

the same way, with the same preliminaries. He had saved her. Now he must save himself. He was conscious for the moment of nothing but gladness. He had feared his strength, but his strength had been equal to her need. She was out of pain. Nothing else mattered. She was out of pain; he had promised her and kept his promise. He was no Gabriel Stan- to argue and deny, deny and argue. He wiped the needle carefully, put it away. Then a cry from Stevens roused him, brought him quickly to her side.

"She's gone. Oh dear! oh dear! She's gone." He lifted her up, laid her on the sofa; the smile was still on her face, she looked asleep. He was still gloriously extraordinarily glad at what he had done. Stevens was there and he had to dissimulate.

"She is unconscious. Get on to the telephone. Ask Dr. Lansdowne to come over."

Then he made a feint of trying remedies—strychnine, more amyl, more brandy, artificial respiration. He was glad, glad, glad, exulting as the moment went on, that at the last she had thanked him. He called him "Dear Peter," known he loved her. He thanked God that she was at rest. "*He give His beloved sleep.*" He called her beloved, whispered it in her ear when Stevens was summoning that useless help. He had sealed her to him, she was his woman now, and for ever. No self-righteous iceberg could hold and deny her.

"Sleep well, beloved," he whispered. "Sleep well. I kept my promise. I did not fail you. Smile on me. Smile your thanks. I know you are glad."

He recovered himself with an immense, an im-