

"Only five minutes," said Constance.

"Oh, I know what your five minutes mean, Connie!"

"Well, it shall really be only five this time."

"Isn't this the house?"

"Yes," and Constance knocked at the door.

"Can I see Miss Matheson?"

"I'll go and see," said the woman who opened it, and in a moment or two she returned, begging that they would walk up stairs.

It was a very homely room that they were shown into, and yet there was a certain degree of taste displayed in the arrangement of its furniture. Books lay on the table, and a white chrysanthemum was flowering in a pot on a small stand in the window. A few good prints and one or two water-colour paintings hung on the walls.

The governess soon entered, pale and