she reached the door which led into the Blue Saloon, the housekeeper turned and said, coldly:

"It's locked, and there are only two keys, one in the keeping of his Lordship, and one in mine."

This was rather interesting to Edna, who now learnt, for the first time, something which seemed to give a good clue to the identity of her new acquaintance. If Mrs. Holland had one of the two keys, and Lord Lockington the other, it certainly seemed as if it must be the Viscount whom she had met in the unused rooms.

used rooms,
Edna, therefore, still kept silence.
But the housekeeper, evidently perturbed and puzzled, said:
"I don't know why you shouldn't tell me the real truth. You can't have been far away. And you can't have been in the Blue Saloon, because his Lordship is ill in bed, and nobody but he has the keys of those rooms. As for mine, they're safe; nobody but me can hine, they're safe; nobody but me can get at them."

Edna tried to turn it off with a laugh. "Well, if you won't believe me, I can't help it," she said. "You said I wasn't here, and I've told you where I was, and if you won't believe me, what can I say?"

Mrs. Holland gave a frightened glance

Mrs. Holland gave a frightened giance towards the nearest window.

"You weren't behind the curtains, were you?" she asked. "Looking out into the park?"

"I can't say any more than I have said," replied Edna, growing rather nervous as she saw that she could not help offending her powerful friend, the housekeeper.

no means allayed, though they must certainly have been very vague ones.

"Oh, it's of no consequence, of course, to me," she went on, with the same coldness as before. "All I came to say was that the dressmaker who is going to make your frock will be here tomorrow morning, and will take your measures at any hour you may appoint. It is his Lordship's wish that the dress should be made quickly, and so the young woman will remain here until it's finished."

"Thank you very much."

"Thank you very much."
Edna wanted to say something more, to express her personal sense of gratitude to the housekeeper for her constant kindness, which, as the girl knew, made a great deal of difference to her comfort and happiness.

But Mrs. Holland was offended, and would not stay. Acknowledging the girl's words by a bend of the head, she coolly wished her good-night, and went out of the room, letting poor Edna think she had lost a friend.

And, although Mrs. Holland showed no

And, although Mrs. Holland showed no outward unkindness or even marked coldness, Edna was sensible, on the following day, that there was a change in her feelings towards the young girl whom she had so successfully introduced to the household.

(To be continued.)

His Worry.—"Your husband seems to very impatient lately."

Yes, he is, very."

What is the matter with him?

What is the matter with him?

"He is getting tired waiting for a chance to get out where he can sit patiently hour after hour waiting for a fish to nibble at his bait."—Chicago Record-Herald.





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