## The Devil's Hunting Horn

Them That Be So Mighty Fond of Explaining Everything on Earth May Find Themselves Explaining Out of Heaven One of These Days.

There's a lot more stories told of two men and one woman than you'll find about two women and one man; but that's only because women be cleverer to hide their secrets than we are, though, if the truth were known, there's just as many adventures in man-hunting as woman-hunting. Only the females keep their mouths shut closer and don't shout so loud when they bring down their prey, nor yet make such a fuss when they fail.

But in the case of Henry, Jacob and Jemima. -called "Jem" for shortness-'tis just the common situation of two men after one girl; only, thanks to the Devil's Hunting Horn and certain other mighty queer features of their affair, the story be worth the telling. The men also made it a lot out of the common, for one was a churchman and a shining light, who done a power of good in his way, while the other belonged to the ancient order of anointed scamps that cause us moderate people to despair

In another station of life no doubt Jacob Clegg might have passed to his grave as a respectable figure, for all he wanted was to be let alone to shoot and fish and play; but, not being born to that condition where shooting and fishing and playing is respectable, Jacob was a failure. The difference between him and Squire Buller amounted just to that. Squire inherited his land and fur and feathers, and he could devote his days to slaughter and games without a disrespectful word from anybody; while Jacob, being a wood cutter's child, who'd lost his father at 6 years old, had no sort of right to birds and beasts and fishes; or, in fact, to anything but work. Yet his nature craved to be hunting before all else; and so it came about that he was a baggering young poscher, with no friends but his mother, though it was well known he had a good brain and could stand to work as well as anybody when he pleased to do so.

By trade he was a thatcher-a very skillful man-and it was well in his power to be a respectable character and a credit to the parish if he chose. But he didn't choose, and he'd been locked up more'n once and done a good few things to make his mother weep and the godly sigh. And I'm sure that nobody sighed oftener than Henry Bird. Indeed, he had tried once or twice to win over Jacob to righteousness and plain dealing, but so far couldn't point to

"If ever I'm reformed," said Jacob, "'twill be by a chap from the Establishment, because I haven't got no use for psalm-smiting dissenters, and least of all for you, Henry. You're a fiddle-faced fool in my opinion, and you're only so amazing good because you haven't got the pluck and spirt to be anything else." So spoke Jacob, and the good man replied:

The Lord forgive you for that speech as readily as I do,"answered Henry, because he always offered the left cheek if snybody smote him on the right. And yet there was secrets hid in him as nobody guessed at, and the first thing that showed he was only human, after all, happened in the matter of Jemima Mason.

In a word, Henry fell in love with her, much to the surprise of a good few maidens of his own persuasion, who listened to him like lambs and who thought, of course, he'd take one of them when the time came. But Jemima was Church of England, and yet he fell in love with her most furious and made the running in a very manly way at first. She weren't a beauty, but she had a lot of sense for 25 and she was independent having a clear fifty pound a year left her by her grandfather, who knew her worth. Her parents were dead and she lived with a woman cousin-a widow a good bit older than herself-in that nice double cottage just outside Thorpe.

She did needlework and made a useful bit of money by it, and she kept herself to herself and was well thought upon for a sensible and self-respecting creature. She had a mind, too, and a good education. She must needs even go to town now and again, and she'd often leave home and put in a week all on her own, at Exeter or Plymouth, just to keep in touch with things and rub off the rust of the country. Out of the common, you may say, and Thorpe was proud of her and hoped she'd take Henry Hird as being the young man among us most worthy of such a sensible maiden.

And now I'll just name the Devil's Hunting Horn and then we'll get going. It weren't a public house, as you might think, but a lone tower built a hundred years before this tale, by the Souire Buller of them days, at the time we were fighting the French. He lifted it in the midst of Thorpe Woods, and why he done so his descendants may know, but nobody else ever did. A gamekeeper lived there for a bit, but it had been empty for more than half a century, I daresay, and it got its name from a curious fact, because, often and often, there came a strange and wisht sound from the tower -a noise between a bittern booming and a hunter's horn heard far away. 'Twas an unnatural and creepy note, and not a man, woman or child at Thorpe but had often heard it.

