

"You are ill, Miss Stewart. Take this seat, and let me get you something."

Marjorie controlled herself with an effort, sat down and said quickly:

"It is nothing, really nothing; don't trouble. I must be weak indeed that a voice should affect me; but your voice seemed the echo of a lost friend's—one I loved so dearly. You must no doubt know whom I mean, the former owner of Fern Villa. I am full of strange fancies of late, for I thought I detected a resemblance in your daughter. I know you are not related, but who knows that the families did not branch from the same genealogical tree," and Marjorie laughed.

"I hope not, if it affects you so much. I thought I had a patient—the first in years."

As they talked of Fern Villa the moments sped quickly. Dr. Graham forgot Marie, who had vanished at Marjorie's approach, and was surprised when Mr. Lennox and Aunt Edith joined them, and departing guests warned them that the hour was late.

"Let me see you home, Marjorie," Jack said.