

Helen. I have a great deal of confidence in you ; you know that, do you not ? ”

“ Thank you, sir. You do me great honour.”

The captain affected not to hear the low, murmured remark as he walked away towards the stables.

“ Poor girl,” he said to himself ; “ I wonder what is her real story ? And what on earth made her pass counterfeit money ? There is no more of the criminal instinct in her than there is in me ! An educated, refined girl like her descend to the practice of downright rascality ! Absurd ! And yet she was not only proved guilty, but admitted her guilt ! Hang me if I can understand it.”

As he came to the stables his meditations were cut short by seeing old Tim conversing with a mounted man, whom he recognised as Dr. Haldane’s servant.

“ Where is the doctor, Hawley ? ”

Hawley, a fine stalwart young man (formerly a private in a dragoon regiment) saluted, and handed Lathom a note. “ He is coming, sir. I was just bringing this to the house, sir.”

Lathom opened the note, and read it, and in an instant an angry expression clouded his face, and something like an oath escaped his lips.

“ Very well, Hawley. Put your horse in the paddock—the doctor will be staying here to-night.” Then he turned on his heel, and walked towards Lieutenant Willet’s quarters.

“ What’s the matther wid the captain at all at all ? ” asked old Tim of the doctor’s servant.

Hawley’s sunburnt face relaxed into a smile. “ Did you hear him swearing under his breath ? Well, that is just the very thing that the doctor said—and a