

Robb shook his head.

Iredale snatched the pistol from the dead man's hand.

Mrs. Malling's footsteps came creaking down the stairs. Suddenly Prudence's hands went up to her face as she thought of the shock awaiting her mother. Alice dragged her away to a chair. Iredale and Robb stood looking down at the two objects on the floor. Master and hound were lying side by side.

Sarah ran to the door and met the farm-wife. She must never know that her son was a murderer—double murderer.

Those within the room heard the school-ma'am's gentle tones.

"No, no, Hephzibah, you must not go in there yet. There are things—things which you must not know. The hound has killed him. Hervey enraged the dog and the wretched beast turned upon him—and he is dead."

Then there came the sound of a scuffle. The next moment mother Hephzy pushed her way into the room. She looked about her wildly; one hand was clutching a bundle of hundred-dollar bills. Suddenly her round, staring eyes fell upon the two objects lying side by side upon the ground. She looked at the hound; then she looked upon her son. Iredale had covered the torn throat with pocket-handkerchiefs.

The bills slowly fell in a shower from her hand, and her arms folded themselves over her breast. Then she looked in a dazed fashion upon those about her, muttering audibly.