

of her life might likewise show him living, she grew puzzled and silent. Sometimes she would laugh and sometimes weep.

There came at last a mild day near the end of October, and Eve walked with Quinton along the valley. The young man had sublet the remainder of the lease of Vitifer, and within a week he designed to leave the farm for chambers that he had taken at Devonport. His future actions depended upon Eve. She and her mother were also about to depart from Dartmoor, at least for a season, and Mrs. Newcombe meant to dwell in a little house near Plymouth. Dagger Farm was to be sold, but no offer had been made for it, though the widow, little guessing that her home would never again be tenanted by human beings, still hoped to sell or let her husband's property. The place was a black cloud in her mind: yet it stood for the life-work of many men.

Young Honeywell and his love stood beside the pool into which Eve had fluttered upon a bygone day of summer. She knew it well, and repeated the old story.

"'Twas through the deep water I meant to sink—down—down till I come to my Quinton."

"You thought to: but how sad my darling would have been to find no Quinton!"

She reflected upon this.

"Then I should have tried to come back to earth