

glances at the crouched form and dead body in the stern. They were afraid that Howard would break out into some tirade of reproach against them for the manner in which they had led his brother into their idle dissolute courses—and so to his death. And beside, they were genuinely sorry for his fate.

But Howard did not think of that. The greater shame and sorrow of the more immediate tragedy held him fast.

The phosphorescent glow still broke out about them when the oars dipped, and streamed away from the bows. The wind moved a bit brisker now, and little waves slapped against the boat. The moon had broke out from the clouds, and flooded the dark water with a wide path of silver. Behind them the fire still glowed in the dark bulk of the island.

Soon they came to a little wharf; citywards.

"You men bring Ro—it, home. You know where the house is?"

"Yes," said Curtis.

Howard stumbled out of the boat and walked slowly up the street—homewards.

It was still some hours before the dawn, but he became conscious that the sky was suffused with light. A bit ahead it was filled with a great, red and crimson glow. A fire engine vomiting golden sparks came thundering around a corner, and he heard voices shouting and a great stir of people.

He turned the corner into the street where he lived. The place was filled with a swaying crowd, who were yelling hoarsely—for upon the roof of the blazing house a woman was standing . . . laughing high and wild and madly.

The red flames were all about her. Clouds of