CHAPTER X.

THE funeral of Squire Thorndyke and Mr. Bastow was over, and all agreed they had never seen a more affecting spectacle than that at the churchyard when the two coffins were brought in. The distance was short, and the tenants had requested leave to carry the Squire's bier, while that of Mr. Bastow was borne by the villagers who had known and loved him. Behind followed all the magistrates and a great number of the gentry for miles round; the churchyard was crowded by every man, woman, and child in the village, and the women, as well as many of the men, wept unrestrainedly as the coffins passed by. Besides these, a large number of people from Reigate and the surrounding villages were present, attracted rather by the crime that had caused the death than by the loss of the Squire himself. The church was crowded, and it was with difficulty that Mr. Greg read the service. The Squire was laid by the side of his father, Mr. Bastow in the spot where many of his predecessors had slept before him.

Mark had been greatly affected, not only by his own loss, but by the sight of the general grief among those for whom the Squire had done so much. Even Mr. Prendergast, who had taken part in many such functions over departed clients, was much moved by the scene.

"I have been at many funerals," he said to Mark as they walked back to the Hall, "but I never have been at one that so affected me. No monument ever raised, sir, did such credit to him who was laid beneath it as the tears of those simple villagers."

Mark did not reply; his heart was altogether too full to speak. As they entered the house he said, "The ladies will have their lunch upstairs, Mr. Prendergast; we may as well have ours at once, and then you can call them down if there is any business to be done."

"That will not take long," the lawyer said. "I have

brought down the wills of both your uncle the Colonel, and your father, and I think that it would be as well for me to read them both. That of your father is a very short and simple document, extending, indeed, only over a few lines. Your uncle's is longer and more complicated, but as you are well aware of the gist of it, it will take us but a short time to get through it."

Mark took his meal in a perfunctory manner. For himself he would have eaten nothing, but he made an effort to do so in order to keep his guest company. When it was over he said:

"We may as well go into the library at once, and I will send up for the ladies. It is as well to lose no time, for I know that you want to catch the afternoon coach up to town."

Mrs. Cunningham and Millicent joined them in a minute or two, the girl looking very pale in her deep mourning.

"I am about," Mr. Prendergast said quietly, "to read the wills of Colonel Thorndyke and Mr. John Thorndyke, and I will ask you, if there is any phrase that you do not understand, to stop me, and I will explain to you its purport."

The three persons present were acquainted with the main provisions of the Colonel's will. It began by stating that, being determined that his daughter, Millicent Conyers Thorndyke, should not be married for her money, he hereby bequeathed to his brother, John Thorndyke, his estate in the parish of Crowswood, to be held by him until his daughter Millicent came to the age of twenty-one, or was married; if that marriage did not take place until she was over the age of twenty-one, so long was it to continue in John Thorndyke's possession, save and except that she was, on attaining the age of twenty-one, to receive from it an income of £250 a year for her private use and disposal.

"To Jane Cunningham, the widow of the late Captain Charles Cunningham, of the 10th Madras Native Infantry, should she remain with my daughter until the marriage of the latter, I bequeath an annuity of £150 per annum, chargeable on the estate, and to commence at my daughter's marriage. All my other property in moneys, invest-

ments, jewels, and chattels of all sorts, is to be divided in equal portions between my daughter, Millicent Conyers Thorndyke, and my nephew, Mark Thorndyke. Should, however, my daughter die before marriage, I bequeath the said estate in the parish of Crowswood to my brother, John Thorndyke, for his life, and after him to his son Mark, and to the latter the whole of my other property of all kinds, this to take effect on the death of my daughter. Should my brother predecease the marriage or coming of age of my daughter, she is at once to come into possession of the said estate of Crowswood. In which case my nephew Mark and Mr. James Prendergast, of the firm of Hopwood & Prendergast, my solicitors, are to act as her trustees, and Mrs. Jane Cunningham and the said James Prendergast as her guardians."

All this was, of course, expressed in the usual legal language, but the purport was clear to those previously acquainted with its bearing, the only item that was new to them being the legacy to Mrs. Cunningham. John Thorndyke's testament was a short one. He left all his property to his son Mark, with the exception of a hundred pounds to his niece to buy a mourning ring or brooch or other ornament in memory of him, and fifty pounds to Mrs. Cunningham for a similar purpose, as a token of his great esteem for her character, and £200 to Ramoo for his faithful services to his brother and himself.

