

dead in you, and it never should be dead until it has helped in cleaning up the world. That is your work; it is the work of every man who has felt the slime splashed upon him. You are going to do this. You are going to help me brand a blackener of earth with the just punishment of his own blackness. Come! Do you want to ease your heart at last? Do you want to be well paid for it? Do you want to show the world that wrong can be justly avenged?"

"If you can make me sure. If there is no mistake."

"You shall be sure beyond any possibility of doubt whatever. You shall know as well as I know, and you shall feel yourself driven by what you know as I am driven. Then you will do this with me as eagerly as I do it, and with as hot a will to do it well."

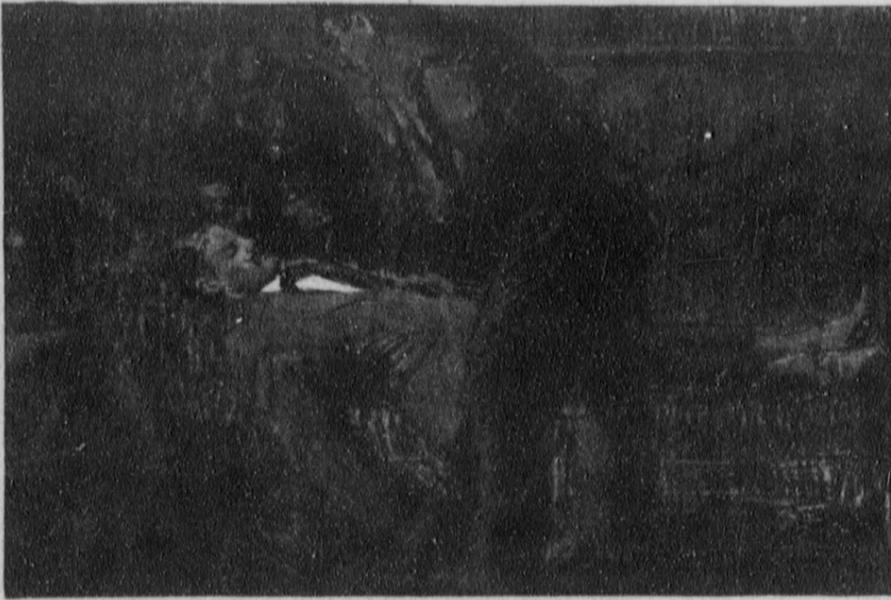
Bartley's eyes glittered with a devilish rage born of long years of wild brooding and wild living. He reached a hand across the table, and so without a word they took the pledge together. Half an hour later they went out into the night, tempter and tempted, the outcast with the old wrong still alive in him and the child of fortune with the new injury goading him to madness. Across the gulf of alien experiences and alien life they were drawn together in a strange fellowship such as might pass into nothingness in a week or a month, but that, while it endured, knit them together through the strongest passions that either of them knew.

THE thing that he should do had grown and shaped itself in Randolph's mind with such sureness through so long a time that, now that he had found his instrument, there was little more to do than use it. The simplicity and ease of it all gave him a fierce delight that took off somewhat from the sting of that defeat of life that had so long been his most poignant feeling. Two days after the supper at the cafe to which he had taken Bartley he asked him to dine with him at the house and meet Mrs. Randolph. The transformation that Bartley wrought in his personal appearance through the helpful agency of some contributions from Randolph's purse was quite remarkable. He was now Dr. Bartley and quite conceivably a practitioner enjoying a large practice among people of the best sort.

The relations of their life were such that Mrs. Randolph accepted her husband's plans, however suddenly announced, with composure, and so tonight she seemed not surprised in being told that he was to take the train at midnight for a trip with this stranger that would keep them away from home two weeks.

