

stands. Quinton Honeywell is worth from seven to ten thousand pounds."

"Which being so, I'll trapse back, dog-beat as I am," said the fat man. "I don't ax to know no more but I'm that young man's humble friend an' servant to command for life. Like a burr I'll stick to his fortune so long as he'm sensible. I always knowed there was the making of a hero in him, and, though I never told him so, I withstood master about him many a time."

The men tramped off together to Dagger Farm and Dury wearied his companion with unctuous and short-winded accounts of his own life-long goodness to the dead. Thereupon Brimpts silenced him with some painful news.

"You were down in the second will for one hundred pounds, Mr. Hext. But unfortunately your name don't appear in the first. Think upon that disappointment, and save your wind for sighing."

At Dagger Farm Quinton Honeywell had speeded with Ann Newcombe, and then, after doing all that was in his power to soothe her shattered mind, led Evelyn by the hand and walked out to the garden with her. Indoors, Noah Newcombe, hastily summoned from Postbridge, took command, despatched a messenger to Prince Town, directed that the dead men should be laid out side by side, and made arrangements for the