

the Pope of Rome, being nothing but a mere side-trick anyone may play off on another, to his confusion or hers, being as may be man or woman. . . ."

What follows is entirely description of the incidents at Kips Manor already known to the reader—of the apprehension of the accused culprit by the constabulary on her way back to Trant's Farm; of her maltreatment during detention, pending the arrival of the magistrates; and of her examination and escape, which has already appeared in the story as narrative to Rackham. This brings us to the point of interest, her arrival at the New Hall. She goes on as though answering a question:

"Why did I come to Croxley? Where else should I go, with all the folk against me crying out to burn the witch!—burn the witch? Of all that had any heart for me at all there was none but was afraid, and the man I was married to turned against me, and would have it I had bewitched him!

"How many folk ever come to know what it feels like to be hunted? 'Tis a knowledge that teaches to seek cover where one may. I had not spent my life in the making of friends, to find one at any pinch. But I knew if I could get here I might find something better than friendship—service. I was hopeful to command the poor old fool, John Rackham, and to make him do my bidding. It was an easy task, as it turned out. But no evil spirits in it, good lack! There was neither God nor Devil in it, to my thinking, but only Mother Nature, who will have her japes, mark you, and we know it. Shall the trees that hatch out young goslings from their pods meet denial for no better reason than that thou and I have never seen one? As soon say there be no eggs with two yolks, because your hen never laid one, nor mine! 'Tis