

Bellefonte, Pa., August 17, 1928.

A SLIP OF THE KNIFE.

Dwellers in cities, at any rate if they contain within them any residue of the savage man whom they deride, must be pricked at times by a longing to get away from houses and the everlasting cries of the streets into the wastes and the wilds, where nature and looked at it. definitely dominates man. This getting away-it is a sort of strange going home. It brings to the inner man a curious intimate satisfaction, the happy sense of an appeased appetite. He has a feeling of finding himself in loneliness.

One day in London I felt I must get away, go right away, if only for a week or ten days. My brain felt jaded with work. My ears were weary of noise.

I opened a yellow railway guide, turned over the pages, and at last paused, arrested by a note of simplic-ity which seemed to sound clearly, delicately through my mind after all the hubbub of blatancy. Upon the page before me was a small picture of a whitewashed house, ground floor and one story about it, and under-neath was printed the following advertisement:

> The Trout Inn Sand Hills Cumberland.

Comfortable rooms for travelers. Good plain cooking. Reasonable terms. Fine sands. Good bathing. Golf. Freshwater fishing. Excursions to the Lake District. Open all the year round.

A simple advertisement enough, and that was just why it attracted me. I never had heard of Sand Hills, Cumberland. I never had heards of the Trout Inn. Mrs. Emma Marsh's name was unknown to me.

I pictured her as a plump redland dish, ham and eggs. And she must be a sensible woman because so unpretentious. Actually she announced her house for travelers as an inn -good old, well-nigh forgotten word. Surely, surely the Trout Inn for me!
And quickly I turned the pages

former town. It could not be very far from West Water where the fronted me. mountains begin. The month was October. The golf, the fishing would be all right. And I could walk the sands, on the lonely sands—they surely must be lonely—and forget all the voices of London. got out a Norfolk jacket, a pair

of gray trousers. I packed a suitcase. On the following morning beway station. It was good to get to Carnforth. face. I guessed him to be about fif-It was better still, having changed to ty-five and a gentleman.

a train of the Furness railway, to run along the coast ever northward. Often we were close to the sea. It was a rather dark afternoon. The foam of the tumbling sea seemed to make a long gash in the grayness. When I let down the carriage window on the sea side a sharp, eager wind came in to me, salty and almost fierce. Gulls flew up in squadrons.

Lonelier, ever lonelier grew the land. Then the sea was blotted out and the train ran between the hummocky sand-hills and meadows enclosed by sea again came in sight with a few hill, and below, at the edge of pale yellow flat sands, another line of small houses set along a rough bit of green going into the sands.

heard a Cumbrain voice saying, "Sand Hills! Sand Hills!" Destination—Trout Inn-Emma

The train slowed up, stopped. I

The wind up there seemed to emof the place. The seaside season was of course quite over, and there was certainly no crowd in the Trout Inn. True, as I entered it, treading on oilcloth past a stuffed otter in a glass case, I heard rough talk coming evidently from a concealed bar. But when I went down a dipping passage, covered with more oilcloth, into the "coffee-room"—if you please—to have a belated tea I found only two persons there. an elderly lady with bandeaux on which sat a white cap trimmed with shining black cherries, and a thin, long-nosed and drearyfaced man, perhaps her son, who was playing a patience while she did some worsted work by one of the large windows which shook under the assault

Tea finished, I resolved to go out at once and have a look around, and of parlor which I guessed to be Em- he was longing for speech with some again I moved over the oilcloth. Just as I reached the stuffed otter a large elderly woman emerged from a narrow passage on the left. She had a rubicund determined face, steady eyes and smooth brown hair partly covered by a black bonnet which had unfastened strings. "Mrs. Emma Marsh!" I said to my-

of the wind. They looked at me as

if with suspicion, certainly with sur-

"Good afternoon," said I. "Good afternoon, sir," she replied,

with a Cumbrian accent. This is your hotel?" "The Trout is mine, sir. My husband's been dead these ten years. I hope you'll feel yourself comfortable." "So far I'm delighted," I said. "I'm

just going out to get a breath of your Though I says it as shouldn't, sir,

the air here is every bit as good as tion for me. Blackpool's." "I'm sure it is."