When the lawyer had folded up the wills Millicent said:

"On my part, I have to say that I absolutely renounce the legacy of the estate in favor of my cousin Mark, who has always believed that it would be his."

"And I as absolutely refuse to accept the sacrifice," Mark said.

"My dear young lady," Mr. Prendergast said quietly, "at present, at any rate, you have no power whatever to take any action in the matter; you are, in the eye of the law, an infant, and until you come of age you have no power to execute any legal document whatever. Therefore you must perforce remain mistress of the estate until you attain the age of twenty-one. Many things may happen before that time; for example, you might marry, and in that case your husband would have a voice in the

matter; you might die, in which case Mr. Mark Thorndyke would, without any effort on your part, come into possession of the estate. But, at any rate, until you reach the age of twenty-one your trustees will collect the rents of the estate on your behalf, and will hold the monies in trust for you, making, of course, such payments for your support and maintenance as are fit and proper for your condition."

The tears came into Millicent's eyes as she resumed the seat from which she had risen, and she did not utter another word until Mr. Pendergast rose to leave.

"I shall doubtless learn your wishes as to the future, Miss Thorndyke, from your cousin," he said. "I hope that you will not cherish any malice against me, and that when you think it over you will come to the conclusion that second thoughts are sometimes the wisest, and also that you should have some consideration for your father's wishes in a matter of this kind. He worked hard and risked his life to build up the fortune that he has left. He evidently thought greatly of your welfare, and was, above all things, anxious to insure your happiness. I am sure that on thinking it over you will see that you should not thwart his wishes."

"My dear boy," he said to Mark, as they stood on the doorstep waiting for the carriage to come round, "the best plan by far in this business would be for the interests of your cousin and yourself to be identical. She is a very charming young lady, a little headstrong in this matter, perhaps, but I do not think that that is altogether unnatural."

"That might have come about if it had not been for the property, Mr. Prendergast," Mark said, "but it cannot be now. If she and I had been engaged before all this happened the case would have been different; but you see yourself that now my lips are sealed, for it would seem as if I had not cared for her until she turned out to be an heiress."

"You are a silly young couple," the lawyer said. "I can only hope that as you grow older you will grow wiser. Well, you had better come up and have a talk with me about the assets your uncle mentions in his will."

"Then you don't know anything about them, sir?"

"Nothing at all, except as to the accumulations in his absence. He mentioned vaguely that he was a wealthy man. I thought that, as a matter of course, he had told his brother all about it."

"It is a curious business, sir, and I doubt if there will ever be anything besides the accumulations you speak of."

"Bless me, you don't say so! Well, well, I always thought that it was the most foolish business that I ever heard of. However, you shall tell me all about it when you come up. I shall miss my coach unless I start."

So saying, he shook Mark's hand, took his place in the gig, and was driven away. Millicent did not come downstairs again that day.

"She is thoroughly upset," Mrs. Cunningham said, "and it would be best to let her have her own way for a time. I think the sooner I can get her away from here the better. The house is full of sad memories, and I myself feel shaken and in need of a change."

"I can quite understand her feeling and yours, Mrs. Cunningham. I do hope you will be able to disabuse her mind of the idea that I have any shadow of feeling of regret that she instead of I has the estate, and please try to work upon her on the ground of her father's wishes. I could see that her face changed when Mr. Prendergast put the matter in that light, which I do not think had occurred to her before. I am thinking of going up to town in a couple of days; I was thinking of doing so to-morrow, but a day or so will make no difference. I propose that you both go with me, and that I then help you look for a house. Even if you don't get one at once, a week in London will be a change, and you can then, if you like, go somewhere for a time. Of course Bath would be too gay at present; but you might go to Tunbridge Wells, or, if she would like a seaside place, as she has never been near the sea since she was a baby, that would be the greatest change for her. You might go down for a month or two to Dover or Hastings. There is no occasion for you to settle down in London for a time. There is Weymouth, too, if you would like it better. I believe that that is a cheerful place without being too fashionable."

"I think that will be an excellent plan," Mrs. Cunningham said.

"If you like I will drive you up to town, and the luggage can go by the carrier; it is more pleasant than being shut up in a coach."

"Much more cheerful, of course."

"You will, of course, leave many of your things here, and the packing them up will give her something to do, and prevent her from brooding."

