

the open space and waited. Then she began to count, slowly: "One, two." As she said "thirteen" the long, melancholy cry of the dog broke the stillness.

"There," she cried, "I will do it! I wish it had not been thirteen."

The strange howl, or I know not what, disturbed Felisa. She sprang on Lucretia's shoulder and fled with a wild cry to the door, thence back to the window, leaped a few feet to the veranda roof, and was lost to view.

"Ye saints!" exclaimed Lucretia. She was startled by the hollow sound of her own voice, and strangely troubled by Felisa's flight. A vague fear came upon her. It was like a desertion of the one friendly thing in an unfriendly house. For a while she looked out into the unrevealing night. At last she called: "Felisa, Felisa." There was no response. Sitting down, she let fall the masses of her dark hair, and slowly ran her hands through it as she tried to strengthen her resolve.

Yes, she must make sure. There was so much she wanted—an unwatched life, the demi-mondaine freedom, the opera, the café chantant, the social Texas of Cairo or Tangiers, anything except the tiresome decencies in which she had patiently lived. And Kitty? She had promised to go with her.

She turned aside coolly, as often before, to sum up the danger. How much aconite was needed? Her time was short. She went to bed, and could not sleep. The dog bayed. She shut the window, and still tossed about, restless through the long hours of