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If You .Could Have Whatever You Most Wish for, What Would You Ask?

"R uT then, of course, sir, Mrs. Tolley will always have her rent ready."

It was Mrs. Stook who spoke: afterwhen things had happened and passed, leaving nothing on which he could really place his hand, Maypard liked to think that those words had "miruck him with a peculiar signifi-cance." But is actual fact they passed largely unnoticed, more debris on the freshet of Mrs." Stook's speech as she stood in the doorway in the half furtive manner befitting one who markly linears for a place the story of the story nerely lingers for a pleasant word over her

That word had already lasted long, but May-nard did not repeat his provious error of asking her to sig down. That, as he was now aware, would have somehow savored of impropriety. Then again, in the manner of the tourist on the hunt for impressions, he was regarding h ? more as a type than as an individual. Standing there with apron enfolded arms, and that outliter. ; A property as those purple china the totantel.

diamond paned casement was flung and across the potted geraniums in the seat the June air struck with an indeble wild sweetness. Above the searlet ms came glimpses of the distant Tors, and bister under the mellowing light; st uphcaved waste of Dartmoor, all granite heather, implacably the same throughout

So the Tolleys don't own their farm?" he

"You might think so, for I've been told that America it is common to own," Mrs. Stook reed. "But up here in Dartymoor nobody wns, sir; it's all Duchy property hereabouts, he Duchy of Cornwall, which is crown property. hough it is little enough the king knows of what goes on. Mr. Bragdon, over to Tavistock, he's the agent, and with him it's rent, rent, up to the Duchy Inn at Princeton each quarter day. or out you go.

So, from the coign of the respectably open door. Mrs. Stook rippled on, and in parallel accompaniment ran Maynard's thoughts. Dartmoor, all about him, a land in itself, lifted a thousand feet above the softer vales of the Devon coast. A brooding sort of place, high and apart in its seeming openness that was still so strangely hidden. To Maynard that hiddenness, which he sensed all about him, came as a mental food, slightly hungered as he was by the sterilities of his western college. It was curious that the facts of life should be so the same wherever one went. This immemorial country, beneath its surface picturesquesness, linked by rent and toil with the dollar problems of his own Rockledge. Through the window he could see the Hanger-Down Farm of which they spoke, three miles away, crouching under the jagged lee of Crockern Tor. Remembering its boulder strewn slopes, he wondered how the woman there, bleak as her own fields, could wring a living from that sparse soil. As though in answer to the unspoken ques-

tion, Mrs. Stock, having wrapped herself about a fresh relay of breath, went on



By Charles Saxby

"After-your losses," he concluded. That struck home, but she faced it. She would face anything he thought; what else could

she do, with that wide prison of the Moor all about her, cutting off escape, its desolation only accontuated by those desperate fields. He could see her, year after year, facing things across a narrowing circle of competence that, like the Magie Skin, relentlessly receded in upon her. Her face grew more rigid as he spoke, but her determination held.

"The chair is not for sale," she repeated: then followed a glow of pride. "I have heard that Americans do not understand such things. but the chair has been in the Tolley family for hundreds of years. It is all that is left to us now, and-since he is the last of us all-I must keep it for my son."

As she spoke Elias came down the lane towards them, his advent heralded by the thin pipe of a whistle, and even at that distance his flapping, half dancing walk proclaimed him as one set apart from usual humanity. A dim un-derstanding dawned on Maynard; all that was left to the woman was her son, all that was left to her son, the chair. Had Elias been differ-ent she might have sold, but, being as he was.

her pride in him demanded that he have the chair as sign and seal of what his forbears had once been.

Silently he left her, regretting that in his way up the lane he must come face to face with Elias. Shamblingly the fellow came, child's face on man's shoulders, piping his way to that elfin whistle.

"Be you going up along ?" he asked, as Maynard drew near. Then followed a half cunning of suggestion, "Maybe you'm agoing up to the Wood ?"

The afterglow was fading, and over the Moor, already faintly silvered by the moon, crept a melancholy purple. Down the lane the figure of Mrs. Tolley stood out against the lingering lavenders of the sky, intently watchful of her son. Noting the look on Elias' face, Maynard had an odd feeling that back of the other's question lurked something which he could only vaguely apprehend by the term "a crisis," but a crisis of what he could not imagine.

