

Prowse and Timothy Thirlestone, rushed into the chamber. Honeywell's men had heard the sufferer's yells, but he was afraid to enter alone. Now the three men rushed in, to find Honeywell face downwards on the floor and Newcombe bunched up over the table.

Dury hastened to his master, turned him, and fell back before the grey face stamped with an awful death.

"He's dead! He's gone; an' that crooked villain there, glaring at him out of his demon eyes, have done it!"

"What be this, master—for God's love what have happened?" said Prowse.

He rushed to the table and shock Newcombe's shoulder, whereon the master of Dagger Farm fell heavily to the ground. "Mercy on me! he be a deader too!" shouted the labourer.

From the next room came a sound of knocking, where Ann Newcombe and her daughter cried and screamed to be released.

It was at this juncture that a rider galloped up to the door of the farm, and Quinton Honeywell dismounted and called for somebody to hold his horse. He burned for a sight of Eve; and now he had it. Prowse freed his mistress when he heard her voice, and both she and her daughter hastened to the scene of the tragedy. Ann Newcombe went to her husband's side