

"Scream louder! Scream louder, you that robbed my child of her brain! Scream to her that loves you so dear to come and save you now. It burns, does it? It gnaws your rotten heart with its red-hot teeth! But 'tis child's-play to what waits for you. I never believed in hell till I knowed you."

"Mercy!" screamed the other. "Kill me—end this—end it!"

He writhed and kicked, hammered on the floor with his fists, struck his heels on the ground. Then he seemed suddenly to faint, and for a moment was motionless and silent. Meanwhile, Newcombe fought with his own death, that he might see the other die.

"Hear me, hear me, you black, vile murderer! Howl again: groan again: don't die!"

The other was still conscious, his eyes opened, and he fixed them on the man at table. He glared, his face shone white and wet.

"Think of her—her all the time," yelled Newcombe, now torn and riven in his turn. "Think of her, you dying dog! I've itched to shoot you these many days, or batter your head in an' let your damned brains out; but this is better, this is——"

He broke off and his eyes rolled up. He mumbled still, but only growled like a beast without words. At the same moment and while his voice had sunk to an inaudible whisper, Dury Hext, followed by Ned