

At last, moved as if by some strength not her own, she started to her feet, quivering like an aspen leaf, and stood on the hearthrug, wildly facing him. With clasped hands, and bent head, she paused there for a moment in deathly silence, her great eyes fixed in awful earnestness on some ghastly object which seemed to float invisible in the air before her. A deep voice appeared to ring unheard in her ears. She leant forward in awe as if to catch its accents.

"Kalee, Kalee," she murmured low, in a faint tone : "I hear you. I hear you."

Then she drew herself up suddenly into an imposing attitude, sublime, tragic, as if another soul inspired her, and cried aloud in implacable accents :—

"Choose ; choose ; between me—or Death. You have scorned me ! You have betrayed me ! This choice alone, this choice alone remains ! Obey ! Obey me !"

Alan started back with a thrill of horrible recognition. Sir Donald's pale face, looking in from the passage at the half-open door, answered it back mutely. Both at once read aright her mysterious action. Carrying on the impulse of the mesmeric state, she was dramatizing the ideas that floated through her mind : acting in her sleep both her own part and the part of Kalee.