

turned to see Rollo shrinking as he stood away, distress and tears working in his face. So he would look now. Then he had encouraged Rollo — as all through life thereafter he had heartened him. Now? Now he was to strike the appealing face that then and ever had looked to him for aid. . . .

How do it? How do it? Why hesitate? Why hesitate? How strike him? Why spare him? How break him? Why let him go? Like live wild things the questions came at him and tore him; as one in direst torment there broke from his lips "O God, my God!": as one pursued he burst from the room, through the parlour where Aunt Maggie stretched hands and cried to him, out into the night where tempest raged and blackness was — fierce as his own, black as the thoughts he sought to race.

Out, out, as one pursued! Away, away, to shake pursuit! And caught as he ran, screamed at as he stumbled on, by all the howling pack that gathered strength and fury as he fled. His feet took the Down; full the tempest struck him as he breasted it; ah, ah, more violent the furies fought within! Thunder broke sheer above him out of heaven with detonation like a thousand guns; he staggered at the immensity of it; on, on, for furious more what joined in shock of battle in his brain! A sword of lightning showed him the Ridge and seemed to shake it where it lay. He gained the crest and turned along it and knew in his ears old friend wind in howling mock of ha! ha! ha! to see this fruitless race.