

keep a jar of vitriol among his personal effects throughout a steady course of degradation in outlying parts of the Pacific, when he hadn't a thing to eat and was starving on the beach while the Captain begged stamps from the Consulate. It looked very much like a slip on Stevenson's part, comparable with that other curious slip in "The Master of Ballantrae," where one of the brothers at the end of the duel plunged his rapier up to the hilt in ground which you had just been told was frozen. Stevenson had admitted that he had been nodding there. . . .

Deryk spun round and stamped up and down the roof, cursing in language which he had never used since he was a foul-mouthed school-boy of fourteen. He was funkng, funkng!! The moment he tried to concentrate his mind on *action*, something carried him away to futile discussions of books. This time—— He looked at his watch. A quarter to six. He had forgotten what the time was before he moved the hands; it might be eight, nine—— There was no sun to guide him. The servants would be coming in at any moment. This time. . . .

The fellow across the road was starting the Marseillaise again—as badly as ever. In a way this was rather like Nana dying of small-pox, while people rushed up and down the streets of Paris, shouting "A Berlin!"

Literature again!

He thrust his left thumb into his mouth and bit in speechless rage until he could bear the pain no longer. Then he looked at the result. The skin was still unbroken.

A single dry sob of misery shook him.

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It was only a question how much noise he would make. . . .

He stole to the parapet and looked down. It must be getting late, because the soldiers in uniform were being outnumbered by men in evening dress on their way out to dinner. There had been no second search party; the others