

up to Paul and looked him in the eyes.

"You said you had something to tell me. Is it about her?"

Paul nodded. "How is she?" he asked. "I want to speak to her first before I tell you my story. Can I see her?"

"She is fairly rational to-day—in fact this morning I had a half-hour talk with her, that one would never have imagined anything was wrong, and then she went off again on her usual tack, that you and she would be married in three weeks—"

Winfield winced. "Don't," he said, "let me see her now. Where is she?"

"I left her in the sitting-room opposite here. Yes, there she is, I hear her singing. Well, hurry. I am consumed with impatience to hear what you have to say," and with a short laugh, the exaggerated lightness of which barely concealed the anxiety beneath, he flopped back amongst his cushions.

Winfield stepped across the marble-paved hall to the room whence the low singing proceeded. He knocked gently but entered immediately, and shut the door behind him. On the floor in the centre of the room was seated a woman of about his own age. She was large, well-built, and handsome, of the ruddy type. Her face, which was naturally fair, had been further bleached by an indoor life until it was white as that of a recluse, with the same ethereal pink in her cheeks that looked as though it would fade in a moment. Her rich hair she had evidently just unbound, and it lay in straight masses about her shoulders. The sun from the window touched it lightly and turned it to gold above the purple shadows that hovered beneath. The purple shadows that are to be seen in a copper kettle. Her eyes were the same colour as the shadows in her hair, her mouth drooped pathetically, but it curved into a child's shy, sweet smile as Paul came into the room. Then a gleam of intelligence darkened her eyes and she rose confusedly.

"I did not know it was you," she said, fumbling nervously with her hair; "they did not tell me, and my hair—it must have come down—"

"Never mind," said Paul, gently. "You know I like it that way. I want to talk to you, Maud. Will you talk to me for a little while?"

His manner was that of a strong man to a little frightened child. He took her arm and led her to a chair and she sat down. He stood a moment and looked at her, an overwhelming pity and pain in his eyes. Then he sat down beside her.

"Paul," she said, "do you know it is only three weeks to our wedding day—no, wait," she cried, pressing her hands pathetically to her brow; "it isn't that, Paul; help me to remember."

"You were ill," he said, "very, very ill—five years ago—"

"Yes," she cried, breathlessly, "I must hold on—I must—I was ill, and they couldn't cure me, but you are going to find my cure and then we will be married—in three weeks—in three weeks." Her voice trailed off indistinctly. He took her hands in his firm grasp and spoke again in his still voice.

"Think again, Maud. What happened after you got better? Do you remember when your father died?"

"Yes, poor father. He was so very, very ill; much worse than I."

"And he gave you something before he died. What was it?"

"Yes, yes, he gave me money. It is in the safe. He gave me heaps and heaps of money. Some of it is in the bank and some of it is in the safe—and he said, 'Maud, remember—'"

"Yes? What did he say to remember?"

"He said, 'Lionel can work, so you must have it, all—except—'"

"But what did he say to remember?"

"He said to keep the money in the safe and to let no one touch it—no one touch it—and I never have. It is all there, one million dollars. I often look at it, but no one shall ever touch it."

"Is that what he said to remember?"

"No, no, it was something else. He said it over and over. Poor father, he was wandering. He said, 'remember, Maud, for the person who cures you. Don't let any one else touch it'—and I never have—no one shall ever touch it."

He knelt beside her and grasped her hands tighter

and looked into her eyes till he had called back again the shifting light of intelligence. "Maud," he said, "you must listen very carefully and try to understand. I am going to cure you. Oh, my dear, I am going to cure you"—it was said with a moan and a half sob, as his head was bowed a moment on her breast. "But, Maud, I must have money to make the cure. Do you understand? I must have money—one-million-dollars; one-million-dollars—"

She freed herself gently.

"One-million-dollars—" she repeated, quietly.

"Yes, it is in the safe."

"Shall we get it?" he said. "Come, let us get it."



"You had better let me tell you from the beginning."

"Yes," she said, rising; "it is in the safe."

They crossed to the recess where the safe was, half-hidden by a curtain. She unlocked it and peered in, then turned with her aimless smile.

"You may look but you must not touch," she said, "one-million-dollars—"

"And it is for the man who cures you. Maud, who is going to cure you?"

"You are going to cure me, and then we will be married in three weeks—in three weeks."

