

the kitchen, took down the pipe and dusted the case, wrapped it in a sheet of white paper and tied it up with a fresh string. It adorned Jacob Minns' parlor mantel, unsullied, till the day of his death.

During the year after he had stood with eyes closed to the pageant of tremulous joy at Barbara's wedding, Corenzio inherited a small fortune from an old man by whom he had been engaged to play an hour every day to ease the tedium of a wasting illness. His life had been creeping slowly, like a torpid November wasp, since that day when the end he had failed to hinder had come, and his sin seemed to him in vain. His thwarted revenge left him lonely when the greatest power in the world had overridden his poor snare, unseeing, unguessing it. An irritated scorn at the fate that was against him gave a desperate determination to match its spite with all the powers at his disposal, forcing everything out of life which it could show him.

As soon as possible after the legacy was in his hands he went abroad. The instalments came to him regularly from Alden Sumner until principal and interest were fully paid. Perhaps he found it easier to acknowledge them with leagues of sea between him and the sender. It was a sum barely exceeding ten thousand dollars in all. The investment in land which he had made yielded him a great increase over the original outlay when it was sold.

His unusual gifts never made his name famous