

I pointed to it. The head, to my eyes at least, still glowed faintly phosphorescent.

"That!" I said briefly.

"That," said Elsie calmly, "is Mad Jeremy!"

I started up on my elbow in great astonishment.

"Then he wasn't dead after all, when he jumped into the water from the top of the tower the morning of the burning?"

"It seems not—it was only a little habit of his," said Elsie calmly, "but he is now! I killed him."

"Why?"

"Because he would have killed you, if I had not! He was waiting for you to pass. Only, as it happened, I had been waiting longest. I knew you were in the sulks, and came to find you. Besides—he killed my grandfather."

"But your grandfather——"

"No matter—he *was* my grandfather!"

"And what did you kill him with?" I was sitting up now, quite myself, and intensely curious. Elsie always says that merely wanting to know will restore me quicker than a whole apothecaries' hall.

She affected not to hear.

"You can't do without me after all!" she taunted.

"I know."

"Don't you mind having killed him?" I asked. As for me I should have been fairly cut out of my mind if I had done as much.

"Of course I care," she answered; "didn't I tell you he killed my grandfather?"

Then it was that I began to believe that after all there was something in blood. And I resolved, there and then, that when Elsie and I were married I should behave, and give her no cause to take an odd shot at me.