

the Doctor's grasp, and his face flushed suddenly. "I must—I will know first what has happened. Only an hour ago I wished you good night at Trame, and now I am here, and I see you here, and with faces sad as death. You are treating me as if I were a child. Do you think I cannot bear ill news like a man?" He turned in speaking, and saw the sea; a change came over his face—it grew pale to ghastliness. "I am not near Trame," he said; "and I knew now what has happened. Some one is dead!"

"You are right, Cumberland," returned Harold, in deep pity. "A sad death has occurred here, close by us through an accident——"

"Stay!" cried Cumberland, shuddering. "Do not tell me—do not explain—I cannot bear it! There is a cloud of horror on my brain, and I see and feel things too dimly to understand them." He looked down on his hands, and then suddenly dashed his right hand cruelly against a rock, making blood stream from the bruised flesh. "Such things—such cruel things hands can do!" he said in a low voice. "Was I not right in India in striving to die? Olver, we are haunted—we Irrians—a fiend possesses us at times."

"I think you had better leave us," whispered Doctor Arnold to Harold. "I can manage him best alone. You agitate him, you recall half-formed memories. I fear I have been imprudent in rousing him from his trance; I must endeavor now——" He stopped, for Cumberland touched him on the shoulder and pointed out to sea.

"I wish you would tell me where we are!" he said irritably. "I have a dim memory of the bay. Yes, I was here in the *Alert* three years ago." He spoke very slowly, his voice trembled and fell, his face grew wan as a man's in deadly sickness. "And you told me there was an accident, and some one dead," he continued. "Well, I can bear to hear it now, for it will never happen again—never! Good-bye, Olver! You and I were friends once—that was in India long ago. You will not save my life again," he added, holding out his hand with a wistful smile.

Harold could not refuse the outstretched hand; he wrung it and turned away sorrowfully.

"Tell him now—it is best to tell him that it is his father who has perished," Harold said in a low voice to Doctor Arnold, as