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under his care, and there was no reason to question his findings. William appeared heart broken, and until just recently has been the picture of a grieving husband. Hilda is the first woman he has shown any interest in."

"Then why would he kill his wife or want to kill Hilda?" Edward persisted.

"I don't know," Jeremy conceded bleakly.

The patio doors slid open and the two men looked toward the sound. "Here they are?" Hilda called over her shoulder to Amy. "We were wondering where you had gotten to," she added with a raise of her eyebrows to warn them that Amy had not reasserted control of her grief.

Jeremy and Edward rose from their chairs as the two women came onto the patio. Jeremy stepped forward and took Amy in his arms. "I'm very sorry my dear. You will miss him greatly," he murmured.

"I still have his garden and all the memories of the times we shared," she said quietly, accepting Jeremy's consoling hug.

"Amy, would you take something to make you rest for awhile, if Jeremy were to prescribe it," Edward asked gently, taking her hands in his.

She looked up at him in puzzlement for a moment as if not quite comprehending what he had asked. "Do you think I would feel better?"

"Sometimes sleep puts things into perspective. You said yourself you haven't been sleeping well lately, and the shock of your father's death on top of being tired is going to be hard to handle," he suggested persuasively.

"I carry a few things for emergencies in my bag. Give me a minute and I'll bring something in from the car," the doctor said quickly. Hilda looked at him questioningly. He gave an almost imperceptible shake of his head to indicate he wanted her to come with him and she followed him back into the house.

Once out of ear shot he turned said, "Don't offer to stay with her. Pearl can come over.... or Edward can stay with her."

"I should stay though. It would be the expected thing to do," Hilda protested.

"Well then, my dear, for once you aren't going to do what's expected." There was a finality to his voice.

"You go and get those sleeping capsules for Amy and let me make up my own mind," Hilda said firmly, adding, "I was going to say that even though I might be expected to stay, I am sure that Edward will be much more of a comfort to her than I."

Jeremy gave her hand a quick squeeze and headed off down the hall to the front door.

The young couple were standing much as they had been when Jeremy and Hilda left them, arms around each other, Amy's head on Edward's shoulder. "Amy dear, do you want me to help you into your nightdress?" Hilda asked. "You'll sleep much more comfortably if you get ready for bed as you would normally."

"No, I'll be alright. I'll go and get ready for bed," she replied with almost childlike obedience. "You will stay won't you Edward?"

"Yes dear. I'll bring the sleeping tablets up in a few minutes.... go on now," he directed, turning her to face the patio doors and giving her a little shove.

Edward and Hilda watched her leave, seeing her sadness in each step she took. "Mother left some lemonade in the fridge. Would you like a glass?" Edward offered.

"That would be very nice. Your mother makes delicious lemonade. I always envy her that talent," Hilda said with a smile.

"Don't tell her I told you, her secret ingredient is dash of lemon squash," Edward grinned.

"Well that's as may be, but it's still the best lemonade around," Hilda chuckled.

"Hilda, were you really planning to marry William?"

"No, Edward, that was all in Will's mind. We'd never even discussed such a thing. Our arrangement was one of convenience. As long as we were a couple, people stopped trying to pair us off with all the suitable singles they knew. And it was pleasant to have someone to go places with... gave us someone to talk to on the way home," Hilda explained.

"Then he was a friend, no more?"

"Of course. And I shall miss him as one would a friend." She watched Edward pour out three glasses of lemonade and put the pitcher back into the fridge. "What about you and Amy?"

"I would like us to be more than just friends, but as long as she plans to go out west, that doesn't seem to be possible," Edward admitted.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," Hilda quoted, taking sip of her lemonade.

"Does that line go with 'cold feet make a poor bedfellow'?" Jeremy enquired teasingly, coming back into the kitchen in time to hear Hilda's comment.

"Took you long enough," Hilda retorted.

"Yes it did, didn't it. I only hope it wasn't too long," he answered enigmatically, then ignoring Hilda's pointed glance, took a sip from the glass of lemonade Edward had poured for him. "I toast your mother, Ed, the best lemonade maker in Weavers' Mills."

"She'll appreciate your sentiment," Edward responded with a bow.

"While I was in the car, I contacted Corporal Fairchild. he has the search warrants. As soon as Amy is asleep, if you would call this number," he handed Edward a card. "Fairchild will have Dawson come to execute the search warrant. Better to do it while Amy's sleeping."

A frown creased Edwards forehead. "You're sure that's necessary?" he protested.

"Yes. If for no other reason than to prove that our suspicions were wrong."

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