



Sweethearts for everybody!

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Lockington were true, he saw no other person besides his doctor, and admitted into the house nobody of his own condition, except during the brief and infrequent visits of his wife.

She leant back, unable to come to any definite decision as to the identity of her mysterious acquaintance, and resolved to make cautious attempts to solve the puzzle by careful questions to the housekeeper and Susan.

In the meantime she was revelling, in spite of certain misgivings and nervous fears, in the enjoyment of these new and wonderful interests. Here was she, living very much as the lady had lived in the fairy tale, served by fairy hands, and waited on as if she were a princess, and now the tale was complete by the appearance of the Beast!

She laughed to herself at her impertinence in applying this epithet to the person whom she supposed to be Lord Lockington, and by consequence another and more flattering epithet to herself.

And then, once more closing her eyes and leaning back in her chair very cosily, she went over in her own mind the strange incidents of the afternoon and evening, and tried to piece them together, and to decide whether the person whom she had discovered lying on the ground could be the man to whom she had just been speaking.

If they were one and the same, certainly her more recent acquaintance was a very good actor, for he had appeared to be, not indeed very much surprised at her account, but sufficiently interested to give the impression that he was hearing what he had not heard before.

And then the mystery of the cloak. Such cloaks as that which she had picked out of the bracken were not, she thought, very common, but the man who had just been talking to her had had one thrown round him, and it was with a corner of it that he had concealed his head and face.

While she was lying back, thinking over all she had been through that day, and smiling to herself in some slight pleasure at the remembrance of her new acquaintance and his promise to appear to her without concealment in a month's time, she was much startled by Mrs. Holland's voice.

"Bless me!" were the words Edna heard, and they brought her to a stiffer position with a jump.

"Oh, Mrs. Holland, is it you? I didn't hear you come in."

The girl smiled at the housekeeper, who was standing in the middle of the room, and looking at her, not with her usual benevolent interest, half patronising and half respectful, but with an expression of curiosity which appeared to be not unmingled with fear.

"Where have you been?" asked the housekeeper, shortly.

Now this was a very awkward question to answer. To tell the truth, as Edna would have liked to do, was forbidden; to tell a lie was equally out of the question, unless she should be very hard pressed, when her loyalty to her promise would have to prevail.

She took refuge in an evasion. "Why?" she asked.

"Because," said Mrs. Holland, coming a little nearer, and dropping her voice to a whisper as she let her eyes wander round the room, and search each corner, "I came in here a little while ago, and you had disappeared. Where were you?"

Edna laughed, and pointing to the door leading into the hall, quite truly said: "I haven't been through that doorway since I came in here after dinner."

"Where were you, then?"

"I was hiding."

"Hiding!" Mrs. Holland looked incredulous. "Hiding from me?"

Edna shook her head. "Oh, no. I was in the Blue Saloon, where you took me to see the picture of the lady."

The housekeeper looked more amazed than ever. "You were in the Blue Saloon! Why, how could that be, when—"

She stopped short, and pursed up her mouth as if she thought the girl had told her a falsehood. Edna, although she saw that she was expected to say something else, held her peace. She wished that Mrs. Holland, satisfied that she was not telling the truth, would go away, offended. But the woman's curiosity was too great for that.

Going slowly across the floor until

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