

are going to do, Nora Ascough. You are going to brace up like a man. You're going to be a dead-game sport, as O'Brien said you were. *You* have something to *live* for. You can start all over again. I wish that I could, but *I* have cashed *my* checks all in."

I looked up at her. There was something in her ringing voice that had a revivifying effect upon me. It aroused as the bugle that calls a soldier to arms.

"What have I to live for that you have not?" I asked her.

"You can *write*," she said. "You have a letter in your pocket addressed to posterity. Deliver it, Nora! Deliver it!"

"Tell me how! O Lolly, tell me how!"

"Get away from this city; go to New York. Cut that man out of your brain as if he were a malignant cancerous growth. Use the knife of a surgeon, and do it yourself. Soldiers have amputated their own legs and arms upon the battle-field. You can do the same."

She had worked herself up to a state of excitement, and she had carried me along with her. We were both standing up now, our flashing eyes meeting. Then I remembered.

"I have no money."

She dipped into her stocking, and brought up a little roll.

"There, take it! I'll not need it where I'm going."

Then I told her I had no clothes, and she filled her suitcase for me.