And then I went out.

I crossed the railway line, passed through a swing gate and was soon on the sands. Although the tide was flowing it was still far out. I began to walks briskly and-I don't know why—I walked southward.

straight to me over the rollers, stung me into a physical activity I had not known for long. I walked with enerthis strangely desolate shore. The got to my afternoon walk. lights of Sand Hills fadded and died behind me.

Now, when I had walked for perhaps twenty minutes I was aware of a light at some distance away on my left, raised, it seemed to me, a little in the darkness, as if it shone on one of the low sand-hills and was close to the shore. I stood still on the sand

A lonely house here, in this desolate place, in the midst of this rum-mage of hillocks away from any highroad! Curiosity took hold of me as I stared at that yellow eye which stared back at me steadily, and yet, as I fancied, somewhat stealthily.

My imagination got to work. Some oddity must have lighted that lamp, some crank, some peculiar specimen of humanity who had a morbid taste for solitude and who had found it here on the fringe of this desolate shore in the midst of winds and sea voices.

My desire for quick progress along the hard sands was checked, and after standing still for some time I turned off at right angles and made my way towards the light. I got among some low rocks, interspersed with sandy basins and small pools of water, and after negotiating them found myself at the foot of a slope of loose sand and pebbles leading up to the sand-hills, among which I now could see the light shining out of a bungalow which was set in the midst of a rabbit-warren.

I mounted the slope and stool still. The bungalow looked fairly large and amazingly solitary. It had a jutting window. In the window, or very near it, was set the lamp which had drawn me to the fence of barbed wire protecting the sandy demesne. There seemed no attempt at a garden. I was standing among the pebbles looking at the general darkness of this cheeked Cumberland widow great in house raised a little above me, and the cooking of that famous Cumber-broken only by the one light, when I broken only by the one light, when I heard a man's voice say, "What is it you want 'em?"

The voice was rather deep. It sounded cultivated but acutely suspicious. It startled me, as I had not seen anyone near me in the dim even-And quickly I turned the pages ing light which was darkening rap-once more and looked up Sand Hills idly into the blackness of night. Bein the railway part of the guide. Yes, fore I had made any reply to the abthere was a station. I glanced at a rupt question addressed to me I saw map. Sand Hills lay on the coast be- the figure of a man rise up before tween Carnforth and Whitehaven, me from behind a small sand-bank much nearer to the latter than to the out of a depression in the warren. He stepped up to the wire fence and con-

Tall, broad but thin, he had a red. or rather purplish-red face with high cheek-bones, and bright, quickly shifting eyes whose color I couldn't determine, a thin gray mustache and wispy brown hair which showed beneath a battered old cap. He wore an obviously old mustard-yellow coat, case. On the following morning be-fore ten o'clock I was at Euston rail-his right hand. His hands, I noticed, were of much the same color as his

"Want anything?" he added, still 'No, nothing," I said. "Then what are you doing here?"

he rejoined. "I was walking on the sands. I saw a light and wondered what it shone from, as the country along here is so lonely. That's why I am here."
I didn't look at him as I spoke, for

I wanted him to look at me and be reassured. For this was a man obviously ready to be suspicious, perhaps even afraid. And he interested me. stone walls. Five minutes later the So I didn't want him to be afraid of me. Apparently he must have sumcold-looking houses on a low treeless med me up while I looked away, for he said in a different tone:

'You're from Sand Hills?" "Yes. I'm at the inn for a few days to get a little air. I live in London and felt rather run down.' "Oh, you're at Emma Marsh's place," he said. There was an instant of silence. Then he added, "Well, good night to you!" And I saw his big form walk away over the hillocks phasize, even to make the loneliness of and depressions of the warren and disappear round a corner of the bun-

> That same night after dinner in the coffee-room I resolved to try to have a little talk with Emma Marsh. My interview at the edge of the warren had made me, I confess, inquisitive about the dweller in the bungalow. And from the intonation of the stranger's voice when he had said, "Oh, you're at Emma Marsh's place," I had gathered that he was on friendly terms with my landlady.