"'Tis a fine night for him," Elias went on. grinning again as though in delight of a mutual mystery. "The mist'll be acoming soon, and he likes the mist."

"Who likes the mist?" Maynard impatiently demanded, and Elias grinned again in coy reproach of so much reserve.

"As if you didn't know. For what else would you be agoing up to the gashly Wood come dark? It's the Giver, I mean, of course." "The Giver?"

From down the lane came Mrs. Tolley's voice, calling her son in harsh entreaty, but Elias took no heed. Across his face, so unmarked by all that would have made it that of a man, there glowed a faint light as of one who, for an instant, sights something beyond the state of his ex-paradised humanity.

"Yes fay," he nodded cagerly. "The Giver, who else? If so be you sees him up in the Wood after dark, he'll give you what you asks of him. It was all that away that Peter Gurney, down to Marycleave, got the wench for wife, come three years agone."

Some Moor legend, Maynard saw, one of those rather smothering mental creations which he had felt all about him. With a tourist's avidness for the picturesque, he listened as Elias went on

the night." It was an experience, and with delight he discovered himself still young enough for the thrill of an experience to outweigh its discomforts.

FEATURES

There was nothing to do but wait, even though it be until the dawa. Amongst these piled up boulders the least misstep might mean a broken limb. A flat rock, overarched by a more leafy oak, promised refuge, and he broke off dry branches and built a fire. It blazed up, making of his nook an arched bower amidat the vapory chaos that poured all about it.

He sat long, warming himself, occasionally, oking one of the treasured cigarets that must last him until morning. Hour after hour alid by; in the muffling mists the brawl of the Dart. far below, sunk to a faint diapason; from the nearest slope the sounds of some ponies grazing came with a sense of companionship. All else was a stillness so deep that he almost caught the subtly changing vibrations of the deepening night. There was a fascination about it all so strong that he doubted if it was "entirely healthy" and conscientiously he strove to "keep a grip on himself."

The sense of time was largely in abeyance so Maynard could never quite determine how long it was before that young stranger happened on him, but the night had slid into its most silent hour. The first intimation was from those ponics out on the slope. A sudden ceasing of their breathy munching, an instant in which he could picture them with heads upreared, their nostrils distended to catch the scent of whatever was that had disturbed them. Then a ring of hoofs on the night, an ache of increased silence. through which Maynard strained to catch a further sound. Even when it came he half doubted it. Footsteps, so deadened by the mist that they were more to be felt than apprehended by the cars, advancing down through the Wood, springing from boulder to boulder with a sur prising sureness.

There was something almost uncanny in the direct certainty of that approach, and he felt himself chilling a little, then warming as he caught an unmistakable humanness in that presence. Whoever it might be it was somebody who knew his way and Maynard raised his voice. "Hello, there!"

He had not imagined that the man was so close. The answering hail, with a ring of slight amusement in it, came from but a few yards away. In a moment he appeared, poising on a rock just at the limit of the circle of firelight, a slight figure screened in shifting vapor.

"I am lost in the fog." Maynard called, his own tone catching a reflex of that amusement which had sounded in the other's.

"I saw your fire through the-we call it 'mist' up here, you know."

A young fellow, and from his voice and demeanor a gentleman. It was difficult to distinguish him as he stood there, on the extreme edge of visibility, but Maynard had an impression of a man several years his junior and of much his outer and inner makeup. A fellow at home in cities, traveled, with probably an academic background; yet his passage through the Wood had argued a remarkable familiarity with the place. Even as he wondered Maynard's mind flashed a possible answer: probably this was one of the young men from that abode of weather beaten dignity known as Tor Royal. "Then 'mist' it shall be, by all means."

laughed. "It seems to make little difference to you, though. You must know the place well to tramp it on such a night." "I-O, yes, I know it. The stranger shed the subject lightly and Maynard again took up his tone. "That is lucky for me: I will claim your good offices for getting out of here." "That would not be difficult," the other re plied, then he paused, almost with an effe of giving Maynard a chance to change his mind. "That is, if you really want that." What did you imagine I wanted ?" Maynard retorted. "To stay here all night?" "One never knows. People want so man things.' In its tolerance, the slightly conscious broad mindedness of a young man still fresh from a university, it was just such an answer. Maynard amusedly thought, as he himself might have given 10 years before. "Perhaps you thought that I came up he to watch for the-the 'Giver' I believe, is his official title?" he ventured, and the answer came quickly. "You know the legend, then?" "I heard it an hour ago, from Elias Tolley." "Ah, yes-poor Elias." The reply came in a negligent half pity, then the stranger dropped into a more reflective mood. "And yet, after all, you know, the Tolley rent one of the miracles of the Moor." "A quarterly miracle, depended upon to be on tap, like the blood of Januarius," Maynard

