thought a bright flush comes over Lena's fair face, and she looks away from the turrets. And everybody likes him, he is so kind and good, and they say Lady Elsie adores the very ground he walks on. They are always together, riding, playing tennis, or visiting the tenants, but they confine their visits to the people on the estate. They never go anywhere in the country, and people who have called at the Court have not been able to catch sight of the child. What was the strange thing that Dan, the groom, had started to tell them this very morning when Frank grew so angry, and peremptorily ordered the man to "shut up!" Lena thought of this as she wandered along through the woods. Dan evidently had heard something startling about "Me Lud and the chile," which he seemed anxious to impart. How provoking that Frank had stopped him.

Without much thought as to where she was going, Lena found herself at a low wall, and started to get over it; but just at the wrong moment her foot slipped, and she sank down on the ground on the other side, wrenching her ankle as she did so. She gave a little cry of pain and tried to rise; her attempt was partially successful in that she succeeded in reaching an upright position, but found to her chagrin that she could not bear her full weight on the injured member. What was she to do? She looked pitifully around her, but there was nothing but the wall on which to support herself. She could follow that in the hope that it would lead somewhere where she could get help. It was the only alternative; and although the ankle began to swell and to pain her, she commenced to feebly hobble along by the wall.

"Oh my! are you hurt?" cried a fresh, childish voice near her. "Let me help you!" and Lena turned to see come running to her a very pretty little miss with a great wealth of sunny, golden hair flying over her shoulders. Intuitively it flashed across her that this was "Lady Elsie," of whom she had heard so much. In the moment of the varied emotions which came over her she forgot her hurt, and removed her hand from the wall with the intention to follow out the desire to get away, which filled her. In an instant a piercing pain in her foot caused her to cry out, and then sink to the ground in a heap.

Lady Elsie was by her side now, and without a word she kneeled down and commenced to carefully unbutton the boot on the injured foot. Lena felt too faint to offer any objection, and the child succeeded in easing the pain somewhat. Lena scarcely dared trust herself to look at her. When she did so, an unaccountable feeling of relief came over her. She took hold of the child's hand.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Elsie," was the reply; "or," doubtfully, "perhaps I should say Lady Elsie, only I haven't been Lady long enough to get used to it yet. Croesus calls me 'Duchess,' but I don't like that name. But you are suffering, and I must get you some help. It won't take me but a moment; it isn't very far to my house."

The child started to go, but Lena held tight hold of her hand. She felt a strange desire to question the child; for what, she did not know herself, but Dan's brief remarks in the morning had given birth to a strange mixture of hope and fear in her breast. She almost forgot the pain in her foot.

"Who do you call Croesus?" she asked, while her cheeks burned at her finesse.

"Why, Croesus is Jack, of course! Oh, I forgot! Of course you don't know Jack; he's Lord Chellingworth," the child explained. Lena felt her heart beating very fast. Her clasp on the child's hand tightened. She nerved herself to the effort: "Why—why do you call your father by such a name?" she asked slowly, while her eyes were fixed eagerly on Elsie's.

Elsie looked at her in astonishment.

"Why, I don't call my father Croesus!" she exclaimed; "Croesus ain't my papa,—he's dead, you know."