

along the path to the door, but he was too miserable to even lift his head.

"Why—Elgar Hunt—is it really you, or am I dreaming?"

Elgar looked up then, and one glance being sufficient, he made a bound, which carried him to the side of Edith, then he gripped her arm, shaking her gently, as if to make sure that she was a reality, and not a thin unsubstantial ghost.

"To think that you should turn up here, just when I had about given up hope of ever getting to know where they had hidden you, it seems jolly well too good to be true!" he exclaimed.

But she pouted, and did not look too pleased, "If you had wanted to see me so badly, pray why did you not come before?" she asked, staring at him and thinking how worn he looked, just as if he had been ill. She was not very flourishing in appearance herself, being thin, and pale, and incredibly shabby.

"How could I come, when I did not know where you were?" he said, his tone growing stern now, for it seemed to him that she might somehow have tried to communicate with her friends who so badly wanted to know where she was hidden.

"Tim said that he told you where I was, and that he and Sally had lost the proofs of my identity, and so it would never be really known that I was a Hunt, of Hunt's Crag, in consequence of which, you would inherit all alone," she said, her poor little pride flaring up, as she faced him with flashing eyes, and a manner so haughty that he was instantly reminded of the picture of his beautiful grandmother in the emerald locket.