

When, at last, he looked up from the mus-
ing into which he had fallen, on the low chair
by her side, all shapes in the room were grown
indistinct with dusk. He sprang to the win-
dow-curtains and tore them aside—tore them
away, in sudden descents of dark drapery,
feverishly anxious to see clearly, to distin-
guish each feature, to have light all about,
full upon her—not this increasing darkness—
light!

And as the remorseless gloom sank faster,
he bent close, resting his hot cheek against
her cold one, whispering her name. A fold
of falling curtain had carried down with it a
table full of knickknacks: he had not re-
marked the crash. But he noticed that a slip
of linen had dropped away from the half-bared
arm, and he gently drew it up again.

He realised nothing, reasoned about noth-
ing, desired—for the moment—nothing, ex-
cept, perhaps, that the advancing night
should pause. When the room had grown