

uttering another word, and left her adviser to his own meditations. He stood for a few minutes in the same attitude, absently fingering the papers before him, his face wearing an expression of deep thought. Jacob Penfold was indeed perplexed regarding the future of the six helpless women up-stairs.

He was not, however, long left to his ruminations, for he heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the approach, and presently the loud ring at the hall bell sent its deep echoes resounding through the silent house. Shortly thereafter the library door was opened, and a gentleman shown in. Mr. Penfold looked up quickly, and then returned, with some stiffness perhaps, the bow and bland smile with which the intruder favoured him. He recognised the face as one he had observed among the mourners at the burying-ground a few hours before.

'Afternoon, sir,' said the stranger affably. 'Coldish day.'

'Very,' was the lawyer's brief reply. 'But it is seasonable. We look for wintry weather in November.'

'So we do, we do,' said the stranger, nodding