

### *Three Men and a Maid*

A man and a woman were standing near a clump of somber firs on the other side of the valley to that commanded by Fennell's Tower. The man had the air and semblance of an aristocrat; the woman was a curiously countrified and coarsened copy of Marjorie Neyland. She was, in fact, her elder sister, and, in sharp contrast with Marjorie's habitual good-humor, Hannah Neyland was in a bad temper, which she did not scruple to express either in word or manner. And the talk was of her sister, too.

"She has only come here to upset the whole place," said she, viciously stabbing a hole in the turf with her umbrella-tip. "She might have stayed where she was in London, studying her 'Art,' and not been missed, I'm sure! But from the day she put her foot back in Hudston, everybody seems to have taken leave of their senses. . . ."

"Did you ever happen to hear of a certain Helen of Troy?" asked James Courthope, fingering the end of his blonde beard.

"I've heard the name, I think," answered the frowning Hannah. "Who was she?"

"A young lady with a classic nose, Hannah, and no doubt a naughty little fire in the corner of her eye; and because of these, a city was sacked, and many souls of heroes were sent down to — you know where. It isn't an unusual thing. But we don't want it going on at Hudston on the Yorkshire moors, do we? Why the deuce couldn't your aunt leave Miss Marjorie to pursue her bright career in the wilds of Bayswater, without bringing her here upon us all in this way?"

"Well, Marjorie is my sister," pouted Hannah, ready to quarrel on any pretext. "I don't want to say anything against her, seeing that I'm five years older than she —"