



his figure thus silhouetted against the light in the distance, Edna knew certainly that of which she had previously felt almost sure—that this was the man whom she had taken for Lord Locking—the sheet sheet sheet also had some ton, the man with whom she had conversed in the library and in the shut-up

versed in the library and in the snut-up drawing-rooms.

She moved restlessly, wishing that she might go away, but not daring to move until she was dismissed. And as she sat there, and the lawyer took out a notebook and turned the leaves slowly, looking for some entry he had made, there was another footstep outside, the door opened quickly, and Lady Lockington came in.

opened quickly, and Lady Lockington came in.

As Edna glanced round at her and sprang to her feet, prepared for an indignant rebuke on the lady's part, and a question as to why she had not left the house, she noticed that Lady Lockington looked alarmed and amazed rather them. than angry, as her gaze travelled from the solicitor to the other occupant of the

And Edna noticed that Mr. John Lockington, with the evident wish to escape observation, was trying to squeeze himself into obscurity behind the window-curtains. An exclamation broke from Lady Lockington's lips. She stopped in the middle of the floor, then took a few steps towards the distant figure, and stopping short again exclaimed in tones of the most intense astonishment, coupled with a certain vague fear and dismay:

"Mr. Kage!" Then after a moment's pause she asked, almost fiercely: "What are you doing here?"

Edna, at the sound of the name, sank back again into her seat, too much overwhelmed by the surprise to be able to stand.

CHAPTER XXV.

THERE was a short spell of dead silence, and then the lawyer spoke. "It's very unfortunate, Lady Lockington," he said, "that we have to enter upon explanations at such a time as this. Can it not be put off for a little while? You can see for yourself that there is something to be explained; and I admit it; but as one who has only just learnt all the circumstances, I would put it to you whether in the interests of—of all parties—it would not be better to defer discussion of the various matters suggested by this meeting until a more congested by this meeting until a more convenient time?"

Lady Lockington, however, showed plainly that she would not be put off—that she would have the matter sifted there and then.

there and then.

Walking steadily up the room until she was opposite to the young man, she said, curtly: "What are you doing here, Mr. Kage?"

Then he came forward, and said, humbly and gently: "I'm sorry you would not take Mr. Ringford's advice, and that you force me to an explanation now. I am John Lockington, your husband's cousin. And it was at his urgent request, as Mr. Ringford will tell you, that I settled at the Home Farm under the name of Kage, passing myself off as the son of his old trainer, Richard Kage, in order to be near him."

passing myself off as the son of his old trainer, Richard Kage, in order to be near him."

Edna was crouching in her chair, overwhelmed, although she had expected this revelation by the sound of the well-known voice. Mr. Tom Kage, then, was John Lockington, the Viscount's cousin and heir, and it was he who had had those strange interviews with her, when he would not let her see his face! It was his voice, too, she was now sudhad those strange interviews with her, when he would not let her see his face! It was his voice, too, she was now suddenly sure that she had heard outside the house on the night of her arrival, humming the air of the song she had been singing in that very room!

This knowledge, overwhelming as Edna found it, scarcely affected her as much as another aspect of it did Lady Lockington. She grew red with confusion and anger as she said, haughtily:

"You, then, with all your profession of regard and liking for me, and your visits to me, did not scruple to play me a trick, to pass yourself off upon me as Tom Kage, when you were all the while visiting my husband in your own character of Jack Lockington?"

"No one can regret more sincerely than I," said he, gravely, "the necessity for the deception."

"Why was it necessary?"

"Because my cousin wished it. His will was always law to me, just as he was my pattern and my hero in the old days



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