

"My own," said Newcombe, filling up the sportsman's glass a second time.

"Drink, an' I'll tell you about it."

Honeywell did as he was bid, but he had scarcely set down the glass before his hand shook and he felt the sensation of a hot belt tightening round his stomach.

"What's this?" he said, and stared at Newcombe.

"Death!" answered the other, grimly. "Death at last—though I've got to go too. That's no matter. I meant to end my days afterwards an' I'll die happy to see you die."

"God in heaven! She was right! You've poisoned me!"

"I have—like a rat—with monkshood. Ha, ha! She gave you the flowers for love, and I've given you the root for hate—everlasting hate! That's right! Turn and twist and wriggle. You won't wriggle that out of your blood. The fool was too clever for the wise man, after all!"

Honeywell rose with the agony of death in his mind before he felt it in his body. He leapt up, stepped two hasty paces towards the door, then fell screaming—dragged down by a fiery hand that seemed to grope in his vitals. The other was bent double over the table. But he kept his chair and forgot the death racing through him at sight of Honeywell's torment.