

the bare statement that about six years ago, Sabel, who until then had been perfectly sane, was seized with a violent attack of mania as the result of some unusual mental agitation, the particular nature of which he refused to divulge.'

'Poor fellow! What a disjointed history! But you alluded just now to certain circumstances that might lead to his recovery.'

'Yes.'

Hallam Dufft looked dreamily over his cousin's head, out through the open window, where the great unending sky stretched, a-flutter with feathery clouds, beneath whose soft caresses the tired afternoon was falling asleep.

'If I could only find out what the excitement was which caused that first attack,' he murmured abstractedly, 'I should see my way more clearly. Jack,' he continued briskly, 'there is just one chance for that man's sanity.'

Maclyn sat up, startled.

'The deuce there is!' he ejaculated.

'Three months will prove it, but the thread is so frail that I dare not hold out hope, even to his relatives. Still, I have a clue to the situation, though a slender one, and at best only knitted together out of the ravellings of a madman's talk,' went on the doctor, thoughtfully. 'Sometimes, when Sabel is in one of those awful paroxysms, he raves incessantly of a ring. Only last week I heard him cry out: "I saw it drop—it must be found—I tell you it is no longer mine—it is her wedding ring." And then he rambled on about a church organ that never ceased playing, and