

CUMNER'S SON

One can admire the Heaven even if one lives in—ah, you know! Listen.” And with a voice that seemed far away and not part of herself she repeated these lines:

“In my sky of delight there’s a beautiful Star,
’Tis the sun and the moon of my days;
And the doors of its glory are ever ajar,
And I live in the glow of its rays.
’Tis my winter of joy and my summer of rest,
’Tis my future, my present, my past;
And though storms fill the East and the clouds
haunt the West,
I shall follow my Star to the last.”

“There, that was to Lucile. What would he write to Gabrielle—to Henri’s Gabrielle? How droll—how droll!” Again she laughed that laugh of eternal recklessness.

It filled Shorland this time with a sense of fear. He lost sight of everything—this strange and interesting woman, and the peculiar nature of the events in which he was sharing, and saw only Clare Hazard’s ruined life, Luke Freeman’s despair, and the fatal twenty-sixth of January, so near at hand. He could see no way out of the labyrinth of disgrace. It unnerved him more than anything that had ever happened to him, and he turned bewildered toward the door. He saw that while Gabrielle lived, a dread misfortune would be ever crouching at the threshold of Freeman’s home, that whether the woman agreed to be silent or