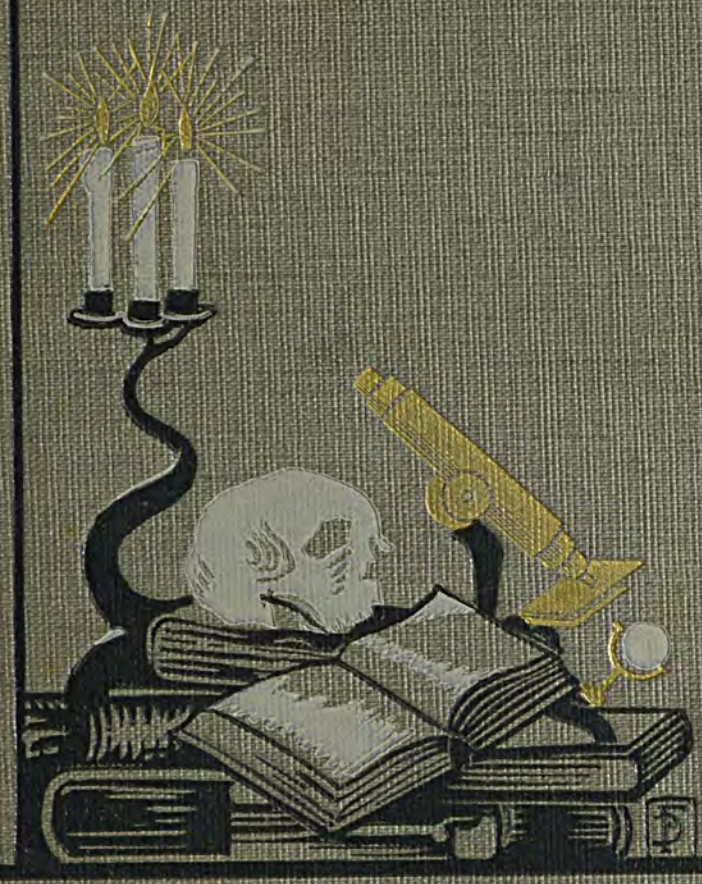

DR·BERKELEY'S DISCOVERY

SLEE-PRATT

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DR. BERKELEY'S DISCOVERY

By

Richard Slee

and

Cornelia Atwood Pratt

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Dr. Berkeley's Discovery

I

He Finds Aline

LIKE most surprising stories, this cannot be given straight from the shoulder. The events of the crucial weeks of Berkeley's life, his discovery and its meteoric passage before the public eye, do not stand by themselves, but are the outcome of all that went before. To tell them truly one must also tell something of the course of an existence so devoid of incident as to make those who looked on feel surprise at the most matter-of-fact occurrences in it.

This is only another way of saying that to Berkeley's friends his marriage was as the traditional flash of lightning out of blue sky. It was perfectly incoherent, illogical—and natural.

Living the absorbed life of a student and scientist as he did, he lost even the slight taste for society which had been incidental to his youth, and only by accident did he come in contact with the people who were his natural associates. His pretty sister, well-married and well-placed in the world, had long ago given up the useless habit of asking him to little family dinners to meet nice girls, and he was perfectly content that it should be so, and was resigned to the fact that his name no longer figured on the lists of his mother's oldest friends.

His meeting with Aline Lefevre was a matter of sheerest accident. She came into his field of vision one evening in Paris; the place, the galleries Georges

Petit; the occasion, a private view of the *Société des Femmes Artistes.* He had gone at the instance of a friend who would not be denied. Satterly was a good-natured fellow who studied art in a dilettante fashion and thought the secluded life Berkeley chose to lead in Paris so unheard of as to be unholy. A life which differed materially from his own was bound to be a wretched one, according to Satterly's way of thinking.

Berkeley knew nothing about art. On the present occasion the close air stupefied him, and the ambitious pictures bored. He was about to plead indisposition and get away, when Satterly, in despair, introduced him to Madame du Poizat. She, after a rapid but conclusive scrutiny, presented him to her young niece. Madame du Poizat had the manner which makes incidents seem events and events seem decisive. Perhaps this was the source of Berkeley's instantaneous impression that

something had happened. It was as if a window had been opened and fresh air had blown through the glaring, heated room.

When he looked down at Mlle. Lefevre he saw a big black hat with many plumes, a mass of cloudy black hair, a small white oval face where the lips were dashes of scarlet and the eyes large, luminous patches of black. She was clad in a cloth frock of old blue in whose decoration folds of black satin with white satin edges played an important part. It recalled vaguely to Berkeley's mind the harmony of some old Chinese embroideries which he had once come as near admiring as his metal constitution permitted.

His life was preoccupied with other matters and he was not used to talking with young women. He suddenly wondered what one said to such a piquant confection as this. Even his uncritical eye could see that she was exquisitely clad and

startlingly sweet to look upon. He felt clumsy and inept, and, for almost the first time in his life, was dissatisfied because his conversational methods seemed heavy and undecorative. For the moment, had it been possible, he would have been glad to achieve the playful and absorbingly interested manner which he had often observed in young men and maidens from afar.

To Aline, also, this was an occasion of importance. Her aunt was still talking with Satterly, and she felt that upon her was thrown the burden of conversing with his friend. In England where, as it happened, she had spent the three years just past, the few men whom she met had talked to her. They expected to entertain the women with whom they conversed. One had only to sit and smile and answer with reasonable intelligence, to be performing one's whole duty to society. The few afternoons she had already spent in her aunt's little salon, silent but attentive, had

convinced her that here she would not be acquitted of her obligations so easily. Also, that she had read that in America it was only the women that talked.

"Do you not think this picture very beautiful, monsieur?"

Berkeley looked benignly across at a spirited sketch in oil of a girl with Titian-red hair at work in a laboratory. The lines of her figure were tense, and all the light in the picture seemed to radiate from her bent head.

"Mlle. Roche posed for it," the girl went on with an innocent pride in her superior knowledge. "She is Swiss and took a degree in medicine with much praise. She is a friend of Madame des Raisnes, the artist, who comes sometimes to my aunt's receptions and is very amusing. Madame des.Raisnes lives with her mother, but they receive on different days. Madame Hauterive will not receive her daughter's friends. Is not that droll?"

"You do not like such emancipated ladies then?" asked Berkeley for the sake of making a reply.

Aline considered. "I do not know what I like. At the convent I liked that. In England, where I went to live with my father's sister, I was at school, and I liked that greatly. I think perhaps one likes the things that one has always had—and also the things that are new."

"Some day you must go to America, which is very new. I think you would like that also."

She contemplated the idea for an instant, wistfully, as it seemed.

"I should like to travel, but it is not one of the things we do. Yet there are other ways—are there not, monsieur? When I look at the picture there and see the girl so breathless and interested, I know for a second how it is that she feels—but only for a second. And when I see pictures of Spain and Egypt, Fortunys and

Gérômes, something warms me and I say 'That is the southern sun I feel!' and my eyes burn and I know how the white walls and the long dusty roads sear one's sight, and how the look of an olive tree or a palm comforts it again. Is not that travelling too, monsieur?"

"I think you are a very imaginative young lady," said Berkeley with a laugh. "You would be invaluable in one of the ladies' clubs where they have tea and photographs and papers about foreign countries compiled from the encyclopædia."

The girl smiled with recognition of a familiar note.

"You are 'chaffing' me as my cousins used to say," she announced as if the discovery were of importance. "Do Americans chaff then as much as the English? I know so little about your people."

Madame du Poizat, who possessed the invaluable faculty of overhearing one con-

versation while carrying on another, turned and smiled tranquilly upon the two.

"If Léon here, whom we know so well, will bring Mr. Berkeley with him some Tuesday afternoon, we shall perhaps learn more of what Americans are like," she said graciously.

"I'd be glad to come," said Berkeley simply, wondering what Satterly's expression indicated. Later, he learned that it meant surprise. Madame du Poizat had a friendship for Satterly's mother which dated from their convent days together. She was, however, as indifferent and distrustful as most Frenchwomen, when the men of another race and society were in question, and the doors of her quiet but desirable salon had been more carefully guarded than ever since Aline Lefevre had been thrown back upon her hands, after disaster and death had overtaken the aunt in England, who was to have dowered and settled the girl.

From this chance encounter it came to pass that, in six weeks' time, Berkeley formally presented himself before Madame du Poizat as a suitor for the hand of her niece. In his usual methodical manner, he laid before her all the facts in his favour. He acquainted her with his income, his position, his scientific reputation, his prospects, the names and addresses of persons known to her and competent to verify his modest but self-respecting statements. He had understood that these considerations were always uppermost in the Gallic mind. But Madame du Poizat put them aside with a motion of her hand. She was, in fact, thoroughly informed as to his character and fortune, and was convinced that her information was accurate. Just now her head was sincerely full of other thoughts. Madame du Poizat knew her own small world from pole to pole. She knew her niece as well as forgetful age can know restless youth. America

and the Americans she did not know, but it had presented itself to her vivid imagination as a daring, unheard-of, yet practicable thing to marry Aline to one of these nonchalant aliens, and the audacity of the idea captivated her. Already Aline was not like other young girls. She thought for herself too much, and Madame du Poizat vaguely apprehended America as a country where such habits were encouraged in the women. But now that the thing was possible, doubts filled her mind. Was such expatriation ever happy?

Sunshine and daffodils accented the colour and the spirit of Madame du Poizat's little yellow salon on the important afternoon of the interview, but the lines on the face of its mistress were more pronounced than usual, and she held herself very erect, her keen eyes fixed on Berkeley with a look in whose luminous interest a thousand elements mingled. She was alert, excited,

eager, yet hesitating. He sat before her squarely and stolidly, a little paler than usual perhaps, but, to his own surprise, giving no unusual evidences of concern. Indeed, he felt none. For the six weeks past he had been a man so different from the self long familiar to him that he suffered the sensation of being in an unreal world and of playing his part in it before his own incredulous eyes. The impulses, whose leading he had followed almost unconsciously, seemed hardly his own at all, and yet, in some inconsistent way, were stronger than his own. The home-making instinct of his race had in its grasp a man in whose scheme of life thus far a home had neither been needed nor desired, and it did with him what it would, to his own wonderment.

"I have seen that my little Aline interested you," said Madame du Poizat slowly. "Will you pardon me if I ask you why she rather than another? And do you

not think that you should marry in your own country?"

Berkeley's lack of language suddenly seemed to him a very tangible deficiency. He did not know the vocabulary that belonged to his emotions, and he was helpless before its lack.

"Your niece is very charming," he said baldly in his correct but not at all flexible French. "I find that I think of her more than I do of my work. I have wasted a good deal of time since I met her."

"But she is so much more than charming!" said her aunt quickly. "I feared you did not know it. She is as good as she is attractive and she is also very complex, very clever, and wholly undeveloped. Like all young things she wonders over life and absorbs herself in thinking what it may hold. She has enthusiasm, *esprit*, grace. It would open a new world to you to follow her development."

Berkeley looked taken aback for an in-

stant. The new worlds which he sought to conquer lay elsewhere. He had not thought of a wife as a subject of study which might divide attention with more serious intellectual pursuits.

"She is almost dowerless, as I dare say you know. I gave her up to her father's sister in England who could do more for her than I, but the poor lady lost her fortune and died of the shock, and Aline came back to me."

"The money does n't matter. I have plenty for both. But of course, you know, I 'm not what they call rich at home."

"I have heard that wealth is poverty in the new world," answered Madame du Poizat graciously. "I am afraid I do not understand the conditions of your society. Can a girl of traditions so different be happy, or even contented, in it?"

"Eh?" Berkeley stared a minute. "Will she like the people she meets and all that, do you mean? I don't care for

that sort of thing myself, but I have a married sister who goes out a good deal. I think she would see that my wife had the necessary diversions for a young woman."

"Ah my dear sir! That is not quite what I meant. A young wife's first and last diversion should be found in her life at home. Everything else is incidental. It is your attitude, not that of your *monde* which will insure Aline's happiness.

"My attitude?" Berkeley looked hopelessly uncomprehending.

"Happiness is so often a matter of devotion, of the little attentions, the amenities. I do not know the ideas of American husbands. You—pardon me—but I have fancied that these all-important things did not mean so much to you as they do to Aline."

Berkeley caught his breath quickly, and made as if to rise.

"Do I understand, then, that you dis-

approve of my pretensions to the hand of your niece?" His face was set, his manner rigid. He dared not show the hurt he felt. A curious blankness seemed to come upon his mind. He knew that he had not been expressing himself well; that he seemed to this wise and clever woman stiff and indifferent, a hopeless stick, and he knew, too, that could he find the elusive, impossible words that expressed his heart, she would be satisfied. But his heart was very far beneath the surface and, in spite of his years, it was a young, bewildered, inexperienced heart. Habit coerced it; custom held it down. It knew nothing about self-expression. It had never spoken for itself in all the self-contained and studious years of Ashford Berkeley's life, nor did it do so now. He had a quick despairing vision of what the emotional life of a man who had no words to fit his feelings was likely to be, and an almost imperceptible tremor ran

over the muscles of his face. He bent his head a little, involuntarily, and waited.

Madame du Poizat hesitated.

"But otherwise you are perfect!" she exclaimed. "You are good, generous, and the future you offer my niece is doubtless brilliant, but ——"

"But —— ?" said Berkeley.

"If Aline is not averse, I feel I cannot do better than to trust her future to your care. But still I have this to say, although you will not understand. She is young, eager, impatient. Life seems more to her than it is. That is the way when one is young. Tenderness is the only key to her nature I have ever found. If you would be happy, love her—love her—love her. It is the only way!"

It occurred to Berkeley that Madame du Poizat was unnecessarily dramatic.

"But certainly," he said with helpless stiffness, "your niece is dear to me. I hope she will be happy if she becomes my

wife. I shall do my best to make her so, of course."

His hostess arose and offered him her hand with such a look as we bestow only upon the stupid who are also good.

"I will talk of this to Aline. You may come to me to-morrow if you will. The matter is in her hands after all. Already she thinks for herself and me. And pardon me if I have seemed more agitated than the occasion warrants in your eyes. To me it is important."

When Berkeley left, she watched him go with eyes in which indignation and amusement struggled for the mastery with a deep concern.

"So good, so generous, so uninterested! If I were his wife I should murder that kind gentleman within a year!"

As for Berkeley, he went away reflecting that probably Madame du Poizat was one of the ladies who knowingly complicate life with their nerves and attri-

bute the resulting tangle to the interfering finger of an inscrutable Providence. On no grounds at all he confidently believed her niece to be of a very different fibre. He felt sure not only that she would not require a husband to dance attendance meaninglessly upon her, but also that she would be capable of making sacrifices, if need be, to help a man on in the really vital concerns of his life.

II

What Berkeley Wanted

Ashford Berkeley, looking at himself in the mirror the morning after the complicated preliminaries to his marriage were finally settled, saw staring somewhat anxiously back at him a man of less than middle size and less than middle age, a thin, tense, little man with dark hair, deep-set grey eyes, and a dark, close-cropped beard. Externally, one of the men you pass by hundreds on the street without observing them. As to his inner man, one of the dogged few to whom the world belongs by right of their persistence.

"I hope it is all for the best," said Berkeley to his image in the glass, then smiled at the perturbed creases between

the piercing eyes which were his one strongly individual feature.

"That which is universal cannot be a calamity—it ought to be as true of marriage as of death," he observed. "I must write to Farrington about it, now the thing is settled," and he sat down to impart the tidings to his closest friend. He had already communicated the possibility of the approaching occasion to his only sister, whose frivolous comment had been: "I 'm so glad something has happened to poor old Ashford at last!"

It did not seem to Berkeley himself that his life had been as uneventful as his relatives considered it, but of course, that depended on one's definition of an event. It was true that he had successfully avoided emotional experiences. Why not? They had nothing to say to microtomes, brain tissue, preserving fluids, and the other paraphernalia with which he was working

out certain problems in cerebral localisation in his own way.

The price the gods exact for a highly specialised success is too heavy for human nature's purse. He who pays all they ask is left an embittered bankrupt in the end. Nevertheless, most bidders for the prize offer their all cheerfully, in the secret expectation that before the bargain is closed they can somehow beat down destiny and save a margin for other little purchases.

Berkeley was unconscious that he had ever counted upon this margin. He had bent all his energy for years toward one end, and had found his chief pleasure in living at high pressure mentally. His scientific work was so much to him that at thirty-five he had quite forgotten, if indeed he ever knew, that life means far different things to other men. His world lay beneath the lenses of his microscope, yet he did not find it contracted, but rather too

vast for him to seize and occupy. Naturally the ordinary social diversions of his kind meant nothing to him. Life was altogether too brief for such squandering. The only fear that ever touched his soul was that of death untimely. How could a man go forth leaving his work unfinished?

To rehearse his life is almost tedious, so simple and so dry it was. His early years were those of a bookish, moody boy in a country home, watched over from afar by a busy guardian, and under the closer superintendence of a series of tutors. His sister was always either at school or spending the holidays with solicitous aunts. During her infrequent visits to the old place it was his impression that she merely "upset things," and disturbed the quiet routine of his life to which even then he was attached.

There came at last a tutor for whom he felt something resembling a strong per-

sonal affection. Mattison was a young man just out of college, to whom tutoring was the easiest way of making a little money before taking up his professional studies. He intended to be a physician, and his prospective calling interested him in all its aspects. He was well versed in what may be called its literary side; he was full of idealism, and experience had not yet done its deadly work in blunting his enthusiasm. Also, he was the only person who had ever talked to Ashford as if the lad were soon to be a man and as if that fact were of consequence to the world.

The problems offered by the study of cerebral localisation, then in its infancy, and the beneficent possibilities of brain surgery attracted Mattison profoundly, and he grew eloquent when he talked of these things. Ashford, listening, condescended to approve. Mattison's way of talking was much more to his mind than

the conversation he heard on the occasions when his guardian brought a few friends down into the country to spend Sunday. Mattison came at a time when the boy was unconsciously hungering for some outlook into the ideal, and there promptly sprang up in his mind a connection between the medical profession and the mental attitudes that seemed to him then best worth while. By the time Berkeley went to college, it was practically settled that he should follow in his friend's footsteps.

