

tragedy would never have occurred : Madame Viacava would not have dared to traverse the park at night but for my assurance, given in good faith, that I had always found Mr. Brabazon in his room at the hour when she went to meet her death. There was no tenderness in my mind now for the woman who had once bewitched me : her reign in my heart had been strangely short ; but I could not wholly dismiss the idea that I was in some way the cause—the indirect and innocent cause, it is true—of her death.

The chain of my gloomy thoughts was broken suddenly by Mr. Ashcroft. With a weary sigh he rose from his chair, and approaching the couch bent over it and pressed his trembling lips to the cold firm mouth of the man he had loved and suffered for.

I seized his arm gently and led him to the door.