'It is this quarter day as will be the test for Hanger-Down, sir, seeing the luck poor Mrs. Tolley had with her pigs this spring, and hard it must come to her at best. Quite well to do they was once; there's been Tolleys on the Moor for hundreds of years; but her husband was lost, horse and all, in Fox Tor Mire one night, a-hurrying home when she was expecting Elias. Since then it's been scrimp and scrape up to Hanger-Down, and now it is the pigs, twenty pound worth of 'em, a-dying on her in an hour, through eating toadstools, they say, And she left with only that Elias, as is more of a hindrance than a help, poor innocent."

Unknown to herself, probably from her sheer relish in it. Mrs. Stook had the art of the born raconteuse; an incommunicable way of making her hearer see all these things from which she really spoke but did not actually say. Maynard found himself catching flashes back of her words. Pigs-he had never before realized that pigs could also be tragedy. But he could see them now, spread across the foreground in a riot of fat death; and against them Elias' lank figure gangling up the lane, his face under its thatch of hair, half sensitive, half silly, wholly wistful.

"Ah, yes-Elfas," Maynard murmured. "I have noticed him."

"You probably would, sir," Mrs. Stook firmly agreed. "Not that there's a mile of harm in him, but a bit mazedlike. There's some as say it was the shock of his father's death afore he was born, while there's others--'

Mrs. Stook paused for a backward glance of caution over her shoulder, and her tone sank to a more thrilling contralto.

There's others say as he got pixy led when child. Not that I hold with such things myself, sir, but-I see to it as my own children is safe within door after sunset, for the Moor is a whisht place come dark, come dew."

Her speech was at high tide now, and she rode triumphantly on its crest. Seeing it might spread itself over the lower levels of Dartmoor superstitions, Maynard sought to guide it back to those channels where it would turn the wheels of his own desire.

"You said that tomorrow is quarter day?" "Tomorrow as ever is, sir. Come nine o'clock Mr. Bragdon will be up to the Duchy Inn, and it is five pound that Mrs. Tolley must pay up. A stinger it is to him each time she does it, for they's many as 'd give ten pounds a year more for Hanger-Down if she lost her lease on it. How Mrs. Tolley does it is the wonder of the Moor, you might say, and I've heard Mr. Bragdon myself a-bawling at her: 'So Mrs. Tolley has her rent again, hey? Bound to be so, Mrs. Tolley, or you'll send Elias up to the Wood again to find out why-hey?""

With that impartible magic behind her words, Mrs. Stook was once more painting those nner pictures on Maynard's brain. The Duchy Inn, grimly foursquare, with its air of turning hunched shoulder to the perpetual blasts. It would probably be raining, with a heavy odor of steam from the shagey coated ponies in the farm carts outside, Groups of men, stiffly conscious of their unaccustomed, ceremonial best; women, clad in sober black: the faces of all alike marked with that moorland seal of sheer endurance.

And within, at Caesar's table, the agent himself, a portly fifty, florid, chronically choleric, plainly impressed that to be the administrator of a Crown Duchy was also to be appointee of the very gods.

"You said that tomorrow would be the test for Mrs. Tolley ?" Maynard ventured, his mind still on his own peculiar angle of the affair. "Aye, sir, so I said, and I says it again," Mrs.

Stook nodded, with a certain darkling. with they pigs a dying, if what he said be true, it's tomorrow as will prove it." "Prove what?" asked Maynard.

At the directness of that question Mrs. took's speech dried up. A moment before it had been like the Dart itself in full spate, but low it was as though some subjective cavern had opened, swallowing it to depths where he could not pursue.

It was a phenomenon which he had already encountered in these Dartmoor people; one which he connected somehow with the land Maelf, spread out in a seemingly frank openness

veper. "I am lost in the for," Maynard called. of 'earth and sky through which one tramped mood. He seemed to see, with a melancholy blithely, only to find oneself, with surprising

Elizabethan.

pseudo artistic circle.

