

rington flung back the door, and leaped at the maniac, but paused as he saw him striving wildly to get through the cellar door—going through the motion of unlocking it, and impatiently stamping again and again, as the dog bayed furiously within.

"Curse him! He has found it," he cried hoarsely. "It would have killed any other dog. What's the matter with this key—now then—beast—devil—must I kill you again? Down, brute! Hush! Curse him, they'll hear. Ah! has that silenced you? Bite, would you? How sharp his teeth are! But that finished him!"

As he spoke in a low, hoarse, muttering tone he went through the motion of a struggle with some animal, striking at it with an imaginary stick; and then, blind to the presence of those who crept nearer to him to catch him unawares, he seemed to be binding up his injured arm.

"Only mad dogs do harm," he said with a curious laugh, as he gazed wildly round. "Only mad dogs. Yes, but you're dead now, brute. Only mad dogs do harm, and you were not mad, you savage beast! There! now what next—what next? Can I—can I think of anything more—the money—the watch and chain—the ring? There's plenty without them, and some day, perhaps, some day—when he's forgotten—Yes—George Harrington, I'm—master now. Ah!"

He uttered a wild yell, twisted completely round as if struck by a bullet, and fell face downwards upon the floor.

George Harrington was in the act of springing upon him to secure him, but the doctor caught his arm.

"No need," he whispered; and stepping forward, he went down on one knee, the light from the guttering candle left upon a side table shining down faintly upon a distorted face, quivering in the last throes of death.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOME!

A DOUBLE inquest and a long inquiry, too, in which an intelligent British jury returned a verdict of willful murder against Saul Harrington—the most satisfactory of circum-