It was on the second evening after his supposed departure that, through a passageway that he had secretly cut from a room in the adjoining house, whose walls were also the walls of his own house except that they extended a story higher, he introduced Bartley into that hiding place over Mrs. Randolph's chamber that he had built with his own hands during a recent absence of hers. There he had heard himself made mockery of, and there Bartley would hear his name tossed about lightly as that of a fool and a wittol. It was a bitter thing so to expose his shame, but when in the late silence of the night Bartley, over a treble thickness of carpets, crept back to him with his eyes blazing, he felt that the deepest agony of it all was passing into atonement.

IT was through the circumstance of this nightly observation of them from this place of concealment above her chamber that Randolph learned of their purpose to go away together before his return. That was at once his cue, and, on the evening of their intended departure, he and Bartley met Digby in front of the door of the house at which they had made their rendezvous, the house before which they had seen him pass night by night, and in his surprise they were persuasively drew him in. Without his realizing it, through an excessive sensibility to the fumes of nitrous oxide of which Randolph had long known in him, they quickly brought him under their control. Then Bartley began the work for which all their efforts had been the preparation. His was a skillful hand, and, when he had finished, there stood out indelibly on Digby's forehead the three words, "Har, adulterer, libertine." Then they let him recover himself once more, and when he had returned to conscious-



Then Dr. Bartley began the work for which all their efforts had been preparation.

ness Bartley was standing over him in the attitude of one who had been anxiously watching him for signs of the renewal of life. Randolph did not care to have him believe that he had been taken sick, but it was immediately more comfortable to have him accept that assumption as a gloss over the situation like that which had so far spread a veil of apparent security and mutual confidence over the relations between himself and his wife.

"Do you feel better?" Randolph asked him in the pretence of deep concern.

"I at least begin to have some feeling," Digby said doubtfully. "What has been the matter with me?"

"Just a little faintness. Dr. Bartley has been taking care of you, and I have had a carriage called. Shall we put you into it, or will you wait here a little longer?"

"Yes, I will take the cab," he said, and, with the two of them supporting him on either side, he went out to the carriage, while Randolph apologized for not being able to go with him. He had been called back to the city unexpectedly, he told him, and he and Bartley had an engagement that demanded their immediate attendance. He might call some one, he suggested, but Digby protested quickly that it was needless, that he was now quite able to take care of himself. Then Randolph closed the door upon him, after having asked him whether he would be driven home. The question was immaterial, because he had already given instructions to the driver to take him to the Northwestern passenger station. Then, as the two men went down the street and Digby was driven off, another carriage came up before Randolph's own door. The driver of this had instructions to go to the Northwestern station also, and he told Mrs. Randolph that he had been sent by Digby. The panic of fear into which the woman had fallen by reason of her lover's delay was so quieted, and her husband saw her get into the carriage and follow

on after the other that he had just dismissed.

AT one end of the Northwestern waiting room there was a restaurant with tables so arranged that it was possible for one to be very much concealed there, while still, in some situations, having the outer room under a very complete survey. Here Randolph placed himself in anticipation of their coming, having had an advantage of them in the ride in that he had known how quickly it must be made and had urged his driver on. So it was that, when Mrs. Randolph came into the station, he saw her and gazed over the troubled confusion with which she looked about for Digby.

"If Digby shouldn't come," Bartley had just said, when Randolph looked up and saw the once handsome face of his victim at the door. It was like the stroke of a knife to watch the woman whom he had once called his wife recognize him at the same moment and rush across the room to meet him. There was compensation for him, however, almost before the two had round time for the exchange of a simple greeting together. Then that black disfiguration of his forehead through which the world could look into the blackness of his life caught her eye and she broke out into a cry of terror. Others, too, saw now the fearful mark, and they began to gather about them, curious, mocking, menacing, so that the woman's shrinking was palpably made a burning torture of humiliation.

"They understand something now," Randolph said through teeth that let the words escape like jets of fire from a battery.

"Yes," Bartley agreed, "but he is going to the lavatory now to try and wash it off. It will be a long time, if she waits here for him to do that and come back."

