

"Crazy Oliver!" says she. "Let the woman be! One of the maids, or Joan Cockerell, the gardener's wife. Why such a to-do?"

"Old Joan! As if I should not know old Joan! No, no!—this is some trick, or the Devil's in it."

"What *can* you mean, Oliver?" She speaks seriously, for she is always haunted by that fear about his brain.

"I suppose it's that infernal dream I dreamt . . . yes—I told you once, I know. A damned dream about my mother—rest her soul!—on the terrace here, limping along. She limped, you know. . . . But I told you of it? . . ." And then, John Rackham coming back with some tale of why he could not at the moment lay hands on the key, he rated him well for his carelessness, and of course Lucinda asked no more about the dream and the figure of the woman on the terrace.

But every word they had said together had been heard and marked by Susan Trant in the room over the stable, quite close to them.