

mind whirling through a dreadful maze of disorders of its own creating; if they could have understood the madness on the working face, the gayest sights along the road of life would have swung by them ever after, darkened by waving, funereal plumes.

Three o'clock was striking as Darleigh drove up to his grim house, off Pall Mall. Dismissing the coach without a word, he beat at the door-knocker as if he would break the panels. When the man who served him threw the door open, Darleigh went straight to the gloomy dining-room. His ancient servitor followed in his wake.

"Will you lunch, sir?" he asked.

"No—get out," Darleigh answered.

The man turned and walked towards the door.

"Stay—one moment. Bring the brandy," Darleigh ordered.

The man slowly opened a cabinet and placed a full decanter on the table, and after an absence of a minute brought a supply of fresh water.

"Now—leave the room," Darleigh commanded, "and do not let me see you for the rest of the day. Come to me at eight o'clock to-night. You understand? Come to me at eight o'clock to-night."

Darleigh's servant bowed and left the room, closing the door carefully behind him.

As Darleigh poured out the brandy, he noticed his hand was shaking. The mouth of the decanter clattered against the rim of the glass. He poured out half a tumbler of the raw fluid and gulped it down undiluted. He drank it with the manner of a man who has lost his sense of taste.

No need to follow him through the long after-