

Primrose, lifting her wan face when the tears were exhausted "but you will tell me how—where you heard that air?"

"I must think. Why do you want to know?"

"Of course I ought to explain," said Primrose, in piteous apology.

Her fingers were locked in her lap, her mournful eyes fixed on Derry's sympathizing face. "I began one night—that one night of my life—to play from memory that haunting phrase of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony which you recognized. But it did not come. My own thoughts came instead, and led me till there came that air. I suppose I composed it, you would say. I played and played it, getting it less imperfect each time, until I had absorbed it. I had never played it before that night. I have never played it since, you know. I have never taken out my violin since, so you understand, Derry? When I began to play that, thinking it out so that it had no being before, I had just left my brother in his room writing; and when I had finished playing it for the last time, I went back and he was—dead. Oh, surely you understand me, Derry? Whoever heard that, must have been there—that night, at the exact time, while Miles was—murdered."

"I—I understand. And you know now that—I—have heard it." The voice was utterly unlike Derry's, and startled even the girl herself.

"But where did you hear it?" persisted Primrose, uncomprehending even the possibility of the suspicion to which Derry pointed. "You will tell me. Think what it means to me."

"How can I remember?"

"Oh, you can if you try, and you will try, I know."

"You must give me time," said Derry, unaware that she spoke in a whisper.

"I often forget things."

"I will wait. It was *not* Oliver? Tell me again."

"It was *not* Oliver."

"Thank God!" with a sigh of deepest gratitude. "Derry, you will understand presently. I will tell you more when you have remembered. You will try to let it be soon?"

"I will try to think," said Derry, and fancied she spoke quite hopefully in her

sympathy with Primrose. But when she was left alone again, she knew there was no need of trying. Thought held her—bewildered, miserable thought—until Mrs. Frayd came creeping down, in abnormal wakefulness and a blanket, a long two hours after midnight, to entreat Miss Hope to go to bed. But even Mrs. Frayd's dull eyes saw next morning that the girl could have had no sleep, and gradually saw too a deeper change than this, especially when she found that, though Miss Ella Hope drove up from the Pines in obvious anxiety about her sister's health, Miss Hope had slipped quietly out and could not be found.

Again and again Ella came during the following days, but always Derry was absent if it were possible, and if not possible, was reticent and abstracted, totally unlike the Derry her sister knew.

"You are different in every way, Derry," she one day complained, "but most of all different to me," and Derry tried to answer gently, and not to show that she shrank under her sister's touch, hating herself for doing so.

"And, Derry," Ella said, another day, "you never call me Sambo, now."

"No."

"Why, Derry?"

"I have outgrown it," said Derry, sadly.

And there never followed any of the old jests or merry little cynicisms or pretty laughter; and yet the moment her sister had left her, Derry despised herself for her own misgivings, and for that passionless, spiritless feeling which was so new to her.

"Something must be done," she cried, in her thoughts one morning as she rose wearily to begin another day. "Surely nothing is so hard to bear as one's own cruel suspicion. This change in me is terrible."

And it chanced to be that very morning that Ella sent Sarah Eales up to Harrack's with a message.

"Sarah," said the girl, plunging at once into what she had determined to say, "sit there and listen to me. Listen with all your memory alive, and tell me whether you have ever heard this before."

Slowly and heavily (at first her fingers refusing to make any notes at all,