

the gate, a man, who was apparently awaiting his coming. This man asked if he were Thomas Madison, and introduced himself as Rodney Haskmill, lawyer for the City Street Railway.

"I have rather a sad mission, Mr. Madison," commenced the lawyer. "Your wife was—well, was killed while passing in front of one of our street cars today. We recognize that although an accident purely, we are, to a certain degree, open to a suit for damages; but we do not wish the case brought into court. In view of these facts, the company desires to settle for \$25,000."

Tom looked at Haskmill in a dazed sort of way. He could hardly understand that his wife was dead. He kept repeating over and over "Mary dead...killed...an accident...\$25,000." The strain was too much, the shock too sudden. Madison fainted.

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The funeral was over, and I had come to stay with Tom. He was heartbroken. I have never seen a man so much in despair, so utterly at a loss, so helpless, and, besides, he blamed everything on himself he had wished on the idol. For myself, I did not know what to think. Was it only a most remarkable coincidence? Or was it the idol? I remembered that the idol had come from India.

A week passed, while Tom remained the same, and the doctor said that unless a change set in soon he was afraid he would become insane. I slept in a room next Tom's, in case anything should happen—in case he should try suicide.

A few mornings after I lay awake in bed. It was about 2 a.m., and I heard Madison moving around his room. I wondered if anything was wrong, and, putting on a pair of slippers, stepped into his room. Tom was sitting on the side of the bed, gazing moodily into space. A minute or so after he stood up and walked past me out of the door to the head of the stairs. He appeared as if in a trance—that white figure moving before me down the stairs. Reaching the foot of the stairs, he turned to the left into the sitting room. I followed to see what he intended doing, and where he was going. I saw him, by the light of a few gleaming coals still in the grate, advance to the mantel and take the Ivory Idol in his hands.

I was standing in the doorway, and, curious to see what he was going to do, I entered and stood in the shadows near him.

He was staring at the white, grotesque Buddha, which he held in his fingers, and muttering to himself—I was afraid that he had become insane. Once the coals, lighting up, gave me a view of his face, drawn and eager, the light of a fanatic in his eyes. Suddenly he stretched out his hands, grasping the idol tightly between them,