were wrung through her dry lips. Her tortured eyes raked and racked him.

"I . . . I can't," he said miserably. "God help me for a coward."

"If you care, if you ever cared. Peter, Peter. Don't let me go on suffering. I want to die. Help me to die. No one but you can help me. Show me that you love me!" She turned away from him for ease, and he could hardly hear her. In the next paroxysm he lifted her gently on to the floor, placed a pillow under her head. He pleaded to her, but she repelled him; entreated her, but she would not listen. All the time the pain went on. "You promised," were not words but a moan.

Desperately he took the tablets from the wrong bottle, melted them, filled his needle. When he bade Stevens roll up her sleeve, she smiled on him, actually smiled.

"Dear Peter! How right I was to trust you. . . ." Her voice trailed. The change in her face was almost miraculous, the writhing body relaxed. She sighed. Almost it seemed as if the colour came back to her lips, to her tortured face. "Dear, good Peter," were her last words, a message he stooped to hear. "Dear Peter! No one but you has ever loved me!"

"Thank the Lord," said Stevens piously, "she's getting easier." She was still lying on the floor, a pillow under her head, and they watched her silently.

"Shall I lift her back?"

"No, leave her a few minutes." He had the sense to add: "The morphia doesn't usually act so quickly." Stevens had seen him give her morphia before in