He was studious and hard-working, but his college career was not brilliant. The instructors in chemistry were almost alone in their opinion that he was extremely talented. Following his graduation came a year of travel, and then four years in the medical school, where he was considered a fine student.

After receiving his degree, he took a position as office-assistant to one of the

leading neurologists of the city, in order to approach his specialty from the practical side. He saw speedily that the practising physician who is successful has little time or strength for original research, and, as he was financially independent, he resolved to give himself to the physiological and pathological investigations that underlie the physician's achievement.

One friend of his own age shared his tastes and convictions. Farrington had been with him at the university and in the medical school. Both could afford to devote themselves to the work of research, and both were convinced that the only field still holding a brilliant future for the medical scientist was the exploration of the human brain. The possible discoveries yet to be made concerning it were far more dazzling than any that had been made. Farrington was chiefly absorbed in the questions of brain pathology, which linked his work directly and helpfully with

life, and took a lively interest in other pathological work as well. To Berkeley the study of the normal brain made the strongest appeal, but he none the less cherished hopes that he too might so far widen the little circle of man's useful knowledge of himself that his name should go down the years beside those of greater, but no more devoted men.

During the obscure and intensely laborious years that he spent in study and experiment after taking his medical degree, he outlined in fear and trembling, himself hardly daring to believe the end toward which his audacious theorising pointed, the work which he was finally to complete. Leaving New York at last, he went abroad, "to pick the brains of those fellows over there, and make sure that they know nothing I have n't found out," he said to Farrington. It was during the second year of his European study, while working with Brown-Sequard in Paris, that he ran

against destiny in the shape of Aline Lefevre. That destiny should have taken this shape rather than another is but an added proof of its perversity.

Berkeley's absorption in his studies had been complete, and, by inference, unflattering to all the wide range of life outside his own pursuits. But only a vigorous nature is capable of such intense and terrible preoccupation as his had been, and, in the end, at the most unexpected junctures, a vigorous nature is bound to rebel against a narrow, unsymmetrical life, and demand its own with usury.

His letter to Farrington proved difficult to compose, for Berkeley had never studied the art of self-expression, and there really seemed to be several things of importance to say. His friend was at the time pathologist to the Emergency Hospital in New York, where Berkeley was nominally one of his assistants; but at the moment Farrington was in Berlin,

spending his well-earned vacation in Virchow's laboratory.

"DEAR FARRINGTON:

"I hope your work has been as successful in Germany as mine in France. I am actually making a little headway in my study of the memory centres, and I am anxious to get home again to our own laboratory where I can command more adequate resources for carrying out what I dare to hope may be my final series of experiments. I shall either fail flatly very soon—or else succeed. Good heavens! If I should finally succeed in expressing memory in the terms of sight, which is the thing I hope to do, would n't you and all the world open your eyes! I wonder how it would seem to make two continents 'sit up.' But you know how one feels about all that. It is folly to think of it. I hope to sail in six weeks more. —What I started in to say was that I am

to be married two weeks from Wednesday to Mlle. Aline Lefevre, the niece of the Mme. du Poizat of whom you may have heard Mrs. Fred Satterly speak. Mlle. Lefevre is a girl of much charm and intelligence, and looks forward to life in America with anticipations that I trust may be realised.

"Can you come down to the wedding? You are my only near friend on this side of the water, and I should be glad to have you with me.

"Yours as ever,

"A. Berkeley."

When this communication was finished, Berkeley read it over to himself thoughtfully.

"I think that sizes up the situation," he said, with an expression of approval as he folded the letter and addressed the envelope.

III

What Aline Wanted

THE sunshine of early spring, was streaming into the pretty dining-room of the Berkeleys' flat with suggestive lavishness. It was the day of created days in which to go shopping for an Easter bonnet, and even Berkeley's dull masculine pulses were stirred into something like consciousness of the fact.

"Don't you want some more money, Aline?" he asked, fumbling in his pocket.

Mrs. Ashford Berkeley put her elbows on the edge of the breakfast table and rested her chin in her hands. She was gowned in a marvellous matinée in which dark green Liberty velvet had something to do with yellow old Siena lace. A bunch of violets was thrust into the front,

and the whole effect was extremely becoming. She looked, with her vivid eyes and lips, like some rare orchid emerging from surrounding moss. Berkeley surveyed her with pride, pleasure, and a vague discomfort. Her taste in attire was, he feared, more interesting than impeccable. Unknown to himself, he had leanings toward shirtwaists and linen collars at breakfast time, and on the street admired the garments which his wife pronounced "distressingly English."

"No," said Aline argumentatively. "Why should I? All that money is good for is to buy things. Did you know that? I never dreamed when I was a girl and heard people talk about it, that one could not do more with money than just that."

"Some people think that 's enough," said Berkeley with an effort after a jocose accent.

"It is not," said Aline positively. "Nothing really interesting comes out

of a shop. That Mrs. Robin to whom you introduced me at the Fine Arts Sunday afternoon, told me so. She was interesting. I wish I knew her better. I wish they had friends for sale at the department stores. Think of the charming advertisements: 'Monday is Bargain Day. A Superior Calling List for Sale Cheap. Intimates suited to the Purses of Ladies of Comfortable Means. Special Lines of Acquaintances adapted to the Needs of Expatriated French women!' Oh, it would be heavenly—Ashfor-r-d, why don't you laugh at me? I meant to make you smile and you look so vexed."

She rose quickly, and coming around the table knelt by his chair and laid her head upon his arm.

"I am so sorry—so sorry," she said rapidly in French. "I did n't mean to make you look like that. Indeed, you know I understand."

It was undeniable that Mrs. Ashford

Berkeley's first winter in New York had been a lonely one. Berkeley's sister had been obliged to go South early with a sick child, and although she hastily commended her sister-in-law to the tender mercies of one or two friends, nothing very definite had come of it in the way of entertainment for Aline. She exchanged calls with a number of elderly ladies who told her what a pretty baby her husband had been, and was entertained at two or three elderly dinners; she made a study of housekeeping on the American plan, and fathomed its mysteries with surprising speed; she saw all the picture exhibitions of the winter, and Berkeley was keenly conscious of the amount of valuable time which they had spent together at opera and theatre. The effort he put forth to entertain his young wife made a perceptible difference in the amount of work he accomplished; and, to his intense dismay, he found that concentration was more

difficult than it had been in the days when he entirely neglected such diversions. But he was also keenly conscious that his sacrifices, such as they were, had been insufficient to keep Aline contentedly amused. She had been terribly homesick for France. At the same time she was immensely interested in America, and had developed marvellously. The depth of her ignorance in some things, the keenness of her perceptions in others, her intensity, her light-heartedness, her sudden changes of mood, still bewildered him as they had done at first. She complicated his simple student's life far more than he had expected, but even in the complication there was endless charm, though the feeling of time lost in his work haunted his conscientious mind continually.

He looked down helplessly at the head on his arm, confident, in spite of her assertion, that she did not understand in the very least.

How could she understand a situation that was still blind to himself? His hand trembled a little as he laid it on her dark cloudy hair. A dozen times that winter he had been ready for her sake to sacrifice his work as a thing whose use he had outgrown, but each time he had been helpless in the grasp of his oldest loyalty. He was wonted to the claims of his head. "Presently!" he said to his heart, for it was a new comer in his life, and he doubted the validity of its large demands which he had not yet learned to harmonise with the duties that had so long been wholly absorbing and final. He was reserved and deliberate. Things came to him very slowly, and he had not yet thought out and recognised the change that his marriage had made in him, even when, as now, he was racked between the old allegiance and the new.

"Next winter," he said gently, "if Kate

is at home, it will be very different for you. And this summer—perhaps——"

Aline sprang to her feet lightly.

"This summer we go to France. Say it,—say it quick!" she begged. "You angel! I never dreamed you were thinking of that. Why did n't you tell me so before?"

Berkeley looked bewildered and was silent. With the best intentions in the world, he seldom rose to an opportunity of this sort.

Aline's face fell and she went back to her seat. She fingered her violets reflectively.

"If you had kissed me," she said with averted eyes, "I should have forgiven you for letting me make you unhappy. I think, now, that I sha'n't."

"I am sorry I missed my cue," her husband said with an unhappy consciousness that he was perpetually missing his cues in the little dramas Aline enacted for her own edification.

"Oh, it does n't matter," she said with sudden listlessness. "I think perhaps men are n't very quick about such things. Do I ever bore you when I try to make you play with me?"

Dr. Berkeley folded his newspaper with precision, laid it beside his plate, walked around the table, kissed his wife, and then returned to his place.

"There is a proverb which says, 'Late is worse than never,'" observed Aline, looking up from under her eye-lashes.

"The men who are quick about such things are not half so nice as I am, Aline. Remember that," said Berkeley, and this time his effort after lightness was successful. "Now suppose we talk about France. Do you really want to go very much?"

Her face lit up.

"Oh, so much; that is, if it is quite possible for you."

"This spring and summer," said Berke-

ley slowly, "if I keep at it as I must, ought to see the end of the work I am doing. If there is anything in my ideas—Oh, well, never mind that. But anyhow, I could take you across and leave you there to spend the summer with your aunt, and I could do a good stroke of work here at home. How would that suit you?"

Aline looked downcast.

"Oh, please," she said, as shyly as a child, "it 's very good of you to think of it, but I thought if we were in France together, perhaps we might—get acquainted."

"I am afraid," said Berkeley with a gravity that was sincere, "we 'll have to put off getting acquainted for a while. There are so many other things to do, you see."

Aline looked wistful, but kept silence. Her sudden audacities were mingled with timidities as sudden. She was aware that she only fluttered about the edge of her husband's real life, and this was the root

of the loneliness which she ascribed to half a dozen other causes.

"There are always other things to do," she said. "But if I cannot have you I will take France. One must have something. You have the laboratory, you see. Do you never mean to take me there?"

Berkeley glanced at the clock suggestively. Aline made so much conversation at the breakfast table, and was herself so intensely interested in what she had to say, that common civility, not to mention preference, often required him to be much later in leaving home than he felt that he should be. The morning meal had become a function very different from his simple bachelor breakfast, for the domestic amenities require an atmosphere of leisure.

"You would not care for it," he said. "It is not a pretty place. There are dissecting-knives in it—and other things."

Aline shivered.

"Yet it is *everything* to you," she said. "You would rather be there than here. You hurry to go and are slow to come back. Your heart is there, and that is why I want to go. Life means laboratory to you."

"Life means science," he began, as one who should say, "It means God," then checked himself. Did life mean science now? Was not the sacred flame that had consumed his very life and soul waning a little already? And how could he tell this girl with eager eyes and wistful lips what it had been to him—what he felt as duty that it should be to him still. He looked at her dumbly, and was silent from sheer inability to speak.

"Tante used to say it meant caring for people," mused Aline, "but I shall tell her that she was mistaken. How sweet these violets are! Do you know where I got them? I came through the Place de la Concorde, and past the Made-

leine this morning before breakfast, and bought them of the man in the blue blouse with the black cap pulled down over his eyes, who sits on the stone coping, down in front. Oh, but the world was sunny, and the people who were coming out of church all looked as if God had said 'Yes' to their prayers."

Berkeley stared, and pushed back his chair.

"What on earth—Oh, I see! You are 'making believe,' as children say. Did you decide that you did want some more money, Aline?"

"I certainly want something. Perhaps it is that," said Mrs. Berkeley thoughtfully.

IV

An Interlude

On second thought, the idea of taking Aline to France for the summer, and leaving her there in her aunt's charge, commended itself even more to Berkeley than it had done at first. It was an excellent plan. She would be happy, and he could work. That would be best for both.

He thought, with a touch of the regret one feels at overturning a child's air-castles, of her timidly expressed hope that they might be in France together and "get acquainted."

It would be a delightful thing to feel that one owned three long, sunshiny months of summer weather, and could give them over into the hands of such

an inventive, eager, ardent woman-thing as this, to be made into happiness for oneself after some marvellous receipt of her own devising. Berkeley turned the idea over in his mind with the naïve longing of one who handles a toy he cannot afford to buy. He felt that he held no title to the summer weather. Until his work was finally complete, he did not mean to call even his spare half-hours his own. Rather, he was the slave of the relentless days, each one of which demanded of him hours of unflinching labour that he paid eagerly, striving to pay still more. He felt that he ought to grudge even the time that it would take to settle Aline in Paris, but being, after all, human, the prospect of three idle weeks was not without its allurement.

As for Aline, she openly rejoiced in each day that he must give up to the journey.

"Nine and nine are eighteen, and a

week in Paris—that's twenty-five days!" she exulted.

"Twenty-five days off from my life!" teased Berkeley. He had discovered recently that teasing Aline was a rather pretty pastime, and he gravely indulged in it now and then, wondering that he should find such a childish occupation amusing.

But Aline was not to be aroused just then. Her mind was occupied with other things. She had been shopping for a steamer-wrap, and she had found one that satisfied her completely, but in her heart of hearts she had grave doubts of Ashford's approval. The garment she had chosen was heterodox, she feared. She was sure she would not look at all like an Englishwoman when she wore it. The buying of clothes had become an agonising affair for her since she had realised her husband's tastes. Her own preferences were always quarrelling with what

she conceived to be his ideas. She enacted small dramas of renunciation in her mind in which she sacrificed ravishing confections upon the altar of the tailor-made ideal—but when she actually made the sacrifices, they were rarely accepted. All her efforts to achieve a smart and severe style were failures, and had to be lived down with the frequent assistance of the old-clothes man. Wherefore, after studying deeply the merits of ulsters and walking-hats, she had abandoned the thought of them, and purchased some picturesque trappings that were immensely becoming. But Berkeley disliked what he had once called "poster-clothes." So Aline turned upon the world a serious face and had no heart for chaff. It is no light matter to indulge in a travelling-wrap of which one's husband may not approve!

Late in April they sailed for Havre, Berkeley was ill the first day out, but as

the weather was good he shortly found himself made comfortable, tucked into his steamer-chair, a cocoon in a row of cocoons, passively accepting that absolute negation of all the ordinary interests of life which an ocean voyage imposes.

Aline, who had assisted in establishing him, and presided in her "shore-clothes," over the administration of his clam-broth now disappeared. When she returned, after an hour's absence, to take the chair beside him, there was deprecation in her manner, and inquiry in her eyes. Her dress was sufficiently unobtrusive, quiet, and well-cut; but she wore, as a wrap, a long scarlet golf-cape that nearly enveloped her slight figure. The hood was drawn forward upon her head with the effect of a Brownie's cap. Her cloudy, dark hair crisped and curled gloriously in the damp sea air, and blew about her girlish face. Her deep eyes were shyly alight. As she passed along the deck to

her place at his side, even the most indifferent turned their eyes to follow her. The looks that she received constituted an ovation. Certainly, she was as conspicuous as strong colour and radiant beauty could make her, but for once Berkeley found it in his heart to forgive conspicuousness.

"Whew! Aline, you 're stunning!"

Her face brightened. "Oh, do you like it, truly like it?" she begged. "I was so—so afraid you might n't, you know—and if you had n't, there was no place to hide myself where you could not see me."

"You 're certainly pretty visible," he reflected aloud, "but still—it all looks well. If you stood before your glass before you came up, you must have seen I could n't help liking it!"

"You can help anything!" said Aline with conviction.

Berkeley, relaxing under the influence of the salt air, and drinking in the sun,

smiled lazily. He foresaw that he could not help a certain enjoyment of this holiday, but, man-like, it did not occur to him to tell Aline this. Of course, she must know that he was happy here beside her in the sunshine. What else was woman's intuition for, if not to tell her the sweet things that man is too shame-faced to utter?

But Aline was wrapped in contemplation of her meagre compliment.

"When you praise me," she said gravely, after long consideration, "it makes my heart burn within me very curiously. I feel the way one does when one goes out some morning in the early spring, and finds that all the fruit-trees have come into blossom in the night."

"And how does one feel then?"

"Oh—you will laugh at me and I deserve it—but it is as if one must kneel down and says one's prayers!"

Berkeley's eyes blurred suddenly and he

lost sight of the horizon on which his gaze was fixed. But one does not explain things like this before a whole ship's company, so he was silent, and Aline drew back into herself, fancying, as she often fancied, that she had been too forward in her self-expression.

The week he spent in Paris lingered in Berkeley's memory all through the months that followed with the curious persistence which vanished perfumes sometimes have in memory. It was a holiday, and he was not wonted to holidays. Aline took possession of his days with a delicate despotism, and arranged them according to her will. It belonged to her, that week. It was her only one. She had a thousand things to show him; a thousand places where he must go. He must call with her at the studio of Mme. des Raisnes because it was in front of that lady's picture that they first met; he must see all her former protégées, including old

Anastasie, "the only truly good concierge in Paris"; he must go at sunrise to the flower-market in front of San Sulpice and buy violets—and violets—and more violets. Also he must stand with her in the porch of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, because she had so often stood there alone, studying the old carvings which she loved. He must walk beside her down the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, and demand for her amusement in his rigid French the price of all the foolish, attractive things she did not wish to buy. He must go to the Pantheon and stand before the painting, tender as a dream, of Ste. Genevieve as a child, because of her own childish visions of Paris's patron saint.

She decreed for herself a penitential pilgrimage to the spot in a remote and narrow street where a hideous hunch-back had been wont to sit in the sun, years before, asking nothing but receiving much.

"I never would pass by on the same side of the street. I could not bear to. I always crossed to the other side and threw my *sous* over to him. And he knew that I would not come nearer because he was such an ugly thing, and so he hated my money. I could see it in his little, evil eyes. And if he is still there I wish to pass close to him and smile and put something in his hand," she explained.

"Is that the only wrong you ever committed?" her husband asked.

She reflected a minute.

"Once when I was a little girl I went with Céline upon some errand to the bakery. And an old woman came in and begged the man for a loaf of bread. She was thin and looked hungry, but he repulsed her. And I had thirty centimes tight in my fingers, but I meant to buy a cake with them, and, somehow, I did not think quickly enough. So the woman went away without bread, and I fed my

cake to the birds, and cried myself to sleep that night. I could not forget, and I remember still, just how her look fixed itself, so wide and so eager, upon the bread and cakes. She clutched them with her eyes as if she could devour them so. It hurts to remember things like that."

Childlike, and often childish, as she seemed, Berkeley noted wondering that in this native air of hers she expanded daily. Her timidities flowered into tender and becoming audacities. Her perceptions took on brilliancy. One day he heard her remark of a charmingly dressed and futile caller who had just left them, "When she speaks, it distracts your attention from her clothes, and that is a great disadvantage to her." It suddenly occurred to him that his wife was "clever," and might develop into a keen and caustic woman of the world. It was astonishing how strong an opposition this idea aroused in him.

In the small diversions Aline planned for that week, Berkeley felt himself, at first, playing as rigid a part as the boulder that the butterfly hovers about; but as the days passed he grew more flexible, more responsive. He met his cues with such spirit at the last that Aline exulted openly.

"I knew we could have beautiful times together if you only would," she announced; "but now, just as you 're learning, you must go back."

Berkeley nodded without speech.

She set her arms about his neck, which was an unwonted liberty in her code of manners, and looked deep into his eyes.

"And you *want* to go back?"

He shook his head frowningly, for the query hurt him.

"No; I would rather stay and play with you, for a little longer, but I must go and do my work."

"You would rather stay *really?*"

"Really."

Her face grew dazzling. "Oh, if you wish to stay, then I can bear it that you go. It was only—don't you see?—so hard to have you willing."

When he was gone at last, and Mme. du Poizat and Aline were alone, the aunt drew a deep breath. Now, at last, she would know how the world had really fared with Aline.

She had hoped great things for her beautiful niece; she had planned proudly and prayed much. To her friends she talked largely of Aline's brilliant marriage; but Aline's letters had told her nothing of the things she wished to know, and she had doubted feverishly the wisdom of that daring experiment of hers. But here was Aline in the flesh, more radiant than ever, and more attractive. But was it the radiance of happiness? The sage Frenchwoman looked long and questioningly at the girl, but her glance

failed to probe Aline's soul. A curtain had fallen between them. Henceforth, apparently, she was to know of Aline what Aline chose to tell her.

"Is my child happy?"

The girl lifted her head and looked away with thoughtful eyes.

"Yes, I am happy," she said slowly. "And I am more than happy; I am learning so much, so very much."

"For instance, what?" Mme. du Poizat's voice was slightly sharpened.

"You will not care to know," said the girl reluctantly, feeling her way blindly among thoughts she had never put in words before; "but I have grown to understand, from watching my husband, how it is that the English race is such a power in the world, and can go everywhere, and do everything, and make other people call it master, and compel life to give up its secrets. The English are no cleverer than we others, and no more capa-

ble ; but they can do things we do not do. They have the power because they have the detachment. They set their heart on things,—hard things, and up so high,—and say, 'Stay there, my heart, until my mind and body stand beside you.' And then they climb, and climb, until they come where they would be. And nothing matters, not even their own weariness and disinclination. They go on just the same. It is marvellous," said Aline gravely.

"My faith!" Mme. du Poizat breathed aghast. "Are these the things your husband teaches you in the first year of your life together? It seems to me that I learned other and happier ones in my young days! But times have changed since then. And these are better times, no doubt. But, pray tell me, when they are climbing so—these gentlemen—where do they expect their wives to be? What part have they in this? Do they sit at the bottom of the hill contentedly? And

what if they chatter sometimes with gentlemen of less exalted aims? My faith! I have no patience——"

"I think their wives should climb too," Aline said, "but I—I do not climb," and then, to her own intense dismay, she burst into a sudden storm of breathless tears. She wiped her eyes angrily, and sprang to her feet.

"I knew I could not make you understand," she said with a kind of despairing passion. "It is just because it is difficult to understand that one is happy in learning it all. And I adore my husband. Oh, you will never see, but he is wonderful, *wonderful!*"

And then her tears fell fast again.

"Kindness of heaven!" Mme. du Poizat murmured helplessly to herself. "She is happy, because she has learned the secret of Anglo-Saxon superiority! Her husband is a marvel—therefore she weeps. What times to come upon! What times!"

V

Achieved !

THE first person whom Berkeley saw when he came off the steamer on his return to New York was his friend Farrington.

Farrington was a big, blonde, clean-shaven man, with a boyish manner and a way of expressing his whole mind. He came forward now, alert and cheerful, with the hearty welcome of a man who means what he says.

"Well, if I 'm not glad to see you again !"

The two men clasped hands, and looked each other over, as friends will after a separation.

"Then you 're all right again ?" Berke-

ley demanded; for Farrington, who had been ill in Berlin at the time of Berkeley's marriage, had returned to New York at the beginning of the winter, only to fall a victim directly to an attack of blood-poisoning, the result of a cut received when at work on specimens in the laboratory. This had laid him up for the rest of the winter, and as soon as he was able to be out in the early spring, he had been ordered to North Carolina for a month, to recruit his health, which had been a good deal shaken by these repeated misfortunes.

"Oh, yes, I 've downed the old *streptococcus pyogenes* at last. I 'm splendidly fit. Sound as a bell and ready for no end of work. How are you?"

"Oh, I 've got no end of work ready for me," and Berkeley laughed; "but I fancy I 'm equal to it. I mean to make a finish of the job I 've had on hand so long—or of myself. What 's going on in

town? Anything interesting in the last ten days? One feels such a fossil when one comes off a steamer."

"Dull as a fish-pond. How—" Farrington hesitated—"how did you leave Mrs. Berkeley? I suppose it's the proper thing to inquire, though I have n't had the luck to meet her yet."

"Very well, thanks," answered Berkeley.

As a matter of fact, Farrington, who was a bachelor, regarded Mrs. Berkeley in the light of a spoil-sport. He was quite aware that he would have had more of his friend's time and attention during his winter's illness if Mrs. Berkeley had been non-existent. Matrimony, in general, was regrettable, but when it overtook one's best friends it was little short of a calamity. The fact that Berkeley still remained devoted to his scientific pursuits was a detail. Probably this devotion would succumb under the repeated

assaults of domestic life, sooner or later. In the meantime, Farrington found himself very well satisfied with the prospect of a summer's hard work in the laboratory, relieved by Berkeley's society, for they shared one work-room between them, and had always heretofore spent most of their scanty leisure in each other's society.

"When shall I see you next?" asked Farrington, after he had seen Berkeley's few effects through the custom-house, and loaded upon a carriage. "I 've got to go back to work, myself."

"I 'll be there early in the morning," and Berkeley squared his shoulders and lifted his head a little at the thought. Four months of uninterrupted, concentrated work! What might a man not do in four months? Oh, it was good to work as only a strong man can, ten hours at a stretch, and no alien thoughts in his mind! As he had never reached the limit of his endurance, he still had that buoyant con-

fidence in his own energy, which is the modern equivalent of Fortunatus's purse. When the summer should be over, through success or through failure, his work would be done as well. Then—but even to himself Berkeley did not go farther than the day which should see his task completed. It takes time even to plan for leisure and happiness, and he had none to spare.

The flat was closed for the summer, and Berkeley lived at his club, spending most of his waking hours at the laboratory. The weeks came and passed, almost unnoticed.

Heat, like sin, is less offensive in the country than in the town. All the long summer of that year, New York was like a cauldron, and the smoke of its torment ascended to heaven. There is something dreamlike about living through such days of fervent heat. They are less real to the mind than the days of iron cold. Berkeley

walked about the blistering streets, under the copper sky, abstractedly, scarcely noticing even when men were struck down beside him. His body suffered, but his mind was fixed, and he experienced at times that curious sensation of detachment from the flesh which is the reward of complete absorption. Sometimes his work went well, and sometimes ill, but always it engrossed him.

During one of the sweltering weeks of August he went up into the small green hills of Connecticut, but found himself restless and uneasy away from the laboratory, and descended to the city again, thereby earning for himself a sharp rebuke from Farrington, who more than once warned him that he was courting a break-down by the way he was performing his allotted task. Berkeley scoffed at the notion, although toward the end of the season he was forced to admit that he ate little, slept less, and sometimes found his

hand unsteady and his eyes dim. The slight symptoms which warned him that he was doing too much, only made him desirous to do more.

One warm night in mid-September Farrington, coming into the private den at the laboratory which they shared, found his friend and coadjutor still busy, though it was long past midnight.

Farrington frowned. He had borne the summer well and easily himself, and it troubled him to find that his friend had less endurance, though greater energy.

"Look here, Berkeley, this thing has got to stop."

"It's going to—presently," said Berkeley looking up. "What have you there?" as Farrington set down upon the table with great care a tin box he was carrying.

"Some fresh material I have got for you, and you may thank me for getting it against my better judgment. If I did what was reasonable, Christian and pro-

per, I should be at great pains not to provide you with any more interesting stuff for your confounded experiments. I shall be examining sections of your own medulla shortly."

Berkeley pushed back his chair, gave a long breath and stretched his arms above his head.

"I 've been sitting in front of that microscope since ten o'clock this morning," he said. "I have examined over a hundred slides, and not one of them has shown me what I wanted. I had Billy bring in my food, and I ate with one hand on the focusing screw and an eye in the tube. I suppose you 'll say I 'm a fool."

"Anything to oblige you," said Farrington cheerfully, leaning back in his chair as he spoke, and watching his friend who had risen and was moving about the room occupied in immersing his newly acquired specimens in the fluid which was to make subsequent work upon them pos-

sible. "I say," Farrington continued, "before you kill yourself with hard work, don't forget to write out the formula of that preserving fluid for me. It's far and away the best I ever tried. You ought n't to keep it to yourself."

"I won't much longer," answered Berkeley. "And if you ever happen to want any of it when I 'm not about, you know where it's kept. You have only to help yourself. See here, Farrington. I suppose you think we ought to shut up the place for the night, but I 've just got to look at a couple more slides. Then we 'll go up to the club and turn in if you like. Or you need n't wait for me."

Farrington looked at his friend sharply. The circles under his eyes were big and black, his forehead was knotted, great veins stood out on his temples and the hand that was adjusting the light moved unsteadily.

"'No hurry' said the carpenter. I'm good for an hour yet. How about a drink?" and Farrington began to feel for his pocket-flask, for Berkeley had the look of a man who might collapse at any moment.

Berkeley made an impatient gesture.

"That sort of thing's no good for me," he said almost peevishly. "Just two more slides and then I'll be through."

"All right. But do rest a minute before you begin. By the way, being my assistant, why were n't you at that autopsy this afternoon? It was jolly interesting."

This was Dr. Farrington's idea of changing the subject, and making a little cheerful conversation to divert Berkeley and steady his nerves before he went back to his microscope. As a stratagem it was more successful than a layman would suppose. The case was one of a very obscure nervous disorder that had baffled all the knowledge brought to bear

upon it. It was believed that sections from the cord would probably throw light upon subjects up to this time in darkness. For as much as ten minutes Farrington succeeded in being eloquent about this, and held Berkeley's attention, in spite of himself.

"That 's all right, and I hope they 'll find something. But, look here, Farrington, I 'll hear the rest to-morrow if you don't mind. I 've got a little discovery on hand myself. And if I could make it come off to-night I should be the happiest man alive. But I 'll only look at those two slides and then we 'll shut up shop."

"All right," Farrington responded, thinking to himself, "at all events you look less in danger of immediate collapse than you did when I came in." He picked up the latest copy of a pathological journal, cut the leaves, and buried himself in an article. It proved more absorbing than he had expected, and he read

on and on. The light rustle of the pages as he turned them, was the only sound in the room. The roar of the city without had died down into comparative quiet. The rumble and jangle that precede the dawn had not begun.

The stillness of the room was broken at last by an inarticulate sound from the man at the microscope. Farrington, glancing up quickly, saw that his friend had risen and was clutching his chair-back fast with both hands. Wide-eyed and white-lipped, his face was the strangest possible mixture of incredulity and triumph. As he spoke he fairly gasped.

"For God's sake, Farrington, look here!"

With a calmness which he did not feel, Farrington slid into the chair which Berkeley had left vacant, and put his eye to the microscope. Carefully focusing the object glass up and down, he studied the field for awhile. The thing he saw was merely

a view of a crowded city street, and, though wonderful as a micro-photograph, which he immediately assumed it to be, there was nothing about it, on that supposition, to create such keen excitement as Berkeley evidently felt. A swift suspicion crossed Farrington's brain, that perhaps his old friend had been upset mentally by heat and hard work, but he rejected the idea as quickly as it was formed. That was impossible. Berkeley was the sanest man he knew. But what did this slide and his excitement over it mean, when, so far as he knew, Berkeley had not been interesting himself at all in the question of perfecting micro-photographs?

When he spoke it was after a glance at the object glass.

"That 's a stunning micro-photograph. Under a twelfth oil immersion, is n't it? The diameter can't be more than the ten-thousandth of an inch. I never saw such

clearness and such perfect definition. What did you use to reproduce it on? It's odd, but it looks like brain-tissue. I should say you had made your everlasting reputation—but don't lose your head over a trifle like that!"

Berkeley laughed unsteadily.

"Micro-photograph be—blessed! What have I to do with micro-photographs? Man! I've done what I set out to do. I've proved that there are pictures in the brain and that I can develop them—for that *is* a section of brain-tissue and it came —it came from the Centre of Memory!"

VI

The Memory Centre

"But I don't understand!"

Farrington looked blankly from his friend's face to the microscope and back again. Berkeley's words failed to convey their due meaning to his mind, for they suggested a possibility so astounding that his mind rejected the thought in self-preservation.

Berkeley sat in silence for a time. Gradually his excitement passed, and his face resumed its wonted look. It seemed to Farrington's excited fancy that he grew younger as he sat there, so powerful was the effect of relaxed nervous tension upon his features and his bearing. He rose after a little, and, motioning Farrington

aside, came and sat down before the microscope again, peering in at the vision on the slide. It was real and it was there.

Farrington watched him curiously. He did not yet understand what Berkeley had done, nor how he had done it, but that he had accomplished something of extreme moment was more than evident.

"When can you tell me all about it?" he asked after a little. "Why, I am dying to know what it all means. I can't even guess what you have done, much less how you have done it. It is all so extraordinary, and absurd, and upsetting!"

Berkeley drew his chair away from the table, still eying the microscope affectionately.

"Ah-h!" he breathed gently, "It's a long story. I have wanted you to know what I was trying to do ever since I began, but it actually seemed too absurd a thing to tell. More than once I have begun to unfold my ideas to you, and then stopped

in sheer shame. I dare say it was cowardly, but when you were doing so much useful work yourself, I hated to stamp myself as a visionary in your eyes. You see, I set out with a theory. If I were what a scientific man ought to be, I should have abhorred the notion of a theory and been anxious only for pure truth, no matter where it led me. But I confess, after I had found a reasonable number of indications which suggested that my theory might possibly be true, I was insanely anxious that pure truth should point my way. Farrington, I have so longed to find what I did find just now, that it has sometimes seemed to me my will was capable of creating the appearance yonder on the slide, and forcing all the world to see it there. When it appeared at last, palpable, material, the actual verification of my vision, and when I knew you saw it too—Heavens! I wonder I didn't go mad on your hands."

"I thought perhaps you were going to," said Farrington bluntly, "but as you didn't, go on and tell me what your theory was."

"You know that photography has always been a hobby of mine, and that I have experimented with chemicals on that and other lines rather deeply, and have made several practical discoveries which I have turned over to the world, as well as others which I have utilised only in my own work. I can't tell you when it first occurred to me that the function of memory, at least as it relates to things seen, was, not only figuratively but actually, a photographic function. Of course you remember that the image an object makes on the retina is upside down as it is on any lens, and is so conveyed to the brain, and that the psychologists have never explained to their own satisfaction how it is that we continue to see things right side up. And, of course, you know that in

many people of acute mentality, memory is a kind of vision, and that anything recalled is seen by them as if by an inner eye. An anecdote which they wish to repeat or a poem which they are about to quote, is flashed before this inner vision and they see it, or say they see it, exactly, as they would if it were on a printed page before them. I mention these phenomena, for they are two of the commonest and most obvious of the hundred indications I found that pointed me in the way I desired to go. No explanation of the phenomena of visual memory which the psychologists have to offer satisfied me so well as this of my own, that, through the lenses of the eye as through those of a camera, impressions were transmitted to the brain, and stored up there in certain cells like actual photographic plates, to be ultimately developed by will and the vital forces. From this notion grew the daring dream of locating and developing the

memory cells. It was a notion too absurd to mention above my breath, too audacious even to think of in the hard light of day. I wonder now at my own persistence in holding to it. If I had ever put it into words I dare say I should have hooted at myself, but unacknowledged, kept down in the dark of my mind as it was, it somehow grew to be the most vital thing in life.

"As you know, I have been at a good deal of pains to learn all that any man, here or abroad, knows about brain localisation and cerebral centres generally, but it became necessary for me to know more. After a deal of experimenting, I concluded that I would find what I searched for, if anywhere, in the spider or spindle-shaped cells of the claustral formation constituting the fifth layer of the grey matter of the cerebral cortex.

"The next step, of course, was to find some means of developing my suppositious plates, and here I blundered long and

stupidly. I spent month after month trying to contrive some chemical compound or stain which would have the effect I desired. I experimented endlessly on the brains of animals and such human brains as I could get, and went the rounds of every known or conceivable preparation, of course, without obtaining the slightest result, for I had reckoned without counting upon the action of the vital function as a developer. I realised at last that life, and life only, could bring these plates into activity, and that if I could devise some method of bringing my stain into cells developed by the vital function, if I could, in short, catch and fix memory in the act, I could after that make slides for my microscope which, I might hope, would show the proof of my idea.

"So, more experiments, more than I care to think of or talk about. My method was to inject the stain into the circulation of a monkey through the carotid artery. The blood so treated

passed almost immediately into the cerebral circulation, bringing the stain into direct and early contact with the cells I desired to develop and fix. After a due interval, the animal was killed, the brain hardened, made into sections and examined under the microscope. I leave you to imagine my sensations when I discovered one fine day under my lenses what appeared to be a fairly good micro-photograph of a jungle or dense growth of trees and vines. My theory was proved by it, and I was about to write an account of the discovery when I began to wonder—what next?

"To make my find of practical value, to bring it into line with nineteenth-century ideas and make it fit to stand beside the other wonders of the day, it must be applicable to human beings. I must be prepared to rifle the brains of the dead, and show the living what I had found there. It was the logical outcome of the

discovery, the necessitous next step, but I shrank from it even while it fascinated me. One hour it seemed to me that, if I succeeded, I should be one of the world's benefactors, the next that I was a sort of vampire. I was seeking to know what only God had ever dared to know before. A thief who could pick the locks of the hearts of men would be robbing the strong-box of the Almighty.

"Well, Heaven knows imagination won't do for a scientist. I was in a fever of anxiety for fear I should not succeed, and of disgust at the thought of succeeding. I was hot and cold, but all the time I kept on working.

"Naturally I could n't apply to men the method I had used on monkeys. I had of course to be satisfied with such brains as the dead-house afforded me, endeavouring always to obtain them as shortly after death as was possible. How to restore these brains to life, or a condition approxi-

mating it, was the first problem I had to solve; for without the active vital force my ingenuity was useless.

"I had confidently expected to find that electricity in some form would produce the result I desired, but after months of experiment was forced to abandon the idea. Then I began to believe that I had come so far only to be baffled in the end. My fears that I was trying to break open one of the doors of the universe forever ordained to be locked were dissipated at once by the prospect of being unable to do so. The supreme difficulty of the problem acted as a stimulant, urging me forward even when I felt myself in a blind alley where no effort availed me.

"I began to hope, and even to work in secret, for the passage of a law which would permit criminals condemned to death to be made the subject of physiological experiments, not in themselves painful, for the ultimate good of the

community. Of course, the bill did not pass.

"For a time further progress seemed quite hopeless, and once I almost resolved to give the whole thing up and try to live as other men do, when that girl was brought to the hospital whose scalp had been torn in the mill where she worked. You remember? One day I was watching Johnson place skin-grafts on her head, when the thought flashed into my mind that a method of grafting was the process I was looking for. If I could successfully graft into the brain of an animal portions of a human brain containing the memory cells, the life and vitality of the creature would bring the human cells into sufficient vitality to develop them. They could be fixed with the stain as the cells in the monkey's brain had been, and then my problem would be solved.

"So I removed a cube of brain-tissue from a monkey's skull, and inserted in its

place a segment of human brain of corresponding shape. My best antiseptic precautions had not been adequate. The presence of the dead tissue induced in the animal a meningitis which was speedily fatal. After other failures, which it is not worth while to describe, I succeeded at last through the invention of that preserving fluid which you praise so highly. I have spent the greater part of the summer over that preserving fluid. The first graft which I made with its help was successful. The animal lived, and at what I judged to be the proper time the stain was introduced. The segment was removed and made into sections, in one of which was the picture which you saw in the microscope last night. So, the thing has been done! You and I are the only human beings who have ever seen, as with another man's eyes, the thing that he himself has seen."

Farrington, who had been walking up

and down the room in strong excitement during Berkeley's recital, stopped short and held out his hand to grip his friend's. "Do you know," he demanded huskily, "that you are one of the men of the century? This thing that you have done is the ultimate miracle of an age of wonders!"

Berkeley shook his head despondingly.

"And now that it is finished, the old doubts are back again. Upon my soul, it is an unholy thing to have done, Farrington! See here. It is between you and me, and my formulæ no one knows but myself. Let us leave it so! Let us throw away those specimens you brought, and drop the thing. I'm sick of it! It gives me the horrors to think of going through the infernal process again. I've done what I set out to do, and that's enough. Practical results be hanged!"

"Idiot!" said Farrington derisively. "You certainly are n't the stuff scientists are made of. I think I see myself letting

you, even if, when it came to the point, your nerve was good to chuck the whole game. You 're a little seedy with the excitement and the strain, that 's all. You 'll see it all differently after a few days. If I let you throw away this specimen to-day, you would ask me to get you another day after to-morrow. For one thing, you 've been at it too long to give it up. The habit of the thing is in your blood."

"I dare say you are right," said Berkeley dejectedly. "But I feel like swearing off forever, and going out to join the Anti-Vivisection Society this morning, by way of clinching the matter."

"They would n't have you. You 're too hardened an offender."

Berkeley, who was walking about the room aimlessly, stopped to look at the brain which had been placed in the hardening fluid an hour before.

"It would please Aline if I did! I

wish she were back! I begin to see the good of the domestic life! It 's soothing to a man's nerves. Confound success! Farrington, have you ever read the lives of any of the men who have found things out? Do they all feel this way about it? Or is it only that I have no nerve?"

Farrington gave his friend a look in which amusement mingled with wonder.

"I don't know about the other fellows. I don't believe any of them were such chumps as you seem to be," he responded lightly. "I have known you for fifteen years, and I never before saw you turn a hair in any kind of an emergency. Where have all your nerves come from so suddenly, anyhow?"

"It 's no joke to me. When I began this work it seemed a kind of religion to do it, and to do it well, but now,"—Berkeley hesitated—"now I feel as if it was the devil's own job I was helping on."

Farrington locked the safe in which

the specimens were kept and put away a few of the scattered objects upon the long work-table.

"You don't have to make up your mind to-night—or rather, this morning. It will all look differently after you've slept. Come on. It's high time you turned in.

VII

A Free Man

BERKELEY slept the sleep of the labouring man, when he went to his bed at last. The remainder of the day and the night went by in deep unconsciousness. When he woke, the morning of a new day was upon the world, and its exultation was in his heart. Something glorious had happened. Slowly he became aware of what it was.

As he hazily recalled the events of the day before, it seemed a glittering improbability that he had ended his work at last. But the picture he had seen in the microscope was printed very definitely upon his brain, and he knew by his quickened pulse-beats that his achievement was no

dream. It might be impossible, but it was true.

As he moved about the room, making a more elaborate and leisurely toilet than was his wont, the consciousness of relaxation after long effort enveloped him like a sun-bath. Looking back, he saw how all his life had been strained toward this end, as a bow is bent to an arrow's flight. For years he had hardly drawn a breath that had not been heavy with the thought of his unfinished and perhaps hopeless work. Now, all at once he was triumphantly rid of the burden, and life was before him as it never had been in all his years. After all, he was not old.

He said to himself that now he would do some of the things that other people did. At least, he would try them to see if they were worth doing. He would travel for the joy of travel, and not for the accumulation of knowledge. He would make friends, and entertain them.

He would acquire an interest in art, music, letters. He would indulge a carefully suppressed taste for good horses. For the time being, the things he might have done, and had not, looked far more interesting and alluring than the one thing he had accomplished, for he was experiencing the first considerable reaction of his life.

He thought of his wife with a sudden welling-up of youth and the desire for happiness in his heart. In any life save the one he had been leading, Aline would be a delight, a pride. She would become so now. He dared take time to recognise her charm for him, to find her interesting. In the days when he had no leisure to exploit the discovery, it had sometimes irritated him to realise how interesting she was.

He took a little package of her letters from the drawer of his writing table, and turned them over affectionately, opening a few at random.

"My Honoured Husband:

"Is that the way one should begin a love-letter to one's husband? For I am going to write you a love-letter. Just think, I have never written—and have not yet received—one. Do you notice that I underline my 'yet'? That is because I have not learned to beg prettily for what I want, but must use capitals, and italics, and similar clumsy devices. O me! I wish so to be dignified, but I know I am not—yet.

"What shall I tell you? That all the world is happy except people who choose to go back to close, ill-smelling, New York laboratories, when they might be walking down green alleys at Versailles, or looking into the windows of the Rue de Rivoli? Do you remember the day we walked along the Rue de Rivoli? I love the dear, utterly foolish things that are to be bought there, much better than I love better things. The other day I bought

that sconce of polished iron in the shape of a fleur-de-lys that we looked at together. It is adorable, and it cost twenty francs. But I did not buy it because it was adorable, but because you made it the text for some remarks about French grace and Saxon strength.

"Tante says you should not have given me such a large letter of credit. She says America is making me idle, frivolous, and intelligent.

"I have also ordered a new frock; but that came from the Rue de la Paix, and cost more than twenty francs. It is chiefly of scarlet chiffon, and when I put it on and look in the glass, I see, not myself, but a field of scarlet poppies ruffled by the wind. I bought it to attract the attention of my husband. He is so preoccupied that it is necessary to take violent measures to recall myself to his mind, and, curiously enough, I am not satisfied to be out of it.

"This is nonsense; but I am so happy! So happy! I talk like a child, and feel like one. I thank you so much for proposing for me this great pleasure. My only regret is that you are not sharing the joy you have given me. Tante is well, and begs me to convey to you her most affectionate regards. As for me, what am I to say? You have been gone five days, and even Paris has not reconciled me to that,—even Paris, which reconciles one to everything. This makes me know that I am, even more than I desire to be,

"Your

"ALINE."

The next letter was without date or opening address:

"But I miss you so!" it began abruptly. "Now, is not that strange? In heaven's name, tell me why I should miss that quiet man who came in and went out

so gently, with such tired eyes and with such a steadfast mouth, saying so little and so seldom kissing me? Oh, but I do miss him! These quiet gentlemen, you see, who do everything for others and ask nothing for themselves, they are something like the sun in heaven or the eternal hills. One goes on, and does not think, until all of a sudden one realises that one is only alive because the sun deigns to shine, and to permit one to exist in the gracious warmth of its shining. Or else one sees that if the silent, silent hills were not so steadfast, there would be nothing left of one's warm, green earth but chaos and abyss.

"I say it badly, but I mean it well. Do you mind being the sun in my heaven, and the earth beneath my feet? Does it weary you to be another's universe—to know you are a cosmos in yourself? I cannot bear to weary you.

"You see, it is all so wonderful to me.

I did not know that such things were They dazzle me and blind me.

"When I sit and think of you, and Tante asks me of what I think, I always tell her, 'of the superiority of the men of the English race,' and then she goes away bewildered and almost displeased. She hoped that I would care for you, and seems so astonished that I do, I could almost believe that she resents it on behalf of France. Poor Tante, who cannot understand! Sometimes, when I have a moment to spare from pitying myself because you are not here, I fall to pitying her because she does not know how wonderful you are!"

From the folds of this letter fell a note:

"I wrote you such a shameless letter yesterday. I burn all over when I think of it. Why, it was bold! I don't see how I dare say such things to you. And yet I will not keep the letter back, for it

belongs to you, and what is yours, is yours. Even I, shameless that I am, who never wish to be again my own!

"ALINE."

After this the letters grew suddenly more sedate, as if they were carefully made to conform to some pattern the girl kept in her mind of what such letters ought to be:

"DEAR ASHFORD:

"Your welcome letter assures me that you and the laboratory are safe and in working trim. How shall I find the right words to tell you how glad I am of that?

"I read the *Herald* daily, and learn that it is hot in New York. Are you quite comfortable where you are? And are you sure you do not work too much? Of course, I know you mean to work too much. 'Too much' is never quite enough for you. I put it in my prayers that you may overwork without harm.

"Here I still amuse myself in the old ways. My aunt receives the world much more extensively than she did in the short time I knew her salon. Her friend, Mme. des Raisnes, the artist, has introduced to her some droll people, artists and poets and one journalist. I think she cares more for amusement than she once did. She says her days of seriousness are over, and these new people entertain her more than they suspect or intend. They have many curious ideas, and I do not understand them, so I listen, and look wise.

"There is a little English socialist of excellent family who wears a red neck-tie to denote his political faith. He would like to turn the world upside down and apply a torch to it; but when he talks of other things he is what you call 'a scholar and a gentleman,' and is devoted to the classics. He loves Chaucer and Horace best, but I am afraid they would

have hated him! His wife is a leader of the "Feminist" movement in England, and is said to respect him immensely; but she lives across the Channel and he, here. Sometimes she runs over to have lunch with him, and he says they go to an "*Etablissement Duval*" and order two beefsteaks and "*un bock.*"

I am beginning to understand what *modernité* is like, and how ideas are fermented. It is very droll. I do not know, but in New York I fancy people talk less furiously, and perhaps do more. Can you find me some socialists to talk to in New York?

"Then there are two American brothers who keep all their circle in a furore with their unheard-of pranks. Of them Tante approves less. There is also a Russian princess who began the study of medicine for humanity's sake and gave it up for her own. She is black, angular and curious, and imparts a flavour like caviare

to every conversation which she shares. Also there is M. Jean Hauterive, the brother of Mme. des Raisnes. He is very young, and his head has been turned by his sister's coterie, greatly to his mother's grief. He has pink cheeks and dark eyes like a girl's, and he believes many strange things so fervently that I sometimes fancy he will persuade the good God some of them are true. Perhaps they are. Who knows? But it is a pity to see his stately mother with her white hair and her grand manner sighing to break one's heart, and saying that the end of the world is near when a daughter's influence harms a son.

"We are going to make some visits in the country, and travel a little in Brittany. Tante says I do not know enough of France. She is most good, as always. When do you wish me to return?

"Your wife,

"ALINE."

"Dear Ashford:

"It vexes our aunt that you cannot leave your work to come for me, even as it vexed her that she was ill and could not leave Paris. She is much better now. Her friends have been most devoted to her and kind to me during her illness.

"What plans do you wish me to make for my return? I should be so glad if you could come for me, but I will try to travel as an Englishwoman does, and not mind.

"Mme. des Raisnes with her mother and brother are going out to Iréne, the youngest sister and my old schoolmate, who is married and living in Montreal. They would sail for Canada. Do you wish me to come with them? It would be less tedious than to make the voyage alone. I confess I dislike that idea more than I ought. The date of their sailing is not fixed, but probably it would bring me home early in October.

"Is that too early? I mean, shall you

be glad to see me then? I cannot help knowing that your work is jealous of me —as I have been of it—and may suffer when I come. Pray, fix yourself the date for my return.

"Your wife,

"ALINE."

Berkeley put away his letters with deliberation, handling them with lingering touches that expressed more pleasure in them than he otherwise betrayed.

"She will be home in less than a month," he said to himself. "Perhaps three weeks; perhaps even less than that. I could have gone for her as well as not, if I had only known I was to finish that piece of work so soon. Oh, well! I 'll make it up to her somehow this winter."

He locked the writing-desk. "And now for breakfast, and then the life of a free man!"

He moved across the room to the mirror as he spoke, and faced himself in the

glass. "A free man," he said again. And as he fronted his image in the glass, he saw in the eyes that met his own a sweet, surprising consciousness that success and happiness were both achieved at last.

VIII

Mme. Massoneau

"PIPER, mister? Evenin' piper? All about the murder!"

Farrington looked down benignly at the scrap of a newsboy who had taken up a position beneath his elbow, recognising in the tall, bright-faced young man a frequent patron.

"Now, Jim, how often have I told you not to say that when there is n't any murder? It is not a legitimate exploitation of your wares."

Jim passed the long words by with a look of dignified reproach.

"There 's al'ays a murder," he said cynically. "Sometimes it 's in the piper, an' sometimes it ain't. But they ain't never

out o' season, no more 'n hold-ups an' safe-crackin'. But this one 's in the piper, all straight. It 's a reel messy one."

Farrington put his hand in his pocket.

"Worth a nickel, is it?"

"Poor kind o' murder that ain't worth that," said Jim sagely, as he pocketed the coin without making change, and darted away joyfully to cry his wares again. Murders, "reel messy ones," made business exceedingly brisk.

It was late afternoon of the day whose earliest hours had shown Berkeley the reward of his long toil. Farrington had slept the morning through after their night-session together, and was now on his way to the hospital.

He unfolded his paper as he sat down in the car, and noticed idly how many others were reading the same article. The tragedy of which it gave an account promised, indeed, to be one of those enigmatical crimes over whose elucidation the

little urban world draws more closely together than over other things. To be in the metropolis while an especially inscrutable murder problem is being solved is to be temporarily convinced of the solidarity of humanity.

What Farrington gathered from a mass of irrelevant matter was that on the morning of this day a man had engaged a private parlor at one of the down-town hotels. He volunteered the statement in the office that his wife was ill, but that they expected to leave the city by the six o'clock train if she was sufficiently recovered. He registered "M. et Mme. Massoneau, France." After accompanying her to the room, he left the hotel, passing out through the main office, and stopping at the desk to speak to the clerk, from whom he extracted somewhat elaborate directions for crossing to Jersey City, and from whom he further procured information as to the different routes from New

York to Chicago. He was described as being agitated in manner to the point of incoherence.

Two of the servants claimed to have seen him about the house afterwards. The boy in waiting at the ladies' entrance declared that he returned and walked up-stairs. One of the chamber-maids claimed to have met him in the upper hall.

Shortly after noon a servant, passing the door of their room, heard groans, and tried the door, only to find it locked. Procuring a pass-key, she entered. The woman was lying across a chair, moaning faintly at intervals. Her garments were soaked with blood which had come from a wound in the chest. There was a curious old dagger lying on the floor beside her. It might have fallen from her own hand. The furniture in the room was disarranged in a way which might indicate some kind of struggle. Thus, the first question to be solved was, murder, or sui-

cide? When interrogated, the woman either could not or would not speak. She had been taken to the Emergency Hospital where she was lying in a moribund condition. The room was destitute of luggage of any description, in spite of the fact that three small pieces had been carried up. There was nothing upon the woman's person calculated to lead to her identification. She was "Madame Massoneau," and she was dying in the city's charge. She was young, beautiful, and, to all appearances, refined.

As for the man, he had apparently vanished from the face of the earth. The police were looking for him; but thus far without success. The case was presumably one of murder; with desertion, followed by suicide, for an alternative theory.

Farrington folded up the paper, and dropped it on the car-seat when he left, as if he could thus rid himself, of the distasteful impression it had given him of a world

where, as Jim said, "There al'ays was a murder." But he was not to escape so easily from the tragedy of Madame Massoneau.

Scarcely had he reached his quarters at the hospital before Hendricks, the house-surgeon, rapped on his door.

"Look here, Farrington, that woman who was murdered down-town has been brought here, and I want you to come with me and see her."

"Any chance of her pulling through?" asked Farrington, as he stepped out into the corridor.

"Not the faintest. But, do you know, I have a notion that she could speak a little if she would. Of course, I may be mistaken. The coroner has been sent for to take her ante-mortem statement, but she has n't said a word. Just lies there and smiles at us ever so faintly. I want you to see what you think."

Farrington followed, as the other man

led the way. Mme. Massoneau had been placed in a small room at the end of one of the long wards. The nurse and the coroner were with her.

The walls of the bare, white little room were touched and gilded with the late afternoon sunshine, so that it looked less cheerless than usual. As the doctors entered, the impassive figure on the cot lifted its eyelids heavily, and the next instant Farrington found himself looking into the most wonderful eyes in the world.

He fairly caught his breath, so different was the scene from anything for which he had been prepared. The journals which had claimed youth and beauty and refinement in extravagant measure for the injured woman were not far wrong. This was his first impression. His second was that never before had he been brought into contact with an acceptance of death so regal in its quality.

She lay there, very white and still, her

faintly heaving chest and her open eyes almost the only visible signs of life, and yet he felt himself in the presence of a potent individuality and of a not-yet-vanished charm. The eyes into which he looked were large and dark, and touched with a vast sadness, but even here, in the shadow of the Great Indifference, they were not dull nor inexpressive. Rather, they wore the look of eyes that see too much. There was surprise in them, and a deep wonder. He read the nearness of some tremendous experience just past, as clearly as one reads in the wrack of scudding and broken clouds that a storm has broken and spent itself; yet he read in them, too, the consciousness that the greatest experience of all was just ahead, and that its coming was accepted. But the acceptance was not resignation. Facing the inevitable, she would have fought it if she could. And he fancied that it was because there still remained so much

to say that she said nothing, lest the few words possible for her to speak be misunderstood.

"See here, Farrington,"—he heard Hendricks address him as in a dream, and did not follow what he said. He stood like one hypnotised, looking deeper and deeper into the woman's eyes, possessed by the curious sensation that in a moment more he would know all she wished to impart. It seemed impossible that he should not be able to read her soul itself through those marvellous eyes. So strong was this insensate impression that he was barely able to repress a sharp ejaculation of impatience when the nurse came between his eyes and the woman's face, as she bent over to administer a stimulant. When she again moved away, Madame Massoneau's gaze was diverted. With a palpably painful effort her lips unclosed at last.

"Tell—my—husband—" The sentence

hung suspended in the air, while the watchers at the bedside held their breath.

The nurse bent forward again with an air of official tenderness.

"Yes, dearie, tell him what?"

"Tell—him—"

"That you forgive him? Is that it?"

There was the slightest possible motion of negation. The look that passed over the white face expressed, to Farrington at least, her consciousness of the utter futility of inadequate speech. She turned her eyes upon his face again with a long gaze that seemed to implore of him something beyond expression. What the demand was that they made, he could not guess. But his lips opened against his own volition.

"Yes," he said huskily, "yes, I will."

The group about the bed stared at him in blank surprise, and he recovered his normal consciousness with a start.

"Didn't you see? She wanted some-

thing," he said awkwardly to them, and then turned towards the cot again. But in the brief instant that his attention had been elsewhere, her lids had fallen for the last time. In her quiet face he read joyfully that his blind assurance had somehow given a final instant's peace.

As Farrington walked back through the long halls with Hendricks, both men were silent. Farrington took himself off to his own quarters, and locked the door behind him when he entered. He had never felt more strongly the need of silence and solitude. The events of the past twenty-four hours had shaken him. His brain was still reeling with the possibilities of Berkeley's discovery, when he had been called to this death-bed, where he had been profoundly and inexplicably moved.

Ordinarily he was the most matter-of-fact among men. Sentiment was wholly out of his line, according to his own con-

ception of himself. But such sympathy as this might attack anyone.

He sat at his work-table, his head buried in his hands, trying to find out why this murder was not as other murders, and why the mere aspect of the girl lying there in the barren hospital room had been enough to efface from his mind at once all the impressions of squalid sensationalism and vulgar horror associated with her story, and substitute therefor the high, calm atmosphere of tragedy.

Even as he puzzled over the problem, he was assailed and conquered by a novel sensation of pity and horror. In heaven's name, how came she in such plight? How could any sane man have offered such a creature violence in any shape? And what had it meant—that long appeal of her dying eyes, to which he had so helplessly responded? What could he do for her? Even supposing him eager and willing in her service, what opportu-

nity could he make? The notion was absurd. Of her life he knew nothing. Her death the law would avenge, if vengeance were indeed required.

He tried to shake off the feeling, still strong upon him, that his intervention could yet somehow profit her, but it clung to him persistently.

"I 'm nervous, that 's what," said Farrington aloud to himself. "Berkeley's discovery got on my nerves, and made me see things yellow. I 'll go for a turn on my wheel."

Just then someone knocked on his door and he opened it to admit the elevator boy.

"Please sir, the coroner telephoned after he went away to tell you to hold the autopsy as soon as the law allows, to find out what killed that lady. He said something about six hours."

"Yes, yes, I understand. Run along, Denny. Oh, go and give Dr. Hendricks

the same message, please. Tell him I 'll see him in the course of the next half hour."

When the boy had gone, Farrington stood absolutely still for a minute in the open door, with a pale, excited face. He saw in an illuminating flash what he could do for Madame Massoneau and how it must be done. If he but chose it was within the bounds of possibility that all that she had left unuttered might be made clear, and the story of her living, the secret of her dying, known.

"Good Lord! It can be done! Berkeley's discovery! *Of course!*"

IX

To Serve the Law

THE coroner's inquest upon the body of Mme. Massoneau was held in the afternoon of the day following the murder. The room was crowded and close. Farrington elbowed his way in with a look of disgust on his strong face. The interest people take in such matters struck him as morbid and incomprehensible; yet, when his own testimony had been given, he lingered, himself subject to the curious fascination of the inquiry.

Even if the attendant circumstances had pointed less strongly to murder, the result of the autopsy showed clearly enough that the injuries of which the girl died could not have been self-inflicted.

The wound in her chest had been made by the old dagger found upon the floor beside her, and was in such a position, and caused by a blow of such force, that it could only have been made by another hand than her own. The dagger had entered, but not wholly penetrated, the wall of the heart, and death was caused by internal hemorrhage following the rupture of the weakened wall. Both Farrington and Hendricks testified to these facts.

The information elicited as to the murder was very meagre. The hotel clerk testified to the entrance of the couple with their hand-luggage, and to the man's request for a room. The luggage consisted of three pieces: a valise, a satchel, and a rug in a strap. Of these, the first two had disappeared. The rug had been discovered, undone, and thrown into a closet. The clerk was positive that M. Massoneau took neither valise nor satchel with him when he went out through the

office, shortly after the room had been assigned.

The bell-boy who had taken the luggage to the room did not think he would be able to identify it. He was not sure that he would be able to recognise the man because he had not noticed him particularly.

On the other hand, the clerk who assigned the room, and the chamber-maid who met the man returning to it by way of the stairs, were equally positive that they would be able to identify him; yet, when each was asked for a description, the results differed in a number of details, and the points upon which they agreed did not make up the picture of an individual in any way noticeable or striking. In fact, if arrests were made upon the strength of the description, fifty men who answered it could be picked up on Broadway in the course of an hour.

The nurse who had charge of Mme.

Massoneau after her removal to the hospital was summoned. She testified that there was nothing about the murdered woman's garments to give a clue to the place of their purchase. There were no papers on her person. Her purse, a small one of seal leather, contained no cards nor addresses, and only a small amount of money. The nurse related in detail the injured woman's one attempt to speak while in the hospital. This testimony, introducing, as it did, the only personal touch in the proceedings, caused a slight sensation in the room. Farrington shivered with distaste.

A dealer in antiques was called, and testified that the dagger with which the wound was made was of Oriental workmanship. The handle was an odd one of silver, set with turquoises green with age, and rough bits of coral. Certainly, any merchant who had it in his shop would be able to identify it, the dealer ventured

to say. Personally, he had never encountered one of that precise design, though turquoise and silver and coral were a common combination in Persian trinkets.

There was little more evidence to be produced, and the coroner's jury was not long in returning a verdict of death from a stab wound inflicted with murderous intent by a dagger in the hands of a person unknown, supposed to be the man who had accompanied the dead woman to the hotel.

Farrington pushed his way out of the room ahead of the crowd. Once in the street he stopped to draw a deep breath. The effect of the inquest for him had only deepened the impression received in the hospital the day before. As he sat there, hemmed in by people of types wholly alien and distasteful to him, reckoning idly how much better off the world would be if he had the power to drop these empty sem-

blances of men into the garbage boxes on the street, a sense of the tremendous pity of the event returned upon him, deepened and intensified. The face of the girl who had died was such a contrast in its calm beauty, its gentle indifference, to the surroundings, that the conjunction itself seemed a tragedy. She, whoever she had been, was fine and exquisite. He felt sure of that. Even if she had so willed, she had not lived long enough to grow unlovely.

The few facts which the inquest brought out made the solution of the murder and the finding of the murderer by ordinary processes seem quite unlikely. Farrington was seized with a sudden impatience of the clumsy machinery of justice, its fumbling and uncertainty. The arm of the law should be a quicker, surer, subtler thing. Even if M. Massoneau were found, his conviction was not assured. A clever scoundrel might easily break down the

purely circumstantial evidence that pointed to his guilt. It was difficult to imagine from what external source absolute testimony could come. There was but one witness whose evidence was utterly convincing,—and Berkeley and he could produce that evidence if they would.

Full of this idea and its possibilities, he made his way rapidly to the laboratory. His face fell when he saw that Berkeley's desk was deserted.

"Perhaps he meant all that rot about giving it up. No matter. He can't give it up now,—not until he has seen this through," said Farrington to himself with decision, as he turned to seek his friend elsewhere.

In the reading-room of the club just before dinner, he found him. Berkeley had a book at his elbow, and a magazine in his hand, and was trying to look as if he felt at home in such circumstances. His air of leisure sat strangely upon him,

as if it were another man's garment that he wore.

Farrington sat down across the narrow table and Berkeley looked up and nodded.

"I 've begun to lead a quiet life," he said with a depressed look. "I 've been trying to enjoy myself all day. I suppose I shall get the hang of it presently, but just now it feels a little queer."

"I 've come to put a stop to your vacation," said Farrington soberly. "You can't loaf yet, not a little bit. There 's three week's work of the toughest you ever did just in front of you, Berkeley."

Berkeley leaned back in his chair and greeted this announcement with a look of mild but interested scepticism.

"This is the person who lately gave me so much excellent advice about the necessity of a vacation," he observed.

"See here," said Farrington, "Do you know about Mme. Massoneau?"

"No. Who is Mme. Massoneau?"

"The Lord only knows, and it looks as if He had forgotten. So I want you to take the matter up. Don't laugh, Berkeley! Heaven knows it is n't a jesting matter. Have n't you read the papers for the last twenty-four hours?"

"Indeed, no! Why should I read the papers? I slept the clock around, did n't wake up until this morning, and all day, as I told you, I 've been trying to enjoy myself, and realise that I 'm a gentleman of leisure."

"You are n't one any longer. Last night the papers contained a lurid account of a murder sufficiently mysterious to make it a 'case,' and Mme. Massoneau was its victim," and he proceeded to recount the details briefly.

"Well," said Berkeley, "it sounds simple enough, of course. Probably the man did it, and all they have to do is to catch him. Then again it might turn out a case for Sherlock Holmes; but in either

event I don't see what we have to do with it."

"Now just see here," said Farrington. Leaning across the table he recounted in an undertone, but vividly and picturesquely, his own experiences for the last twenty-four hours, beginning with his strong impression of helpless death in the face of noisy, vulgar life, and ending with a passionate expression of his belief that in Berkeley's hands lay the readiest key to the solution of the mystery that for the moment interested all the city.

"For, you understand, I secured the brain for you at the autopsy, took it to the laboratory at once, and placed it in that preserving fluid of yours. Pathologically considered, it is a beautiful specimen. It had scarcely degenerated at all after death. There almost seemed to have been a suspension of the natural laws in favour of its preservation. Just as a specimen, it is the most remarkable

thing that has ever come in your way. You would want to take it up on that account if on no other. Why, Berkeley, you *must* take it up! Then, just think of the practical side of the thing, if you please. They have not found the man. And they admit that they are not likely to get him. The evidence to identify him is very scanty after all. They have no clue to the identity of either of them, except the one that the register gives, and that may be false. If they find and arrest the creature by any happy chance it would be difficult to fasten the crime on him positively. He probably could fake an alibi that would stand. Outside of detective stories, damning evidence does n't usually turn up when it is needed. But evidence from the girl herself would be irrefragable. No one could break down that identification, and her evidence is in your hands. It is the chance of your life!"

Berkeley shrank a little from his friend's vehemence.

"Chance for what?" he asked. "Hunting down a criminal won't bring back the woman, and it a business for detectives, anyhow, not for students. Can't you see, Farrington——"

"Well?"

"It 's too much of an opportunity. If I succeed, it would be a hideously sensational success. Scare headlines in the papers and all that. You don't suppose I 've given the best years of my life to a piece of work, only to have it vulgarised in that way in the end, do you? I don't want anything to do with the noble-detective business!"

"But the girl, Berkeley! If you had seen——"

Farrington stopped abruptly. After all, that was not the argument he wished to use.

"It will not vulgarise your discovery to

use it in the service of the Law," he said sharply. "I don't know what science is for if it is not to serve the ends of life. Nothing a man devises is too sacred to help justice. Of course, you prefer fame to notoriety. Decent people generally do. But you seem to forget that you are in for notoriety anyhow. In itself, your discovery is too sensational to escape exploitation. It 's bound to come, unless you throw all your work away for a whim, as you threatened. And, you know, you are n't going to do that. So it might as well come attached to a good cause."

Berkeley moved uneasily and looked at his magazine.

"I 've only been out of harness a day," he submitted. "Can't you give me until to-morrow to get tired of my freedom? That would only be twenty-four hours of it."

Farrington was suddenly conscience-

stricken, noting, as he had often done before, how worn and thin the other looked.

"Let 's eat," he said, rising and pushing back his chair. "I 'm a brute and a boor, I suspect, Berkeley, to insist on this, but I am sure of one thing. If it does n't kill you before you are through, you 'll thank me for keeping you up to it."

"If I do it, I can't go to Montreal after my wife. And that was one of the things I meant to do," reflected Berkeley. "I have put her aside for my work long enough."

"Then she is so used to it that one offence more won't count. Besides this is the very kind of thing a woman would want you to do. Uncanny as it seems, it 's the very chivalry of science, the knight-errantry of pathology. Berkeley, you must!"

"Of course, if you wish it so much as that, I will do almost anything," Berke-

ley answered. "I can try my hand at it, at least. After all, it 's only two or three weeks more, and what 's that in a life-time?"

X

The Work Begins

THE habits of a life-time are not easily upset by the emotions of a day. Berkeley's repulsion to the laboratory had been so strong at first that he had fancied his distaste for it might be permanent; but the day after the inquest found him at work with Farrington in very much the old fashion.

His nerves were quieter; he could see the force of his friend's arguments against the wholesale waste of life, effort, and achievement which would be involved if he were to drop the work now, and keep the secret of his discovery locked in his own brain. Whether he took the world into his confidence or not, he was success-

ful, for he had done the thing he planned, but a success for which there is no audience lacks something of its flavour.

Moreover, he found himself becoming infected with Farrington's desire to solve the mystery of the Massoneau murder, which grew more of a mystery daily, for the police obtained no clues either as to the identity of the Massoneaus or as to the whereabouts of the man.

Farrington's account of the inquest haunted him, and he felt developing in him an imagination of which he had not believed himself possessed. On the one hand, he seemed to see the dead girl as Farrington had described her, serene in her stony beauty, smiling with the silent lips that locked her secret fast. On the other hand was the mob of the curious whom she defied; the sensational reporters outdoing one another in their invention of ghastly and repellant detail; the seekers after excitement, and all the gaping crowd

whom the horrible attracts because they are akin to it.

Between her and these, to his apprehension he stood alone ; with the key of absolute knowledge in his unsteady fingers. The position, from the mere idea of which he had shrunk so strongly, came to have an awful fascination for him, and he found himself seeking with eagerness the knowledge that he had repudiated, as belonging to the Maker of Souls alone.

At least, he felt that he was capable of setting himself to learn this woman's secret with reverence, and of treating it, if it should indeed be revealed to him, with discretion. The detective instinct, which is a pretty general human possession, was aroused in Berkeley ; but he found himself willing to make fantastic pledges to himself not to reveal the content of the brain, except in so far as the ends of justice might demand it.

It might, he reflected in his calmer

thoughts upon the matter, be needful for him to know what he believed it in his power to learn, in order to save the life of an innocent man. It was just possible that the suspect was not guilty of the crime; but if apprehended, he would possibly have difficulty in making his innocence convincing. In any event, it was well that there should be one man in the world who *knew*.

So the two pathologists began their work. The first step was to remove the memory centres of the brain, which had now been immersed in the preserving fluid for nearly thirty-six hours. These were divided into six cubes of nearly equal size, and returned to the fluid. Three large and apparently healthy apes, were chosen and the delicate operation, which was the next step in the performance, was accomplished with the utmost possible care and swiftness. Two of the cubes of brain substance were implanted in the brain

of each ape, care being taken to place opposite each other the blood-vessels in the cubes and the severed ones in the brain, so as to restore circulation through all portions of the brain as speedily as possible. The membranes covering the brain were then restored to their place, and held there by silk stitches, the segment of skull returned, the scalp covering it sewn into position, suitable dressings applied, and the animals placed in their cages again.

It was late before the long task was completed, and the laboratory restored to its wonted order. When they were ready to leave the room, Farrington stretched out his fingers with a sudden impulse and placed them on Berkeley's pulse.

"What will you wager it is n't up to a hundred?" he demanded.

Berkeley shrugged his shoulders drearily.

"There 's a harder pull still ahead of us,"

suggested Farrington. "The janitor and I can take care of the gentlemen in the cages well enough without you. I move that you go up into the Catskills somewhere for a week."

"Go to the Catskills yourself!" said Berkeley impatiently. "I could have done it yesterday, but I can no more leave town now than an iron filing can walk away from a magnet, and neither can you. It will be a week, at least, before we can do anything more at this, and, incidentally, it will be a week before either of us is fit for anything at all."

Farrington said something under his breath, but as he knew perfectly, his friend was right.

It required several days for the brains of the apes to resume their natural functions, which each did in due time, thanks to the care with which the operation had been performed, and by the end of the week the two pathologists were in a

delirium of excitement over the experiment.

The first animal upon which they had operated was duly treated with the stain according to the method which Berkeley had previously found successful. When the grafted cubes were removed from the brain, the experiment, as far as the eye could judge, had been a success. Circulation had been re-established, and the stain seemed to have penetrated the cubes. These were now attached to freezing microtomes, or section-cutters, and a great number of delicate slices made. After the requisite preparation, the slices were placed between glass slides, ready for examination under the microscope.

The labour of examining the slides, as prepared, was almost endless. The two men sat down together, each with his microscope before him, and attacked the work vigorously.

For several hours there was silence in

the laboratory. Slide after slide was inspected, and rapidly laid aside, none of them showing anything save brain-tissue of the character to be found when the specimens are to be prepared in the ordinary way.

At last an exclamation from Farrington brought Berkeley to his side. Under the lens lay a memory cell, poorly developed, but unmistakable. It showed dimly the interior of a large, plainly furnished room, in which the remote objects were indistinct, and the nearer ones not especially significant. Berkeley looked at it in silence, and then returned noiselessly to his own place.

At the end of half an hour he found a second cell beneath his own lens. Like the other it was poorly developed, but it nevertheless showed, with tolerable distinctness a high-walled garden, where the sunshine fell upon neatly trimmed shrubbery and well-kept paths. Dim as it was,

the picture gave an impression of quietude and leisure, of peace immutable. These sensations, Berkeley reflected, groping his way toward the psychological side of his discovery, must have been in the mind of the onlooker as well as latent in the prospect gazed upon, or they would not be so clearly evident to a third person from such a poorly developed positive.

After the second discovery, the cells came thick and fast. The scenes which they revealed, however, were all of one kind, and pertaining, evidently, to the different phases of a little girl's life in a convent school. The garden scene was repeated again and again, often showing children playing there, and there were many views of the chapel, where the child seemed to have gone frequently at other hours than those of service, for often it appeared as vacant and dimly lit, save where, in a side chapel which the child faced, many branched candelabra showed

sparks of flame, and the faint outlines of a veiled Virgin were revealed.

School-room, refectory, and dormitory appeared as well, but less frequently.

"A sensitive, impressionable child with strong religious emotions," diagnosed Berkeley; but this was the utmost that the slides could be made to reveal. Many of them were so unsatisfactory as to suggest that the stain had not penetrated the cubes as thoroughly as the workers had believed.

It was the work of several days to examine all the sections made from the first cubes. When the task was done, Berkeley's discovery had certainly been placed on a firm footing; but of the history of the murdered woman they knew nothing save the fact that she had been in her childhood a pupil at a convent school.

"If the other cubes tell us as much as these, you need not have worried yourself

about the immorality of prying into helpless brains," said Farrington.

"I suppose the punishment of one murderer more or less makes very little difference to the world, and still less to me," Berkeley said. "My theory is all right. That is as clear as day. I am willing to let somebody else test it in its practical applications after we have made this one effort. Shall we use the stain on the next ape to-day, or wait until to-morrow?"

"I think we'd better do it to-day. Billy told me one of the beasts was grumpy and off his feed yesterday."

"All right. Let's have him up."

Farrington left the room. At the end of ten minutes he came back accompanied by the janitor.

"No use," he said, throwing down his hat. "That chance is lost. The creature lay down and died an hour ago!"

XI

The Third Ape

FARRINGTON sat on the corner of a work-table in the laboratory, frowning at a letter he held in his hand.

"Hang it all!" he said vigorously. "It is n't fair to go off and leave you at this stage of the game, Berkeley, especially as it was I who set you at this piece of work and made you do it. It is not treating you well, and I want to examine the rest of those slides more than I ever wanted to do anything in my life. But I don't see what else I can do. Do you? With cholera in the harbour, and a call for volunteer pathologists at Quarantine, it would n't look well if I did n't go.

They would say I was afraid—I and can't stand that, you know."

"O, you 'll have to go," said Berkeley irritably. "There 's simply nothing else for you to do. It 's bad enough for me to stay behind. I don't want you to go. I hate to finish up this thing alone. I am glad we have done as much as we have. I think I stand a fair chance of finding something interesting."

"We have taken pains enough surely. But it all depends upon whether the cubes that were grafted in the brain of the third ape cover the last few weeks of the woman's life. The loss of the other was a blow. Of course it 's likely that he carried into oblivion with him the facts that we want to know, but then again, it may be that he did n't."

"If he did n't, I mean to know it," said Berkeley, setting his lips. "I have an idea of making these sections as far as possible a continuous history. If the cubes are

embedded in paraffin, and are cut by a serial section-cutter, I shall get a long ribbon of memory cells which can be cut in consecutive segments, and mounted on numbered slides. In that way I can look at them one after another in due order. It ought to turn out a panorama of so much of the woman's life as is registered in these cubes."

"Of course you destroy a vast lot of cells in the cutting, but that can't be helped. Any very important impression is bound to be present in the series more than once I should say. Anyhow the ribbon arrangement is certainly a clever one. Well, I 'm sorry to say good-by, but as soon as I can put a few things together, I 'm off. Good luck, old man," and Farrington wrung his friend's hand and was gone.

Berkeley looked after him regretfully. Farrington's big breezy personality had been the best possible antidote to his own

recent depression. He felt lost without his companion, but set himself to work, repressing as he did so his curiously strong and growing disinclination to the task before him. It was, of course, absolutely unreasonable that he should turn against his work in the hour of its completion, and he characterised as unspeakably childish the feverish alternation of emotions from which he had suffered since the night when he discovered the first memory cell. Habitually he regarded the unreasonable impulses of the mind as coming from the regions below reason, rather than from those beyond it, and that such impulses should strengthen instead of passing away was unaccountable folly.

But the unaccountable folly continued, and it was literally necessary to force himself to his place at the laboratory table after Farrington had left him.

The preparation of the slides for exam-

ination was the work of days. Every conceivable precaution had been taken in the process thus far. The third ape had been an unusually strong and healthy animal; after the staining they had waited longer than on the occasion of the previous experiment in order that the development of the memory cells might be beyond question; when the cubes were finally extracted they were placed in a hardening fluid before the sections were cut, instead of being frozen as before. All this involved much toil and time, but when Berkeley was finally ready for the gigantic task of examining the long series of slides, he found that the results more than justified the effort.

While many slides showed nothing at all, each of the memory cells, as he found them, proved to be a perfect picture. To his surprise, he found himself at first examining a series of views of England,— a schoolgirl's England apparently, — a

mélange of shops, and school-rooms, and glimpses of London streets. The interior of St. James's Hall at a Saturday Popular Concert was easily recognisable, and after it came very clear-cut impressions of certain corners of the National Gallery. The Botticelli "Madonna" was one of this schoolgirl's favourites; and Moroni's "Portrait of a Tailor," and "Tobias and the Angel," and Fra Lippo Lippi's quaint apostles were others. She loved the lions in the square, one would have said, and the friendly lines of St. Martin's Church, and the twinkle of orange lights through the blue evening mists of London town, and sunshine, and spring days, and country outings, and hawthorn hedges in full flower. She patronised the flower-girls in the Strand, and peered into Bond Street windows, and bought ices and fruit cake, and ate them standing at a counter in Oxford Street, stared at benignly by the white-aproned salesman.

She was a happy, care-free girl, who seemed to see only the fair days and the comely sights. Misery, wickedness, dark days, and evil faces seemed to slip by her unnoticed, and yet she was pitiful. One wet morning, at the top of Regent Street, her heart was wrung by a pair of street musicians whom he himself remembered seeing, an old man and his wife, thin, bent creatures, grey-haired and wrinkled, with bloodless faces. Their shabby black garments were scrupulously clean, and somehow spoke of better days. Simply, they had the air of gentlefolk, and their past clung to them, dignifying a desperate present, and arraigning the world that let them stand quietly together in the rain, the soft grey curls blowing about the woman's drawn cheeks, as she held her shawl together and lifted her thin voice to sing to the unheeding crowd.

Berkeley's eyes blurred, and impeded his vision as he changed the slides with eager

haste. He was stirred, shaken, invaded by the moods of the mind upon which he spied. He had never before realised that temperament does more than colour for us in the world in which we live. Now he saw that personality is creative. He, too, knew England, but this girl's England was strange to him. He had thought of it as a land of prose; it was sharply revealed to him that it is the home of poetry. He saw it as it revealed itself to one whom beauty pierced and penetrated, and something of the rapture and poignancy of her awakening wonder at the world passed into him, and vibrated there. His hand trembled as he lifted the slides one after another with hungry haste, to acquire more of these new sensations, so remote from all his own, and yet, in some curious way, loved and familiar.

Presently there came a break in the apparent continuity of the slides. A large

number which he examined were blurred and indistinct. With the next clear one he found himself no longer in England. The sights were those of Paris streets.

There was a sudden constriction in Berkeley's throat, a searing pain across his eyeballs. He put his hand to his head wonderingly. What ailed him then? More than one second passed before his mind realised slowly what his nerves had known upon the instant. It was nothing less than the little yellow salon of Mme. du Poizat that he saw, with the hostess advancing with hands outstretched in cordial greeting.

Berkeley's breath came faster as he stared. The woman, then, was someone who had once known the people whom he knew. How was it Farrington had described her? "Young, beautiful, refined." It might even be that she was one of Aline's early friends. The thought was repugnant to him, and he hurried on. Many

of the following slides were imperfect, and some were of insignificant scenes and places that he did not know.

Again the yellow salon. His heart almost stopped beating as he looked. It was a reception day, and across the crowded room he saw himself in earnest conversation with a man twice his age. He remembered the occasion perfectly. It was the first afternoon that he had gone to Mme. du Poizat's with Satterly. He had esteemed it great good fortune to encounter there an elderly scientist whose name the younger generation speak with reverence. They had had a good talk together. How bright and earnest his own face showed. Who was it that had seen it so? Was she someone he had met, or only an intelligent stranger whose casual gaze had been impressed with the intentness of his look as he listened to the man whose words he was proud to hear?

In the next slide he saw himself again,

an animated, full-face view. He was apparently in conversation with the unknown woman. The discovery sent a chill through his body, and his hands shook violently in spite of a strong effort after self-control. He groped in the recesses of his memory to recall the women whom he had met that afternoon, but the effort was useless.

More pictures of the life of everyday, the streets, shops, churches. And then at last with startling clearness, like a thing engraved in flame, he saw the one incredible sight.

"O God, no !—no !—not that ! It can't be that !" cried the man sharply protesting. His voice was hoarse and heavy in the empty room. "I—I can't believe that ! God !"

He pushed his chair back in horror, but the thing that he had seen was branded in and in upon his brain. It was again himself, but with the look trembling across

his countenance that no mortal sees upon himself, and that Berkeley knew one woman only had beheld upon his face, the rich intaglio-look that is some time or other cut deep into the soul of every woman who has been beloved, the lover's first revealing look of pride and pain and tenderness.

Blindly, not knowing what he did, he chose another slide and peered at it. As through a haze there smiled back at him the radiant white presentment of Aline as she had seen herself mirrored in the glass upon her bridal morning.

"No!—I say no!" The words ended in a shriek. Something cracked within his brain, and there were dancing lights before his eyes. Horror closed in about him like a suffocating, deadly mist. He struck out insanely in the air, where the thing he had seen seemed to hang before his eyes, and then fell heavily across the floor.

XII

"That Way Madness Lies"

When Berkeley came back to consciousness, the room was shadowy with the grey light of early morning. The gas burned yellow in the dawn. The microscope upon the table stood out in sharp black outline against the coming day.

He rose and looked about the room uncertainly. The chairs and tables revealed themselves as such very slowly to his still reeling brain. All outward objects had for him that curious look of unreality which comes upon them at those exceptional seasons, when a man's inner life is more vivid and more insistent than his outer existence.

Berkeley sat down and looked about

him wonderingly, striving to recover his wonted foothold in the world of every-day, and for the moment quite unconscious, save as a haunting sense of impending evil, of the disaster which had shaken that world from its foundations.

When the events of the night before at last returned to him, they found him fearful, yet incredulous. How could the thing he had inferred be true? It was too hideous to happen.

But though he said this to himself with fervour, the heavy breaths he drew came quickly, and lifted his labouring chest with pain. He threw up the window, and breathed the morning air. The patch of sky above the roofs; the finger of sunlight that touched the top of the tall building across the way; the commonplace familiar noises of the street, seemed inexpressibly sweet to him. The step of the janitor in the hall was reassuring. He

opened the door and called to him. When the man appeared, Berkeley could have fallen upon his neck for joy, the shrewd, kindly face was so good for one of shaken nerve to see. Instead, however, he sent him in search of breakfast and, when it came, he ate it eagerly, although he was not hungry.

The janitor, who did not approve of the night work in which Berkeley and Farrington often indulged, was gruff, and put down the pot of coffee with a frown. Berkeley rallied him upon this, wondering pitifully as he did so how it was that his tongue still obeyed his will so readily, and that the man noticed no change in him since yesterday.

Strengthened and physically comforted by food, Berkeley forced himself to the microscope again. The slide that was beneath the lens had nothing new to tell him. He had not missed nor exaggerated its import. Mechanically he removed it,

and put another in its place, and then another, and another still.

In that mood of exalted lucidity which so often follows on the heels of some tremendous shock, he knew that in all likelihood his reason hung on his ability to control his thoughts for the next few hours, until his being had grown a little used to the terror that he dared not face, and he set himself to the task with all the force that was in him.

The consciousness of something black and terrible just beyond the little circle of his thought was strong upon him. He could feel the near presence of a dark horror lying in wait to invade and paralyse his soul. Desperately he fought the sensation back, but ever it crept softly forward.

Aline coming back to the city by stealth; Aline deceiving and betraying him; Aline dead; vulgarly murdered by the hand of a presumptive lover; Aline in her white rigour touched by untender hands, her

body gaped at by the curious, and, last indignity of all, this that he himself had put upon her. Violently he pushed away the thought.

He drew back from the microscope, and gripped his hands together hard.

"O God," he cried aloud to the grey walls, "I am a lost man if I think! O God —" and then, with one mighty effort of the will in which his spirit seemed, to his own perception, so to drive his unwilling flesh that he moved as if impelled by overwhelming outward force, he turned back to his slides again, and bent his head above the lens.

In days that seemed incalculably far away, Berkeley dimly remembered that he and Farrington had been used to discuss the power of a man's volition over his morbid impulses. It was, he recalled, his own theory that much insanity is virtually voluntary, and to men and women, fearful of the inherited black drop in their

blood, he had often preached the doctrine that by their own wills came salvation. His words came back to him across the gulf that yawns between theory and experience.

"A very simple thing," he had been wont to say, perhaps too easily, "a passing impression or sensation, may energise a new centre in your brain in some wrong direction. The repetition of the impression establishes the centre until its influence becomes a permanent morbid factor in your mental life. But it is easy to establish a centre of inhibition, of control, in your brain, which shall become a counterbalancing influence for health. More than that, it is very likely that the inhibitory impulses travel down from the brain through the very same motor fibres that convey the voluntary impulses. So that every impulse of inhibition not only serves to give you control of yourself in the moment of your need, but also tends di-

rectly to counteract and annul the power of your morbid impulses, by closing to them their easy and accustomed path."

"In the moment of your need,"—the words echoed in his brain,—"in the moment of your need." His need had come in very truth. The temptation to hurl the microscope over, to rise and throw himself about, to beat and batter something, to scream aloud in his pain, seemed irresistible to his over-wrought nerves; but his will held him quiet in his seat. "The inhibitory impulses travel down from the brain through the very same motor fibres that convey the voluntary impulses," he repeated to himself, saying the words over and over desperately, as if they were a charm.

How a man wins through such hours, emerging undefeated, no other man can know. Perhaps he does not know himself where the sources of his strength have been. Berkeley, fighting hard

against the chaos that strove to invade his brain, found help at last in the chronicle that unrolled itself before him, as he automatically placed slide after slide beneath the lens. At first they whirled beneath his eyes, but presently he found that he could compel his own attention, and make clear the thing he wished to comprehend. By slow degrees his interest strengthened, until the slides absorbed him wholly. Aline was telling him her story in her own way, and every incident struck home. From an ignorance of his wife, as complete as affection and association allow—and between man and woman that is a very comprehensive ignorance—he passed to absolute knowledge, and hour by hour the revelation grew more engrossing.

As the temperament and character of an artist show themselves in every representation of the outward world that he makes for us, so is the personality of an

individual recorded in the impressions that are stored up in his brain. The quality of the impression depends upon the point of view, and the point of view is, to all intents and purposes, the person.

This much Berkeley had understood on the previous day, when he had found himself stirred and touched by the charm of the unknown girl's imagination and delicacy of perception. He was now to learn how full such a record may be, and how much it may contain of the vast body of emotions, opinions, and hopes which lie beneath all formulated thought.

He had seen in Aline a girl, lovely, inconsequent, full of an erratic charm which he would have said was rooted in her physical beauty—inchoate, attractive material, in short, out of which life might ultimately make something fine, just what he hardly knew, since his own ideals were not formed.

But this heart that he was reading was

a woman's. Perhaps—he was not sure—it was a poet's too. At least, there belonged to it the passion and the yearning of the one, and the immortal freshness of the other.

He saw himself as his young wife had seen him. Obviously she had brought reverence, idealism, and fervour to the contemplation of her mate. He faced himself enlarged and glorified, and shrank from the sight. It seemed, indeed, that she had cherished every tender look of his, and magnified it to make his love equal the height of her heart. How greatly she had needed tenderness! He wondered, and went on.

What was imagination in the girl had become insight in the woman, yet her mind was a land of sunshine. Always she saw the world as few see it, as if it had been freshly created for her gaze. She grew aware of things unbeautiful, only to feel the pity of them, and her whole

character was in such a casual thing as her memory of a leering, brutal face encountered on the street.

The things that he had thought she cared for, had passed her real self by, while the things that mattered to her were in depths that he had never fathomed.

If she had failed to make him the centre of her life, was not the fault his own? He shrank from the proportions of a demi-god, yet never came to those of other men, for she had endowed him with a distinction that remained when the radiance faded. He was still something apart because she made him so; thus he interpreted the countless scenes in which he was the central figure.

When she looked at children she saw angels, or so it seemed to him. A group of street waifs dancing on the pavement were illuminated with a kind of glory. They had the grace and the significance of the joyous children revealed to the art-

ists of the elder world, when childhood found a warmer welcome in the hearts of men than now. A baby in its carriage, wheeled down the avenue by its white-capped nurse, smiled up with all the serious sweetness of those gracious infants who adorn the Hospital of the Innocents, as lovely in their eternal beauty as when Andrea della Robbia created them.

He stopped at last, pushed back his microscope, and bent his head upon his hands to think. His brain had cleared, his pulses quieted. He was confused, startled, overwhelmed, and soothed by what he saw. All that was fine in him rose up to praise the fineness of Aline's vision.

But if she had seen life and her wifely calling so, then what had she to do with degradation or baseness, with common passions, with low deceits? If *this* were Aline, there were things she could not do —and these that she had done were of them.

XIII

An Act of Faith

BERKELEY'S revery was long, and brought him nowhere. What was he to believe of Aline? The evidence of character confronted the evidence of circumstance, and each was overwhelming in its way. By nature and training, the evidence of circumstance was bound to seem to him the more convincing of the two, and yet he hesitated. How could unlovely things be true of one like her?

The janitor knocked loudly at the door, and Berkeley, rousing himself, impatiently told him to enter. The man offered a card deprecatingly.

"I told him you was terrible busy, but

he said he 'd got to see you, just," Billy observed.

The name on the pasteboard conveyed no meaning to Berkeley's mind, but he was not at the moment prepared to combat insistence. "I can't see any one," he started to say, but on the way from his brain to his lips it turned into "Tell him to come up."

The visitor, when he appeared, announced himself as coming from the district attorney, and was apparently unaffected by the fact that this announcement appeared to convey slight information to the thin nervous little man with hot dry hands and burning eyes, who greeted him with absent-minded courtesy.

"I came to see you about the evidence for the Massoneau trial, Dr. Berkeley," he began.

"Trial?" queried Berkeley, groping in his mind for some fact to which he might refer the word.

"Yes. Dr. Farrington told the district attorney that it was likely you would be an important witness for the State. We do not understand the nature of your investigations, nor the kind of evidence you are likely to obtain, but the little that Dr. Farrington said to us, roused our curiosity, and led us to believe you could help us out, if we found ourselves in a box, with no good evidence to back up a moral certainty. Since Massoneau's apprehension——"

"His *apprehension?*"

The attorney's clerk looked at his host in surprise. The keen dark eyes were fixed upon him in sheer bewilderment. It was evident that Dr. Berkeley did not in the least comprehend.

"Why, have n't you read the papers?"

Berkeley shook his head.

"I have n't touched a paper for a week, —not since Dr. Farrington went away, in fact. I suppose I am hopelessly behind

the times, but if a man overtakes his work he must sometimes give up other matters. Will you kindly inform me——"

"Massoneau—or the man whom we believe to be Massoneau—was arrested, just about the time Dr. Farrington left. He had shaved his moustache, changed his clothes, and gone, of all places in the world, to a Brooklyn hotel, registering this time as M. Felix Clairon. He had in some fashion got rid of all his belongings, and acquired a lot of new ones, and of course he claimed to be able to prove an alibi. The clerk and the chamber-maid who saw him at the other hotel identified him positively before a magistrate, and his alibi was not forthcoming when he appeared before the Grand Jury, who thought the evidence sufficient to hold him for trial. His lawyer is shrewd and unscrupulous, however, and unless the identification should be backed by more evidence than we have thus far laid hold

of, they will probably be able to break down our witnesses, and produce a passable alibi. The French consul-general is standing his friend, and altogether he has a better chance of acquittal than a guilty man deserves."

"What kind of a man is he? What does he look like?" Berkeley asked.

The clerk hesitated.

"He 's not a bad looker. In fact, his personal appearance is one of his best defences. He 's a gentlemanly, harmless appearing little chap, Frenchy and excitable, with pink cheeks and dark eyes like a girl's. You don't see him murdering anybody, and that 's a fact."

Berkeley started nervously.

"Pink cheeks and dark eyes like a girl's," he repeated slowly, trying to remember where he encountered that descriptive phrase before.

"Ah, yes, I think I see him. Please go on."

The clerk stared an instant before replying. He reported later to his chief that "Dr. Berkeley looks like one of these hypnotic chaps, and makes you feel queer, and yet there seems to be a good deal to him too."

"That 's about all there is to say at present. We don't know what you can do to strengthen our hand, but Dr. Farrington seemed hopeful that you could and would do something. So I came around to lay the matter before you as it is, and to ask whether it 's going to be in your power to do anything for us. Can you furnish the State with any additional evidence bearing on the case?"

Berkeley turned away abruptly, and walked the length of the laboratory without replying. He remembered where he had seen the phrase that irritated his brain with its cadence. It had been in one of Aline's letters.

He drew himself together to meet the

thought. A new sensation overtook and mastered him. This fluttering in his pulses, and this swift heat that flashed through his veins, burning as it went, told him that he was very human, and that he desired to be revenged.

He looked at the files of numbered slides drawn up like a regiment beside his microscope upon the table, and computed the amount of time necessary to gauge their possibilities. When he turned and came back, the clerk whom he confronted started in his turn, for it seemed to him that he was facing another being from the haggard, broken creature who had just left him to march down the room with bent head and dragging step. This was a taller and more powerful man, in whose keen eyes shone the prescience of a triumph that had re-created him.

"Tell the district attorney from me if you please, that while I have not yet finished the investigation of Mme. Mas-

soneau's brain, which I began before Dr. Farrington was called away, I have gone so far and learned so much that I have a very great confidence I shall be able to serve the State effectively at the trial. It *must* be so. In three days more I shall be able to state positively what I can do. Even now I do not hesitate to say that I believe you can count upon me to an extent that will surprise yourselves. I will communicate with your office as soon as I am prepared to make a definite statement. In the meantime it will be necessary for me to see the prisoner, and I would prefer to do it without being seen by him."

"That won't be difficult to manage. We can arrange for that. You say in three days, Dr. Berkeley?"

"Yes, surely in three days."

There was a touch of finality about Berkeley's manner, and the man, understanding that the end of his interview had

come, bowed himself out in a somewhat bewildered state of mind.

"Uncanny old hole, that laboratory," he confided to the grating of the empty shaft, as he waited for the elevator to come up. "And the creepiest chap I ever struck. He makes me feel queer. *Me!*" and the district attorney's man laughed softly to himself in appreciation of the joke, which, certainly, was a good one.

Berkeley, left alone, went back to his slides. He had found a definite thing to think about and to do, and he clung to the discovery with a kind of desperate joy. In this dark world of fact, which had become so confusedly entangled with the world of spirit that he knew not which was the real, the authoritative, here was a foothold. Aline's murderer was to be punished, and the punishment should come through him.

The thought ran like an elixir through his blood. He had believed himself at the end of his strength, but he still had

force for this. He exulted in the consciousness that he could do what lay before him, and in his exultation he was something more, and less, than man. As he threw himself into his work he became for the time a machine, an automaton, doing one thing perfectly, and yet endowed in that line of action with a foresight, a calculating shrewdness such as Ashford Berkeley had never possessed. He wondered at himself in the infrequent moments when he woke to self-consciousness, but for the most part he neither thought nor wondered, but worked steadily on.

There was much to do. First, he must see the prisoner, so that he might know him if he met him in that strange land beneath the lenses of his microscope. Then there were letters to write, and the world to deceive. The world must not know of his wife's fate, for her sake, for his own, but most of all for the sake of his righteous revenge.

To his sister, happily absent from town, he wrote briefly of his wife's death in France. To Mme. du Poizat he wrote the truth. He thought the letter dry and self-contained, but long after Mme. du Poizat had dried her own tears, her heart ached for the piteous, bewildered agony he had unconsciously revealed to her.

His distasteful task of deception was made easier by Aline's lack of acquaintances in the city. There were few to whom his wife's life or death signified anything. The world, which had barely known of her existence, was easily satisfied as to its end.

There remained the slides,—to be examined first, and then to be sorted and resorted until only the necessary and telling ones remained. Before the three days were over he knew that on his testimony would hang the life of the prisoner, who was, he felt sure, the boyish radical Jean Hauterive about whom Aline had once or twice

written carelessly. Well—the evidence would be ready.

In these days he thought little of Aline, nothing of himself. His one anxiety was so to school himself before the trial that he should seem to be wholly unprejudiced and indifferent in giving his evidence. One false step, a show of emotion, the suspicion that the dead woman had been anything to him, would perhaps exclude his evidence. The case of the State would break down. Simply, that must not be. He braced himself to make it impossible, and went about as in a deep dream, shunning instinctively his natural thoughts and feelings.

But the day before his testimony was to be required, for one hour he awoke.

The passage of time had mattered nothing to Berkeley. The days were patches of unmeaning light, the nights spaces of unmeaning darkness. That sense of rolling around with the earth, of help-

ing Nature on in her changes, of hearty acquiescence, which is one of the keen joys of absolute health, was wholly gone from him. Without his help or hindrance, it had come to be November, and the little summer of St. Martin laid its caressing touch upon the town.

The thoroughfares were filled with a dreamy golden haze. Broadway was glorified. Fifth Avenue was transformed by a touch of the ideal. The dwellers in those up-town streets which end in vistas of the hills across the river, suddenly seemed to hold options upon Paradise. Berkeley, who had been to the empty flat after certain papers, walked down one of these streets. He felt the sun, and saw the hills, and grew aware all at once that beauty does not die from out the world because we grow indifferent or unconscious. He became suddenly faint, but, regaining strength, went on to the drive by the river, and sat down where he could

see the hills veiled in the rosy autumn mist. The graciousness of the day recalled to him insistently the one other gracious thing with which he had lately come into contact.

Yes, the day was like one of Aline's days. The thought comforted him as he admitted it into his mind. Down in the sub-conscious depths, through these perturbed days a battle had been going on between his insight and his worldly sense. The latter told him that Aline had deceived and wronged him hideously; the former, that she could not possibly have done so.

So far as the testimony of the slides had been given, it neither exculpated nor accused his wife. Hauterive appeared, an impression among other impressions, in those cells whose records evidently related to her experience in Paris during the summer. He came and went there with fifty other figures. And that he

was her murderer, there was no doubt. That could be proved for all the world to see. But that he was her lover, nothing showed.

Yet the black facts remained. She had left France fully three weeks earlier than the date she had given to him as that of her departure, and in what company, and under what circumstances she had left, he was still ignorant. She had come to New York with Hauterive, to die there by his hand.

If the world knew what he knew, it would say of Aline cruel things. And if it knew that he dared to doubt her unfaith, and that his tenderness had grown in these last tortured weeks into something so confident and so strong that it bewildered even himself, it would call him deceived, insensate, doting. He could see human nature's knowing sneer at his credulity.

What! Think *her* unspotted, innocent,

—a woman whom circumstances damned so deep? Absurd, he seemed to hear the world say in his ears.

But even so—supposing the worst were true, whose was the blame? Eagerly he claimed it for his own.

"If there is any fault it is mine—mine! And yet—I cannot understand it, but I know—I *know*—there is no fault!"

A camel shall go through the needle's eye sooner than a student shall trust the undemonstrated thing. Yet the miracle sometimes happens. Berkeley had his own temperament as well as the world's cynicism to fight, but in the morning hour that he sat in the sight of the hills, he rose to his first act of faith, and found that faith works in the veins of man like wine.

There were not many passers at that time of day, and, had there been, they would have seen only a worn, insignificant-looking man, with a strenuous, tired

face, and exalted eyes, playing nervously with his cane as he leaned back upon the bench, absorbing the radiant November sun. Nevertheless, in that hour he weighed the world as one having authority, and found it stupid, imbruted, sensual. Let the blind world and its blinder assumptions pass. He could no longer judge as it judges, for he had seen as it can never see. God and he knew that Aline's soul was white.

XIV

The State *vs.* Massoneau

When the case of the State *vs.* Massoneau came to trial, the courtroom was crowded. There was a rumour that unexpected developments were likely to occur in the course of the proceedings; but even without such reports public interest in the trial was aroused by its mystery, which was understood to be not fully fathomed. One enterprising reporter evolved the notion that the interest of the French consul in the case was due to revelations made to him by the prisoner as to his standing in France. He was reputed to be the son of a noble family travelling *incognito*, arrested through a chance resemblance to the real criminal who had escaped, and

suffering the trial under his assumed name of Felix Clairon, rather than declare his identity, and see his honoured name in the headlines of the New York papers. This engaging and probable tale sold many copies of the journal which contained it, and made people who did not believe it feel, nevertheless, that the Massoneau trial was something to follow.

M. Clairon's defence, it had become known through the newspapers, would be the deferred alibi which had not been proven in time to save him from the trial. Mistaken identity would be alleged, and it would be shown that a week previous to the date when the murder occurred, M. Clairon had chartered a sailing yacht for a fishing trip, and was aboard it for the two following weeks. It was said that the captain and two of the crew were ready as witnesses, and that the log-book of the vessel would be produced.

The district attorney, when questioned

concerning these reports, looked inscrutable, and said nothing. In fact, in his own mind, he regarded the case of the State as depending entirely upon Berkeley's evidence. If that were barred out or broken down, there would be little doubt that M. Clairon would go free.

The case opened in stereotyped fashion. After a request from the prisoner's counsel to dismiss for lack of sufficient evidence, and the district attorney's objection, the process of selecting a jury was begun. This occupied the greater part of two days. It was observed that most of the delay in accepting jurors was on the side of the people. The defence exhibited an indifference which was thought to come from confidence in the strength of their case, while the prosecution made extraordinary efforts to secure the impanelling of a jury of more than ordinary intelligence and education.

The trial proper began on the morning

of the third day. The district attorney in opening the case reviewed the history of the crime whose details were known to most of the audience. He recounted the finding of the wounded girl; her death in the Emergency Hospital; her refusal or inability to name her assailant; the finding of the dagger at her side. This weapon would be presented in evidence, he stated, and also a photograph of the room in which the murder occurred. The testimony of Dr. Farrington, who made the post-mortem examination, would show that the wound could not have been self-inflicted. Dr. Farrington had been serving the city at Quarantine, but would return in the course of the morning to offer this evidence in person, and also to corroborate some expert testimony which would be offered before the State closed its case. The State had witnesses to identify the prisoner with the man who accompanied Mme. Massoneau to the

hotel, left her there, returned by stealth, left again unseen, and never returned, although he had told the hotel clerk that he and his wife were to leave the city on the six o'clock train *if she were able.* While it might seem thus far that the evidence which showed that this man and the murderer were the same was purely circumstantial, the State expected to satisfy the jurors fully on this point with other evidence before closing the case.

The witnesses for the prosecution were then summoned. The various hotel servants, the policeman, the ambulance surgeon and the house-physician of the hospital were called; then the nurse. No cross-examination of these was attempted. The pathologist's report was submitted; the dagger and photographs were introduced without objection.

The hotel clerk was called to identify the prisoner with the man who had registered as M. Massoneau. He

swore with assurance to their identity, but the cross-examination apparently took him by surprise. The attorney for the defence soon had him badly confused. He acknowledged that there had been trouble with the electric lamps which lighted the hotel office both day and night at the time of the murder; was unable to swear that they were not out of order on the morning M. Massoneau registered; admitted that one of the bell-boys had laid a wager with him that they were not burning at that particular hour; was finally made to admit that he had not clearly seen M. Massoneau, and was only allowed to leave the stand at last when his testimony was completely broken down and discredited. The chamber-maid, who was the second witness for identification, fared no better.

The district attorney shrugged his shoulders with resignation. He had been prepared for this.

Some audacious person in the back of

the room ventured to hiss. Evidently thus far the case of the State was a failure in the eyes of the audience.

Rising, the district attorney observed that he was now about to introduce a witness to whose evidence he gave the greatest weight. The microscope and the camera could not perjure themselves, nor could their testimony be shaken and confused by a bulldozing cross-examination. Dr. Berkeley would present in evidence expert testimony of a novel and convincing nature.

Berkeley, being sworn, took the stand. Now that the hour whose possibilities he had contemplated for weeks was really at hand, he found himself perfectly hard and composed. Above all things he had dreaded some exhibition of emotion on his own part, even a possible break-down, and he recognised with inward exultation that he had never felt stronger and clearer mentally, never more within his own control.

Being requested to describe the nature of his evidence, he rehearsed briefly but with absolute lucidity his theory of the memory cells, and the progress of his work, to prove that theory. A child could have understood him, yet a sceptic could not have failed to be convinced.

When the drift of his evidence was seen, the court room grew still with a silence as absolute as that of death. Men held their breath to hear, and Berkeley, lifting his eyes to his audience, felt with a thrill what it is to hold the hearts of men in the hollow of one's hand. He glanced at the prisoner. His air of youthful indifference and bravado, so prominent before, were now quite gone. His hands were clasped tight together, while his eyes beseeched the witness's face. He moved his head quickly when he caught Berkeley's look, making a brave effort to recover his lost assurance, but his interest was too intense and tremulous to be disguised, and his

eyes turned slowly back again like those of a fascinated bird.

When Berkeley had concluded the account of his experiments, he stated that he had brought with him a number of sections from the brain of Mme. Massoneau, feeling that his evidence would best be presented to the court in the same form in which it had come to him.

At this, the attorney for the defence sprang to his feet, and objected in violent terms to the introduction of such evidence. The district attorney appealed to the Court with scarcely less fervour. Authority and precedent were quoted and quoted again, and battle raged hotly for a time. The defence made a bitter fight, and with some show of justice. The judge hesitated, but at last he ruled to admit the testimony. If it appeared, on further argument, that it was erroneous and improper so to do, the defendant would have the redress of demanding a new trial.

When the matter was finally settled, it was time for the noon adjournment. As Berkeley turned to leave the room, he saw Farrington, who had just come up from Quarantine, and they went out together for a hasty lunch, and then returned to place Berkeley's instruments in position.

Farrington was in high spirits, full of talk about his work on cholera germs; abounding in questions as to what Berkeley had accomplished, questions which his friend found hard to answer and impossible to evade; eager to know all the detail that the slides had shown, and curious as to the proceedings of the trial. He chattered on like a boy just released from school. It was only as court was called that he thought to ask casually if Mrs. Berkeley had returned, and if they had gone back to the flat.

Berkeley stood in silence an instant before replying. To deceive his friend and fellow-worker seemed, somehow, one of

the bitterest things he had yet been given to do.

"Farrington—my wife—died," he said hoarsely; and Farrington, shocked and surprised, had only time to murmur a few incoherent words of regret before the room began to fill.

The first step in the afternoon's proceedings was Farrington's testimony. He swore to his post-mortem report, and stated that he had with his own hands removed the brain of the murdered woman, and conveyed it to Dr. Berkeley's laboratory for examination. He had assisted in the preparation of many of the slides from it, and had personally prepared and examined a large number.

After this, Berkeley took the stand again. The absolute hush that fell instantly upon the room witnessed to the eagerness with which his evidence was awaited.

He stated that, as the memory cells

were visible only with the aid of a microscope of the highest power, which required an expert to manipulate it, he had photographed some of the brain sections, and would attach the resulting slides to a stereopticon. If the Court would order the room darkened, he would throw the pictures that the slides held upon the white wall, where they could be seen by all.

The order was given. Berkeley moved about, adjusting the lantern in a stillness which only his movements broke. Not a soul in the court room stirred or spoke.

Berkeley focussed the light in a blinding white disk upon the wall. Dim and uncertain the outlines of the first picture appeared, growing stronger and sharper until there hung before them in the darkness the prisoner's very face. He was talking to someone. He was radiant, interested, elate. His look was that of frank admiration, and his identity with the man at the bar was unmistakable. A

murmur ran around the room that threatened to rise into tumult. The judge called sharply for order, and the picture faded away as it had come.

The tension lessened a little as the next two slides were shown, for they only repeated in different surroundings and attitudes the same face, figure, and expression.

Before the fourth slide was shown, Berkeley bent down and muttered something in the district attorney's ear. The latter rose, turned on the light by the jury box and passed to the jury a photograph of Mme. Massoneau taken just after death, requesting them to compare it with the face of the girl that would be shown in the next slide.

The fourth slide revealed the interior of a jeweller's shop, apparently as reflected in a large mirror behind the counter, for it showed, across that barrier, the prisoner accompanied by two women, the younger

of whom had lifted her eyes to the glass to see in it the reflection of the group. The elder woman stood aside, apparently little interested. The prisoner had lifted from a tray upon the counter an article which he was offering to the girl whose head was turned away from him, although, from the gay smile on her lips, it seemed that she had seen the action in the glass. The thing in his hand was a dagger of curious shape and workmanship. He was holding it toward her by the tip, and every line and gem on the incised and decorated handle stood out distinctly. Unmistakably it was the one that had been exhibited in the court two days before. The face of the girl differed from the photograph, as life must differ from death, but the features were obviously the same. Slowly the picture was withdrawn.

"I shall show but one slide more," said Berkeley clearly.

It flashed upon the wall, and the crowd

saw against the background of a commonplace room, identical in all points with the photograph of that hotel parlour where the murder had taken place, the prisoner's figure.

As it wavered to its place on the screen, it seemed by some odd illusion to be moving down toward them from the wall. The face was distorted with a blind, unreasoning fury, and in one hand was the dagger, raised to strike.

There was a sudden tumult in the court. Cries, groans, and hisses broke out on every side, and would not be repressed; but the uproar was shot through and pierced by a tortured shriek which none of those who heard forgot. The lights were turned on quickly, and by degrees order was restored. Then it was seen that the prisoner who had risen and turned toward Berkeley, crying something in French which no one understood, lay in an unconscious heap beside the rail.

The tumult grew uncontrollable. Such scenes had never been known in that grave room before. Only the quickness of the sheriff and his deputies prevented the crowd from falling upon the senseless man, and tearing him to pieces. The case of the State *vs.* Massoneau was over, and the verdict rendered by popular acclaim.

XV

Jean Hauterive

BERKELEY, dragging himself down the long corridor behind the man with the keys, seemed to his own mind to be living in a world in which only the impossible happened. He was going voluntarily to an interview with M. Massoneau-Clairon-Hauterive.

The result of the trial had been a foregone conclusion after Berkeley's testimony, and the prisoner himself had acknowledged that his conviction was just. Later, the condemned man asked to see the specialist, and though Berkeley dreaded the interview, he too desired it. So he went, wondering dully how one

conducted such a conversation. There was no precedent for it.

"Here 's a caller for you, Count," said the turnkey jocularly, as he ushered Berkeley into the cell. "Be back in twenty minutes, Doctor, if that will suit you," he added to Berkeley who bowed stiffly.

The young man rose from the cot where he was sitting, and lifted his face to Berkeley's. He was thin, white, and distraught, but there was something in his weak, attractive countenance that Berkeley had not expected to find there, a human, reasonable look, a touch of thoughtfulness that belied the restless spark in his eyes and the uncertain movements of his hands.

The eyes of the two men met and wrestled, each seeking to learn the other's strength in that long, questioning look. The younger pointed to a stool against the wall.

"If you will accept my hospitality!" he

said with a look that was at once cynical and deprecating. "It was kind of you to come."

"Not at all, M. Hauterive," Berkeley answered with savage repression. "I came, as perhaps you can guess, to ask you *why*—"

"You know my name then?" regarding him with a look in which something like awe tinged his wonder. "Did you learn that as—as you learnt the rest?"

"No."

"At all events I have to thank you that you kept the knowledge to yourself. My —my people do not know, you see."

"It was not done for your sake."

"I can imagine that."

There was silence for a little. When Hauterive spoke, it was slowly and with difficulty at first, then with increasing rapidity and excitement, but always brokenly.

"It may be that you know already, but I asked you to come that I might tell. I

can understand that you do not wish to talk long with me, but you have the right to hear. You—you who can learn what only God was meant to know, why should you not read my soul too? See. It was so. I was thoughtless, yes, but also I suspect that at heart I was not what you others call a gentleman. . . . That is reason enough for being damned, is it not, Monsieur? And your wife was so gay, so gracious, so intelligent. I cannot think that you know how she blossomed in Paris, and was beautiful. Mme. du Poizat saw that she fascinated me, and wished to take her away, but fell ill and could not go. I was so young, so very young four months ago, that this flattered me. I liked to think that I might be dangerous. I felt myself important. I plumed myself upon having lost my heart to her. Do you understand? It struck me as romantic. I figured myself as one of the heroes of the *romans* that are written to relieve

the dull lives of the *petits bourgeois*. Faugh! Do you see?"

Berkeley bent his head and waited, listening.

"Also," the boy went on, "Mme. Berkeley talked much of her scientific husband and his absorption. It seemed to me her voice was lonely. I said to myself that he did not cherish her as she deserved. I could not imagine that in my devotion there would be any lack. . . . Ah, she was exquisite! My mother and my sister adored her too. . . . So then, there was the voyage. We sailed two weeks or more earlier than we meant, and she planned like a child for surprising you. I insisted that I be permitted to escort her to New York. I told her that it was correct in America, and she said that she knew so little that she could not say it was not. . . . Then at her request I telegraphed you ——." He stopped abruptly and looked

up at Berkeley's rigid face. "But no!" he said, simply. "I cannot bear it. I was too hideous!"

"Go on!"

"I did not send the telegram she gave —and I brought her an answer that you did not send, saying you would be out of the city when her train arrived, and telling her to go to the hotel and await you. Still I thought myself a hero of romance, but I began to suspect . . . it gives one curious feelings to tell lies if one is not experienced. . . . So I left her at the hotel, having registered to suit myself, and walked the streets, not daring to go back. Then it seemed to me I was a coward and no man,—and I returned with a bold face to tell her that there was no other woman in the world, and that I worshipped her. She laughed at me. Then, because I did worship her, I grew angry and a mist came before my eyes, and I told her she had compromised herself.

She laughed again, and rose to ring the bell, and all the room turned red. She had been using the dagger I had given her upon her *fête* to cut a magazine, and somehow I found it in my hand. That is all I know."

Berkeley, who had been listening with his head bent upon his hands, looked up after a long silence. The boy's lips were livid, and his eyes were glowing like coals; but something like a wintry smile struggled to the surface, as he summed up in a sentence all that life and crime had taught him.

"You see—it is things like that that happen, if one is not a gentleman. I have thought it out since I came here."

Berkeley gripped his hands together, and kept silence still.

"What did you do afterwards?" he asked stolidly at last.

"I cut her satchel into little strips, and put it in my own which I had left in her parlour. I went down very quietly. I

met no one. I found a ferry and crossed. The bag fell over on the way. Then I went to a hotel on the other side, and pretended to be ill, keeping my room for days. Of course, when they found me I fought for my life. One does that. But I am glad I did not win. It is just. I am satisfied. One could not go on living when one had done a thing like that. If only my mother and sister need not know! Will you help me?"

Berkeley hesitated at this curious appeal. "I will try," he said grimly.

Hauterive scribbled an address on the margin of a newspaper. "Say I was drowned and the body not recovered. Say anything. I am very sorry to cause you to lie—but——"

"I understand."

"I thank you."

Berkeley put the bit of paper in his purse, and turned to the door, as if listening for the turnkey's approach.

Hauterive laughed suddenly, a curious, uncontrolled laugh that was bad to hear.

"Do you know what I was thinking? I was thinking how sorry I was to let you go. *C'est drôle, ça!* When I want *your* society, I must be badly off. But it is so lonely, and it is so hard to know I must keep it from my people. All day and all night to lie there, and think 'I am a murderer,'—*I*, Jean Hauterive, my mother's son. It is so strange, so devilish! Do you not think so too? How came I one? Tell me that, you who reads hearts. *Est-ce le bon Dieu qui l'a fait*—or she—or you—you who did not love her——"

Berkeley turned quickly to catch the younger man's wrists. The clenched fists wavered aimlessly a second, then dropped. The pale face was suddenly flushed, and his breath came hard. He broke into hysterical sobs, and threw himself upon the cot.

"Go—go!" he begged between his

gasps. "I will not have you see me so —*Oh, go!*"

The turnkey rattled at the door. Berkeley stood for an instant looking at the prostrate figure. There was nothing for him to say or do, and he went from the room, having added to his other griefs an aching pity for this naïve, weak creature, to whose nonchalant vanity and Latin blood he owed the loss of Aline's life. The human predicament, never easy, seemed bitterer than its wont. Did thistle balls instigate tragedies, and did the destinies of strong men and women lie in the hands of lads like this?

XVI

His Last Discovery

THE world knocked loudly at Berkeley's door, a sturdy double rap.

"You are famous. Come out and let us see you," said the world.

Reporters sought him for interviews; his fellow physicians sought him for facts; the editors of the scientific journals wrote humbly, requesting items about his marvellous discovery; popular magazines offered picturesque prices for exclusive accounts. The sensational circumstances under which his work had been brought to the notice of the public gave it a notoriety no other scientific discovery has had. The Sunday papers devoted a page apiece (with illustrations) to its exploitation.

Preachers took it for a theme. Did it not prove again what science is always proving, that in our bodies we are judged? Men and women look questioningly into each other's eyes, dissembling the fear that smote them. This man had added the last terror to death by robbing the grave of its reserve. There was nothing hidden that might not be revealed. This was the judgment come untimely, and men's hearts were shaken at the thought.

In three days it was the talk of all America. In a week it would be the theme of Europe. Berkeley's sometime desire was gratified. He had made two continents "sit up."

Of all this he neither knew nor cared. After his interview with Hauterive he had gone to the club, and written the letters which he conceived his promise to the man required. Then he put down his pen with a sigh.

"Now I am free. I have done every-

thing," he said. "I 'll go—I 'll go to Mattison."

He was weary, it seemed to him, with the accumulated weariness of all his life. Had he ever rested? If so, it was so long ago that the flavour of the sweet sensation was forgotten in the waste of feverish activity that had intervened.

"I 'll go to Mattison—and rest."

He left orders that no mail should be forwarded to him, being already aghast at the unopened accumulation in his room, and going out quietly, he took the first train up the river.

Mattison, the mentor of his youth, was broken down by hard, successful work, and a year before, for the sake of change and mental rest, had taken the practice of a country physician on the hills above Cornwall. Berkeley and he had kept their friendship. Mattison was acquainted in a general way with what the younger man had been trying to do in life, but any

curiosity he was likely to feel as to this last achievement would give way before his consideration. He was capable of offering unquestioning welcome, and silent hospitality. In brief, if he saw that Berkeley desired it, Mattison would not talk.

The train moved out, across the Jersey flats and through the endless tunnel to the light of day and the riverside at last, and Berkeley, leaning back in his chair and gazing out at the lovely reaches of the Hudson, began to feel that perhaps some time his brain would cease its whirling, and let him look forth on the earth as he had been wont to look.

Leaving the train at Cornwall, he ordered his valise to be sent up to his friend's house, and started to walk up the hilly road that led out of the town. The golden weather still lingered. The sky was radiant, the afternoon sun warm and caressing. The air held no suggestion that frost

had ever been or would be. The mountains to the east and south lent of their blueness to the nearer river, and both repeated what Nature is always saying, "Lift up your hearts!"

At a turn of the road, far up the hill he was climbing, there was revealed to him such a vision of the majestic sweep of the river down through the guarding hills that its beauty became almost unbearable.

He stopped and sat down, fascinated. And as he sat there, the whole panorama of his life passed through his mind, as it is said to do when a man drowns, and he reviewed it silently.

Most men would say, he knew, that the tragedy of his life was final; that his loss was absolute. Obdurately his heart leaped up and refused to feel it so. His chance for human joy was lost, he knew. He had wakened too late to the meaning and privilege of love. Thinking of many things, his marriage had been a little-con-

sidered incident, almost an accident. In the absorption that was regarded as a duty, he had missed wholly what it might have been to him; but his realisation of this gave him a fierce joy, for by the light of his loss he read what many live and never know. Now that the awful price was paid, he dared count his gains. What he had learned was worth the learning, even in this cruelest way.

He had dabbled in the magic of science, thinking that road the shortest one to God, if peradventure man could lay hold of Him in any place. And the one thing his long labours had taught him was that the love he had ignored is the end and crown of life, and that the woman he had married unthinkingly was his complement, the fairest vision he could make unto himself of what a man would have a woman be.

He saw at last with blinding clearness that the people we love, and our relation to them, do not belong to this world,

though conditioned by it; but to the land of the Absolute, "the timeless realm where beauty dwells." There—there was escape, refuge, hope. There was Aline. He had not known before that he believed in human immortality, but now he was convinced beyond all cavil that somehow he would attain to the world where the real things are, and he would find her there.

Did the notion seem fantastic? So had his earlier vision seemed, but he had been allowed to prove its reality by the work of years, and to test it through the weeks of horror that led to this day of peace.

Lifting up his eyes to the hills, calm with the peace of a power man does not share, Berkeley reviewed his life, and found it gain since it had led him to this one good hour.

Suddenly, as it seemed, the wind blew coldly up the river. Berkeley shivered as

it struck him, saw that the sun had dropped down behind the great hill at his right, and that the night would soon be upon him. Shivering again, he pushed on. He was very weary after all.

Mattison, coming home from his afternoon round of visits, found his old friend lying unconscious at his door. From unconsciousness he passed into the delirium of fever. In a week's time whatever the outer life holds of freedom and happiness was his. He had gone from out this juggling world whose utmost magic he had brewed and tasted, into the country of the Absolute.

As for his great discovery, it too has passed. In due time his executor turned over to Dr. Farrington the key of the drawers in the safe which held Berkeley's collection of slides; but when Farrington examined them under the glass, he found, to his infinite surprise and chagrin, that

nothing was visible save the cells of a normal brain.

The fixative which Berkeley had used was not lasting in its effect, and every positive had faded out. He had made no notes and left no formulæ. The only permanent record of his work is that which was made on his own soul.

FINIS.

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