

instead, this evening, with this evening's ebb tide. For Maimie's sake! for Maimie's sake! How like a tune it rings always in my ears—Maimie! Maimie! Maimie! Maimie!"

He walked till he came to Battersea Bridge, which he crossed half-unconsciously, turning in at last to the Park on the other side, and seating himself, in the drizzling rain which had begun to fall, on one of the benches.

There he sat, in a kind of lethargy, the livelong day, without tasting food, or moving from the bench, till evening began to close in upon the river.

Then he wandered out once more into the neighboring streets, and felt dimly conscious for the first time that he was growing cold and wet and hungry. So he strolled off quietly to a baker's shop, and bought a penny roll, which he ate as he walked down the streets again, in the direction of the river.

Presently, he passed a stationer's window, where he saw there was a little branch post-office. He went in, throwing away in the street the remainder of his roll, and bought a bundle of halfpenny postcards. He took one, and asked for a pen, which the stationer handed him. On the back of the card he wrote a few words in a firm hand—no trembling now—and addressed it on the face to Mrs. Adrian Pym, Wilmington Crescent. The words he wrote were few but concise.

"By the time this card reaches you, Maimie, the one obstacle to your happiness will be removed; and I shall be floating dead, I hope and pray, upon the middle of the river. If my body is found, you may have it buried as Stanislas Benyowski's. Mademoiselle Vera Trotsky will identify it. No need now to rake up the past again. I have always loved you. I love you still.

"Yours for ever and ever,

"SYDNEY."

He read it over, and then, suddenly recollecting himself, bought a packet of envelopes, with one of which to cover it.

"How foolish of me to forget!" he said to himself angrily. "The servants would see it."

He put it inside one of the envelopes, and again directed it, and dropped it carefully into the letter-box.

Then he wrote a second card in French to Vera Trotsky.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Inquire to-night late for my body, and identify it at once as Stanislas Benyowski's. I am going to drown myself. I kiss you
SYDNEY CHEVÉNIK."

A ragged child was standing by the door as he went outside, munching with great satisfaction the bit of sodden crust that Sydney had hung so carelessly into the gutter.