"Yes, but I must cure you first and I must have the money—one million dollars—shall I take it now?"

"Yes," she said, readily, eyeing his face with her trustful smile, "take it now, and we—"

"Will you pack it for me?"

"Yes," she said, again, and picking up a small satchel that lay inside the safe, she began packing the rolls of bills into it. He leaned against the safe and in the half-gloom his face looked drawn and sad. Hers was sweet and serene as a child's, as she packed the bills in the satchel. When they were all inside she shut and locked it and handed it to Paul.

"Thank you, Maud," he said, with an effort, "and I will come back soon and cure you." She submitted passively to his kiss, and he left her standing in the shadow by the empty safe, a gentle, harmless, mad woman.

When Paul Winfield re-entered the room where he had left Maud's brother, he showed no sign of the strain he had undergone. He sat down, and Bruce, with a curious glance at the satchel, waited silently for him to speak.

"Lionel," he said, presently, in a rather bitter tone, "it is a pity your father had such notions of a man being self-supporting, or I never would have been reduced to begging from a mad woman."

"How did you get it?" asked Lionel, with a peculiar note of contempt in his voice.

"Oh, she gave it to me," said Paul, wearily. "I persuaded her to, but that is part of the story. You had better let me tell you from the beginning, and then you will see there is no need to call in the police."

HE rose from his chair. Bruce also rose and drew some of the furniture aside.

"There," he said, "if you are going to do the caged-lion stunt, you might as well have plenty of room. Now begin, for my patience is just about exhausted."

"You will probably think I am crazy," began Paul, "until I have told you everything, then you can't fail to see my sanity. When I asked my father for money to help me, he advised me to see a doctor, and when I began to explain my theory, he suggested an insane asylum, but he—oh, well—"

"Yes, it is about her," he continued, with a jerk of his head, as though answering a question from the other; "what is all my work for, but for her, and what have all my labours been for, the last five years? And now my goal is in sight. Listen—what is man's reason? You cannot destroy it, for sometimes a man loses it and recovers it. It is not destroyed. Then, why and where does it go? There must be some force stronger than itself, that has power over it. Kepler's laws did not confine themselves to things tangible. Man's mind comes under their control as well. When man is well and in normal condition, his mind is obedient to the *gravitation*, so to speak, of his body. If his body is not normal, if it becomes weakened or undergoes some great stress or strain, the mind will respond to some greater law of gravitation, and leave the body."

"Now what is this force that calls the mind away? Man, I *did* nearly go mad before I discovered it. Can you answer this? What is the power that lies in the North, that great culmination of magnetism? The magnetic pole, you say. Yes, but what is the magnetic pole, and magnetism? Something closely allied to electricity. Granted, and what is electricity? There, science with all its theories."

"I have gone a step farther. What is it that emanates from the sun? Heat, light—yes; but scientists recognized that these terms did not cover all the properties of the sun's rays, so they called it energy. And the earth receives a share of this energy and mankind receives a share, but just as the sun gives off his energy so does the earth and mankind. Why, you know that. Sometimes you give more, sometimes less, sometimes through your brain, sometimes your body; but more can go through your brain. Call it strength, call it mind—call it life—what you will, it is all generated by the same source—energy. It is continually being renewed and it is continually leaving, and when it leaves, that power in the North, which is the earth's waste of the same sun-given energy, draws the waste energy of the man up there."

"I CALL it *energy*. It is the power that moves man's mind and body and every living thing on the earth. Things can't die. We learned in our nurseries that matter was indestructible. Then why should it be imagined that the live things, mind, reason, should die. Look at those world-famed doctors we had for her. Did they do her any good? Not one bit, because they were creation's end from the true solution. I have found it, I *know* I have. I know now what causes insanity—I know where the mind actually goes when it leaves the body. That great Aurora Borealis in the region of the magnetic pole—the mystery of the North—is the *energy* that earth, and the things of earth—mankind and all living things—throw off; and it is attracted away by the magnetism—the *gravitation* of that pole."

"There is a lot more to be discovered, and I know you will see that I *must* have even this little bit to make a beginning. I have made hundreds of experiments and must make hundreds more. I brought back the energy to a bit of organism the other day. It was the beginning of the big things—the anti-force to the pole's magnetic influence that will give the brain power to retain enough energy until the mind is again built up to its normal state. Have I made myself clear? Do you understand?"

(Concluded on page 22.)