Some said there was a sort of a natural trumpet in the stonework-a rift through which the wind blew when it was southwest, and made the noise; but for my part I don't like to hear every strange affair explained away in the modern fashion, and I steadfastly believe that all sorts of dark and deep things happen round about us far beyond the power of human wits to understand. 'Twas not accident that made that fearsome and creepy sound; the reason was hid with Providence, and, as I tell the young folk, them that be so mighty fond of explaining everything on earth may find themselves explained out of heaven one of these 'Tis a faithless generation; and so sure as God's alive a lot of us will be called to pay an ugly price for our unbelief when our turn

The Devil's Hunting Horn stood in the very thick of the woods on top of Thorpe Knoll, yet not much above a mile from the highroad. It was a four-square tower, stained and timebitten, gray and yellow and moldering, with ivy-tods hanging from the window holes and ferns fastened in the rotting mortar-the home of bat and owl-its plaster fallen in the little chambers and even the flat roof up on top scattered to shivers at one angle, where the lightning struck some time before living memory. And you can still see the great rusty nail where the Dark Hunter was said to hang his horn. Then of winter nights he'd blow it, and the hounds of the air would come out of the storm, to do his wicked will and harry poor,

naked human souls. A fearsome place in a narrow clearing, with pines towering 'round about and a straggle of thorn and laurel and sapling rowans in the undergrowth. And of a moony night, if any had the pluck to go there, they'd see the tower rising up like a white ghost in the midst of the black forest. And some had heard strange noises within at such times-noises half man, half beast-and laughter that made 'em go goose flesh; and Dicky Tremleft lost the little mind he had to lose after being night-foundered up there; and it was there also that the baker from Poglev hanged hisself for love and was found in a lower chamber hitched to a hook. with his tongue out of his mouth, so dead as a nit. And a wise one or two even said the bit

Among the young men in my youth 'twas thought a pretty plucky deed to go up over at midnight, when the horn was sounding, and a good few more vowed they had done so than ever did; but Henry Bird he feared no evil powers, being shod with the shoon of rightousness and girt with the shield of truth. He'd gone there more than once to show he was not afeared of the devil or his works; but he was young, and, alas! he didn't know that when the Prince of Darkness can't get in by the front door he'll force a window or even come down the chimney. For the house of the soul has ilenty of weak spots, and nobody knows 'em

better than the Enemy of Mankind. Well, Henry he fell in love with Jemima and fate willed that the danger spot in the man should be touched by that innocent woman. He was a puzzling character without any doubt, and, though nobody could ever say that he weren't an honest man, and didn't believe all he said, and didn't strive all he knew to show the light to others and gather straying sheep for the fold, yet, when his own cross came and his love wasn"t returned, then his better nature

It was the case of a man who had never been tempted before and never found life to thwart him and flout him, suddenly up against a crushing trial and a denial of his passion; and

little bit of fun for the year."

"You'll go to worship on Sunday, I hope," he said, for even then, with Satan working double tides in his heart, he had to be his plous self. "Yes," she answered. "I go where they sing

fine anthems-to St. Andrews parish church." They went along, and then, mournful and steady, the Devil's Hunting Horn sounded through the woods; but Henry already knew it was blowing that night. "Have you ever faced the tower after dark?"

he asked, and Jemima said she never had, "Now's a good opportunity, then," he told her, "and I dare say you'll be the first woman in Thorpe to say you have. It will be a good

example and show the maidens they must not be superstitious." "I don't fear it, because I know there's nothing there for an honest girl to fear,"

So they strolled into the fir trees and soon stood under the tower rising above 'em with the horn shouting its melancholy note aloft, "We'll go in and climb the stone steps and look at the moon-there's plenty of time," he

Jem followed him. There was a heavy oak door at the bottom. that most time hung open on the rusty hinges. They climbed the steps and got up on the flat roof, and then Henry's manner changed and

tells her, and, rather enjoying the adventure,

gether up above, she heard footsteps ascending to her again, and, as she had seen the blackguard go after he'd made her fast, all she knew was that some other creature must be alone in the tower with her. And then her heart failed indeed, for she reckoned that it couldn't be anybody much less this time than the Demon Hunter himself. She couldn't scream, though she tried, and her terror made her faint off once more; so when Jacob, who had got the door free, climbed up to see who it was fastened in by the villain he came across the poor girl lying flat on her back and dead

"Don't be afraid no more, miss," he said, when she'd got back a little of her scattered wits. "Tis Jacob Clegg, with no intention but to save you from that limb of the Devil. I heard you holler, where I was to work half a mile away, and came along just in time to see Henry Bird take his hook after he'd made the door fast on you. And you be Miss Jeminia Mason, by the look of it."

