

was still spare and elegant of figure ; and if his hair was almost white she seemed to remember that in the old days he had been grizzled.

" You bring a message from my daughter ? " he asked ; and there was a sharp note of anxiety in his voice.

" No, Miss Agar does not know I am here."

" Ah ! I was afraid her cold might be worse. She wrote to me that she had a slight cold. I hope she does nothing imprudent."

" She is very careful indeed," Freda said, " and everyone is careful for her. No one would wish her to take harm."

" Ah, thank you."

He looked at Freda with some kindness. She had made her little speech with a fervour which seemed to him explained by her slightly foreign accent. He looked closer, and his eyebrows took a puzzled line.

" I think you must be the heroine of the great burglar adventure," he said. " Everyone is talking about your share in it. I am very glad my daughter was not alarmed. But, excuse me, Mademoiselle, we have met before or I have met someone like you ? "

Freda had wondered all the way what she should say if when she was brought face to face with Lord Grandison she should recognise him as her uncle ; but now it seemed simple enough.

" You have forgotten me, Uncle Stephen," she said.