

there was no ambush of painted savages to fear in the woodlands of the manor.

Puzzled by the silence, and wondering abashed at the note of that brief cry, Francis let the horse move forward; then on second thought he sprang to the ground, caught the reins up on one of the holsters, and walked briskly ahead. The horse followed quietly.

In this manner they moved along for a considerable distance, the young man expecting to catch sight of the girl at every turn of the path, and at every turn wondering more and more why she did not appear. He increased his pace, and soon saw the gleam of a white frock between the forest walls in front. *She was moving away from him.*

"Isobel, Isobel!" he called, and broke into a run.

She did not turn until he was within a few yards of her. Then she sprang aside, and faced him with feigned amazement in her splendid eyes. There was another emotion there which the amazement could have hidden only from persons with as little experience in such matters as young Drurie.

"Frank!" she cried.

Laughing, he tried to catch her in his arms; but she slipped out of his embrace, and held him away with one light hand. Her brow and cheeks were bright with fleeting colour. Her eyes looked past him,