

Mr. Brabazon lay on a couch in the centre of the apartment. I could scarcely recognise him in the figure which I was now standing over. His cheeks were sunken and livid ; his closed eyes seemed to be buried in two great cavities under his brow ; his body was fearfully emaciated.

A rapid examination of his wound showed me that mortification had set in, and that the only chance of saving his life was by amputating the arm at once. The mortification was spreading rapidly.

"He is wonderfully patient and gentle," whispered Mr. Ashcroft to me. "Have no fear of him."

The assurance was unnecessary. I had no fear of him—no fear but the one—that death was fast closing in. However, there was the one chance, and there was no time to be lost.

Mr. Brabazon opened his eyes, and a brilliant light illumined them as he recognised me.

"Ah, Doctor Emanuel," he murmured, "is it you? Do you, can you, forgive me? I was mad that night ; but you know all now. Will you shake hands with me?"

He put out his left hand, wan and white. I pressed it fervently.

I could not speak for some moments, but he knew at least that I bore him no ill will.

"It is very good of you," he said, retaining my hand.

"Good," I sobbed—I could not for the life of me be calm—"You wrong me bitterly. I am stirred to the very depths