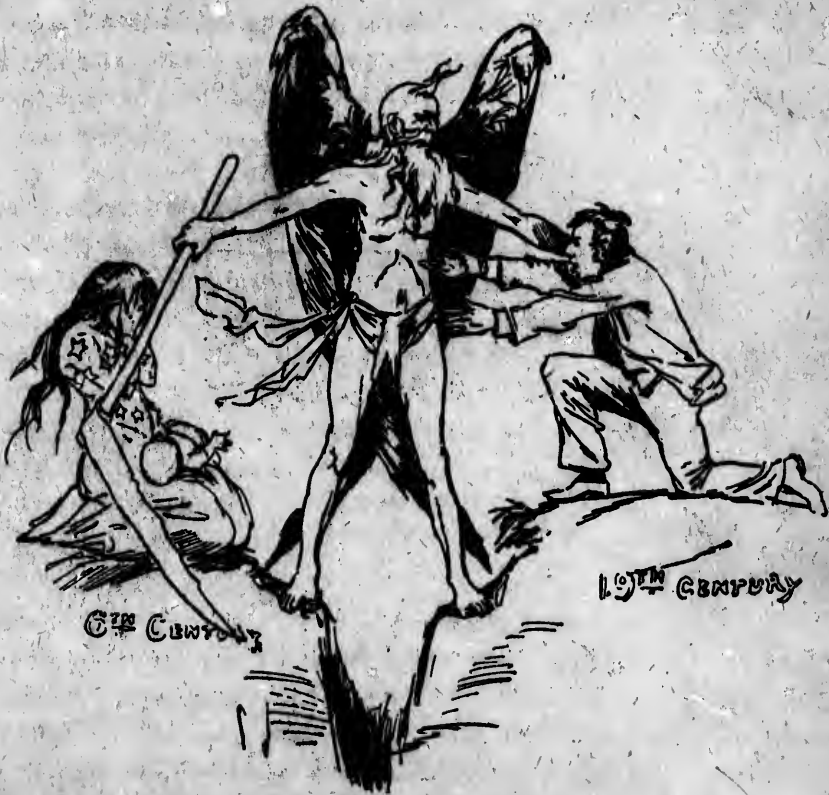


FINAL P. S. BY M. T.

THE dawn was come when I laid the Manuscript aside. The rain had almost ceased, the world was gray and sad, the exhausted storm was sighing and sobbing itself to rest. I went to the stranger's room,



"DELIRIUM, OF COURSE, BUT SO REAL!"