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the marks, real or imaginary, of muddy boots on the grass, not too easy to make out even in a better light, she came suddenly, without expecting it, close up to the wooden door of the little stone building which had excited her curiosity on her first visit to this part of the park.

It seemed to her that the footsteps, the impression of the muddy boots, finished just there, before the iron-bound door.

Rather struck by the suggestive fact that the man had disappeared so quickly, and that the locked door might offer a possible solution to the mystery of his hiding-place, Edna, much perturbed by the result of her curiosity, uttered a little "Oh!" and ran away in the direction of the house.

She ran across the grass under the trees, which had been interesting and pleasant when she came out of the house, was by no means so agreeable on her return thither.

Indeed, Edna began to see shadowy forms behind each tree and each bush, to hear fancied footsteps behind her as she ran under the shadow of the oaks and beeches; and it was with a thankful feeling that she found herself inside the flower-garden at the back of the house, and closed behind her the little gate in the wire fence, as if that frail barrier were strong enough to keep out bogeys.

She wondered whether any remark would be made to her, when she got indoors, about her walk in the park. But nobody seemed to know anything about it, and Mrs. Holland, whom she met presently, as she went down-stairs at the sound of the gong, smiled at her and asked her merely whether she had found the time hang very heavy on her hands without any playing or singing to do.

"I have, rather," said Edna, with a smile. "But I went for a walk in the park, and it was nice there till it began to grow cold."

She wanted to see whether the house-keeper would ask her any questions, or give her any warning similar to that given her by her labouring friend.

But the only question the house-keeper put was one as to the time when she would be ready to see the dress-maker who was coming on the following day to make up the dress Lord Lockington had given her; and that matter settled, Mrs. Holland smilingly let her go down to dinner.

Edna felt ashamed of the neglectfulness she had shown in failing to ask after her employer's health again. But she had been so much perturbed by her adventure that this little requirement of courtesy had been forgotten. She now, therefore, turned to Revesby before she sat down, and asked him how Lord Lockington was that evening.

"He's not been well enough to leave his room to-day, ma'am," said the butler; "but the doctor thinks he'll be able to get up to-morrow; and he desired me to say that he will work you very hard at the organ and the piano, ma'am, after having had to do without any music for a whole day."

Edna smiled, and said she would be quite ready for as much music as Lord Lockington wanted.

And then the state function of dinner began. But she was getting used to ceremony by this time, and was no longer so much ashamed of her appetite as she had been at first.

NOTHING unusual disturbed the course of the dinner, or of the quiet evening which she always spent in the White Saloon, until Edna had looked at the illustrated papers and magazines which, according to Revesby's promise, had been provided for her, and until she had seated herself at the piano, played one of her pieces, and sung one or two ballads.

Then something—she scarcely knew herself whether it was only a fancy that someone was in the room with her, or whether it was a faint sound she heard—made her look round.

Even then she was not absolutely sure that she saw or heard anything. But she had an idea that she saw a figure disappear, through the doorway which led into an adjoining room.

Starting to her feet, she ran across the floor in the direction of this door, which was usually kept locked, as she knew.

If she had been quite sure that she

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