

more because their cleanliness would make so tempting a target. The judge would find the mud-flinging entertaining, would interpolate facetious remarks. The Christian Science element would give him opportunity. The court would be crowded to suffocation. The closeness and the musty air closed suddenly, and she felt her heart contract . . . but not expand. That slight cramp woke her from her dreadful dream, but woke her to terror. Such a warning she had had before. She was able, however, to ring for help. Stevens came running and began to administer all the domestic remedies, rating her at the same time for having "brought it on herself," grumbling and reminding her of all her imprudences.

"No breakfast and lunch not up yet. I never did see such goin's on."

She had the sense, however, in the midst of her grumbling to send for the doctor, and before the pain was at its height Peter Kennedy was in the room. The bitter-sweet smell of the amyl told him what had been already done. What little more he could do brought her no relief. He took out the case he always carried, hesitated, and chose a small bottle.

"Get me some hot water," he said to Stevens.

"Morphia?" she gasped.

"Yes."

"Put it away."

"Because it failed once is no reason it should fail again."

"I'm in . . . I'm in . . . agony."

"I know."

"And there's no hope."