

who would rise from sleep as though he were truly waking, and then, still sound asleep and dreaming, go forth and wander hither and thither with no form or purpose, seeing with eyes agape without intelligence, choosing his path sure-footed and without danger to himself, so long as he be not roughly waked by a foolish interference? . . . What—a *somnambulist*?—is that the name? I have known such an one to be called a sleep-walker. But whatever be the name, 'tis one thing—and that thing was what I meant when I said but now that I saw that the Squire was no longer himself.

“And now I can see it all again. I see—most strange to say!—that his eyes that meet mine with a vacant glare see not me, or, if they see me, look beyond and heed me not; and yet it is plain he sees, for he steps aside to avoid the low stone parapet—the fending curb—of the fountain basin. I had feared he would stumble over it, and fall.

“Yet he does not fall! He walks clear, as one who sees and sees plainly, and turns at the angle as though to walk round and about it; then stops. He is in my eyesight's memory still, standing as one who seems perplexed with something he would count, and cannot.

“And will you believe me in this, Master Absalom? As I came nigher, I could hear his speech, for he was speaking. It was gibberish, but I noted every word. Write them plainly for my lady. ‘Six—six—six. I counted six—one to each corner. Solid gold—solid gold. A mine of wealth! And John Rackham in the water! Could I tickle him like a trout, I might catch him in the gills.’ Yes—gibberish as it was, I mind all that plain, and him a-saying of it, and laughing to himself. But these were the last words—all but—I ever heard from the Squire's lips. . . .

“Well—see what we had been, he and I, in the years