

Lord Lockington

By FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER XV.

THERE was still something so mysterious about this employer whom she had never seen, and whom, perhaps, she had never heard, that she could not calmly contemplate the possibility that he might have been, but an hour or so before, in her sitting-room.

"Perhaps he will be satisfied to see you in the dress and the ring," said Mrs. Holland, as she rose to go away.

She left Edna in a very unhappy and restless frame of mind. It was greatly against her inclination to be thus "dressed up" at all, and she was dreading the completion of the handsome gown, which she would have to wear, as she knew, constantly, since her own simple frock would look too plain and shabby after such gorgeous raiment.

The ring, too, was bound to attract the attention of the servants, who would talk, of course, and whose gossip would spread beyond the house walls.

Very unwillingly, indeed, the girl began to realize that it was unlikely she would be able to stay long in her mysterious but comfortable situation, and that she would be lucky if she managed to get away without having grievously offended or scandalized some one or other of the persons by whom she was surrounded.

The prospect of a sudden visit from an angry and jealous lady, too, indignant with her for having given even the mild pleasure of a little music to her invalid husband, was decidedly alarming.

On the whole, Edna felt that the events of the day had been very depressing in their nature, from the severe catechism put to her by the Vicar's wife and the curious stares of the Vicar's children, to the unpleasant revelations just made to her by the housekeeper.

She had to go downstairs to eat a second dinner, and then she spent a rather tedious evening, listening to every sound, and wondering whether Lord Lockington would soon keep his word, and present himself before her as he had promised.

For she felt more sure than before that it was the Viscount whom she had met in the shut-up rooms, since some questions she had put about the doctor had conclusively proved that it could not have been he. Her mysterious acquaintance was certainly above the middle height, and she had learnt from Susan that the doctor was below it; while her friend was slight, the doctor was stout. Without doubt, therefore, Dr. Pearce was not the man she had met.

The events of the day had made Edna so restless that she could not settle down either to play or to sing, and decided to venture into the library, which was next door to the Blue Saloon, and was entered from the hall, in order to find a book to read.

She had been told that she would always find this room lighted, and that she could go to it whenever she liked, and that there was a bookcase full of novels and tales, poetry and light literature, on the left-hand side.

She had never entered the library, however, being still very timid about roaming by herself on the mysterious premises. But on this occasion she not only felt no great timidity, but she felt that she would rather welcome an adventure, such as an encounter with the Viscount would be, or the discovery of a new treasure store.

So she slipped softly out into the great hall, glided over the matting on tiptoe, and opening the door of the library found the room filled with bright light.

Alarmed, although she had been told she would find the room well lighted, she would have retreated more quickly than she came, if a voice, the very same voice which she remembered to have heard

muffled behind the folds of the cloak, had not addressed her, and checked her steps.

"Don't run away, Miss Bellamy. Come in and take any book you want. There are plenty for us both."

Rather to her surprise, Edna did not now feel the least confusion at the sound of the well-remembered voice. On the contrary, connecting it, as she did, with so many little acts of kindness and gener-

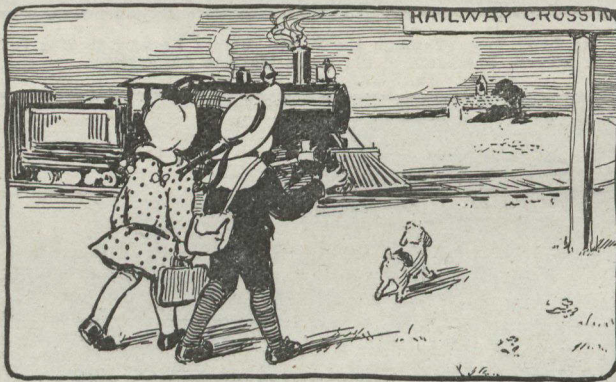
osity, she felt a thrill of pleasure at the sound, and obeying at once, she came into the room, modestly indeed, but with a smiling face and a softly uttered "Thank you, Lord Lockington."