Accordingly, directly the bananas and nuts of which our dessert concisted had been dealt with, I bowed to the lady with the black cherries and the dreary young man with the long nose, made my way up the slight hill from the coffee-room, and betook myself to the stuffed otter. Opposite him on the right I had noticed a sort certain Mrs. Marsh was right and that ma Marsh's private sanctum. As I fellow creature. arrived in front of it the door hapgown and a white cap and taking something out of a large work-basket which stood upon the round table in front of her.

She looked up as I appeared and said, "Good evening, sir."
"Good evening. You're cozy in here," I said, looking at the bright

like this it's nice to be warm. "Yes, sir. It's pretty near always waiting for me. windy here-leastways-when summer's over. Would you like to step

And I stepped in and went up to the away from him did he give in-to fire as if that were the chief attrac-

"Sit down, sir, please, if you care said Mrs. Marsh, who was evi- "Hello!" dently not averse to company.

"Thanks, very much." I sat down in a round-backed wooden chair with a hard cushion of horsehair fitted into it, and put my hands towards the fire. She sat down too, after partially closing the door, and so he called himself at that time-be-I love the feel of firm sand under began doing some work by the table my feet, and after London days the in a thoroughly composed manner. gan.

Mrs. Emma Marsh. I began warily. First I talked in a general way about Cumberland, then gy, on and on into the loneliness of I drew to Sand Hills, and finally I

"What wonderful sands you have here!" I said. "Yes, sir. Blackpool hasn't any better," said my hostess to whom evidently Blackpool represented the

acme of nature's and civilization's most glorious. "I could walk on them for miles and never be tired." "That's what prety near everyone

that comes here says, sir. Did you

go far?" "As far as the bungalow." I saw Mrs. Marsh-somehow, since began I felt less familiar, and mentally dropped the mere Emma from my mind—look up from her work.

That's a good step, sir, in the dark." "I had a few words with your neigh-"You did, sir!" She sounded sur-

prised, I thought. "He was down on the shore, sir? "No. I went to have a look at the bungalow. He was in the warren and spoke to me."

"Did he so, sir?" "Yes. Has he been there long? In the bungalow, I mean." "Over eleven years now, sir." "Got his family there, I suppose?"
"Family! Well, I never! Mr. Blow's

not a family man, sir.' "Lives there alone, does he?" "Well, sir, there's a servant comes in by the day from Brigg village-

for him, but that's all. Did he speak geon. to you?" that's about a mile away—and does he told me he had practiced as a sur-'Yes. He asked me what I was there for-what I wanted."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Marsh, and as she said it she moved her head downwards, suddenly producing a double herself. And she pursed up her lips. of modern surgery. "He doesn't like people round his house, perhaps," I ventured.

"No, sir, he doesn't. He's afraid lives. of 'em." "Afraid—why?" "That's what we don't know, sir,

what none of us knows after his being here eleven years. But the funny thing is—" She paused. "The funny thing, is this—that all the time the struck right into me like a weapon. poor man's just pining for company.' "How d'you know that?" "Well, he isn't afraid of me, sir,

so. He ain't meant to live alone." "I wonder why he does it, then."

know. "Did he build the bungalow?" "It's made of iron, sir throughout except for the flooring, I believe. He bought the bit of land it stands on and just had it brought here and set up

as you see it.' "Doesn't he have visitors?" "Never, sir."

"What does he do?" a lot, they do say, and paints a bit into the bungalow. now and then. He don't make any debts. There's nothing against him, spacious and even charming i nothing whatever.'

"Doesn't anyone who comes here to stay try to get to know him?" 'No sir. Why should they?" I had no answer to that. "But the clergyman. You say

the clergymanwith the clergy." "Well-the doctor?"