"I think that is an excellent idea, Mark."

Late in the afternoon Ramoo came in in his usual silent manner. The man had said but little during the past few days, but it was evident that he was grieving deeply, and he looked years older than he had done before that fatal night.

"Of course, Ramoo, you will stay with me for the present. I hardly know what I shall be doing for a time, but I am sure that until I settle down, Miss Conyers will be very glad to have you with her."

"No, sahib, Ramoo will return home to India. Ramoo is getting old; he was thirty when he entered the service of the Colonel, sahib; he is fifty now; he will go home to end his days; he has saved enough to live in comfort, and with what the lawyer sahib told him your father has left him he will be a rich man among his own people."

"But you will find things changed, Ramoo, since you left; while here, you know, we all regard you as a friend rather than as a servant."

"You are all very kind and good, sahib. Ramoo knows that he will meet no friends like those he has here, but he longs for the bright sun and blue sky of India, and though it will well-nigh break his heart to leave the young missie and you, he feels that he must go."

"All right, Ramoo. We shall all be very sorry to lose you, but I understand your longing to go home, and I know that you always feel our cold winters very trying; therefore I will not oppose your wishes. I shall be going up to town in two or three days, and will arrange to pay your legacy at once, and will inquire what vessels are sailing."

Millicent was unfeignedly sorry when she heard of

Ramoo's determination; she was very fond of him, for when as a child she first arrived at Crowswood he had been her companion whenever the Squire did not require his services, and would accompany her about the garden and grounds, listening to her prattle, carrying her on his shoulder, and obeying her behests. No doubt he knew that she was the daughter of his former master, and had to a certaint extent transferred his allegiance from the sahib, whose life he had several times saved, to his little daughter. Still, she agreed with Mark that it was perhaps best that he should go. She and Mrs. Cunningham would find but little occasion for his services when established in London, and his swarthy complexion and semi-Eastern costume would attract attention, and perhaps trouble, when he went abroad—the population being less accustomed to Orientals then than at present—but still less would they know what to do with him were they for a time to wander about. Mark said at once that so long as he himself was engaged in the task that he had set himself, he could not take Ramoo with him, and as for his staying alone in the house when it was only in charge of a caretaker, it was not to be thought of.

Although not inclined at the present time to agree with Mark in anything, Millicent could not but acknowledge that it were best that Ramoo should not be urged further to reconsider his determination, and she also fell in with his proposal that they should go up to London for a week, and then go down to Weymouth for a time, after which they would be guided by circumstances.

Accordingly, two days later, Mark drove Millicent and Mrs. Cunningham up to London. A groom accompanied them on Mark's favorite horse. This was to be left in town for his use, and the groom was to drive the carriage back again. Comfortable rooms were obtained in a quiet inn for the ladies, while Mark put up at the Bull, saying that he would come every day to take them out.

"Why did not Mark stay here, Mrs. Cunningham?" Millicent asked pettishly.

"I suppose he thought it better that he should not do so; and I own that I think he was right."

"When we were, as we supposed, no relation to each

other," Millicent said, "we could be like brother and sister. Now that we find that we are cousins we are going to be stiff and ceremonious."

"Not necessarily because you are cousins, Millicent. Before, you were his father's ward, and under his father's care; now you are a young lady on your own account. You must see that the position is changed greatly, and that what was quite right and proper before would not be at all right and proper now."

Millicent shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, if Mark wishes to be distant and stiff he can certainly do so if he likes it. It makes no matter to me."

"That is not at all fair, Millicent, and very unlike yourself. Had not Mark suggested his going to another inn, I should have suggested it myself."

"Oh, yes; no doubt it is better," Millicent said carelessly. "He has several friends in town, and of course we cannot expect him to be devoting himself to us."

Mrs. Cunningham raised her eyebrows slightly, but made no answer. Millicent was seldom wayward, but at present things had gone very hardly with her, and her friend felt that it would be better to leave her entirely to herself until her humor changed. In the morning, when Mark came round, Millicent announced that she felt tired with the drive of the previous day, and would prefer staying indoors. Mark looked a little surprised, more at the tone than at the substance of the words, for the manner in which she spoke showed that the excuse she had given was not her only reason for not going out.

"Of course, I shall stay at home too," Mrs. Cunningham said quietly, as he glanced toward her inquiringly. "Millicent is unnerved and shaken, and perhaps it is just as well for her to have a day's complete rest."

