

were two men, and they were evidently in search of some one or something. A moment later they were joined by a third person, whose belted and cloaked shadow on the church wall showed him to be the village policeman, a keen-eyed fellow, who did double duty in that his beat extended from Hilton to Withington. They could have but one object,—himself. Well, they should find him, after a time, when they had gone through the church, fools that they were to suppose him capable of fleeing to such a sanctuary! Yes, they should find him, and ha, ha! find him in such sort as to give them troubled dreams in after years. He would do it at once, for he was an old man and he did not know how long his present mood,—the mood triumphant, as some whom the world, before the terrors of hell were stronger than the dread of dishonor, termed heroes deemed it,—would last. But how? Alas! however straitened the conditions that

awful question does not go unanswered long. The smallest thread, a rush, a little water in a spoon, each of these may serve when the Adversary stands at the elbow, and what tenement is frailier than the house of life when Death knocks at the door?

And they found him. Face downward on the pile of rubbish now hideously ensanguined with the purple stream from his neck, amid the wreck of the house where Harriet Bates had passed the last few months of her life, an hour later they found him. Guess as they might respecting his mystery and the extent of his complicity in the plot that had driven the true heir of the Ardernes from the house of his fathers, speculate as they might on the strange story told by the landlord of the Crooked Billet, the voice that could have told them all they wished to hear was stilled for ever.

Abel Pilgrim was dead.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MAY DAY in St. Meva, "milk and cream day" here and throughout Cornwall, from the extremity of Lyonesse to the banks of Tamar. The strong doors, studded with counterfeit spikeheads, of the gothic schoolhouse are closed, no humming as of swarming bees is heard through the latticed windows, the playground is empty. How it may be in after years, when strolling artist and Cockney journalist, ever on the alert for fresh woods and pastures new, shall have discovered St. Meva, and the merry-builder,—in deference to the behests of grocers' wives desirous of passing their summers at a safe distance from the sound of Bow bells,—shall have rattled up certain architectural nightmares cyleped villas, it skills not too curiously to inquire, but just now the first of May is still a holiday, perhaps the happiest and best between January and Christmas. Groups of children, some with baskets, others with cup, saucer, and plate dexterously swung in napkin or handkerchief, have

betaken themselves to favorite places up the coombe or in Bodrugan woods, and there, gaily decked and adorned with wreaths of sycamore leaves and crowns of fragrant hawthorn, they spread the rich clotted cream upon bun, saffron cake, and wholesome cottage bread while singing in chorus their time-honored declaration of independence:

"Oh, the First of May
Is a happy, happy day!
If they won't give a holiday
We'll all run away."

Lower down than the schoolhouse, at the very foot of Vicarage Hill, across the road, it begins to look as though a happy May Day had come for some who are not children. The big, and sooth to say ugly, lead-colored doors which make the townside entrance to the churchyard are wide open, an arch of bright blossoms with the letters G and A pendent in a hoop of myrtle spans the pathway before the porch, while the church itself, where the Easter