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## CHAPTER II

SIR OLIVER'S horse shied at the Mausoleum, coming back, and he beat the animal furiously—called it an accursed brute. This was because his own heart shied at it—flinched from it—had suggested to him that he should propose another road back. But his doing so would have involved an admission that he wished to avoid the Mausoleum. He had no reason for wishing to do so—not he !

That being so, why was he glad to get past it ? He denied this gladness, to himself, as soon as it was safe behind him. But what set him on denying it ? Why formulate belief or disbelief except at the bidding of doubt or fear ?

When he had got well past the Mausoleum his mind changed, and he began to feel forgiving towards his own mental discomfort about it. Did not this discomfort, an absurd consequence of a dream-hallucination, show how free he was from another and a worse one ? He was already on the watch against Guilt—already brewing prophylactics against pangs of Conscience. And he was convinced his Conscience must be at rest when an unreality like that could supersede it. There, there !—he was safely entrenched : who could doubt it ? Had he never killed a man before, that he should fret about anticipated remorse before it came ?

The stable-yard they rode the horses into, to minimise publicity, was walled towards the garden. Over beyond that grey stone roll that crested its coping was the place of the dream-fountain—the place where no fountain was