"Very well, Mrs. Cunningham; then I will, as I cannot be of any use to you, set about my own business for the day. I have already been round to the lawyer's, and have got a check for Ramoo's legacy. He will be up this afternoon, and I will go round to Leadenhall Street and find out what ships are sailing and when they start. I will come in this evening for a chat."

Millicent sat without speaking for some minutes after he had left the room. Mrs. Cunningham, whose hands were always busy, took some work out of a bag and set to work at it industriously. Presently the girl said:

"What business is this that Mark is going to occupy himself in?"

"I do not know much about it," she replied. "But from a few words which he let drop I believe that he intends to devote himself to discovering and hunting down your uncle's murderer."

The listless expression faded out at once of Millicent's face.

"But surely, Mrs. Cunningham, that will be very dangerous work."

"No doubt it will be dangerous work, but I don't think that that is likely to hinder Mark. The man, whoever he may be, is of course a desperate character, and not likely to be captured without making a fierce struggle for it."

"Then he ought to put the matter in the hands of the proper authorities," Millicent said decidedly. "Of course such men are dangerous. Very likely this man may have accomplices, and it is not against one only that Mark will have to fight. He has no right to risk his life in so desperate an adventure."

Mrs. Cunningham smiled quietly over her work. The Squire had often confided to her how glad he would be if these two should some day come together. In that case the disclosure after marriage of the real facts of the case would cause no disturbance or difficulty. The estate would be theirs, and it would not matter which had brought it into the partnership; she had thoroughly agreed with him, but so far nothing had occurred to give any ground for the belief that their hopes would be fulfilled.

Till within the last year Millicent had been little more than a child; she had looked up to Mark as she might have done to a big brother, as something most admirable, as one whose dictum was law. During the last year there had been some slight change, but more, perhaps, on Mark's part than on hers. He had consulted her wishes more, had asked instead of ordered, and had begun to treat her

as if conscious that she was fast growing up into womanhood.

Millicent herself scarcely seemed to have noticed this change. She was little more inclined to assert herself than before, but was ready to accompany him whenever he wished her to do so, or to see him go away without complaint, when it so pleased him; but the last week had made a rapid change in their position. Millicent had sprung almost at a bound into a young woman. She had come to think and resolve for herself; she was becoming wayward and fanciful; she no longer deferred to Mark's opinion, but held her own, and was capable of being vexed at his decisions. At any rate, her relations with Mark had changed rapidly, and Mrs. Cunningham considered this little outburst of pettishness to be a good omen for her hopes, and very much better than if they had continued on their old footing of affectionate cousins.

Mark went back again to the lawyer's, and had a long talk with Mr. Prendergast over the lost treasure. The old lawyer scoffed at the idea that there could be any danger associated with the bracelet.

"Men in India, I suppose, get fanciful," he said, "and imbibe some of the native superstitions. The soldier who got them from the man who stole them was stabbed. He might have been stabbed for a thousand reasons, but he had the bracelet on his mind. He was forever hiding it and digging it up, and fancying that someone was on his track, and he put down the attack as being made by someone connected with it. His manner impressed your uncle. He concealed the diamonds or sent them off somewhere, instantly. He never had any further trouble about them, but like many men who have a craze, fancied that he was being perpetually watched and followed. The unfortunate result of all this is that these jewels and the money that he accumulated during his service in India seem to be lost. A more stupid affair I never heard of.

"Now, as to the clew, any reasonable man would have given full instructions as to how the treasure was to be found; or if he did not do that, would, at least, instead of carrying about an absurd coin and a scrap of paper with a name upon it, have written his instructions and put them

in that ridiculous hiding-place, or, more wisely still, would have instructed his solicitor fully on the subject. The amount of trouble given by men, otherwise perfectly sane, by cranks and fancies is astonishing. Here is something like £100,000 lost owing to a superstitious whim. As to your chance of finding the treasure, I regard it as small indeed. The things are hidden in India, in some old tomb, or other rubbishing place. Your uncle may have committed them to the charge of a native; he may have sent them to a banker at one of the great towns; he may have shipped them to England. He may have sent them to the North Pole for anything I know. How can one begin to search the universe?"

