

"Well, why don't you fire?" he said aloud, with a voice that trembled.

Attwater slowly put his gun under his arm, then his hands in his pockets.

"What brings you here?" he repeated.

"I don't know," said Herrick; and then, with a cry: "Can you do anything with me?"

"Are you armed?" said Attwater. "I ask for the form's sake."

"Armed? No!" said Herrick. "Oh yes, I am, too!"

And he flung upon the beach a dripping pistol.

"You are wet," said Attwater.

"Yes, I am wet," said Herrick. "Can you do anything with me?"

Attwater read his face attentively.

"It would depend a good deal upon what you are," said he.

"What I am? A coward!" said Herrick.

"There is very little to be done with that," said Attwater. "And yet the description hardly strikes one as exhaustive."

"Oh, what does it matter?" cried Herrick. "Here I am. I am broken crockery; I am a burst drum; the whole of my life is gone to water; I have nothing left that I believe in, except my living horror of myself. Why do I