

CHAPTER II.

A VICTIM.

It was a very merry company which gathered in the Schuyler farm-house, detained, as they fondly believed, by the unusually severe and long continued thunder-storm.

It had been a genuine detention at first; while the lightning flashed continually and the earth seemed fairly to tremble under the roar of thunder, they had been grave enough; more than one of the group silently wishing herself safely at home. The bountiful supper which had been spread in the hospitable dining-room was neglected while the storm raged.

"Oh dear!" one of the guests had said, "we cannot eat while it is thundering so!" and though Bob Schuyler remarked philosophically that "thunder didn't hurt anybody," and was ready for his supper, it was, by common consent, remanded to the kitchen to be kept hot, and cold, while the nutting party grouped themselves in the centre of the large parlor as far away from windows as possible, and talked in somewhat subdued tones, and waited.

As for Marjorie Edmonds she did not talk at all