The blessed fact that she was safe very near made the poor girl go light-headed, but she pulled berself together, and, knowing Jacob by sight, thanked him with all her heart for saving her under the grace of God. She didn't hide nothing, either, but told the whole fearful story, and Jacob got so mad that at



as Henry had left it, and then he took Jemima's 'hold-all' and very soon they was gone. He lived two mile away, in a cottage near North Mill, which belonged to his mother, and he bade the girl stop at a certain place while he slipped back and got his birds and air gun. Jemima was always calm and self-possessed, and when he joined her again she saw only too clearly what he'd been up to and was sorry.

"Oh, Mr. Clegg," she said. "I shall always feel very grateful and kind to you for this night's work, but I'm terrible ashamed that such a brave, fine chap should sink to that. I'm sure you be made of too good stuff to sink to such things.

He felt sheepish and cussed himself for showing her what he'd been up to.

"Lucky for you I was poaching, anyhow," he said, "for if I hadn't been at Thorpe Woods you would still be jugged in the Devil's Hunting Horn, my dear woman. But don't you think I'm not very thankful I was there, for I very well know this is the best night's work I ever done in my life, and I shall be terrible proud

of it to my dying day.". She liked his voice and she liked his looks as he marched her in and woke up his mother, and made the old woman come down house and find some supper for Jemima.

Then Mrs. Clegg heard the awful news and was sworn to secreey, and next morning Jacob fetched his pony along, just after dawn, and drove the girl to catch the first train to Plymouth from Cornford station, four miles down

She promised to write and tell him where she was, and she kept her word, and the moment he'd got her address, at a little inn down on the Barbican, where she was used to put up, if Jacob didn't travel down for a day and call in upon her and ax her to come and have a bit of dinner with him, and so ou.

She knew by now there was something drew her to him, and instead of being vexed at his cheek in coming to see her she felt quite pleased and must needs buy him a present, because, after all, a life is a life, and Jacob delicately reminded her over a veal cutlet that she'd be at her last gasp now and dying with hunger in the Devil's Hunting Horn but for him. "But for you and Providence," corrected

"Providence first," he granted, "and I may tell you that this affair have made me take a much more serious view of Providence, Miss Mason. Because my mother has pointed out to me that the Lord chose a backslider like me to do this useful piece of work; and if the Lord haven't throwed me over, as everybody, including myself, imagined long ago, then there must be hope for me and a rare chance of making good. And I hope you'll help me to do so."

Well, when a handsome young man tells a woman he wants her help to make good 'tis any odds she'll feel a bit pleased at the prospect, and before Jacob went home that night Jemima found herself a good bit along the road to liking him. She brought him a tie pin in the shape of a little silver fox, costing 6 shillings, and she bought him a green silk tie also; and she made one solemn condition, that Jacob would come to church next Sunday; and he swore he would do so, and wear his fine adorn-

Then he began about Henry Bird, for they'd been so interested in each other up to now that they almost forgot what had thrown 'em together.

Jemima saw Jacob to his train after they'd took a cup of tea, and it was fixed up that she'd come to his mother's cottage for a night on the way home in three days' time; and then he was going to tell her of the wonderful plot he'd hatched against the would-be murderer. She asked him if he'd seen Henry or heard aught of him since she left, and he said that he had not. But Jacob had took occasion to go up to the tower the day before he came to Plymouth to see if Henry had been there.

"The devil haven't stirred a finger to save you," he explained. "I don't mean Satan, but Henry Bird. The great logs are against the door, and no doubt he thinks you be dead and gene by now. But his turn will come next week, and I've got a very pretty clever thought upon the subject. And yet, God forgive me, I can't feel so righteous mad against him as I ought

"Why for not?" asked Jemima. "Be you such a Christian as all that?"

