

'Well, sir?' questioned the housekeeper.

'Well?' he returned. 'Who is in that room?'

'The master, sir,' she said in awed tones; 'every night, unless there isn't a moon, he goes up there after we're all gone to bed, and I hear them splashes—a hundred and forty-two I've heard to-night. There's no furniture in that room, sir, and he keeps it locked. Sometimes he takes packages up there. Just underneath the window there's a sort of well, or perhaps I should say a little pond, that comes nearly up to the walls of the house, sir; that's where you hears the splash, sir.'

'And what is it that drops, Mrs. Hewitt?'

'Don't ask me, sir, for I don't know; but I can tell you one thing, sir.'

'What is that?'

The woman checked herself.

'You're an old friend of the master's, aren't you, Mr. Forrest?'

'I think I am the most intimate friend he has.'

'Then I'll tell you, sir. The master's mad!'

'Mad!' Forrest exclaimed, involuntarily raising his voice. 'But——'