

Here Seymour looked up.

"I think," he remarked, quietly. "That I might give you a *little* further information on the subject, since you seem so very much interested in it. Minnie was along with Charlie on Saturday night, on his interesting errand, and also Miss Chartres."

Archie gave a low whistle of surprise, and stared at Seymour, as though expecting him to say more, but if such was his expectation, he was doomed to disappointment, for Seymour having delivered in these few words the full extent of his information on the topic under discussion, closed his lips and turned his attention to his book again.

Minnie looked distressed, but Archie did not notice it in his astonishment and eagerness to know more about this mysterious proceeding.

"Is it true, Minnie?" he demanded. "Seymour, who told you that?—I declare I don't believe a word of it."

"Edward Laurence told me," replied Seymour, without looking up. "His mother was down there at Hollowmell yesterday, and came home full of it. I did not know before to-day that I had a saint for a sister; and as for not believing it, if you don't, just look at her and you soon will."

And sure enough her face was dyed with a hot flush that mounted even as he spoke to the roots of her hair, though he could only have been instinctively aware of her confusion, for his head was still bent over his book.

Archie looked from the one to the other in open-mouthed astonishment for a minute or two, and then it dawned upon