But Jacob explained. "Tis because if the wretch had never bawked 'e up there I should never have rescued 'e: and because if I hadn't done that I should have

lost the bestest thing that ever happened in all my life." And then the train went off afore she had

time to answer him. Well Plymouth seemed a thought empty to Jemima Mason after Jacob had gone, and she

asked herself what it was about the man had took her fancy, above the fact that he had saved her life; and she judged that it must be his voice and his cheerful nature. Besides, he was terrible handsome, and, though she knew handsome is as handsome does, her wits began to grow quick in the matter of young Clegg, and she reckoned that, by nature, he was a niceminded and kind-hearted creature, and might very like turn from his doubtful, sporting ways and be a successful man in clever hands. At any rate, she dreamed a good few dreams about , and, strange though it seemed even to herself. Jemima soon found a lot more interest in her heart for Jacob than bided there about the man who had tried to murder her. Her only kind thought and hope for Bird was that he'd gone daft and would be proved so. Clegg was at the station to meet her with his trap when she came back and alighted at Cornford. Then he drove her home for that night

and told her what a clever thing he'd hatched. "As to Henry Bird's sentence, that's in your hands." he said, "but I've fixed up a very pretty trial for the blackguard, and you've got to help, Jemima; and if I'm too forward in calling you 'Jemima,' then tell me so; but 'tis a very beautiful name and I'm very wishful to call you

"My few friends call me 'Jem,' " she answered, but he said he thought 'Jemima' better, because it was like the notes a graybird begins his song with. And then he told her what he'd

"I've fallen in with Henry," he said, "and it's very easy to see that he's a haunted man. In fact, more than one at Thorpe marks it and reckon that too much religion is turning his head. Of course, I didn't whisper there was a very different reason for his wild eyes and wild speech, but I went to the man himself, so humble as a worm, and told him that things had happened to me and I'd seen a Light and hoped to turn over a new leaf and mend my And that's true as Gospel, Jemima, for I fully intend to do so after hearing you on the subject. But I didn't mention that you was the Light; I just said I should be very wishful to hear Henry, because he was well known to be a great saver of souls. He shivered and gasped when I said so, but he made an effort to listen and I asked him if he'd come some night after dark and have a good, long tell with me and put me on the narrow road.

"I want to be quiet about it,' I said, 'and I ain't going to the penitent bench at your tin chapel, nor nothing like that; but if you'll give me an hour on Tuesday night in Thorpe Wood, out of the way of prying eyes, then you may very like save me alive. 'Tis a great feather in any man's cap to save his neighbor's soul.' I aid, 'and I'll give you the chance to do it, Henry

Bird. And I'll pray you'll see your way.' "He stared and he looked up at the sky and quoted Scripture. I can't mind all he said, but one thing I did mark. 'He saved others, himself he cannot save,' the blasphemous man gasped out, and then he turned his great dog's eyes on me and told me that he'd do what he could on my account. ' I thanked him most hearty and said I'd be at the Devil's Hunting Hern o' Tuesday night at 7 o'clock-that's to-

" There's some be feared of the place.' I said, but not such a righteous man as you nor yet such a Godless creature as me. For wickedness and goodness be often alike in braveness. I'll await you, and I'm very hopeful you'll larn me some good larning, for I'm willing to de better, and I well know you're the man to guide me if you will."

By Eden Phillpotts

"I could see his mind working as if his forehead was made of glass, but I'd got him catched, you see, and, though he did make one effort to fix another meeting place, I wouldn't have it, but said it must be there or nowhere. 'If you can put me right, then I'll come to your chapel later on,' I promised him, 'and be a very good advertisement for your faith, because what say I sticks to; but I must have a tell first where there won't come none between us, and that's the very place. And why not?"

"He had nothing to say, but he looked up in the sky again and he was torn in two about it. At last, however, he ordained to come, because a soul was ut stake, and I believe he will come, Jemima. And if he don't then we'll get on him some other way. But for the minute what you've got to do is this: You've got to drink your tea, then you've got to come up to the Hunting Hern along with me. And I'll open the loor and let you in. Then you go up to the top wear this old white rubber raincoat of mine, and stand at the parapet and look down when you see me and Henry sitting below. Ha'll damn soon catch sight of you, and then we'll see how he shapes."

Jemima's eyes grow round.

"You want him to think I'm dead, Jacob?" "He thinks that already. He believes that he's a murderer, and now his fit of madness is over there's no doubt remorse is cating the wrotch alive. But when he sees your ghostey, than I dare say you'll feel you've had a revenge corth talking about, and, after that, when the beastly man is at his last gasp, you may or may not decide to come down and show mercy. But that's for you to say, and if you prefer that ou want his neck broke, or anything like that, I shall be only too pleased to oblige you."

Well, Jemima hadn't much time to think about it, and, on the whole, though fearful, she felt that Jacob had hit on a clever way to make Henry's punishment fit his crime. So she went brough the dusk along with him and put on his white coat, that had a ghostly sort of gleam in the dark, and got in the tower and climbed out to the flat roof and waited. Then Jacob heaved up the wood and stones again and was sitting smoking his pipe, so calm as a reformed sinner should be, when Henry Bird come along.

