

sudden resolution, and said: "Nay, I'll thank him when I return. Farewell, and —"

"You will return — soon?" she said, with quivering lip.

"Ay, with Master Holyday — or news of him," he answered, and turned to the servant: "Show me the way to Marshleigh Grange, and make haste."

Avoiding her glance, he hurried down the stairs ere she could frame a further objection. The servant, wonder-eyed, followed him. When he was out of the house, he shook his head, and said within himself: "Another minute in her presence, and 'twould have been she that bade me go, I that begged to stay."

He dared not look back; had he done so, as he hastened down the hillside, he might have seen that she had changed her window for one which looked toward his road. When he disappeared in the lane to which his man conducted him, she dropped her face upon her arms.

The lonely plain whereon the Grange stood was nearer than he had supposed. When he reached the house, there was no sign of life about it. He called and knocked; and finally was admitted to the hall by Jeremy. The old man was its only occupant, living or dead. He was engaged in washing out sundry stains that reddened the floor.

"Hath your master taken them away?" asked