

the game's our own. Cheer up, lass, and leave it all to me."

Harriet made no reply nor gave any sign of having heard, and Abel's features were considerably less impassive than usual as he went down the old stone steps. As he passed the well,—a wide, deep opening so near the churchyard and the mortal remains of the rude forefathers of the hamlet that a traveller, however thirsty, might well distrust the promise of the crystalline waters,—he paused and muttered:

"I would give five hundred pound to have her down there wi' a stone tied to her neck like a drowned cat. To think that the one mistake of my life should dog me like this! I'll not bear it. Damn the women, and damn that drunken young dog for picking up wi' the doctor's black heifer when my own girl was his rightful wife! He's as stubborn as his father before him, but if I have to give way in this the time will come when I shall have the whip hand."

Merrily rang the bells of Withington and of Hilton Parva on the day of the wedding. Though outside all was wet, for it had rained continuously since midnight, the men and boys in the belfries were dry enough, so dry that Andrew Mossingill of the Crooked Billet and mine host of the Queen's Head at Hilton were kept busy in providing them with

appropriate moisture for their clay. Despite the weather, the wedding breakfast was quite a success, the Rev. G. Summerford exerting himself like a Briton to put the party generally in good spirits and to keep them so. When at last the rice shower rattled against the back and sides of the departing carriage Eliza Teulon gave a low sigh of relief. Sitting there beside the dark-eyed ladye whom he had wooed and won, Randall Arderne gracefully acknowledged the shouts and blessings of the assembled villagers. As the carriage rattled on by the churchyard lane, however, something very unlike a blessing started to his lips at the sight of a tall, gaunt woman wrapped in a coarse gray shawl and standing statue like at the corner of the lane. At the same moment Dorothy's glance fell upon her also, and she shuddered involuntarily at the mocking laugh and outstretched arm of the woman.

"Ugh!" she said, shrugging her rounded shoulders, "what a witch-like old hag, to be sure! Randall, throw her a shilling, if only to avert the evil eye."

But Randall Arderne made no attempt in the direction indicated, and to the sound of stimulating whip-lash, and with the merry bells still pealing the carriage rolled on towards the railway. And the evil eye pursued it until it was lost on the broad turnpike road.

*(To be continued.)*

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