

the buryin' an' all, not to mention the cookin'— and two parties moved out to-day, an' . . ."

"Was it Wynrod—the name?" asked Judith gently.

A light broke over the stout woman's face. "Sure now, that was it. But how did ye know?" Her eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"I am Miss Wynrod."

"Oh, so that's it, is it. Well then, ye can be takin' it an' save me the trouble. An' by the way—there's a letter, too. I fergot about that. One moment an' I'll have it fer ye . . ."

She disappeared noisily. Judith stood staring out of the window. Imrie tried to fix his attention upon the books, but his eyes kept wandering miserably to Judith's unresponsive back, drooping like a wilted flower. Neither spoke. The stout woman returned in a surprisingly short time, considering her bulk.

"Here 'tis," she cried cheerfully, puffing like some inadequate engine. "I spilt a little cranberry on it, but that won't hurt the inside." She handed the envelope to Judith and stood waiting expectantly.

But Judith turned and accepted it without a word, her grey face as immobile as if made of stone. Quietly she moved nearer the whistling gas-light, and after a pause, as though she were girding herself for a struggle, she tore the flap quickly.

It was a short note: