

CHAPTER XXXI

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

IT was a bright buoyant day, with scarcely a cloud to be seen. Not a breath of wind stirred the air and every nimble leaf was still. The river flowed on its way, its glassy surface mirroring the numerous trees along its banks. Across the fields, fresh with the young green grass, came the sweet incense wafted up from countless early flowers.

Several people stood before the Rectory, beneath the shade of a large horse-chestnut tree. Their eyes were turned up the road with an eager, watchful expression. Across the gateway a rude arch had been formed, and upon it the words "Welcome Home" in large white letters had been painted, while evergreens and leaves lavishly decorated the whole. It was Glendow's preparation for the return of their absent Rector and his daughter.

Numerous changes had taken place since the night on which the gold had been found in the safe. The store was now closed and the Farringtons had departed. There had been many threats made by the defeated storekeeper, but they amounted to nothing. Glendow had been accused, and the one desire which filled all hearts was to have their old Rector back again. They