

certain strain of Old World heredity." Then he opened the door. "See," he cried, "there are the stars and the vast night. As they have given me peace, so will they help and sustain you!"

And with a strange feeling of release, of comfort, Etherington went out into the night to dream of Lydia Bradford, and to ponder on this strange danger, from which she and his desire to possess her, had saved him.