

"Lady Matheson will be sure to call and I don't want her to know that Mrs. Ambrose is staying here. She may—think it strange if she knows I have some one with me and refuse to see her."

"That's all right," said Payne.

The maid was really enjoying herself. She knew, of course, that something of a very big nature had happened; but she was not troubled with much curiosity. It was sufficient for her to realize that Angus and Gertrude Kurtiss had gone out of her mistress' life suddenly and probably for ever: that there was also some little upset between Olivia Mary and her son Payne could not deny; but she was not going to trouble about this either! It gave her an immense amount of pleasure to feel that she had her mistress safely in her hands, and she approved warmly of the invitation to Mrs. Ambrose and the child.

When he arrived she carried Spudgins up to the room allotted to him and produced mysterious little bags from her pocket.

"I guess he'll be as sick as sick if he eats all that," said Mrs. Ambrose; then she went back to Olivia Mary's room and installed herself in a chair by the fire. Though neither women spoke much, they were each conscious of an indescribable amount of comfort in the fact that they were together.

After awhile Olivia Mary spoke of the journey to America.

"When you go shall you go alone?" she asked.

"If I go—yes. But it's a far-off chance if I go at all. I told you one time, Mrs. Cheston, that I was a singer. Well, if I go back, it will be to take up my work again.