

whole startled English nation will never, never serve to unfasten it.

Alan walked slowly into the next room.

"Where is Miss Trevelyan?" he asked of the servant.

"Here!" the girl said, with her finger on her lip, pointing vaguely to the bed. "Asleep. Don't wake her. She fell asleep the minute that gentleman with the long fingers began to walk up and down the passage, muttering."

"Let her sleep," Alan said, sitting down on the couch. "Better let her sleep the whole effect off. This mesmeric trance has been very terrible in its intensity and duration."

Olga slept soundly, as usual, with her eyes staring wide open. For awhile, she lay motionless and quiet on the bed, but presently, the servant beckoned uneasily to Alan, who rose at once, and gazed with anxious eyes down upon her. Her face was beginning to be horribly distorted, and a terrible fixed look of fear and agony seemed to grow with each moment in her glaring eyeballs. It was clear that another paroxysm was coming on. Alan stood and watched it closely from hard by in breathless excitement.