

sidar was glad of the intervening space between her and her visitor, so she trailed slowly toward the centre of the room.

"You wish to see me?"

"Mrs. Tressidar?"

Becoming more accustomed to the dimness Leslie made out the features of the girl who had risen and was standing before her. Younger than she had at first supposed, there was a look of suffering on the pale face seldom seen in one of her age, the kind of suffering which comes from wounds inflicted by the living and from which there is no escape; time, mercifully eases pain and longing for those departed from this life. She was dressed almost shabbily, but wore her clothes with the air of an aristocrat, and she seemed, despite her nervousness, perfectly at home in these surroundings. Leslie was a little puzzled by her manner, which implied either an antagonism to herself, a disliking for the errand upon which she was bent, or a childish embarrassment and shyness.

"I am Mrs. Tressidar," she said in her most sympathetic, winning manner; "won't you sit down?"

The two women seated themselves; the one with easy, languid grace, the other with unbending rigidity. There was silence, and the tension grew uncomfortable.

Suddenly Leslie bent forward.

"You are in trouble," she said softly, "what can I do to help?"