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though she could scarcely have been more than twenty-two or three.

"Another mystery!" Virginia said in a low voice. "How comes she to be English? Is she the girl they were talking about down below, or is she a companion?"

"She looks like a banished princess," said Trent. "I never saw such wonderful eyes. Deep as a well, reflecting a night of stars."

Lady Gardiner's lips tightened a little. She was rather vain of her eyes. "I think the girl would appear a very ordinary young person," she remarked, "if one saw her anywhere but here."

George lifted her down from the horse without answering, but Virginia did not wait to be helped. She sprang to the ground, and by the time that George had tethered the horses an old man in a faded livery came limping out from the side door through which the girl in black had lately disappeared.

Almost crippled with rheumatism, he had still all the dignity of a trusted servant of an ancient house, and his old eyes seemed gravely to defy these prosperous young people to criticise his threadbare clothing.