

be withdrawn and my advancement come to an end. You were to know only when I had attained my object, a K.C.B. She promised to marry me then, you see. God be thanked, I never got it, that K.C.B." He stopped, drank again, then went on. "And all the time, as any but a fool would have known, she was deceiving me. It was Vanderbyl, the Dutchman I shot, she really cared for, not me; and between them they hatched their scheme. He drew me on to Losfontein, where she was waiting. She sent for me. I went, told her my plans, everything. She passed them on to Vanderbyl, and I was . . . caught."

"But how—how do you know all this, Henry?"

"I heard it from two Germans in the farmhouse. I understand German, you know. They thought I was unconscious, but I . . . heard. Then they went out, and she and I were left alone."

"This—this woman, Henry?"

"Yes. She was unconscious, too, till then—from shock, they said. I had killed her lover, and they had told her suddenly. I awakened her, though, and she came. She was quite mad; thought I was Carl Vanderbyl, and gave me interesting information." He laughed. "A thousand pounds was my price, Violet. She asked me how she should spend it; suggested a tombstone for me. I shan't want a tombstone, though. A sack, a shot, the waves, and the ship gone on. Who cares?" A long pause.

"Henry, is that all?"

"No, there's one thing more, the chief thing of all. You won't believe it, but it's true. When I heard from her of—of the money, a curious thing happened. My love died then and there, and . . ."

"Yes, yes, and . . ."

"I wanted you, Violet. My God, how I wanted you, longed for the sight of your face, the touch of your hand, the rest you have always brought me. In that moment I