

place a fearful resurrection. The potential father, stricken down in Sir Theodore for the moment by the illness and death of Dolores, rose as if from the grave at the last words, 'My child,' with an almost wild-beast desire to spring upon and make an end of the man who had uttered them. A rage of possession took hold upon him. He had lost the mother. Was he going to lose the child? Was he going to be left with nothing? At that moment he no longer debated the fearful question. He no longer asked himself whether or not the child was his! The child had been born in his home, of his wife, and it should be his. He would close his ears to evidence and his mind to reason. He would not argue, listen or see. He would repel and he would hold. The child should own him as father. He would take the child to England, or to some distant land, where no evil tongues would ever whisper a doubt as to his paternity. Even the fury of jealousy and of humiliation sank away at that moment from his heart. Even Dolores was forgotten. Every other feeling was trampled down by the determination to keep possession of the child.

He took up the latchkey and put it into his pocket.

'You talk like a madman,' he said. 'I must ask you to go.'

Cesare stood looking at him.

'You must give up my child.'

'Go.'

'Do you want evidence? I was with your wife at Olevano Romano on the night of the twenty-second of last September, the night Montebruno killed himself there.'

'Go!' repeated Sir Theodore.

But Cesare drew out a letter-case and took from it a folded sheet of notepaper.

'If you do not believe me look at that.'

He held towards Sir Theodore Princess Mancelli's note of warning to Dolores.

'Your wife sent that to me directly she received it. You will see that she has written some words on it.'

Sir Theodore read the note and tore it up.

'Go!' he said.

'You must give up my child.'

'I shall not part with the child.'