

"Now what does that mean, I wonder?" said Elgar to himself, in profound astonishment, as he rose and slowly crossed the room to shut the door. "I thought that they had locked him up, it looks uncommonly as if he had done a jailbreak, unless indeed I have been dreaming it all; only one thing is very certain, and that is, I could not possibly have dreamed the door open."

It was nearly an hour later before Mrs. Frith came hurrying back, and then she was full of apologies for having left Elgar so long alone.

"My nearest neighbour lives across lots, inland from the river, and her baby has been taken ill, so I have been helping her with the poor mite, and we were so absorbed that I forgot all about you, then when the child got better, and the mother, she is quite a young woman, had got a little over her fright, I hurried away, and I do hope that you have not wanted anything."

"No thank you, I believe that I was asleep for a good bit, and I have been downright comfortable," replied Elgar, but he did not speak of that sudden appearance of the man, who was his enemy. For one thing he did not want to scare Mrs. Frith, by making her afraid to live in that lonely place, and for another he was willing to let Simon Bulkley get away so far as he was concerned. If he were asked, he would have to speak of course, but he was not obliged to put information in the way of the police.

Mr. Frith came home in the afternoon, but it was only to tell his wife that he was to start immediately for some place seventy miles away, and he would be