

the thought—supposing she had had enough of it like himself, and did not come. That was a vividly new idea. There had not up till now been any question about it. But what if she were tired of this fruitless endeavour, this unprofitable league. Was it remotely possible that after all he might yet be free.

This fancy invigorated him, and he walked nervously up and down. That was it. He thought he heard the sea calling again, but this time with a more prophetic, more dominant voice. Then, abruptly, his stride ceased and he shook his head impatiently. The only reason it had not occurred to him was because such a solution was foreign to Stella. She was too full of persistence, of a high, proud ignorance of defeat. He searched his mind to remember if she had ever yielded, but could only picture upon seasons which now made his own stand seem cruel. No—she would go on fighting it out with the same unchanging hope, and weave round him more closely than ever those delicate tendrils he had so nearly severed for all time. He would be drawn again into the same choking round.

His eyes roved dully along Ellison's bookshelves and rested absently on a large brown volume. It was Woodman's monumental work on Toxicology. It had a familiar look and he took it down indifferently. The last time he had opened his own copy was the evening after Parkinson's death. Suddenly his glance contracted. "Ah, Parkinson was tired, too."

His face became set like marble, while his long, thin fingers turned the pages to the place something