

All right—I shall go home with John.” She seemed dazed.

“Take her home and leave her there,” said Mr. Moir. “I can’t come; I must stay here. Thank God you came here.”

If ever face had implored, Amy’s face had implored. It had besought him to take Mrs. Moir away; it had shown recognition of who she was—and dread of her presence. And he respected the supplication to the full. He did not merely carry Mrs. Moir from sight, out of the studio, but took her clear away. There was a constriction at his heart, a most terrible constriction as he saw her departing—saw her back disappearing—John aiding her.

The fat face of MacNaughten showed behind the curtain. He saluted.

“Is there anything I can do?” he asked.

“I don’t think so,” said Mr. Moir, “nobody can do anything, sir—nobody can do anything.”

A crushed and awed look came on MacNaughten’s face, and he saluted and retreated—but waited outside the door, beads of sweat dotting his troubled face.

Outside the door he tarried—and at the studio door, holding breath (waiting for the doctor’s return with a potion for Amy), Mr. Moir remained, while Amy knelt, within, beside the dead man, her hands on his shoulders, her head on his breast.

Mr. Moir attended to the final scenes. There was an old family vault by the side of Saint Mungo Cathedral, in a part of the cemetery that had been closed by local law, or municipal law, or whatever be the name for it. Ebenezer had a great deal of coming and going, here and there, for signatures to permit of the re-opening of the vault, signatures of people at the necropolis, of a Sheriff, of the Lord Provost. At last the grim trouble was over;