"Mr. Blow's never ill, sir. And I believe he's all against doctors." Doesn't hold with the clergy and is all against doctors! I left Mrs. Marsh that night wondering quite a

lot about Mr. Blow. Our impressions, sudden and vital, are sometimes very sharp. Some-thing Mrs. Marsh had said about the dweller in the bungalow had backed up an impression of mine. She had company. During my very brief interview with him I had felt that he was afraid of me, but also that if it prise. had not been for his fear of me he would have been glad to keep me with him. I resolved to try to force my way through his fear, to set him at

his ease, to get to know him better. The man interested me. I had been with him only for a moment but I had felt force, intelligence, good breeding in him, and something mysterious surely had reached out as if sensitively, yet almost with terror-the terrom of a great reserve—seeking my sympathy, even perhaps my pity. I knew that I couldn't leave the dweller in the bungalow in his solitude without making at least one quite definite attempt to break in on it. This attempt, I may say here, I never an actual catastrophe."

It was so. On the following mornpened to be standing open, and I saw ing I walked along the beach and till that very hour, had been so ab-Mrs. Marsh within, wearing a black passed the bungalow, going far beyond it. I had the feeling when passing it that I was seen, although I saw no one. When I returned the tide was nearly up and as I approached I saw Mr. Blow standing at the edge of the sea. He was throwing pebbles into he added after an instant spent in the foam that eddied about his feet staring at me closely: "I've been and seemed not to notice my coming. fire behind her. "On a windy night But I had the conviction that he had marked my outward walk and was

Nevertheless, he took no notice of me, and when I passed behind him he didn't turn his head to glance at "Very much, if I may," I answered. me. Only when I was several yards what? His overmastering desire to have speech with someone, I felt sure. I heard his deep voice call,

> I turned round. "Good morning—you want to speak to me?" I said. He hesitated obviously, but at last he said: "Yes, if you've no objection." my acquaintance with Derrick Blow felt confused.

At first he was not at all at his

glorious freshnes of the wind, coming Decidedly a somebody in her way— ease with me. He had, I suppose, the natural shyness of a man long unaccustomed to intercourse with his kind. But there was something else, I felt, which made him self-conscious and watchful.

He made upon me the impression that." of a man who had suffered acutely, who even then was suffering from some tragedy of the past which had made him afraid of his fellow men.

There were moments when I fancied I detected a look as of guilt in ago: his eyes when he forced them, as he sometimes did, to meet mine. But Embassy in Paris as—as-gradually, walking with me on the "First Secretary." desolate sands day after day, he evidently became accustomed to me and felt much more at his ease. He even an Ambassador." opened out to me, but on topics of general interest, never on anything connected with his personal, intimate

I found him a man of force, obviously well educated and interested in big matters. He never talked frivolously or even lightly, though ne "You had a sense of humor, rather sar- pause. donic. I often wondered what he had been in the past. I say what, because gradually came to the conviction that he had been a worker, probably a great worker, and that he must have succeeded in what he had undertaken. The man could not have been just an ordinary failure. Often I trouble do-gone abroad." saw him as one crashing-but from a height.

I had known him for ten days. Not a very long time, but it seemed to me that world nature had drawn us together into a strange sort of intimacy. It was on the tenth day that

He let this fact out by accident. this. I had been speaking of some medical discovery connected with the action of drugs, and to my surprise he suddenly broke out into a diatribe on the vague humbug of medicine, contrast-"Ah!" she repeated, as if to ing it with the marvelous definiteness

"Medicine is three parts bunkum." he said. "It's surgery that saves "Or destroys them!" I couldn't help

adding. The effect of my remark on him was startling. He abruptly stood still. "Is that meant for me?" he said, with a sort of hushed intensity that "For you!" I said. "But are you a

"Ah-you didn't know it?" he said, not now, and he's as good as told me in a quite different, almost faltering voice.

"Of course not. How could I? "Of course not. How know nothing whatever about you." "So do we all, sir. Why he came here, why he stays on here year in should you? Well"—again he hesiand year out, we don't none of us tated, but finally as if with an effort concluded the sentence—"well, I have been a surgeon. I was even what is called famous—a famous surgeon." And then he was silent. "Shall we walk on?" I sugested.

