

He grasped the lancet firmly in his right hand and made a slight incision, with dexterous gentleness, first on the right, then on the left temple, a little below the two wee scars left by the flint knife of the Indian fanatic. Each cut severed a tiny branch nerve, inhibitory to the action of the small muscle which closes the eyelid. A little round drop of blood oozed slowly forth from the capillary vessels on either side, opened by the lancet. Alan brushed them away lightly with his own handkerchief. Next, he loosed with the sharp blade the silken string that tied the silver image of Kalee round her throat. The wretched bauble should no longer remain to vex her with its memories and recall its hideous half-forgotten associations. He took out his pocket-knife, and with deliberate fingers hacked the soft metal into a thousand small pieces. It was pure unalloyed silver, like most Indian jewelers' handicraft, and it cut easily without much resistance. He flung the shapeless fragments angrily out of the open window. They fell unseen among the grass on the lawn. Kalee was annihilated—dead and gone, for Olga Trevelyan, for ever and ever.

He returned to the bed. The action of the operation had been instantaneous. Olga's eyelids lay closed in sleep, with her head resting gently on