

to us that you were down at Stukeley alone, ghost-hunting or something of that sort, and I'm afraid it leaked out among the young people of our party. Two of our girls—I shan't tell you which—stole over there last night to give you a start of some kind. They didn't see you at all, but, by Jove, it seems they got the biggest kind of a fright *themselves*, for they declare that something dreadful in armour, you know, was sitting in the gallery. Awfully good joke, wasn't it? Of course *you* didn't see anything—did you?'

'No,' said the Barbarian, discreetly.

THE END

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