

'Oh, Mr. Bethune, sir!' exclaimed Kitty when she came across the hall. 'Mr. Lorraine has been in Edinburgh to-day, and will not return till the late train. Please come in, and I'll look for Miss Lorraine.'

'Has Miss Lorraine gone out, Kitty?'

'Yes, sir. I saw her away across the park, not half an hour ago. If you'll just come in, I'll soon find her.'

'Across the park, did you say? I'll take a walk through the wood, Kitty. Never mind, thank you,' said James Bethune with a nod and a smile. 'If I miss her, she will probably return before me.'

So he crossed the park again, and, re-entering the woods, turned along the path to the wishing-well. How long ago it seemed since he had walked that way with Beatrice Lorraine! Looking back, he could almost have fancied the experience of that night a dream. He was thinking of it, recalling how she had looked and spoken, for he had never been so near her as then, when suddenly he caught the gleam of something white through the trees. Two more steps, and he saw the slight figure of Beatrice Lorraine standing by the wishing-well, with her arm leaning on the mossy ledge of rock which overhung it, her head down-bent, as if her eyes sought to fathom the dusky depths of the water bubbling and sparkling over its basin into the burn below. The crackling of the underbrush beneath his tread startled her, and she took a hurried step forward, and peered through the shadows, until she discerned the tall figure approaching with no reluctant step.

'I hope I have not startled you, Miss Lorraine,' he said, raising his hat. 'I have been to the house, and Kitty thought you had come this way. If I do not intrude, will you allow me to accompany you back?'