Mrs. Ira Benbrook herself.

Swiftly he visualized the little ceremony of its

unveiling, with himself, gracefully in the back-

ground, but still standing out a little. He had

never yet been quite able to do that, and there

was so much that depended on his standing out

-ninety-nine per cent of it being Elsie Lathrop.

Six years, and Elsie, in those prudent collegiate

finances, seemed as far off as ever, and even her

grave confidence, he suspected, sometimes wore

a little thin. Small wonder, he thought, as he

caught a sidewise glimpse of himself-past

thirty, with the beginnings of the curator's

stoop and the slightly peering manner of one

perpetually involved in the half tones of a

and Elsie. Deliciously he rehearsed again that

possible presentation. Fall, the hazy Indian

summer of the middle west, with the swish of

feet amongst fallen leaves. The bare gallery.

the president, faculty and students of the col-

lege. Elsie, demurely radiant at his little tri-

imph; and, prominently placed, the real center

of it all and the target for all its hidden arrows,

thing;" and yet, withal, she was of an uncom-

fortable shrewdness. Bustling, tyrannical, and

always just-about-to-be fairy godmother of the

gallery built by her husband's will, she lingered

perpetually on the brink of further endowment

without quite going over. And it was on that

Mrs. Ira-she looked before him, a shape

That chair might mean so much to himself

suddenness, face to face with an impasse. And Mrs. Stook's change of manner was as impregnable as the Tors themselves. "If you've finished with the meat, sir, I'll make bold to remove it. 'They's apple tart and

clotted cream to follow.' Not until the deep tart was before him, with a howl of cream so thick that the spoon stood upright in it, did she speak again. Then Maynard, under the push of the thought continually uppermost in his mind, sought to entice her back from her sanctuary of silence.

"I think I'll walk up to Wistman's Wood this evening." he remarked casually, but the glance that Mrs. Stook threw him held almost alarm.

"You be going up to the Wood, sir?" 'It must be wonderful up there by moon-

light," he offered. "I'd be keeping away from there after dark, all unused to the Moor as you be, sir."

"But there will be almost full moon," Maynard objected.

"It's the mist: once that comes up even the moorsmen theyselves go astray."

Maynard looked out at the evening, crystallinely golden in the mellowing light, every Tor sharp against a cloudless sky; but Mrs. Stook nodded again in superior sapiency. "It comes all of a sudden like."

"If I get lost I'll shout for Elias Tolley to

come after me," Maynard smiled. "The Wood is almost within hearing distance of the farm." A shadow of suspicion crept over Mrs. Stook, and her answer came with some grimness of

portent. "Aye, if any should know this Wood, it's

surely him." Secretly charmed by the sublety with which

he was approaching his real objective, Maynard went on: "I might stop and speak to Mrs. Tolley again

-about that chair.

That was the word which had been lying unuttered in his mind all the time, waiting its chance to spring forth in some such elaborate carelessness, much as a lover will wait opportunity to utter the name of his mistress. Now that it was spoken it almost seemed to him to take an actual substance, as though the mere words were the thing itself; but Mrs. Stock

accepted it with a faint superiority. She'll never part with the chair, sir. The Tolley chair be knowed all about, even so far

as London, they do say. She's been offered pounds and pounds, but never will she sell." "But-the present circumstances-

Delicate as his suggestion had been it weighed too heavily on the balance between Mrs. Stook's speech and silence. Once again she effected her miracle of subjective withdrawal, She was even withdrawing physically this time, her last words completing the circle in which all their dialogue had really run.

'Mrs. Tolley'll always have her rent, sir." Left alone, Maynard resigned himself to a

The Benbrook Chair"-swiftiy Maynard clearness, how like to life had been the circle planned a nationwide advertisement of it by of their talk; always on the verge of revelations, articles in the leading art magazines, illustrated then ending, just about where it had begun, with photographs, including one of the gallery's with nothing accomplished or made plain. benefactress. Knowing Mrs. Ira, he mentally Though scarcely mentioned, the Tolley chair halved whatever he might pay for it, making was the real core of that circumference of talk. up the balance from his own slim pocket. But between him and that solution of his He had desired it the instant he first saw it, startlingly splendid against 'the meager backdifficulties lay this mysterious and irritating cerground of Hanger-Down Farm, almost throne-like, black with indubitable age, its carving and

