

"Mayn't I work for both of you?" she asked at last.

"Well, I can't see why you should do that," said Cecily, rolling out of the hammock and fretfully smoothing her hair.

"I'm a busybody. That's it," said Mina.

"You know what'll happen if he finds it out? Harry, I mean. He'll be furious with both of us."

Mina reflected. "Yes, I suppose he will," she admitted. But the spirit of self-sacrifice was on her, perhaps also that of adventure. "I don't care," she said, "as long as I can help."

There was a loud knock at the door. Mina rushed into the front room and saw a man in uniform delivering a letter. The next moment the maid brought it to her—a long envelope with "First Lord of the Treasury" stamped on the lower left-hand corner. She noticed that it was addressed to Lady Evenswood's house, and must have been sent on post-haste. She tore it open. It was headed "Private and Confidential."

MADAME,—I am directed by Mr. Disney to request you to state in writing, for his consideration, any facts which may be within your knowledge as to the circumstances attendant on the marriage of the late Lady Tristram of Blent, and the birth of her son, Mr. Henry Austen Fitzhubert Tristram. I am to add that your communication will be considered confidential.

I am, Madame, yours faithfully,

MADAME ZABRISKA.

BROADSTAIRS.

"Cecily, Cecily, Cecily!" Mina darted back and thrust this wonderful document into Cecily's hands. "He does mean something, you see, he will do something!" she cried. "Oh, who's Broadstairs, I wonder."

Cecily took the letter and read. The Imp reappeared with a red volume in her hand.

"Viscount Broadstairs—eldest son of the Earl of Rams-gate!" she read with wide-open eyes. "And he says he's directed to write, doesn't he? Well, you are funny in England! But I don't wonder I was afraid of Mr. Disney."

"Oh, Mr. Disney's secretary, I suppose. But, Mina—" Cecily was alive again now, but her awakening did not seem to be a pleasant one. She turned suddenly from her friend and,