

Once more Lorraine's arm went up——

"Don't hit him again!" said Pendleton quietly—yet sharp as the crack of a whip. "You are striking a dead man, Lorraine."

The candlestick slipped from Lorraine's fingers and he staggered up—the frenzied look on his face slowly faded into one of unrelenting comprehension.

"Yes!" said he, glancing down unmoved at Amherst's body. "He is dead—damn him! I'm glad I killed him! The beast!—— Thank God! I came in time, dear," he exclaimed, turning to Stephanie.

But Stephanie had fainted.

Lorraine sprang toward her—to be brought up by Pendleton's quick command:

"Let her alone for a moment—she has only fainted—and tell me how this happened."

Lorraine, suddenly weak, collapsed on a chair.

"Never mind—I'll get some brandy——"

"No—I'm all right," Lorraine said huskily.—"It is well for you to hear before she wakes.—I was restless after dinner. I didn't wait for Cameron; I went for a walk, leaving word for him to remain until I returned. I don't know how long I walked, but presently I was aware that I was before Stephanie's home.—The lights were burning—the shades were drawn. I went in on the piazza, with no purpose, nothing but a desire to see her—you understand? As I passed this window, I noticed the door to the enclosed piazza was ajar.—I pushed it open and entered. I heard a queer sound in this room, like persons in a struggle. I dashed across—and saw—saw Stephanie flung upon