

"Stuff!" he said. "Give me the medicine. What on earth is the matter?" He put out his hand.

"No," she said.

He stood up.

"I will have it."

"Please, sir, sit down. Take care. You will spill it. You are excited. You shall have it in a moment."

"I want it now. Do you hear? Every one bullies me." He caught her arm, and, being still strong, snatched at the glass, crying: "Give it to me." She pushed him back, and the wine fell over his shirt-front.

Suddenly he grew white. His face twitched, his eyes rolled from side to side. He exclaimed: "Oh, my heart!" With a low, hoarse cry, the final wail of pain, he fell back, shook all over, and was dead.

For a moment Lucretia stood appalled. Then she staggered backward, away from him, still looking at the changing face. She threw out on the floor what little was left in the cup, which she dropped into her pocket. Casting a look of horror at the gray, fallen head, the large, inert body, but a moment ago alive and angry, she seized the bell-pull and rang it violently.

As she ran to the door, she met Mary Fairthorne and her sister.

"He is dead! He is dead! I was reading to him! All of a sudden he cried out, 'My heart! my heart!' Oh, send for a doctor, quick, quick!"

"It is useless," said Margaret. "Oh, Mary, he is