

in a moment of passion — that he must scourge and torture his body to discipline his soul. I — I shall not forget his face.”

“Poor fellow!” said Mic-co. “My poor cousin!”

They wheeled suddenly at a choking sound in the doorway. Some wild memory of the Grünwald had surged through the fevered brain of the sick man. His clothes were gone, his body slashed cruelly in a dozen places. He had torn down the buckskin curtain at his window and bound it about his body in the fashion of earlier ages. How long he had stood there in the doorway they did not know. Now as they turned, he rushed forward and flung himself with a great heart-broken sob at the feet of his cousin.

“Theodomir! Theodomir!” he cried.

Tregar turned away from the sound of his terrible sobbing.

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