Clegg could see by his eyes, like a frightened horse's, and the sweat on has brow, that it had cost him a parlous struggle to come; and first thing Henry did was to ask Jacob to walk in the wood, because he said the sound of the Hunting Horn distracted his mind. But the born was blowing very low that night, and only off and on, so Clegg thought they would bide there, and invited t'other to say the word in season and tell him what he did ought to do

With a mighty effort Henry began his preaching, and he was just forgetting his own horrid crime for a minute and warming to his work when he lifted his eyes to the tower and saw, sc white as a owl, a woman's shape standing motionless there with her hands lifted, as though calling on heaven. Jemima hadn't no need to make a sound, for the sight of her was more'n enough-as Jacob knew it would be. Henry crumpled like a dead stick and his

words stuck in his throat. He fell, as though he'd been hit over the back of the head and dropped at Jacob's feet, where they was walking up and down, and clutched hold of his leg with one hand and pointed up at the tower with the other. "God's justice! What's that?" he yelled out.

And Clegg looked where he pointed, but shook his head and lied. "I don't see nothing," he said.

"On the tower, looking down at us!" "Nothing there," vowed

you think you see?" And Jemima stood a few seconds more, but

she knew by the scream that Henry had marked her, and then she sank slowly out of sight. Henry Bird collapsed altogether and flung himself on the ground, while the other man carried on the farce. "There's more here than meets the eye, seem-

ingly," he said. "Anyway, there's more than meets my eye; but if you saw something, 'twas either a living creature or else a ghost, and, whichever it may be, I'll damn soon find out."

He ran to the tower, pulled down the wood and flung open the door for Jemima to walk

But, while she and Jacob had arranged the next scene very careful, they'd forgot there was another party to it. And he didn't fall in with their plans by no means, for, instead of biding where he was and facing Jemima when she came from the tower, as they expected, the love-mad man found he'd had enough. Indeed, he rose up and fled so soon as Jacob left him and never saw Jemima again. Thus he was gone when she came forth, and, as there certainly weren't no catching him that night, the woman went home with Jacob to Clegg's mother. And the next day she was back in Thorpe, with her secret still hidden, until that happened which blazed all abroad and ended the fearful affair, and made a nine days' wonder for us all.

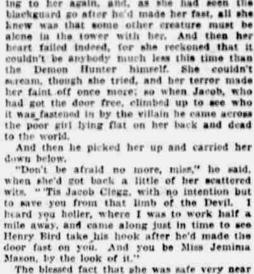
For now Henry Bird did something more out of the common, and it was the turn of Jacob and Jemima to be a good bit surprised at his next step. Jemima had meant, if he'd only listened, to tell the man how God Almighty had saved him from being a murderer, and so on, and there's no doubt, if Henry could have waited and gone through with it, she'd have forgiven him, because out of his evil actions had sprung good for her. But Bird little knew he'd seen a living woman. When Jacob opened the tower the other believed his number was up, no doubt, and his crime to be discovered; so his mind broke down under the strain of his own dreadful actions and he thought the time was come to pay for 'em. Therefore he went straight home and cut his throat in the shed where he kept his bicycle, and there he was found afore noon next day.

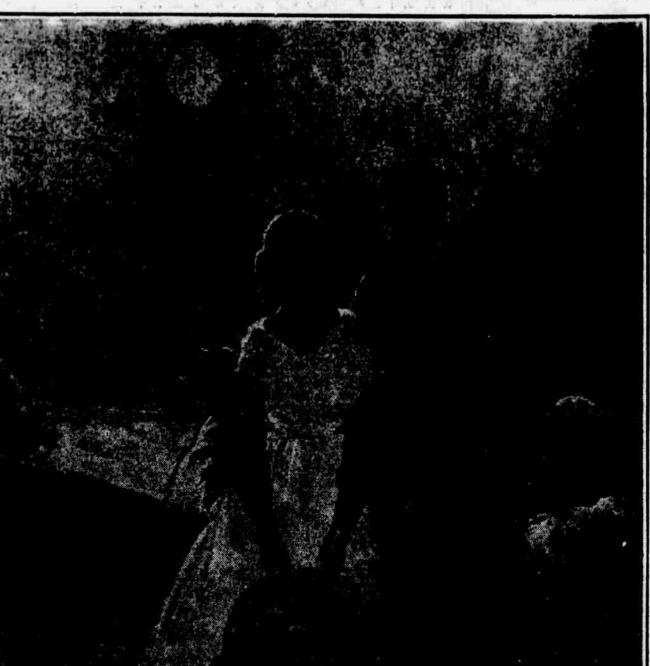
It all come out then, and a few went so far as to say that Jemima never ought to have been so fearfully revenged on the man, though most people was glad to believe her when she said she had meant to let him off and forgive him his sins.