tainty of the Tolley rent. How curious and hidden were the connec tions of life. Hanger-Down Farm, the Wood. proportions a perfect specimen of domestic and the too spacious corridors of that Rock-Wilfully he pictured it as dominating the ledge gallery, Mrs. Tolley, Mrs. Ira, and a tragedy of pigs. And, always, in the center, himself. too wide, too new, too empty spaces of that with Elsie Lathrop as his invisible companion Benbrook Memorial Gallery, of which he was curator. Enviously he saw himself bringing it and spur. One carried one's own world with back, in a sort of artistic banditry, as the one, wherever one went, viewing all others crowning loot of this his first vacation tour. through its coloring prisms.

The long June twilight already lay over the Moor as Maynard started out. A golden radiance, faintly sad, as though gloriously mourning the dead sanctifies of day. Under it the heather clad slopes showed copper-colored. shadowed with purple and overlaid by a bloom of early summer.

The moon already hung huge and yellow above the sweep of Hessary as he crossed under the trees of Dart Bridge and struck up the lane leading to the Wood. At Hanger-Down he stopped, looking over the hedges of piled granite to the meager fields beyond. Mrs. Tolley was there, standing severe and black shawled amidst the rows of potatoes. Hoe in hand, she faced him across the gate with a suggestion of one defending it. As he looked at the landscape about them Maynard could understand that; a place vaguely inimical to all human endeavor; whatever came from it would almost of necessity be tinged with calamity. Against it all the woman showed with a dignity of sheer endurance, like that of the beetling, storm scarred

It is full late for a stranger to be leaving the road," she warned as he stopped.

vision only but uncomfortably potent in his "I had a fancy to see the Wood by moonaffairs. Stout, sixty, sentimental: the aggreslight." sive widow of a self-made man whom, even be-

"The Wood ?"

fore his death, she had left mentally far behind. Involuntarily Mrs. Tolley glanced to where it as is the American custom. Tremendously imshowed, a darker path on the high slopes, and pressed with the social prominence of art, she as involuntarily she drew her . hawl more closely bowed before its authorities, while curiously alert about her. lest, after all, it might prove to be "not quite the "The Wood is a dangerous place after dark."

"I'll remember that," said Maynard easily; then he summoned his most persuasive smile, " had another reason for coming this way: a hope that you might have changed your mind."

"If you mean the chair, it is not for sale." she answered.

endowment, with the increase of salary to follow, that Maynard and Elsie pinned their hopes. He hesitated; work worn though the woman

But Mrs. Ira, stabilized by her shrewdness like a weathervane by its rod, was emphatically of the type that requires to be "shown." ' and that chair, undoubtedly a treasure, and as undoubtedly a bargain, might be the very thing to precipitate her into the abysses of generosity. unteen nursuers of a Greek tragedy.

'Caught up to the Wood. Peter was, by the night and the mist, and when he traipses past, come morn, I knowed he'd seen un. The wench was promised to another and the banns all called down to Shaugh Church, but she up and off to Plymouth with Peter that day and marries 'im afore the magistrate. Like cat and dog they be now, and Peter doing his ten days in Tavistock jail for clouting her with a stick, but 'e got 'er."

With singular vividness Maynard could imagine that man of whom Elias spoke. Uncouth, pallid with the strangeness of his vigil, striding down that lane in the swirl of a vapory dawn, alive with renewed hope of a woman lost to him.

A suspicion prompted him to question, carefully disguising the amused tolerance back of it.

"And you, Ellas, have you seen him, too?" "How should I not?" Elias overied back with utmost simplicity. "Six years agone it was, come St. John's Eve. Just so close as you he stood, with the mist ablowing all about un. 'And what would you have, if so be you could ?' 'e asks me, laughing like. But I know un and I says, so bold as brass, "That mother allus has her rent,' says I. And Squire Bragdon can take on all he likes, but her rent mother has, for what the Giver gives you gets."

Once more Mrs. Tolley's call echoed up the lane, and at its command the light faded from Elias' face, leaving it only that of "an inno-Then, as he turned to obey, came a last cent." flicker that sent him after Maynard, who was already striding up the slope.

