

"Well, missus," he continued, "it ain't just a nice thing to tell you, but—we found him."

"Where?" she managed to ask.

"Wall! ah, they do say as how he killed himself."

"Killed himself! No, no! Impossible; he did not."

"It's a nasty thing to hear, missus, but there's not a doubt of it, and they do say in the village as how he was around among them ail, kind o' friendly for him, and talkin' all about old times,—as my missus said, 'just as if he wuz struck fur death.' An' the line he wuz so pertickler about, pertickler it shed be strong. Why, yon's the line he's a hangin' by now."

"Line? What line—tell me?"

"The clothes-line—he bought it a purpose an' hanged himself wi' it."

"Merciful heaven!" she gasped, as she suddenly realized the awful means by which Dick intended to save her from suspicion.

"Yes! Its kind o' bad to hear tell on, but he was old and queer, anyhow—don't fret yourself, missus. We gotto have a inquest, doctor says, but it's only a matter o' form. I'll be gettin' on to the village now, mum, and some o' the wimmen folks 'ill be in soon, to stop wi' you a bit, till it's all over."

And so it was told before the jury—all that the queer old man had said and done, that afternoon, was repeated, which in the opinion of those wise (?) men, went to prove that he had taken his own life, and a verdict was returned accordingly. The law of the land had been obeyed, justice was satisfied, and Mabel was saved.

It was all over and she was left in quiet possession of the home she had so coveted for her child. But not for long would that child need an earthly home—the gates were already ajar, and before the winter snows were thick upon the ground, another little white-robed saint had entered "Unto Life." Another little grave was made in the village churchyard, and another mother's heart was desolate.