The affair cast a gloom on us all and gave the unrighteous a good opportunity to scoff, but mind"-a very right and proper verdict-and it was just another case of crossed love bringing out hidden evil and proving how nature may be stronger even than religion when there's a woman in the balance.

The only bright thing about it were that the minister, a very large-minded man and a working Christian, didn't deny Henry proper burial; and the other good thing was, that Jacob Clegg. owing to his love affair, was reformed afore the nation and turned over a new leaf and did his duty to his neighbor from that day forward. You see, Jemima, when he offered for her, granted that she loved him very much indeed, but she demanded a clear year afore she said "yes" or "no," which, seeing Jacob's shady past, weren't an unreasonable bargain. But he rose to the trial and proved once more the power of a good woman on a tricky nature. In fact, Jacob was properly born again, to his mother's joy and the people's agreeable surprise. And it weren't a case of virtue being its own reward, neither, for he got Jemima all right, and he never looked back, but made a rare husband and loving father.

For love will save a bad man as easy as it can wreck a good one, according to the mysteries of human nature, as be like the peace of God Himself, past all understanding. (Copyright, 1922, by the Chicago Tribunes)





"Have you ever faced the tower after dark?" Henry asked, and Jemime said she never had.

the blow made his honor and justice and humanity go down before the wind. For he was ever in extremes, no doubt, though he hadn't realized that, and the fervor and emotion and excitement he put into religion were all switched off into his love affair when it came. He took the matter to his Maker, you may be sure. and prayed that all would go right with the iness and prosperity of such a righteous and faithful servant of the Lord as he was. But it didn't go right, and after walking with him and paying him ever proper respect and attention, Jemima Mason convinced herself that he wasn't the man for her market. She liked

a bit of the joy of life and told him so. "Life with you would be one long Sunday, Mr. Bird," she said. "I admire you something tremendous, and I'm sure there never was such another: but I couldn't live up to it-not all the week; and, whether or no, I don't love you. did the rest would come easy for certain. But love is the needful thing."

He didn't take "no" for an answer very easy, however. Life had gone smooth with him and his goodness been repaid with prosperity, so he wasn't at all used to disappointment and quite unprepared to be denied in this great

Jemima seemed a proper masterpiece to him, not fine enough to tempt the lust of the eye, but as sensible as she was homely, and just the sort of young woman to be the mother for a nice lot of little Birds presently. So he stuck to her dogged and made a hole in his manner before long, for after she'd turned him down half a dozen times he began to suffer a new sensation and get a bit wild and fall away from his own high standards. The Devil was feeling for the weak spot, you see, and, according to his fatal custom, he very soon found it. Time passed and bad things began to happen in the soul of Henry.

Then came a curious chance about a year after Jemima's final refusal of the man, and, little knowing that love can turn to poison and be a deadly danger to some natures, Jemima played into his hands on a certain winter night. She thought he was over his sorrows and content to be just a friend, like making she was content to see him and pass the time of day with him, and even offer him a cup of tea if he happened along at the proper hour. Then she ordained to go to Plymouth for one of her visits, to do a bit of shopping and see the world. For she was very independent and liked to show the people that she

weren't a stay-at-home. And the train went off a bit afore midnight, hearing which Henry offered to see her to it. Thinking no evil and little knowing he was a man possessed, she agreed, and the night came -full moon with a scud flying and mild as milk. He was early, but found her ready, and he suggested a stroll first, as he was wishful to get her to do a few things for him in town. So, guessing nought was wrong she set off and he carried her little cane hold-all for her.

"We'll go up the hill," he said, "for I'm short of exercise, and along by the Thorpe Wood we shan't run across anybody."

They walked up to the forest, she thinking to drop down the other side to the station; and Henry pretended to be bright and cheerful and hoped she'd have a good time away.

