

## 'POSTLE FARM.



### PROLOGUE.

TWO men stood together in the dark. The trees surged to and fro in the wailing autumn wind.

"Will you do this? Yes or no?"

"Oh sir! 'tis a cruel thing for ask!"

"Will you do it? Yes or no?"

"Please, sir, give me time for think!"

"There is no time to give. Yes or no?"

"I've always loved 'ee, sir! But ain't there no way out of it?"

"None. I am in extremity? I want your help."

Then the other man trembled exceedingly.