

plied at that moment, but would wait upon him soon. Ten minutes passed, when another gentleman was shown into the drawing room. He was middle aged, with iron-gray hair and side-burns. As he crossed the room, directly in front of Hepworth, the light from one of the windows fell full upon him, and upon a water-agate seal, in its setting of gold nuggets. He could have sworn it was the identical one he had seen upon his free-booter of the street. The man took no notice of Hepworth, but passed on to the farther room, through a portiere of crimson plush, which was partly drawn. Directly after, Madam Brown entered, and he at once stated to her his wishes in regard to Keith; that she should be given the best advantages the institution possessed, regardless of cost.

"On Wednesday of next week," he added, "I will take the morning boat and meet her in Sacramento, and we will reach this city, by return boat, at 6:00 o'clock p. m."

"It will give me great pleasure to receive her," she graciously replied. "Now I will show you the vacant rooms, and you may select which you think would suit her."

"They passed out together, and after looking at quite a number, Hepworth

decided in favor of a sunny suite of front rooms on the second floor. When they returned to the parlors they were empty. Hepworth made a pretense of examining an article of bric-a-brac in the second parlor, to be sure of this. He was more than ever annoyed and mystified. He made his adieu and hastened back to his hotel. On reflection, he determined to go up to Sacramento a day earlier than he had intended. On the whole, it would be best, since the stage from the Horse-shoe would reach there two hours earlier than the boat from San Francisco. It would not be pleasant for Keith to wait alone in a strange place. He wondered he had not thought of it before. It certainly was best for him to go up on Tuesday. Accordingly, on that particular morning, he hastened down to the wharf, but reached there just five minutes too late. The boat had backed out from her pier and was turning around. On deck, leaning carelessly against the pilot house, stood a conspicuous figure, who lifted his hat to an acquaintance on shore. In that moment, Hepworth recognized the stranger of Madam Brown's drawing room, the man with the iron-gray hair and side-burns. Dropping his eyes lower, they rested on the water-agate seal.

MEM LINTON.

*To be Continued.*