"I thought, sir, that perhaps he might have sent them to some London Bank or agent, with instructions to hold them until claimed by him, and that perhaps an inquiry among such houses would lead to the discovery that they hold certain property forwarded by him."

"Well, there is some sense in that suggestion," Prendergast grumbled, "and I suppose the first thing to be done will be to carry that out. If you wish, we will do it for you. They would be more likely to give the information, if they possess it, to a well-known firm of solicitors like ourselves than to any private individual. Besides, if you were to go yourself, they would in each case want you to be identified before they would answer any question, whereas I should write a note to them in the firm's name, with our compliments, saying that we should be glad to know if the late Colonel Thorndyke, of whose will we are the executors, had any account at their firm or has deposited any property in their hands. There are not above five of six banks doing business with India, and as many agents in a large way of business; and if he did such a foolish thing, he would be certain to do it with some houses of good standing—if, indeed, anything can be taken as certain in the case of a gentleman with such extraordinary fancies and plans as his."

"Thank you, Mr. Prendergast," Mark said, with a slight smile at the lawyer's irritability; "that will be clearing the ground to a certain extent. If that does not succeed, I think I shall go to India myself, and shall there make

similar inquiries at all the principal establishments at Calcutta and Madras. Should I fail there, it seems to me that the only remaining plan will be to find out from the military authorities the place where my uncle's regiment was encamped on the day—we have the date on which the jewels were given to him—and to institute a minute search of all the old ruins within such a distance as he might have reached within a day's ride."

"But you have no certainty that it was a ruin. He might have dug a hole under his tent and have buried the things there; he might have taken a shovel and buried them in a clump of bushes a quarter of a mile away. The thing is more and more ridiculous the more you look at it."

"I see it is very difficult, sir, but one might narrow it down somewhat if one discovered the spot. Probably there are still native officers in the regiment who were there at the time. If so, they might possibly know who was my uncle's servant at the time. The man may be a pensioner, and in that case I might discover his address through the military authorities, and I could find out from him whether my uncle often rode out at night, what were his habits, and possibly where the tent stood, and so on."

"Well," Mr. Prendergast said, "if you like to undertake a wild-goose chase of this sort it is your business, and not mine; but I consider the idea is the most Utopian that I ever heard of. As to where the tent stood, is it likely that a man would remember to within a hundred yards where a tent stood fourteen years ago? Why, you might dig up acres and acres of ground and not be sure then that you had hit upon the right place."

"There is one other circumstance, Mr. Prendergast," Mark said quietly, "that has to be taken into consideration, and which renders it improbable that these diamonds were hidden anywhere by my uncle himself at that time. He certainly spoke of the whole of this treasure collectively. It is morally certain that he would not carry all these jewels that he had been collecting about with him, and certainly not his treasure in money. He must, therefore, have sent these diamonds to the person, whoever he

may be, who had the keeping of his other jewels and of his money. This certainly points to a bank."

"There is a sensible conjecture. Yes, there is something in that. He certainly could not have carried about him £50,000 in gold and as much in jewelry; it would have been the act of a madman, and Colonel Thorndyke, although eccentric and cranky, was not mad. But, on the other hand, he may have carried about a banker's pass-book, or what is equivalent to it, for the amount that had been deposited with a native banker or agent, together with a receipt for the box containing the jewels, and this he might have hidden with the diamonds."

"I don't think that he would have done that; there could have been no object for his putting the power of demanding his money and valuables out of his possession."

"Well, well," the lawyer said testily, "it is of no use arguing now what he might or might not have done. A man who would have taken the trouble that he did to prevent his daughter knowing that she was an heiress, and fancied that he was followed about by black fellows, might do anything, reasonable or unreasonable, under the sun. At any rate, Mr. Thorndyke, I will carry out your instructions as to inquiries in London, and will duly inform you of the result; beyond that I must really decline to give any advice or opinion upon the matter, which is altogether beyond me."

On leaving the lawyer's, Mark went to Bow Street, and related to the chief the circumstances attending his father's murder.

