

## MAX FARGUS

oblivious to her presence, suddenly allowed all his anger and defeat to appear.

"It is inconceivable, monstrous, absurd! It is enough to make me superstitious! But that's the way it goes in this world! I surmount everything. I put to sleep the suspicions of a crazy man, play him till he marries you. Good! Everything succeeds like magic. He goes to Mexico on some tantrum and is killed. So far magnificent! Fargus out of the way, the property ours. Nothing could be better. One would say heaven had ordained it. And then — there comes an impossible, an absurd turn, — a preposterous, idiotic bit of luck, and we are stranded high and dry!" He flung himself down and, jarring the table with his fists, cried: "It is enough to make me believe in Providence!"

"But what, what has happened?" she cried, now thoroughly alarmed. "Is there a will?"

"True, you don't see it. You're not a lawyer," he said, stopping short. "Ah, the law is a beautiful thing, a marvelously beautiful