

It was part of the long-forgotten litany of Kalee, sung over her cradle, years, years before, by her ayah in India.

Olga hung her head submissively once more. There was a short struggle—an internal struggle. Then she lifted her eyes proudly in a moment's defiance.

"Let me choose death," she said. "Let me choose death, Alan, if death means innocence."

The paroxysm was over. She sank back once more exhausted on the bed. The invisible Presence seemed to fade away, vanquished from before her. Kalee had fled—fled discomfited, But her eyes stood open, open wide as usual.

"Run quick," Alan whispered to one of the servants. "Borrow a case of instruments for me and a bottle of chloroform from Dr. Hazleby's."

The servant ran, and returned immediately, bringing the case as ordered, and a small phial. Alan chose a lancet carefully from the box, and poured a few drops of the chloroform on a corner of his handkerchief. Then he held the wet spot close to Olga's mouth. It took immediate effect. She breathed more heavily. The chloroform had stilled her.