

## Witching Hill

and I for one who listened without another thought of the infamy of listening. I was not there to listen to anybody, but to keep an eye on Ricardo; my further action depended on his; but from the first his presence had blunted my own sense of our joint dishonour, and now the sense was simply dead. I was there with the best motives. I had even begun listening with the best motives, as it were with a watching brief for the unhappy pair. But I forgot both my behaviour and its excuse while Uvo Delavoye was delivering his fine soul; for fine it was, with one great twist in it that came out even now, when I least expected it, and to the last conceivable intent. It is the one part of all he said that I do not blush to have overheard.

"Let us help each other; for God's sake don't let us drag each other down! That's not quite what I mean. I know it sounds rotten. I wonder if I dare tell you what I do mean? It's not we who would do the dragging, don't you see? You know who it is, who's pulling at us both like the very devil that he was in life!"

Uvo laughed shortly, and now his tone was a tone I knew too well. "Nobody has stood up to him yet," he went on; "it's about time somebody