



MEDOLINE SELWYN'S WORK.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. BLAKE.

THE cars were not over-crowded, and were moving leisurely along in the soft, midsummer twilight. At first, I had felt a trifle annoyed at my carelessness in missing the Express by which I had been expected; but now I quite enjoyed going in this mixed train, since I could the better observe the country than in the swifter Express. As I drew near the end of my journey, my pulses began to quicken with nervousness, not unmixed with dread.

Captain Green, under whose care I had been placed when I left my home for the last eight years, had concluded, no doubt very wisely, that I could travel the remaining few miles through quiet country places alone. This last one hundred and