

Three Men and a Maid

soon roam over that wonderful moor of yours in an unprofessional capacity, I remain,

“Yours very sincerely,

“FREDERIC J. WEBSTER.”

Oddly enough, when Mr. Webster arrived in Hudston, he took Felix into the churchyard one morning, and asked to be shown Hannah's grave. To his surprise, he found a very beautiful wreath deposited there. Its flowers, imported from the South of France, aroused his curiosity, and he questioned the sexton.

“Ay,” said the man, “it kem frae Lunnon. Mrs. Warren often brings flowers, but this is t'first I've had frae Lunnon.”

Webster smoked vigorously in silence for some minutes. Then he snapped his fingers and growled:

“It may be yours, James. If it is, you have softened a bit, but you have a rogue's heart, all the same. And, if it hadn't been for that poor girl lying there, I would have hanged you — sure thing. And I would have done right, too. For you killed Robert Courthope. The hand was the hand of Hannah, but the voice was the voice of James.”

THE END