
THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER

vously and blushed visibly. "I would like to know, for you see, ma'am, Silas promised to take me to the theatre to-night, and I would not like to disappoint him for all the world."

"And Silas Butterworth shall not be disappointed, Kitty," answered Aunt Hawkins.

"It would be a pity to have Silas drive in from the country for nothing—so just hurry upstairs and put on your best clothes. Muriel and I will see that Arthur is well cared for."

"A thousand thanks, ma'am!" said Kitty. "Silas and I are engaged, you know, but that is miles from being married, eh? Kitty Frederick isn't in such a hurry to change her name to Butterworth, you may depend upon it, ma'am."

Just then Kitty heard footsteps outside. "Ah! I'm sure that's Silas!" And in a second she disappeared from the room.

"Kitty is a good girl, auntie," remarked Muriel, looking up from her book. "I do hope she will not think of marrying Silas Butterworth for a long time yet."

"And so do I," interrupted Mrs. Hawkins. "It would be very difficult to replace her."

Presently the old family clock in the hall struck eight. The house was very quiet. The sound of the clock had the slightest touch of melancholy in it.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Muriel, "eight o'clock, and Arthur not home yet!"