

him here! Oh, God, give me strength to bear it—or—or—kill me—Ah——”

“Please give him something,” Martha would pleadingly beg of the doctor, with tears running down her cheeks.

More long weeks of incoherence, then, very slowly, memory coming back; then, most terrible of all, a settled melancholy and a great longing to die.

Days would pass, and the wreck of what had once been young, strong man would utter no single syllable, no word would ask for nothing, would touch nothing.

He was fed as a little child is fed.

To the honour of Martha Cray be it said how she found way to save the man who wanted to die before his work was done.

A young writer, who was beginning to make a name in Europe, chanced to be travelling through a part of Morocco for a holiday trip, now that the country was again in a peaceable state.

Hearing that Aping-Ayres was said to be recovering, determined to journey a little out of his way, and call and enquire after him.

It was Martha Cray who saw him. Martha Cray who told this stranger, who looked to Martha almost a boy himself, the whole story of Tinwhumpinny. Martha it was who begged him, when she saw the tears of sympathy in his eyes, to live and rouse Aping-Ayres to life and to duty.

The young writer thought for a long time. “There is nothing I could do,” he said, “I could talk to him about Tinwhumpinny, and persuade him to write his life. It will cure him or cure him; anyway, the doctors say he will die if he is not aroused, do they not?”

“Yes, sir. Oh, God bless you!” said Martha. “Will you try?”

“Yes,” said the writer, “take me to his room.”

“Can I smoke a cigarette there?”

“Yes, sir, now.”

“I shall have smoked a good many before I gain my purpose. Whatever you do, see that we are not interrupted, do not let any one come into the room for any reason whatever.”