

reach to the house, secluded in its wide gardens, or, if they did come, it was but as a faint echo, too distant to stir the restfulness of the place, even to a momentary alertness.

The servants talked in whispers, or kept silence, as they performed their daily task in a fashion so noiseless, that, for aught one could hear of them, they might not have been there at all.

The hot afternoon was at its hottest, when Ina stirred and awoke, roused from her long and deep sleep by a sound of distant hurraing, which seemed to be coming every moment nearer.

At first, she was too bewildered to guess at what the sounds might mean, then she heard the quick run of a man's feet past the window, and Robson's voice saying, in an eager whisper—

“Master Giggles has come, and the dog ; and the people are cheering like mad. They could not make more noise if it had been His Excellency himself.”

Somebody answered in an agitated undertone, but Ina did not hear what was said. She had struggled to a sitting posture, and thence to the floor, and was making her way