

"Suicide, ha! ha!!

I was shocked beyond measure. It was devilish.

"Do you always take things like this?" I asked. Do these terrible stories never move you to serious thought?"

"Not with women," he answered.

"Are there no true women, then?"

"True women? Ha! ha!! ha!!!"

"Ha! ha!! ha!!!"

It hurt me. I picked up one then, and held it in the moonlight. "About this long silver one with the cross on top, and red hair wound—"

"God!"

"God!" came the echo.

I saw the fiery cigarette fall to the ground. The next instant he was at my side, and a voice hissed in my ear:

"Give that to me! to me!"

As I passed out, in broken tones came from the blackness:

"I was wrong, old chap—there was—one—true woman:"

"One—true—woman," whispered the shadows about him.

John Clarke Innes.