

over her dead, and the wretched murderess crouched in the chamber above.

The inquest was held next day, and the verdict returned, "Willful murder."

A carriage and two constables were in waiting to convey the prisoner to Speckhaven Jail, to stand her trial, at the autumn assizes, for life.

As they led her down, haggard, hollow-eyed—her beauty all gone in a night—she paused on the threshold and asked to see the servant, Joe.

It was a strange request, but they granted it, and Joe, with his cap pulled far over his eyes, slouched forward with hanging head, and his mother bent forward and kissed him.

"You are my son," she said, "and I am sorry I struck you. I don't ask you to forgive me; I don't deserve it, and you can not; but forget me, if you can. It was just retribution that you should have arrested me in the act. Good-bye!"

And then she turned to Cyril Trevanion, standing with folded arms, terribly stern and grave.

"I neither ask you to forgive nor forget. You will be happy in spite of me. I did my best—I fought to the last. I would have killed you if I could, but you have won!"

They led her away. She spoke no word as the carriage whirled through the town, followed by the hootings and groans of the mob, who would have torn her to pieces could they have reached her. They locked her in her dreary cell, which she was to leave but for a colder and darker home, and left her to herself and the long, pitiless night.

And in the morning they found her dead. A tiny knife—so tiny that she had hidden it in the thick coils of her hair—had opened a vein, and, without word or cry, she had lain there alone and bled to death.

CHAPTER XXX.

MISS CHUDLEIGH'S LAST.

Laid in a rude pine coffin, without shroud or shroud, they buried her, in the twilight of the same day, in the dreary prison burial-ground. And among all who had admired the brilliant widow, there was not one to look his last on her now, or mourn over that unhallowed grave.

And a week later a long and stately procession followed the plumed hearse that bore General Ewes Trevanion to his last resting-place, in the vaults of the old monastic church. And the lion of the day—the talk of the county—this modern hero