

CHAPTER XLII

HE lowered the bar.

Yet, but one lingering moment. One blessed flash of time; one little measure begged of all eternity — in which to view again Celeste's white arms fling off the spray. One picture more of supple limbs and silver water. Then back to grim determination; stern requital.

This time he cried aloud his words: "My little frog — my innocent White Frog — thus I revenge."

He drank it then.

One more breath to breathe; one second left to go. Swiftly, swiftly, he must move swiftly. But the door is open now.

A smile beneath the trim, black beard, a smile of ecstasy. A wonder-light in the small, dark eyes, the light of exaltation. A cold wind sweeping over him, through him — Ah!

But Guido Swartzhausen has passed the door.