

gone! He is gone! He is dead! Stay here with Mary, Mrs. Hunter—”

“I cannot,” she said. She had an intense terror of the dead.

“I will stay alone,” said Mary. “Run, Madge, and send for Dr. Areher, Soper, any one. Send at once, but it is useless. My poor old unele! Ah, how good you were to me!” The latter days were forgotten. She threw herself on her knees beside him, overcome with grief.

The scared servants came to the door, huddled in a group. Mary rose and gave some quiet orders. The dead man was carried into his chamber and laid on the bed.

Mrs. Hunter had gone to her own room. She threw herself on a lounge, limp and weak. Presently she got up, and, finding a flask, drank a long draught of the brandy. In a little while she felt better.

“What an escape! What an escape!” She got up, washed out the eup and emptied the half-filled vial of acetonite out of the window. Next she carefully removed the label and rinsed the bottle. After this she lay down again, and, with a sense of entire relief, fell into thought.

“I must ask to stay to the funeral. That will be best—and mourning? I suppose I must. It is rather a waste, but, after all, it becomes me. What an escape!”

In the evening she wrote a note:

“DEAR MISS FAIRTHORNE: I had meant to leave on Wednesday not to return. I had not told your unele. You and I