

that couch, and Amherst bending over her. For an instant I was paralyzed! I saw Stephanie try to force him back; heard him laugh in triumph and say something. Then action came to me and I hurled myself upon him. We fought all over the room—you can see how we fought—he to get loose, I to get a grip on his throat and choke the life out of him. I must have had the strength of a demon, for Amherst, I think, is the stronger man. How often we fell, I do not know—sometimes he was under, sometimes I was. And all the while, 'Kill him! Kill him!' was ringing in my ears. . . . We went down again, I on top.—My hand touched the candlestick—I grasped it and struck.—I would be striking him yet if you had not stopped me." He got up slowly, his face unnaturally flushed.—"I'll go to the police station and give myself up. Let the carrion lie where he is until the officers come. You look to Stephanie—it's better——"

He staggered, put his hands to his head, swayed a moment, then pitched forward to the floor, and lay quiet.

"Good God!" cried Pendleton.

Springing to Lorraine's side, he tore open his waistcoat and placed a hand over his heart—no beat responded. He listened!—It was silent.

Lorraine was dead.

He looked at Stephanie—she was still insensible. What should he do? Two dead men, an unconscious woman, and himself! What was best for *her*?