

**KITTY ALONE. A STORY
OF THREE FIRES, IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

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Kitty alone. A story of three fires, in three volumes, Vol. III by S. Baring Gould

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S. BARING GOULD

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KITTY ALONE

A STORY OF THREE FIRES

BY

S. BARING GOULD

AUTHOR OF

"IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA" "THE QUEEN OF LOVE"
"MEHALAH" "CHEAP JACK ZITA" ETC. ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III

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CONTENTS OF VOL. III



CHAP.	PAGE
XXXVII. THE ANSWER OF CAIN	7
XXXVIII. WANTED AT LAST	16
XXXIX. ONE FOR THEE AND TWO FOR ME	25
XL. A GREAT FEAR	35
XLI. TAKING SHAPE	45
XLII. AN UGLY HINT	54
XLIII. MUCH CRY AND A LITTLE WOOL	64
XLIV. PUDDICOMBE IN F	74
XLV. DAYLIGHT	82
XLVI. A TRIUMPH	90
XLVII. PARTED	100
XLVIII. A SHADOW-SHAPE	110
XLIX. FLAGRANTE DELICTO	118
L. THE THIRD FIRE	128
LI. THE PASS'N'S PRESCRIPTION	137
LII. IN COURT	145
LIII. JASON'S STORY	156
LIV. CON AFFETTUOSO CAPRIZIO	165

KITTY ALONE



CHAPTER XXXVII

THE ANSWER OF CAIN

THE accommodation of the little inn was not extensive, so Pasco had to be put into the same room with the lawyer, and Kitty slept with the innkeeper's daughter.

Pasco would have greatly preferred a room to himself. He was in a condition of unrest. As it was not possible for him to return to Coombe Cellars that night, he was in ferment of mind, uncertain whether it were advisable that he should return there that week, whether he should not go with Mr. Squire to Tavistock to make provision for the burial of his uncle, and to see after his estate. He had added crime to crime to save his credit as a man of substance, and all had been in vain. The succession to his uncle's estate supplied him with what he required. Why had not the old man died a day earlier? Why, but that fate had impelled him into crime only then to mock him. If fate could play such malicious tricks with him,

might it not pursue its grim joke further, lift the veil, disclose what he had done, and just as the property of his relative came to him, just as the money from the insurance company was due—strike him down, drive him into penal servitude, if not send him to the gallows? He tossed on his bed; he could not sleep.

At one moment he resolved to go with the solicitor to Tavistock, and remain there till the funeral, or till he received news of what had taken place at home. But a devouring desire to know what had happened, what was the extent of his crime, to know whether Jason had escaped, whether the fire had been put out, what his wife thought, what was the general opinion relative to the fire,—all this drew him homewards.

Moreover, his sprained ankle and arm were painful, and he could lie on one side only. In the night he put out his hand for his coat, drew it to him, and groped for the box of lucifer matches. He desired to light a candle, rise, and bind a wet towel round his foot.

But the box was missing.

Alarmed, he started from bed and explored the pockets of his trousers and of his waistcoat, and then again went through all those of his coat, but in vain. He had lost the box.

Here was fresh cause for uneasiness. Where had he lost it? Surely not at Coombe Cellars. With a sigh of relief, he recalled having struck a light in the linhay in Miller Ash's field, and that it had excited the interest of Kate. He had then slipped it back into his pocket, as he believed.