"Would you—would you like to come to the bungalow?" he asked me. I was surprised, for he never before had invited me into his dwelling, but I accepted his offer at once, and "Walks about, sir. And he reads we turned from the sands, and went

I was surprised to find how cozy, Made of iron, there was nothing to suggest iron in the interior. Fine rugs lay on the parqueted floors. Good pictures hung on the walls, which were tinted in beautiful colors. Arm chairs were covered with crethere's a village called Brigg. Hasn't tonnes in fine designs. There were quantities of books. One knew at "Oh, yes, sir, he's been, and the clergyman here, Mr. Powting, he's been. But Mr. Blow, he don't hold been. But Mr. Blow, he don't hold was setting in Blow lighted a lamp, drew shutters, pulled forward curtains of mandarin-yellow.

"I'll tell my servant to bring us coffee," he said.

He went out of the room, but came back in a moment with a box of excellent cigars and made me take one. And he did all this with an odd air of almost excited eagerness. A mid-dle-aged, very respectable-looking woman came in and set down a large silver tray holding a silver coffee-pot, expressed the conviction that he was a silver jug full of boiling milk and afraid of people and yet longed for a large silver dish of buttered toast. She went out quickly, but not before she had directed to me a look of sur-

"She's surprised!" Blow commented as the door shut behind her. "I never have people in."
"Why don't you?" I said. "It's

very bad for you to be always alone. You're suffering acutely from loneliness. And the winters! How can you get through the winters here all by yourself?" "How? Somehow! I've spent eleven

winters up here." He helped me and "It's unnatural." I said.

"I came to live here because I was afraid of meeting people," he said. "I had a great catastrophe in my life. Have you ever had one in yours?" "I've had troubles, anxieties, but

"Such a thing makes you afraid of your kind. I killed my own son." The abruptnes of this hideous revelation from a man who till that day, was mine. There's no doubt about row as mine.' Then I was lost. I solutely reserved about his life and personal affairs, startled me, even turned me cold. I could not imagine why Blow had told me this dreadful thing.

He must have read my thought, for he added after an instant spent in wanting to tell you ever since I saw you by the fence that evening. I don't know why. But I felt as if you had been sent in order that I might tell you.

"Perhaps I was," I murmured. "There's a design-perhaps I was." At that moment I felt certainly intense pity for my companion, but I of man is a thousand times more mys- alone. felt a quite definite shrinking from terious. I know that. It's been my 'You're wrong," he said, in a low

voice. "Wrong! But-

"You think it was deliberate murder, don't you?" I suppose I had thought that. Per-And in this oddly abrupt manner haps I had. I wasn't sure. My mind

> "Now can't you understand?" "D'you mean that you operated on I worked like a devil. I got on tre-

Lord Drenmere a good many years story of that time.

"And who is now-" 'Why-but there was an awful fuss about his boy's death, wasn't there? The surgeon who performed the operation make a mistake, surely. It

was Sir Mortimer Laton and-Suddenly I pulled up. I had realized who the man of the bungalow was. "You're Laton!" I said, after a long

"That's it. I'm Mortimer Laton. After that business I gave up practice the Paris embassy. and dropped out of life. I came and "From time to ti hid myself here. Very few people London and I saw them. From time ever think of me now. But those who to time I went over to Paris and was "But you said you killed your own

who was supposed to be Drenmere's.' "And didn't he know it?"

'Not till I killed the child." I said nothing more, but sat back at its height and Marcus, the boy, the in my chair and looked at him. I was only child she had had, for Drenmere wondering why he was telling me

"An impulse!" he said. "An over- English preparatory school, he be-powering impulse—but one that has came alarmingly ill in Paris and years of misery behind it. The man who instituted confession as part and parcel of a religion was a great psychologist. But unfortunately I don't belong to any form of religion. I'm out in the cold. If I weren't I don't suppose for a soment I ever should have bored you with my burden. Sorry-sorry-sorry!"

