

temptation to obliterate the scene of her exquisite, secret and now vanished, drama grew strong.

But within these last hours, thanks to the infant wailings of Patrick Alexis, the situation had suffered joyful change. The house thereby regained much of its worth and attraction, since the blest babe had so evidently and alarmedly detected the push of the supernatural, which her staled senses—or was it her staled faith?—had ceased to trust in and to perceive. He had read her a lesson she was not slow to learn. Should the tall villa fall then, or should it stand? She inclined to have it fall; and that for the reason she, not wholly truthfully, gave Lucia Fitz-Gibbon—namely, that she loved it too well to let any person inhabit it save herself. Yes—she would sell, she would sell! But subject to two conditions. First, that the transfer should not take place until the end of the coming January quarter, and, secondly that the wrecking of the whole building, on conclusion of the transfer, were immediate and absolute. As to the price paid for the property—and this struck her as a pretty flight of sentiment—she would bequeath it to Patrick Alexis, with a note of explanation to his mother regarding the why and the