

him the victim of hallucination. How conceive it, now that nothing was there to suggest the malady that might have touched his brain? But so it often is, with epilepsy, health and strength remaining unimpaired in the intervals of the attacks. How else could Julius Cæsar, who is said to have suffered thus, have won and kept sway of the whole world in such intervals except they found him free?

And yet . . . how about the moment close following upon an attack? Her lover's was so recent, that time at Kips. The fit had but just left him. . . . Yes—it may have been an arrant delusion. But . . .

She could not bear the speculative conflict in her mind, and spoke suddenly. "Oliver! What *was* it?" For she forgot that he knew nothing of her thoughts.

"What was what?" said he.

"What was it that made you think I had forgotten. . . . I mean, that made you tell me that tale of—of—my hand and the rings?" She chose what she remembered best, for identification.

"Faith! I'll be hanged if I know. 'Twas a true tale, for my own part in it, and that's the most I can tell you, Lucy mine!"

"Then you really believed . . .?"

"Believed it was you? That's so, right enough. And you believed it was me, at the time."

"Oh, Oliver!—what foolish speech! *I was not there.* I was past Merrows Ca before the storm came. There were just a few big drops of rain when Rackham and I rode away, but all the storm was over the sea—black. And yet you say that there was I—my hand and my rings—when all the rain had stopped. Do think upon it, Oliver!"

"Where's the good to come of thinking, silly wench? 'Twas only there in the seeming of it, and we shall never be the nearer, think how we may! But 'twas all one, for the