He wrinkled the high forehead under his soft brown hair-hair that retained its color and that yet looked rather old—and got up in a violently restless way. I felt that he was dreadfully disappointed in me, that had hurt his pride, had wounded the intense reserve which he had broken away from for a moment because, I suppose, of something in me. "Laton, I wish you would tell me—
if you can," I said hastily, eagerly.
"I should like to share with you, if
you can bring yourself to it. I was interested in you from the first moment I saw you that evening in the warren. I wanted to know you. I

called me. "Yes, he said, sitting down again. "I felt I must. It's deuced odd."

"We've gone so far, why not go all the way? My manner evidently had reassured reaching out, for he seemed suddenly every day of my life.

more at his ease. "Friendship's a great thing," he said. "But love's betrayed it over and have lost her head then, for she mere's, and a true friend till he mar- that night. I did my best to resist. ried and I fell in love with his wife. But-then! I suppose occasionally man's friend has seduced his wife-

"Yes," I said. "And you've condemned the seduc- hesitated. er as a blackguard? Exactly! Everyone does. But they don't reckon with love, which can be the most unscrupulous passion humanity holds, which will trample over corpses to get to its goal. However, I won't bother with all the ramifications of my you sentimental life, if you like to call it tence and the sound of her voice when so. I'll state merely the fact that after Drenmere married Lady Sybil Caryllis, and had been married some time to her, I fell desperately in love with her. She was, in fact, the only love of my life. There never could be another.

"Drenmere was appointed to our legation in Persia not very long after the marriage. Her health at that nurses, a French surgeon assisting time was not good. Barton Mills, me. They—they didn't miss my mistime was not good. Barton Mills, the nerve specialist, said she simply mustn't go with him. She didn't go. She remained in London. Drenmere begged me to give an eye to her while my reputation was ruined. I lost both they were separated. I said I would. When he came back we were loversbut nothing had happened. You understand me?"

"It happened two days after he came back. His return had made us Drenmere?" I asked.
both desperate, and she wanted to "No, I told him," he answered. both desperate, and she wanted to prove to me that even when she saw him again I was the one. Madness and disgraceful, of course! But so it was. He had expected to go back to Persia, but because she couldn't make a mistake.' If he'd stopped go and because he could pull strings there I might have controlled myself they sent him instead to the legation though I was almost entirely out of at Stockholm.

"My boy was born in Sweden. He that. develop you had only to look at him. unpardonable thing. She knew it too. But Drenmere hadn't the faintest suspicion. I knew. we both knew, that till the night of that inhibits. I just told him, blurt-catastrophe not a doubt of his wife, ed it out, that I was facing a far not a doubt of his friend, ever had worse sororw than his." He looked darkened his mind. As to the boy- at me with a sort of fierce steadiness. I've never seen a father love a son as renmere loved my son."

"No," I said. "But—I wish you
"Whom he considered his," I said. hadn't." Drenmere loved my son.'

"But if he had-" profession to study the one and my

trayed with my surgeon's knife."
"How could that be?" I said. "This way," said Laton. "I separated from—from her. I hadn't vent the spirit from having its way.
"I told you I was a surgeon," he had a chance to see my son. I felt | I always shall think of Markie as pretty desperate and because of that mine.' That's what he said. That's

your own son and killed him by mismendously fast in my profession. I take?" I said. "But I thought—I do believe I had a gift with the knife had an idea that a man wasn't allowsuch as few men of my time had. ed to perform an operation on his own Money came to me. Honors came to child, at any rate without an assist- me. But I was separated from the woant. Possibly I'm wrong though about man I loved and from my son. At that time, when money and fame in He didn't tell me whether I was my profession both came in full measright or wrong. Instead, he remarked: ure, I was a very miserable man and "Do you happen to remember the a very lonely one. I was punished. death of the only son, only child, of That one word really tells the whole