"I have heard them from the man I sent down at your request, Mr. Thorndyke, and taking the attempt early in the evening and the subsequent murder, there can be no doubt that the affair was one of revenge, and not of robbery. Had the second attempt stood alone, robbery might have been the object; the mere fact that nothing was stolen in no way alters the case. Men are often seized with a certain panic after committing a murder, and fly at once without attempting to carry out their original purpose. Your father, no doubt, fell heavily, and the man might well have feared that the fall would be heard; but the previous attempt precludes the supposition that robbery was at the bottom of it. It points to a case of revenge, and certainly goes a very long way to support the theory that we talked over when I last saw you, that the highwayman who endeavored to stop you on the road, whom you wounded, and who afterwards went down to Southampton, was the escaped convict, Bastow. Since that time I have had a man making inquiries along the roads between Reigate and Kingston, but altogether without success. I should be glad to follow up any other line that you might suggest, and that might offer any reasonable possibility of success, but I must own that at present we are entirely off the scent."

"I am thinking of devoting myself entirely to the quest. I have no occupation at present. I have an income amply sufficient for my wants, and for all expenses that I may incur, and I intend to devote, if necessary, some years of my life to hunting this man down. As your men have searched without success in the country, I think for the present my best plan will be to devote myself to learning something of the ways and haunts of the criminal classes of London, and it is with that object that I have come to you now. I should like, for some time, at any rate, to enter the detective force as an enrolled member. I should, of course, require no pay, but should be prepared to obey all orders and to do any work required, as any other member of the corps would do. I am strong, active, and have, I hope, a fair share of intelligence. I should not mind risking my life in carrying out any duty that you might assign to me. I presume that I need not always be on duty, and could, when not required, employ my time as I liked, and keep up my acquaintances in town. Should it be otherwise, however, I am perfectly ready to submit myself in all respects to your rule. I have a first-rate horse and should be available for country duty, wherever you might think fit to send me. I should not desire any distinction to be made between me and the paid officers."

"Your proposal is an altogether novel one, Mr. Thorndyke, but it is worthy of consideration. I have no doubt that you would make a very useful officer; the work is certainly interesting, though not without serious hazards. However, I will think the matter over, and if you will call

in to-morrow you shall have my answer. We are always glad to have a new hand in the force, for the faces of our men are so well-known among the criminal class that they are liable to be detected even under the cleverest disguises. There is work, too, upon which it is absolutely necessary that a gentleman should be employed, and in the event of your joining us, I should wish you to keep the matter strictly from all your acquaintances; and it would certainly be advantageous that you should, when disengaged, continue to mix with your friends and to mingle in society of all kinds as freely as possible. There is crime among the upper classes as well as among the lower, though of a different type; and as Mr. Thorndyke of Crowswood you would have far better opportunities of investigating some of these cases than any of my men would have. You would not object to take up such cases?"

"Not at all, sir; that is, if it could be arranged that I should not do the actual work of making an arrest, or have to appear in court as a witness."

"That could be managed," the chief said. "When you have got to a certain point the matter of the final arrest could always be handed over to someone else, but as a rule we keep our officers in the background as much as possible, because at every trial the court is half-full of men of the criminal class, and the faces of our men would soon be known to every one of them. Well, if you will call about ten o'clock to-morrow you shall have my answer; but I should advise you to think the matter well over before you see me again. The responsibilities as well as the dangers are great, and indeed in some of the work you would literally have to carry your life in your hand; and I can assure you that the task you would undertake is by no means a light one."

CHAPTER XI.

MARK called that evening, as he had promised, upon Mrs. Cunningham.

"I hope that you feel all the better for your day's rest, Millicent," he said.

The girl looked quickly at him to see if there was any sarcasm in the question, but it was evident that the inquiry was made in earnest.

"Yes, I feel better now," she said. "I have dozed a good deal to-day. I did not feel up to anything. Mrs. Cunningham's work has progressed wonderfully. I should say that she has done more to-day than she ordinarily finds time to do in a week. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"I have been having a long talk with Mr. Prendergast about the lost treasure."

"And of course he said that you would never find it, Mark?"

"Well, yes, he distinctly expressed that opinion."

"And afterwards?"

"Afterwards I went to Bow Street and had a long talk also with the chief officer there."

"I don't like the idea of your searching for this man, Mark. In the first place, I don't see why you should hope to succeed when the men whose business it is to do such work have failed. In the next place, I think that you may get into serious danger."

"That I must risk, Millicent. I have already proved a better shot than he is, and I am quite ready to take my chance if I can but come upon him; that is the difficult part of the matter. I know that I shall need patience, but I have plenty of time before me, and have great hopes that I shall run him to earth at last."

"But you would not know him if you saw him?"