

248 THE GATES OF WRATH

'Forrest,' he murmured, 'we are quits now; I saved your life.'

'Thanks for that; but don't talk, old man.'

'He called me mad, Forrest, and I was, I was. I tried to keep it off, but I couldn't. I felt I must drop a thousand sovereigns every week into that well. I was bound to do it. Bad blood, Forrest. I say, Forrest, shake hands—Good-bye!'

As Arthur Forrest closed the eyes of his dead friend, he thought of a verse from the oldest of the sacred books of the East: '*Let him that inherits riches take heed lest peradventure he enter thereby into the gates of wrath.*'

In spite of himself Arthur Forrest became a millionaire. He passed his time in spoiling his wife and in purchasing authentic masterpieces of painting and presenting them to public galleries. His own collection of canvases is the finest private collection in Europe.

Mrs. Cavalossi was last heard of in Buenos Ayres, upon which city the effulgent autumn of her beauty sheds an adorable glow.