

a pack of hounds! I'm a sportsman myself—but one must draw the line somewhere."

At dusk, while the dinner was spoiling in the kitchen, and even the guest began to suspect an accident, there came Dury Hext with his grim news.

"An' if Master Quinton Honeywell didn't come in 'pon the top of this coil! An' I'll thank you, sir, to tell me who be heir an' who ban't. 'Cause if the young man is to be, I must bear myself towards him accordingly. If he ban't in the will 'tis different. I don't want to demean myself for nought."

"Dead!" said the lawyer. "Poisoned, you say? But who can prove that?"

"You'd best to come up-along to that cursed Dagger Farm—no good could come of any place wi' such a cut-throat name—I waited till that kind gentleman, Doctor MacGrath, rode over from the War Prison; an' he says that they was poisoned."

"They?"

"Both. John Newcombe must have gived him beer to drink with some deadly bane in it; an' then the wretch must have dranked himself. 'Tis all wrapped in mystery for evermore, 'cept that they be so dead as any other earth; an' a cruel death 'twas, too, by the looks of 'em."

"Then that's waste paper," said Brimpts, pointing to the document open on the table. "The old will