

followed the path so lately taken by Windomshire and Anne. As they came to the back of the church they were startled and not a little alarmed by the sound of sudden scurrying and a well-defined imprecation, but it was too dark for them to distinguish any one. While they were trying to effect an entrance through one of the windows, other mystified participants in the night's affairs were looking on from secret and divers hiding-places. Far out in the little grove Derby and his old companion watched the operations of the church-breakers, the sickly glare of Carpenter's lantern as it stood upon the edge of the rain barrel affording an unholy light for the occasion. Windomshire and Anne, crouching behind a stack of old benches, looked on in amazement. Mr. Hooker, whose conscience was none too easy, doubtless for excellent reasons, peered forth from behind a tall tombstone. He had arrived at the conclusion that he was being hounded down as a body-snatcher.

"This is a devil of a mess," he muttered dolefully. "If they catch me in this graveyard, I'll have a hard time proving an alibi. What an idiot I was to get into this thing!

