

pain in his side, one of its most troublesome symptoms, was less just than. But O'Brien answered from his own point of view.

"People who are called every material prosperity are fond of indulging in imaginary troubles. To have knocked about two hemispheres as I have done would cure them; and to have known the want of a crust of bread or a glass of water, makes a man not only grateful, but cheerful under moderate good fortune."

"Yes, indeed," said Scott, "these hardships are rarely encountered. I was referring to other trials, as real perhaps to some minds, though less tangible. But you must have seen strange times. Van Hansen tells me here you have had some curious experiences."

"I have gone through as many unpleasant adventures as are to be found in a dime novel, and now, after 20 years' wandering, find myself home again at last."

"Twenty years!" repeated Scott, struck with the coincidence. "After 20 years you must find many changes, not only in London itself—but though that is altering very rapidly—but among your own acquaintances—and family."

"As it happens, I've never been in London before; and I never remember any kind and kin, except a mother, and she would not know me. I went abroad—let me see, that was in the spring of '68."

"Your brother was older than you" he hazarded. "I was some five years my elder. He would be 45 or so now. Excuse the question, but is anything the matter with you?"

"Scott had gone white as the paper he held in his hand, and that fluttered with the tremor of his pulse. "Nothing," he gasped, with an effort; "nothing at all. I am quite well. It is only that I feel like this. Go on; what were you telling me?"

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