"He will never come back," Randolph declared, watching Digby's retreating figure and his wife's dumb despair as she dropped into one of the seats to wait. It was a fiendish thing, but he had a mad thrill of exultation in seeing the iron that had entered into his soul piercing hers now in turn. "This is the last that she will ever see of him, the last that you or I will ever see of him. I know the man, and I know the pride in that foolish beauty of his that has made him conscious of whatever slightest interest in him any woman ever felt. From this day and from this hour he will haunt only the alleys of the world in the dark of the night, the foul and fearful places where ugliness batters on decay and death, until some day he will stumble into the misery of hell with the revolver of a suicide in his hand. Let him go. Let him writhe like a snake in the gutter, where such bestial things belong. Let him go."

He looked at Mrs. Randolph again and saw her sitting there with a face of dumb agony so terrible that it would have touched the pity of any avenging madness less than the most bitterly implacable. He only smiled. In the final satisfaction of a deed accomplished, he drew from his pocket the little bag that Bartley had been tempted with before and carefully counted out to him the five hundred dollars in gold. Then, with another glance at Mrs. Randolph, he rose almost gaily, as if out of the burden and toil of a long endeavor he had come to the renewal of a happy peace.

"Come," he said. "It has been well done, and it is all done. I thank you from my heart beyond any payment I can make. Let us go and forget it. It is our place to forget. There are others who will be busy remembering for a long time."

THE NEW BABY BY EDWIN L. SABIN

(Continued from page 5)

"But, dear! Listen to him! Hadn't I better send for the doctor?"

"Of course not," rebuked "mamma." "The idea! He's all right. All babies have to cry about so much. That's how they make their lungs grow."

Indeed! Humph! How did she know! Like as not there was a pin sticking into him an inch or so. However, you had learned not to interfere; too frequently had exposed your ignorance. Later, having become wonted to his lusty outbreaks, you gloried in them, as indicating strength. Ah, the mighty chest that he was acquiring! What a guard or full-back he would make!

It was of the utmost importance that his career be decided upon early. Moments were precious. In case that he did not select to be president (and you were not sure, you and mamma, that this position was desirable, save as a vindication of his intrinsic fitness), on the matter of his vocation in the world you and she were divided, as much as you and she, linked by this common (nay, very uncommon) interest, could be.

"Mamma" somewhat leaned toward the church, which would be a bishopric; and you somewhat favored the army, which would be a generalship. Womanlike, Mary was for the mild, and peace; you, manlike, were for the assertive, and war. She inclined to the spiritual, you to the physical. But upon one thing especially you yourself were firm; your boy never should follow in your footsteps; for of all vocations, yours was the worst!

"Mamma" even gently deprecated your essays

to incite him to box—although he enjoyed it as much as you, and he certainly was developing a corking "left." For you wanted him to know how to swim, and to box, and to ride and shoot and do all other manly accomplishments; and you could not wait. He should go to preparatory school, the best in the land; and to college, the best in the land; and having been equipped, then he should engage in the battle of life, relying upon himself—as you had done. Of course he should marry—could a girl worthy of him be found.

You and Mary talked these things over, she bravely accepting the inevitable, yet shrinking at having him so soon diverge away into the world; space was so short, and he was forging ahead so rapidly. Behold, already he had a tooth. Smith's baby did not have a first tooth until fully a week farther in existence.

Ah, the perfection of him, in his sweetness and newness! Sometimes it occurred to you how cruel to him must be the march of days—he was now so unmarked and innocent. Eventually those pudgy, tender hands must be hard and calloused, scratched and scarred; that skin of exquisite fineness must be roughened by weather and lined by knowledge hard-bought; the body organism, at present exactly as nature had intended, automatic, errorless, would be subverted and impaired.

The down must be rubbed from the butterfly's wing, the bloom from the peach; 'twas the exaction irrevocable of life well-lived. But let the soul of him be ever as now in the beginning—for this could you hopefully pray.