

An instant he thought.—Then he strode across, and was gathering her in his arms to bear her from the room when she opened her eyes.

She gave a gasp—saw who held her—the startled look vanished—and she smiled.

"Montague!" she said weakly. "Montague! How did you get here—how——"

She caught sight of the two forms on the floor—stared—then shuddered in sudden remembrance.

"Dead!—both dead!" she whispered. "Let me down, dear—I'm not——"

"You must come away," he said, putting her down but keeping his arm around her. "This is no place for you, sweetheart."

She suffered his arm to remain, and stood looking at Lorraine—Amherst she had recoiled from in horror!

"They killed each other?" she questioned faintly.

"No—Lorraine killed Amherst—and then was stricken either by apoplexy or a heart attack—the victim of his own frenzied emotions."

"I see!" she whispered.—"I see!"

"Come outside, dear—you need air, and I must summon a physician and the police."

"Can't we do—anything for Harry?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"At least, we can put him on the couch."

"It is wiser not."

"Must we let him lie on the floor?"

"Since he is dead, it is best not to disturb any—"