spoke of Wenna; Trelyon was generally silent on that one point.

"You must not imagine," Roscorla said, with a smile, "that I took this step without much deliberation."

"So did she, I suppose," Trelyon said, rather coldly.

"Well, yes. Doubtless. But I dare say many people will think it rather strange that I should marry an inn-keeper's daughter—they will think I have been struck with a sudden fit of idiotic romance."

"Oh no, I don't think so," the lad said, with nothing visible in his face to tell whether he was guilty of a mere blunder or of intentional impertinence. "Many elderly gentlemen marry their housekeepers, and in most cases wisely, as far as I have seen."

"Oh! but that is another thing," Roscorla said, with his face flushing slightly, and inclined to be ill-tempered. "There is a great difference: I am not old enough to want a nurse yet. I have chosen Miss Rosewarne because she is possessed of certain qualities calculated to make her an agreeable companion for a man like myself. I have done it quite deliberately and with my eyes open. I am not blinded by the vanity that makes a boy insist on having a particular girl become his wife because she has a pretty face and he wants to show her to his friends."

"And yet there is not much the matter with Wenna Rosewarne's face," said Trelyon, with the least suggestion of sarcasm.

"Oh! as for that," Roscorla said, "that does not concern a man who looks at life from my point of view. Certainly, there are plainer faces than Miss Rosewarne's. She has good eyes and teeth; and besides that, she has a good figure, you know."

Both these men, as they lay idling in this smoking-room, were now thinking of Wenna Rosewarne, and indolently and inadvertently forming some picture of her in their minds. Of the two, that of Mr. Roscorla was by far the more accurate. He could have described every feature of her face and every article of her dress, as she appeared to him on bidding him good-bye the day before on the Launceston highway. The dress was a soft light-brown, touched here and there with deep and rich cherry colour. Her face was turned sideways to him, and looking up; the lips partly open with a friendly smile, and showing beautiful teeth; the earnest dark eyes filled with a kindly regard; the eyebrows high, so that they gave a timid and wondering look to the face; the forehead low and sweet, with some loose brown hair about it that the wind stirred. He knew every feature of that face and every varying look of the eyes, whether they were pleased and grateful, or sad and distant, or overbrimming with a humorous and malicious fun. He

knew the shape of her hands, the graceful poise of her waist and neck, the very way she put down her foot in walking. He was thoroughly well aware of the appearance which the girl he meant to marry presented to the unbiassed eyes of the world.

Harry Trelyon's mental picture of her was far more vague and unsatisfactory. Driven into a corner, he would have admitted to you that Wenna Rosewarne was not very good-looking; but that would not have affected his fixed and private belief that he knew no woman who had so beautiful and tender a face. For somehow, when he thought of her, he seemed to see her, as he had often seen her, go by him on a summer morning on her way to church; and as the sweet small Puritan would turn to him, and say in her gentle way, "Good morning, Mr. Trelyon," he would feel vexed and ashamed that he had been found with a gun in his hand, and be inclined to heave it into the nearest ditch. Then she would go on her way, along between the green hedges, in the summer light; and the look of her face that remained in his memory was as the look of an angel, calm, and gracious, and never to be forgotten.

"Of course," said Mr. Roscorla, in this smoking-room, "if I go to Jamaica, I must get married before I start."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHAIN TIGHTENS.

ONCE, and once only, Wenna broke down. She had gone out into the night all by herself, with some vague notion that the cold, dank sea-air—sweet with the scent of the roses in the cottage-gardens—would be gratefully cool as it came around her face. The day had been stormy, and the sea was high—she could hear the waves dashing in on the rocks at the mouth of the harbour—but the heavens were clear, and over the dark earth the great vault of stars throbbed and burned in silence. She was alone, for Mr. Roscorla had not returned from London, and Mabyn had not noticed her slipping out. And here, in the cool, sweet darkness, the waves seemed to call on her with a low and