

he remained for nearly two hours. Then with returning consciousness came the pain again and Dr. Arbuthnot was about to make a fresh injection of morphia, when Grant stopped him.

"I can bear it now," he whispered, calmly, although the perspiration was pouring from him and his features now and again twitched with his tortures. "Better the pain than unconsciousness, doctor." He murmured Haidée's name, and put out his hand to hold hers. "We will not part until we must," he said with a brave smile.

She stooped and kissed him, and then crouching by the bed, she laid her face close to his.

"Courage, Haidée, courage, my dear one," he murmured.

"I shall be within call, I can do nothing," whispered the doctor, signing to the nurse to leave the bedside.

Grant saw the sign, and withdrawing his hand from the Greek's held it to the nurse.

"You have been so good to me and so patient," he said. "And you, doctor; how can I thank you enough?"

I saw Enid choking back the tears at this as she fell on her knees by the bed, and I moved round to her and stood close to her side.

Grant put his hand back again into Haidée's and whispered fresh words of encouragement to her, and stretched out the other and laid it on Enid's head, his face all the time wearing a smile, broken only by the spasms of pain which even his powerful will could not wholly control.

In truly trying silence the time passed until they came to tell me that Stuart had returned from Pera.