"You'll know if you sees un. Just like me. looks. He clouded for an instant in a doubt that

ended in a weak flame of denial. "That Peter Gurney told that the Giver

looks like him; but it's false, I tell you. I've seen and I know, just like me, that's how it is he looks.' He shambled off, piping his way down to

the solitary woman who awaited him, a darker shadow on her shadowy land. With a breath of relief, as of one bursting through entangling cobwebs, Maynard strode on alone.

A rough way, but gradually he neared the Wood, the first time he had seen it except by the light of full day. A few upended acres of stunted oaks, unbelievably aged, their bolcs half buried in a slide of broken granite.

"Wistman's Wood," the Wood of the Wise Men; last remnant of the legendary forest which once covered all the Moor; sole receptacle of the secrets of those Druids whose overthrown cromlechs strew its wastes. Cautiously Maynard entered, picking his way over the granite slabs, the holes between them treacherously masked by bracken and brambles. A weird enough place even by high noon, it showed eerie and sinister in this play of moonlight and black shade. It looked such a wood as might be grown for the fashioning of Charon's bark or the dim galleys of some terrestrial Dis.

Gnarled trunks going deeply down amidat the boulders that lifted him almost to the level of the sparse branches, funereally wreathed in mistletoe.

It was that play of half light which was nost disconcerting, that difficulty in determining which was substance and which mere glamour of moon. There were moments when the wood seemed almost of a different dimension as apparently solid shapes dissolved at his approach, and what had promised open paths became high rocks across his way. He had pushed to the center of it now, and in a half repulsion he turned to pick his way back to the more ordinary openness of the slopes

The light was mellowing strangely: a huge boulder, which had not been there an instant before, wavered towards him, enveloping him in a moist darkness. Fluttering streamers wreathed the branches, a facry whiteness pervaded the whole place. The moon seemed to flicker and go out, like a blown lamp; a stone on which he had been about to step rent itself to rags, and he had scarce time to save himself from a plunge into one of the gaping oublicttes

With a rueful laugh Maynard realized that these moor folk knew their own country. Even as Elias Tolley, or that Peter Gurney, he, tee. was now "caught in the Wood by the mist and

put it. "But which never loses its freshness."

"And tomorrow the supreme test," Maynard finished.

"For a stranger you seem well acquainted with the circumstances."

"I have a landlady," said Mayard, drily. "What I can't understand is that the neighbors don't help that miracle a little."

"You might wonder that-as a stranger. But, for all their inarticulateness, these poor folk have a keen sense of the drama of a situation." More and more, as the other spoke, Maynard was receiving the impression of one of much his own walk of life. That they should meet here, at such a time and under such circumstances, was just another of the surprises f this surprising Moor. A place so famous, yet holding such reverses of the little known: so traveled by tourists from every part, and still remaining one of the solitary parts of the earth. One could never predict into what unusual cir-

cumstances it might not project one. "When I heard you coming I half hoped that you might prove to be this mystic being ourself," Maynard went on, with a touch of humor.

"I'm afraid I hardly measure up to the supernatural," the young man apologized.

"Hardly-since Elias Tolley impressed upon me that this 'Giver' looked exactly like him." Maynard laughed.

'And Peter Gurney claimed that he looked like him." the other smiled back; then, almost unwillingly, came the addition. "and, you know, he did get the girl he wanted."

"When the witnesses disagree-", shrugged Maynard. "It is a little disappointing, though. The presiding genius of a place like this should be a real Druid sort of a chap, in magnificent nudity and a wreath of mistletoe."

"That would seem more appropriate." Standing there on his rock, perpetually half. hidden by the shifting veils of mist, the other seemed hardly more than a voice, at times. Afterwards Maynard thought that that was probably why he had never bidden the fellow approach the fire, but the idea simply never occurred to him. Then again, there was a charm about their half jesting, wholly unforescen colloquy which would have been spoiled by too much certainty.

And yet it is strange that all who claim have seen him should so agree on the same thing," the stranger continued, still lingering on the edge of the light, as if he, too. felt that same charm of elusiveness. "Just like themselves; they all agree on that, at least. It alost leads one to suspect that what they really saw was-just themselves."

"You mean-" Maynard asked. "O, well-a place like this."

"But surely-aftermasked by the acrid ferns.

was, there remained that about her which made the mention of pigs seem almost an affront: yet he could imagine her attending to them with a poise unimpaired. As it was, their ghosts seemed to rise behind her, implacable as the

Tor above her.