She had already discovered that the room, which was not very large for the size of the house, appeared to be untenanted; and by the direction from which the sound came she guessed that her old

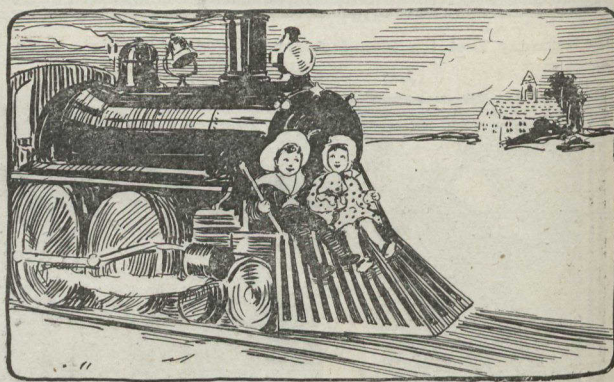
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Why Willie and Lillie Were Late

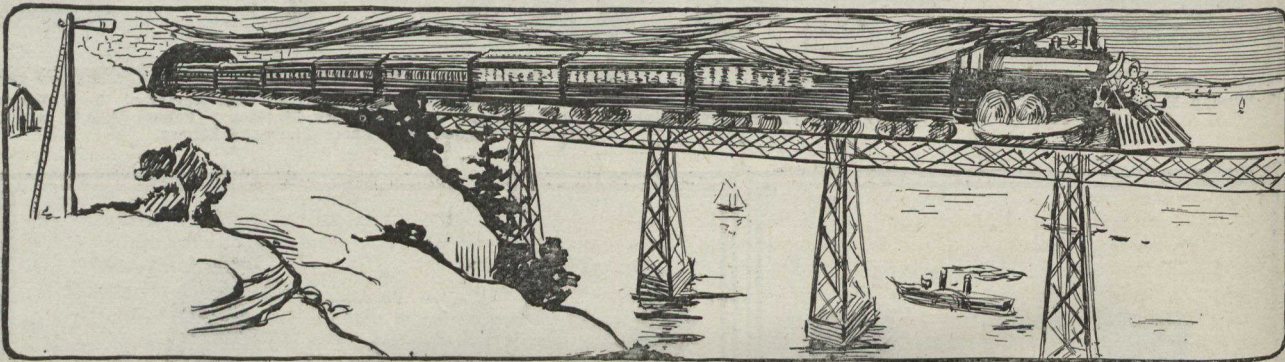
By ESTELLE M. KERR



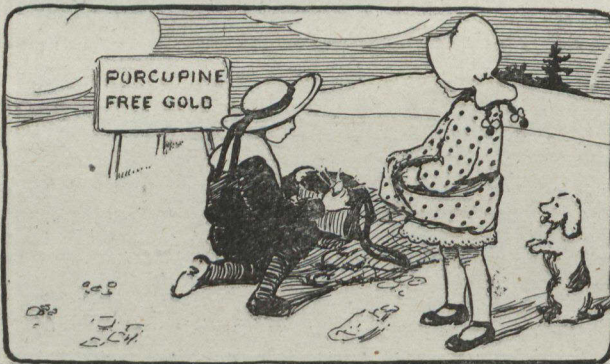
When Will and Lill set out for school
One day both warm and fine,
They saw an engine standing still
Upon a railway line.



Said Willie, "This same railway track
Goes very near our school,
And here we have a splendid seat,
The breeze will keep us cool."



Just then the engine started off as fast as it could go,
It passed the school and on it flew, while Will and Lill cried "Oh!"
Through tunnels, over bridges high—the scenery was fine!
Until at last they found it had arrived at Porcupine.



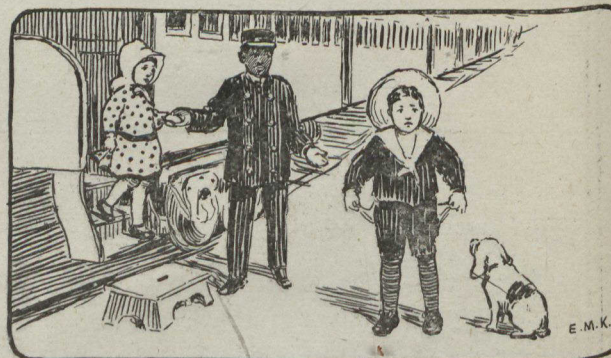
Right there beside the railway
Was some high-grade golden ore,
So Willie filled his school bag full
Till it could hold no more.



And then they took the train for home
And, in the dining-car,
The waiter brought them chicken-pie,
Ice cream and caviar.



Said Willie, "My, it's simply great
To be a millionaire!"
Alas, some bandits stopped the train
And robbed them then and there.
"Your money or your life!" they cried,
And Willie passed the bags
Filled up with golden nuggets, books
And pencils, slates and rags.



They didn't have a penny left;
They couldn't tip the porter,
Although the man had brushed them well
He never got a quarter.
If they had called a taxi-cab
They might have been in time,
But as it was, they reached the school
At twenty after nine.