

ENOCH CRANE

and her nervous, high-strung nature saved her. The result was the beginning of acute melancholia. We travelled, we went abroad. I felt that constant moving from place to place would distract her mind. We spent two winters in Egypt, but she grew worse, even violent at times, and I was obliged to bring her home. Our home-coming marked the period of my exile. It meant that I could no longer keep her with me. The end came last night."

He paused again.

Joe did not speak. Somehow he felt that he, who, little by little, was revealing to him the secret history of his life, wished to continue uninterrupted.

"You, my boy," continued Enoch; "are beginning your life; mine is ended. I shall move away from here. Travel, perhaps; I must decide something, though it matters so little where I go. There is a limit to all suffering. I had hope before. To-night even that is gone. I tell you all this, for I want you to know."

He passed his hand wearily over his brow.

"I must eat something, I suppose," said he. "I have not eaten anything since yesterday afternoon."

"You must have something at once," declared Joe, rising. "I'll ring for Moses."

"No, not yet," protested Enoch; "but I'll have a glass of port, I believe. Would you mind getting it? It's over there in the bookcase. There are some crackers, too, on the lower shelf; next to the glasses."

Joe brought him a full glass of port and he drained