"What a one for mystery you are!" he said. "Your cousin tells me you never even let anybody know where you put up at Plymouth."

something of the hungry devil inside the man

broke out of his eyes and voice.
"Tell me this," he said, "and tell me true. Is there anybody else coming between us? there another man you love, Jem? I've a right to know that, and I'm going to know."

She was frightened, but didn't show it. She looked away out over the tree tops and heard the horn humming under her feet, and replied very quietly and truly:

"No. Henry. There's no man in my life." With that he went at her like a flame of fire, implored her to take him, and knelt to her, touched the hem of her garments and showed her in half a minute he was beside himself.

But she kept her nerve and prayed to God in her heart, and told Henry that she could never take him, and begged him to remember his manhood and let her be. Then he broke loose and cursed her for a hard-hearted giglet who had ruined his life; and she saw his love turned to bitter hate, and feared every minute he'd seize her and fling her down and break her neck. She implored him for his religion to keep a tight hold on himself, but he was raging mad now and he told her that if she didn't promise to take him he'd bawk her up

in the tower and leave her there to die. "None comes here once in a month, as you know," he said, "and here you'll starve and rot, and nobody be the wiser, for they'll look for you in Plymouth; and God judge me, when

once I leave you if ever I'll come back." She prayed him not to damn his soul with such wickedness and asked him how he would gain by putting her to a cruel death, but he haid her doom was on her own head, and she saw he was far past reason. Then she knelt to him in her turn and implored him not to do such an awful thing.

With that he threw her on the stones and rushed down the steps, and she heard him-put home the great door and heave timber against it from a wood stack, and make it fast against her. He worked for half an hour withcut a word, and she screamed thrice so loud as she might, but there was only him to mear her, and for answer came the whistle of the train a mile away in the valley. Then he shook his fist up at her and ran off and was lost in the darkness.

He crashed away, like a wild creature, and the Devil's Horn seemed to blow a blast of triumph, but Jemima didn't hear it, because she fainted after Henry was gone. But her worst horror that night had yet to come.

For the Lord chooses His own tools, and He picked a rough one for a rough task. Her cry, that might have gone out to the wind most times, had catched a human car after all, and Jacob Clegg, very busy with the squire's pheasants not half a mile from the tower, had heard it. He knowed what it was, too, and, being

pretty much of a man for all his wickedness. reckoned there was a female in trouble calling for succor. So he hid his birds and his airgun where none could find 'em but himself. and slouched off as fast as he might through the game covers till he peeped out at the edge of the moonlit clearing. And then he saw first. Jemima up in the tower, and, second Master Henry heaving a lot of heavy stuff against the door beneath. He marked the man, but he had the caution proper to chaps that play his nightly games, so he kept hid and watched a bit. And he didn't creep out till Henry was off.

So it happened that just as Jemima was recovering from her faint, and pulling herself tofirst he wanted to runafter the other man instanter and catch him afore he fetched home. But prensently the poacher's natural craft got the better of his anger, and he thought of something a lot cleverer than that. And Jemima, who was properly indignant by now at the shameful treatment she'd been called to suffer, and so weak as a worm in body and mind after her cruel handling, fell in with Jacob's idea. She regretted agreeing with him a few hours afterwards, but then it was too late, for more strange things than one happened inside

Jacob was the sort that loved a little plot and very quickly made one, for when Jemima had thanked him yet again for saving her life and told him all that had happened, he thought over it and then planned what she should do.

"To night," he said, "you shall come and put up with my mother, and tomorrow morning at eock-light I'll drive you down to Cornford to catch the train to Plymouth. You musn't go from Thorpe, else you'll be seen. What we have got to do is to let that murderer think he's had his way. So you go down and enjoy yourself at Plymouth, then come back to my mother, just for a night or two, and I'll tell you what to do next. The point is that nobody who cares about you is going to be frightened, and there won't be no hue and cry, because everybody will think you're all right. But the only hue and cry will be in the soul of Henry Bird, where the Devil and all his angels will torture the traitor till he'll wish he'd never been born.'

"He may repent tomorrow and come up and seek to save me," said Jemima. "Not him. If you'd took him he'd very like have done you in so soon as he was tired of you, same as he meant to do tonight," vowed Jacob. "He's a wolf in sheep's clothing, and the

awfulest hypocrite ever I heard tell about." "But he's a religious man and he's done a power of good among the young people, and saved many from drink and foolishness," she sald. "He's gone mad, and that's the only right way to explain his outrage on me.'

However, Clegg wasn't there to argue. He fastened up the door again very careful, same

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