"I didn't see my son till he was two "Drenmere, who was at the British years old. Then the Drenmeres were over for a short time. In that short time I got to love the boy. But my love was poisoned by jealousy of "He's a minister now, and will be Drenmere. I won't go into that. It's all natural but it's too ugly. Many ugly things are dreadfully natural During the time when they were in England she—Sybil—and yield to our love again. But we were just the same. Only she was a mother now, passionately devoted to the boy, and—well, we didn't. That's all. "They went back to Stockholm. Then Drenmere was transferred to

"From time to time they came to happen to probably suppose I've done with them a little then. I was able the usual thing men who get into to observe at close quarters Drenmere's intense love of my child. My own love I had to keep in the shadow -my love for mother and child. It "I did. I was the father of the boy was like looking in at a window and seeing your family in the grip of an-

Bucharest, and finally he was sent to

other man. "When my fame as a surgeon was never gave her a child, was ten years old and on the eve of being sent to an Drenmere sent me a desperate telegram asking me to go over at once. While I was answering it a telegram came from her, a telegram of one

word-'Come.' "I crossed by the night-boat and drove to their house in the Champs Elysees. Two French doctors were there, one of them a well-known and expert surgeon. The case had been diagnosed. The child was suffering from a deep-seated gastric ulcer. realized at once that an immediate operation was necessary for fear of perforation. Drenmere begged me to perform it.'

Laton stopped speaking for an instant. Then he said in a low voice, "I felt I couldn't." Again he was silent. At last I said: "You had lost your nerve? That

was it?" Then he looked up and nodded.
"All my frustrated love for the child seemed to break away from something, some barrier, and flood me then. I knew I wasn't master of mycame back the next day with the hope self. I knew it wasn't safe for me to of seeing you again. And then you operate, I refused. Drenmere insist-He was in an awful state. He said he wouldn't trust a French surgeon, wouldn't trust anyone but me. I still refused. Then he attacked me, said I was a false friend if I wouldn't try to save his child, I who was per-He must have felt my sympathy forming operations on strangers

"She implored me, too. She must over again, and will till the end of couldn't understand that I was the time. I was a great friend of Dren- last man who ought to have operated I was overcome. They made me do it. Women can be cruel when the you've read divorce cases in which a mother comes uppermost She said a terrible thing to me that night just before I was going to operate. She was beside herself—but still—" He

"What did she say?" I couldn't help asking. 'Save Markie or I shall hate you;

'That was brutal" "She didn't mean it. She was half mad. But I believe it was that senshe said it that really caused the tragedy which followed. I made a desperate effort to master myself. But I failed. Too much, for me, hung on that operation. I bungled. knife slipped. I injured the child irreparably. Peritonitis set in. He

"There were people in the room, take. I wasn't able to hide it. I was so desperate that I didn't even try to hide it. As you know, it got out and my son and my career during that brief stay in Paris. But I lost more than that. I lost my friend, and I lost the love of the woman I adored. It was very complete, the catastrophe!" "But "you mean that she told Lord"

"When the boy died Drenmere showed fineness of character. He wrung my hand and said, 'It's not your fault. You tried to have him. Anyone could though I was almost entirely out of hand. But he added, 'Please God, you'll never have to face such a sor-When he began to grow and don't make any apology. I did the

"I gave a woman away. I let go. Something broke in me-"Of course you condemn me," he said,

"There are moments when a man "I think it's very dangerous to say has to be truthful. That was one of what turn any man's heart will take them. Truth was stronger than what in given circumstances," said Laton. we call honor, stronger than chivalry, "The body of man is mysterious stronger than sex. It had to come enough. But what we call the heart out. It came out and-I live here

"How did Drenmere take it?" "He said-when he'd had time to fate to have the other revealed to realize the truth-'If Markie was me for an instant in a blinding light. yours in the flesh he was mine in every The strangest thing of all is that I other way. He loved me and he never cut into the heart of the friend I be- loved you. If he was alive now and knew, he'd still love me. He was mine in the only real way. The body can't was choose always. But nothing can pre-

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)