

and himself, so that she might hold him in her power. A pretty sort of plan indeed — and they expected him to be deceived by it. Deceived. By God, no. He was equal to the pair of them. They'd soon find that out.

On and on he raged. But when the fire within him was at its fiercest, suddenly a change took place. His anger ceased to glow, the heat of his hatred began to cool off, the flames of his frenzy no longer leapt forward and uncontrolled. They died down, and with them the demon at whose bidding they had sprung to life.

Horace cast himself on the couch.

"My God, what have I done?" he cried in his agony of spirit.

The meaning of what he had done broke on him, descended on him like a blast. He sprang up and dashed downstairs to the door. He flung it open.

"Joan, Joan," he cried. "I want you — Joan, Joan, my little Joan."

There was no answer.

"Joan, Joan," he called again. "I have always wanted you — all the time — every hour, every minute."

There was no answer.

"Joan," he cried. "Come to me, my little one, my own little darling."

Not a sound, not a sign in response.

The devastating silence, the deepening darkness struck a chill at the lonely man's heart as he stood listening for a voice which he knew in his heart of hearts he would never hear. For he knew that she had gone, knew that her proud little spirit would not have suffered her to remain one single moment outside the home from which he himself had thrust her.

He fetched a lantern, and wandered over the moor in search, calling her name as he had called it before on that first night of her rebellion, when she had flung down