

"Poor, miserable little fragment of humanity," he said, patting the ragged child tenderly upon her clotted curls, "what a pity so much good material should go to waste. You pick up the fragments that remain, it seems, in strict accordance with the scriptural injunction. Let me see what money I have left in my pocket. Ten—twelve—fourteen and sixpence. Better you should have it than a Thames lighterman. Take it, little one; take it; take it. Don't be afraid of me; it isn't stolen. What a pity so much good material should go to waste in the gutter or—the river. *Qualis artifex pereo!*—a good chemist is going to be wasted."

So, muttering ever to himself, "Maimie, Maimie!" he walked along to the wharves by the Embankment, and found a nice, quiet, dark spot by a corner, where a man could let himself in wholly unperceived, without much fuss or noise or trouble. Glancing around him nervously, he took off his coat and boots, and stepped gently into the cold, black water. The electric lights on the Embankment opposite glared and flickered, but nobody saw him. Then he swam off, heading down stream with the ebb tide, in the murky darkness.

"I shall swim till I'm tired," he said to himself with careless glee, "unless a Thames steamer runs me down first, and then I shall just go quietly under. Drowning isn't so bad after all as living. . . . Good-bye, Maimie . . . Maimie, Maimie, Maimie, Maimie!"

Next morning, very very early, Jocelyn Cipriani went round to the newsmonger's to buy the first of the penny papers. He opened it with a certain vague foreboding of what he should see, and glanced rapidly down all the columns for the subject he wanted. Presently, the name of "Stanislas Benyowski" met his eye, near the bottom of a column. He looked in haste at the little paragraph. Yes, yes, it was there.

"Mysterious suicide . . . well-known Polish Communist refugee . . . no marks of violence . . . name on linen, 'Stanislas Benyowski' . . . plucked up at half-past eleven by a Rothsbiths boatman . . . long been wanted by the police for a murder at Guildford . . . tracked at last, by a clue given through a Nihilist refugee . . . identified by Mademoiselle Vera Trotaky . . . no doubt drowned himself in desperation."

Jocelyn Cipriani sighed a sigh of pity and relief, folded the paper up carefully, and went round with it in haste to Wilmington Crescent.

"You will break it gently to Maimie, Adrian," he said, handing him the paragraph. "Her nerves must already be terribly shattered by what took place here yesterday morning."

"It's no use breaking it," Adrian answered with a deep breath. "She has had a post-card from Sydney to warn her beforehand."

As he spoke, Maimie came out of her bedroom pale as a sheet, and haggard with crying, and took the paper from her husband's hands. Jocelyn pointed silently to the fatal paragraph, and then