

to pass. And then—I do not remember anything, until I found myself shabbily dressed in a little inn, where, I suppose, the man, having made his escape, left me.”

CHAPTER IV

AT that I remember that I cried out in overwhelming excitement and amazement; cried out that I knew the man and his story, and the place whence she had been taken; that I had heard the tale from my father years before. “It was Colonel Porter who picked you up—Colonel Porter, and he saved his life by it!” I cried, quite beside myself at the wonderful discovery I had made. “It was Colonel Porter, in the great riot at Norwich.”

“Ah?” she said, slowly; looking away from me, and speaking so coolly and strangely as both to surprise and damp me.

Yet I persisted. “Yes,” I said, “the story is well known; at least that part of it. But——” and there and at that word I stopped, dumbfounded and gaping.

“But what?” she asked sharply, and looked at me again; the colour risen in her face.

“But—you are only eighteen,” I hazarded timidly, “and the Norwich riot was in the War time. I dare say, thirty years ago.”

She turned on me in a sort of passion.

“Well, sir, and what of that?” she cried. “Do you think me thirty?”

“No, indeed,” I answered. And at the most she was nineteen.

“Then don’t you believe me?”

I cried out too at that; but, boy-like, I was so proud of my knowledge and acuteness that I could not let the