

"Yes, indeed he was surprised. Of course, directly he came, I rushed out at him with my news, telling him not to make any noise when he came in, because I did not want you to be awakened suddenly; and when he had heard my story he told me his, and it was while he was talking that you woke up," said Mrs. Frith.

"When will he be home again; Mr. Frith I mean?" asked Elgar.

"I hope he will be here by six o'clock to-night, but of course I never know, a man in his profession cannot keep regular hours, or say for a certainty that he will do this or that. But the Chief is a very considerate man, and if my husband has been sent away on any expedition which may take days, or even weeks as the case may be, he always sends me word so that I can then do as I like about staying here alone," Mrs. Frith replied; and then her work took her out of the house, so that Elgar was left alone for a time.

The house was so quiet, the stove was so warm, and he was so exceedingly comfortable, that he dropped asleep, and was dreaming blissfully, when the door was suddenly burst open, and a man darted in.

Elgar woke up with a jerk then, and opened his eyes to see Simon Bulkley standing at the other side of the table, staring at him, with an expression of frozen fear on his face.

"Why——" began Elgar, not in the least knowing what he was going to say, but he did not get beyond the first word, for with a hoarse cry, the man turned and fled out by the way he had come, leaving the door wide open behind him.