

she had other news to give. "The master's gone away," she said. "He got a telegram, which he's left for you to read. I packed him just a few things in a bag, and got him a fly from Simpson's to take him to the station."

Helen Ambrose's heart was beating in her throat as she made her way to the library, that room of mystery which she entered so rarely, and guarded so jealously.

Her husband had scribbled just a few words, enclosing the telegram he had received.

"Sorry you are out, but I feel I must go, although it is a great nuisance; but I suppose I am wanted, otherwise they would not have sent for me."

The telegram was from a cousin of his, informing him that her mother, his aunt, was very ill, and that he was to come at once.

There was no mention how long he would be away. He left no orders, and by further questioning Mrs. Ambrose discovered that he had not seen any one of his children before he had taken his departure.

Her first sensation after her surprise had vanished was one of intense relief. She would be free to move in any way that she wished, or was necessary, with Nigel Ambrose out of the house.

She ordered dinner to be served at the usual hour, and she also gave the note containing the telegram to a maid, and told her to take it to Miss Ambrose. Dick she was going to interview personally.

She was a long time changing her dress; and while she was in her room the nurse-girl brought her little charge to say good-night.

He was very dirty, but he looked quite happy, and