

in splendid form, if a little overweighted by the burdens they bore. In some strange way Claire's simple gifts had been secretly augmented until they piled up upon the trays, twin-mountains of treasure.

When the first surprise was past, and the wonders examined and exclaimed over, Martha bent toward Claire, from her seat of honor on the grass.

"Didn't I think to tell you Mr. Blennerhasset come up on the early train? Sammy, he drove down to the station himself to meet'm. Mr. Blennerhasset brought up all them grand things—for Mr. Ronald. Ain't he—I mean Mr. Ronald—a caution to've remembered the day? I been so took up with things over there to the great house, I musta forgot to tell you about Mr. Blennerhasset. Ain't everything just elegant?—"

"It's pretty, the way the night comes down up here. With the sharp pin-heads o' stars prickin' through, one by one. They don't seem like that in the city, do they? An' the moon's comin' up *great!*"

Claire's eyes were fixed on the grassy slope ahead.

"Who are those three men over there?" she asked. "What are they doing? I can't make out in the dusk anything but shadow-forms."

"Sam, an' Mr. Blennerhasset, an'—an'—an—"