

No. 13. At the door she stood listening, but hearing no sound, she turned the handle softly, and peeped cautiously in. The window blind was up, and the moon shone full upon the bed, and upon the two young men who lay calmly asleep. Hetty paused a moment, and then with bare feet tiptoed noiselessly over the carpet to the toilet-table, and laid the pencil-case down in front of the glass, and as silently retreated. She was about to shut the door when a sudden flap of the bed clothes made her flee to the far end of the corridor, where, in a recess, she stood panting and pressing her hand hard over her heart. As she craned her neck to listen, she fancied she heard sounds as of someone in distress, and losing her fear of being caught in the greater dread of her lover being ill, she again tiptoed up to the door, and looking in, grew speechless, struck dumb with mortal fear. It was a full hour before she returned to her little bed in the attic, and though it was a soft, summer night, her teeth chattered in her head. She shivered and shook as in a fit of ague, the very blood in her young veins ran cold with horror. She dressed herself with trembling hands, and, thinking her senses had surely deceived her, she glided fearfully down again and looked in. The two were now lying quietly on the bed—Ramsay back in the shade; Arbuckle's face turned to the light; sleeping calmly.