

have been new prepared for you, and my lady is very anxious you should like them," said the housekeeper.

"How could I help but like them? They are lovely—too lovely for words to express."

"And with a southern outlook, too, ma'am," said Hobson, as she threw back the curtains.

Kathleen stood in speechless admiration of the magnificent scene and then said, "How superbly beautiful! How grand it all is! And those ruins I see in the distance, are those of the famous Abbey?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the housekeeper, proudly, because of her long connection with the family; she was as proud of them as any Fordyce "to the manor born." "And now, ma'am," she continued, "here is your tea, which my lady thought you might like served up here, as you would need a rest before dressing for dinner."

While she was speaking, a trim young maid entered, bearing a dainty little tea service, which she set down; then dropped a demure courtesy and stood with folded hands and eyes downcast. "And this," added Hobson, "is to be your maid, if she pleases you, ma'am, or until you can better yourself, as my lady said you were without one."

"Yes, I did not take the trouble to hunt up another after mine got sick. I left her in comfortable quarters among friends, where she thought she would remain. What is your name, my good girl?"

"Nancy Perks, ma'am."

"Well, Nancy, I do not think you will find me a difficult mistress to please. Now you might see if my trunks have been brought up and take out the dresses. I will tell you later what dress I intend wearing at dinner."

Nancy dropped another demure courtesy and disappeared for the time, and Hobson, after saying she hoped "Mrs. Fordyce would try and rest a bit and feel quite fresh for the evening," left Kathleen to her own devices.