

CALVARY

As he sat there buried in thought a servant entered and laid some papers on the table by his side, the daily papers that the post had brought. He was so used to opening them and reading them that Craddock took no notice of the rustling of unfolded sheets or uncut pages.

But suddenly a cry of horror sounded through the room, and Godfrey started to his feet.

"My God! Listen to this," he cried. "Tragedy in an hotel at Monte Carlo." Reuben Leaffe has killed his wife! Shot her in the hotel bedroom—accidentally they say——"

Craddock sprang from his chair. He seized the paper and read the paragraph pointed out by Godfrey's shaking finger.

"Accident?" he muttered. "It reads like it—but——"

The paper fell from his grasp. He felt suddenly sick with the horror of remembrance. Reuben Leaffe's face—his words.

Was it only an accident that he had been examining his gun prior to a pigeon-shooting match at the Cercle? That it had suddenly gone off, and . . . Why had *she* been there—in his way? Was the tragedy planned, determined in that London room, carried out unflinching at the earliest opportunity?

"Horrible!" he repeated, thinking of the radiant, mocking witch who had once sat in this very room, angering him as no woman had ever succeeded in doing.

"Horrible indeed," echoed Godfrey, as he stooped to pick up the paper. "But—our saint is avenged."

Craddock sank back in his chair, covering his face with his hands. David *was* avenged. That was true enough. But of what use was vengeance? It could not wash away sin or cleanse the soul, or heal the stings of conscience. The inexorable law could not be appeased thus. Fire burns on and on, fed by the fuel of undying memory. Had not such a fire burnt in his own heart? Was it extinguished—even yet? For actions determine circumstances and mould character; and to do harm is to reap harm, on the plane of causation or the plane of limitation.

Godfrey St. Just looked at the bowed figure, and wondered what so engrossed him. This tragedy was shocking,