

noon. For an hour he sat in one of the great chairs, glowering at space. The next hour he paced the room, and his actions grew violent as he walked. In his frenzy he cursed aloud, and scarcely remembered what he had been saying or thinking. When he came to himself and stood by the open window blood was flowing from his head and hands. He had been beating them against the wall without being conscious of the self-inflicted agony.

In that lucid interval Darleigh sat alone, and watched a dreadful panorama unfold itself. He saw things as they were—objects before his eyes. The weariness of his frenzy had worn him. He felt insecure and afraid of something in his brain which would not take shape. He decided to call for help, and put one trembling hand on the great bell-rope hanging from the ceiling. He thought awhile with the bell-rope in his hand, trying to put the vague, unformed issue uppermost in his brain into words. He remembered, as a man coming out of a trance, that he had told his servant not to enter the room again until eight o'clock, and did not ring. Instead, he loosened his grasp on the bell-rope, went to the table and gulped down more brandy. Then he stood by the window, and looked out on the last of that May day, a man whom passion had consumed and thrown aside as a spent, burnt-out shell, fearful now that the frenzy which had made his mind a blank would come back and sweep him away.

So the afternoon sped on. The light faded outside, and in the room where Darleigh stood the candles did not break the gloom. For long hours there was a strange silence—a pause which seemed

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