

all. Oay you won't go out any more into the sunshine, or hear men talk and laugh; we end things, you and I, to-night."

"What are you going to do? What do you want with me?"

"Do you remember, ever so long ago, we made out a paper—you and I—declaring that one or other of us would come back? Do you remember that? I see that you do. Well—I came back—and I've been watching all sorts of things since then."

"I won't believe it," stammered Rutherglen. "You're nothing; you're a shade—a shape—a figment of my imagination."

"We shall see about all that," answered Levity Hicks. "You had your chance, Horace—a bigger chance than ever I had; to-night you've come to the end of your tether. Do you remember how you stole from me, and drove me nearly frantic with despair? Do you remember how, in that fashion, you drove me to my death? Do you remember how you robbed a gentlewoman who loved me, and who would have saved me from what was hanging over me—do you remember that?"

Rutherglen was silent. He was shaking in every limb, and seemed to be clinging to the bare wall behind him. After a pause, Levity Hicks went on again.

"Do you remember, you dog, how you drove that child out into the streets—penniless and hopeless? She nearly killed herself that night; but a good fellow found her, and has made her happier, perhaps, than she has ever been before. There's a heavy load upon you to-night, Horace; you've gone about damning souls."