"You were in the railway carriage with us yesterday," she said, in a voice as sweet as her face.

"Yes," Elspeth answered. And then, lest the girl of high degree should mistake her for an equal, and regret condescension when she knew the truth—"I have come here to be secretary and stenographer for the manager, Mr. McGowan."

"Oh, have you? I think that must be very interesting work," said Lady Hilary, on the step with Elspeth now. "You must be very clever to get such a good engagement, and be independent, while you're so young. I quite envy you. I should love to be able to make my own living."

Elspeth laughed a little. "I don't think, if you had to, you would like it much, really."

"Strange that a poacher should fire at



bridge came out so suddenly that Eispeth had to start back out of his way. He begged her pardon, and hurried on, but she had time to notice a look of extreme satisfaction on his handsome face.

"He has perhaps got some favor out of Mr. McGowan," thought the girl; but Mr. McGowan, was not there. Mr.James Grant was alone in the room, sitting at his own deak with a bundle of papers in his hand. He had not the air, however, of having been at work with them. Evidently he was laboring under some strong excitement, which, at sight of Elspeth, he used all his self-control to hide. But he could not conceal the shaking of his fingers that fumbled nervously with the papers, nor he spots of red which burned on his rather high cheek-bones.

Elspeth could only fancy that Mr. Trowbridge must have said something to annoy or offend Mr. Grant, possibly criticising some defect in the management, with insolence, which Mr. Grant, as subordinate, had not been able to resent. She felt sorry for the pale young man, and smiled at him in a sweet and firendly way, as she asked if there was any work for to do between three and four-thirty.

He did not answer at first, or even seem to have heard ber question, though his eyes were fixed intently upon her, as if he would have spoken. Jumping up he began walking about the small room in restless, uncasy way, like an animal in cage.

"I am glad you hove come—glad you have come, Miss Dean," he said at last. "Were you wanting me?" she inquired. "Yes—no. I mean I am glad you have come to Lochrain. I am not happy here. I am a man with boundless ambition. This has been no place to satisfy it. I have been eating my heart out, with no one ospeak to as a friend—no one I would have cared to speak with in such a way. But the first moment you looked up into my face yesterday I felt the presence of a kindred spirit. I want to have you for a friend. May I think of you so?"

"Please do," said Elspeth, rather purzled and not quite at ease, but still with kindress in her heart for her fellow employe. She was v

