

"Do you think he would come to the funeral, if he were invited?"

"I am certain of it," returned the girl confidently.

"Could you let him know that it will take place on Tuesday?"

"I would try, papa."

"Then you know where he is," exclaimed Mr. Brereton, rising from his chair, and standing up before his daughter, while the colour flushed into his face in his turn.

"I do *not* know where he is," replied Maud.

"Then how could you let him know I expected him on Tuesday?"

"I did not say I could, I said I would try," returned Maud, who had regained her composure. "Do you wish me to do so?"

"No," and Mr. Brereton sank down again into his chair, baffled.

"I suppose I must be mistaken, yet I certainly thought I heard his voice yesterday, and Maine declares he saw him in the wood." 'Tis so, the girl is deeper than I gave her credit for," he reflected.

As soon as she could do so, without exciting her father's observation, Maud retired to her room and carefully locked the door. Then she drew her brother's letter from her pocket, and read as follows:

DEAR MAUD,

I shall send this letter under cover to Mr. Carlton, and beg him to deliver it himself into your hands, and so he will meet you in the wood this evening instead of me. I hope you won't be vexed. I dare not write to you by post, for fear the letter might be intercepted.

You will wonder what I mean by all this, so I will tell you plainly. I am watched. Last night when you were talking to my father, I escaped from the house without being seen, but as I turned into the wood, I met Maine—you know the bookkeeper who, in old days, always hated me. He stared hard at me, and I suppose two years and a moustache have not so altered me as to make me unrecognizable. At any rate, he followed me at a respectful distance, now and then going by bye roads and corners, but never letting me out of his sight for above a few yards at any time. He tracked me through the village, so I turned into a shop—a new one—where I was sure no one would know me, and when I came out he had disappeared, nor could I find him again. Suddenly it occurred to me that I would consult Mr. Carlton. You remember he came to the curacy at Brereton shortly after I left home, and he was very kind to me then in more ways than you know of. So seeing no one near I went to his house. He was at home, and I spent half an hour with him. When I went out, who should I see but Maine lounging about!

I was resolved to see whether I was the person he was waiting for.