

hydrophobia from which Saul died. A bad wound, combined with mental disturbance, certainly did cause his end ; and there were those who said it was better so than through the vengeance of the law.

There is no need to dwell upon the horrors of the discovery completed by the police—of the lime and its effect, and the points by which George Harrington proved at the inquest that these were the remains of his old treacherous companion, Dan Portway.

For without seeing them he swore to there being a peculiar ridge upon the skull, the result of a tomahawk wound, and to there being either a hole or the trace of a hole in the scapula, where Nature had covered the passage through of a revolver bullet. He swore, too, that the watch found on the murdered man was made in a particular way, contained a certain inscription, and that the ring upon his finger was roughly beaten out of virgin gold, and contained his initials "G. H.," and the date when he had idly formed it with a hammer and a chisel, out of a Rocky Mountain nugget.

He proved then, and afterwards by means of communication from the States, enough to satisfy the most sceptical, that he was the real George Harrington ; while now the gardener could come forward with divers little bits of evidence to add to the certainty of Saul Harrington's guilt.

"Why didn't I say so afore?" the gardener said in the kitchen, in answer to a question, "'cause I didn't think it was no consequence. If I see larks going on, with footmarks under windows, and holes in yew hedges, why, I thinks to myself, 'young men will be young men, and if young gardeners goes to see young housemaids and cooks that way, it's only nat'ral as gents with lots of money should do likewise.' 'Cause I find a lot of my lime as I uses for the gardens been took, and my whitewash brush as I uses to do out the greenus, is it nat'ral as I should go and holler murder? No."

Time glided on. For a whole year The Mynns had been closed, passing people stopping to gaze at the shuttered windows as seen through the open work of the great ornamental gates, and talk about the horrible murder, and the body found buried in lime in the bin of the old cellar ; but after the first few weeks the faces seen peering in by old Denton grew fewer. For, asked if she would mind staying