

"Oh yes, you'll get through this."

"I don't want to . . . only not to suffer. Remember, you promised."

He pretended not to hear, busying himself with little bottles.

"He has gone. I've stopped the check Peter . . ." The pain rose, her voice with it, then collapsed; it was dreadful to see her.

"Help me . . . give me the hyoscine," she said faintly.

His hand shook, his face was ashen.

"I can't bear this . . . you promised." The agony broke over her again. He poured down brandy but it might have been water. His heart was wrung and drops of perspiration formed upon his forehead. She pleaded to him in that faint voice, then with past pleading and could only suffer, then began again.

"Pity me . . . let me go; help me. . . . You promised."

One has to recollect that he loved her, that he knew her heart was diseased, that there would be other such attacks. Also that Gabriel Stanton, whom he feared, had proved inflexible. There would be no wedding and inevitable publicity. Then she cried to him again. And Stevens took up the burden of her cry.

"For the Lord's sake give her something, give her what she's asking for. Human nature can bear no more . . . look at her." Stevens was moved as any woman would be, by such suffering, or more either.

"You promised. I trusted you!" were words that