

for example, in the spotlight of our check books. The madman doesn't. He wants clothes; he thinks of nothing else; so he goes down to Savile Row and orders a dozen sable overcoats and thirty dress suits. It's much more logical, if logic were all!

"So Cudlipp reasoned something like this, as I imagine; 'I've wasted forty years trying to paint when I ought to have been baking biscuits; now I must make up for lost time.' How to do that? The madman's reason finds it easy. The connection between gold and copper coins is an arbitrary one, isn't it? Yes. Well, if I haven't got a barrow-load of coppers, I can give you a fist full of sovereigns, and it's just as good. The whole idea of primitive magic (which he had been reading, remember!) rests on arbitrary substitution. The king must die every year, or the sun won't come back—there's an arbitrary connection, to begin with, though it's based on false reasoning, or rather on correct reasoning from false observation. Now the king doesn't want to die; so he takes a criminal, labels him king, and kills him. Every one is happy. So this man seeks to satisfy his genius, suppressed for forty years, in a night. Surely it must be through some monstrous act of violence and horror! That is madman's logic. Then, as I said before, some ancestral memory in the subconscious self influenced his recent impression, and that gave the form to the idea. It is also conceivable that he had a real purpose, thought that the sacrifice of the first-born might enable him to become a painter. Gilles de Retz murdered over 800 children in his endeavor to make gold. But of this theory I have no evidence. However, the rest stands."

André de Bry listened with white lips to this speech.

"Now will you confess?" asked the magician, with mild persistence.

"I don't see why I should."

"Because you are still looking at the past. Can't you foresee the future?"

"Ought I to kill myself?"

"Be serious, sir!" reprimanded Simon. "I see that I must tell you more. So far, I have told you how I know that Cudlipp killed his son, and how he came to do it. You may or may not know why he did it, but you must know that he did it, if only by a process of exclusion. Then—what will he do next?"

The boy began to smile. "Oh, Eleanor is with an aunt," he said; "she's safe enough."

"Now we begin to confess, indirectly," continued Simon. "But what will he do? Is he conscious of his act? You see, I must know all. I was already sure that you would never have left Eleanor in danger. But there are other problems."

"I'm beaten," said André. "I'll tell you all I know."

"Good."

## V.

"It was I who discovered the body of poor Harry; for I had risen with the first light, intending to paint. I needn't go into the events of that day, much; it was all suspicion, perfectly hellish. I haven't your reasoning powers, Mr. Iff, and I didn't think he had done it, particularly. He pretended to suspect me, of course. We can see now, thanks to you, that his whole life has been one long hypocrisy, that he has been pretending to be an artist, just like any other fraud. His deadly earnestness about it only made it worse; I see that now. But I didn't

see it then; to me he was just a bad painter, and I looked no deeper. Well, by dinner time our nerves were all on edge; Eleanor's, naturally, more than any. After dinner I said I would go to bed, meaning to snatch an hour's sleep, and then to watch Eleanor's door all night. I had told her to have her companion in her room—the poor old lady was glad enough to have company, you can imagine.

"Eleanor's manner to me had been strange beyond words; but I only thought that it meant that she suspected me. However, when I said I was going to bed, she jumped up: 'Do play me a hundred up first!' she cried; 'I'll go mad if you don't.' We went into the billiard room together. She closed the door, and put her back to it. 'André,' she cried, 'I've been insane about this all day; but I'm in a fearful position. Only—I can't let you go to bed. I must tell you. Papa did it.' I caught her in my arms, for she was falling. In a moment she recovered. 'Last night,' she went on, 'I woke with frightful dreams—and I found my nose was bleeding. I lit my candle, and got up to get water. Then I knew suddenly that something was wrong with Harry. I always have known; it's the twin sympathy.'"

"Damnation!" interrupted Simple Simon in a fury. "I'm getting old. I ought to have known that she knew."

"You've done well enough, sir," said André; "it's been like a miracle to me to hear you. Eleanor went on: 'The moment my nose stopped bleeding I took my black kimono, and went down to Harry's room. The door was open. I slipped in. It was dark. At that instant I saw the studio door open.' (They were right opposite, Mr. Iff). 'I knew there would be all kinds of trouble if I were caught wandering about the house at that time of night. I kept still. I could see through the crack of the door. Papa was silhouetted against the light in the studio. He had a wash hand basin, carrying it carefully. I heard him give a short harsh laugh, and say aloud: 'Now I begin to live.' He went down the little corridor by Harry's room.' (It leads to a pepper-box turret. Harry's room has a window on to that corridor.) 'I went to the side window. I saw papa throw the basin over the cliff. Then he went back, and down the main corridor to his room. I felt for Harry in his bed. He wasn't there. I found matches. The room was empty. I went into the lighted studio. I saw Harry at once, and knew he was dead. I fainted. When I came to myself I was in my own bedroom. I must have walked there without knowing. A few minutes later, I suppose, the alarm came. Forgive me; I ought to have told you before; you must have suffered fearfully. But—I stopped her. 'It's best, I think, that you have told me now,' I said, 'we must save him. We must be on our guard, and do nothing.' We noted Cudlipp's conduct. It became clear that he would hide his crime to the end, even to letting me be hanged for it. I told her that I would never speak to her again if she interfered, that I would die for the honor of her family. I made her swear by her dead mother. I doubted at first if he were aware of what he had done, but his manner left no doubt. For instance, he made no inquiry into the mystery of the basin missing from his room, and never spoke of it in court. So we knew."

"You're a very noble and very wrong-headed young man," said Simon; "you don't really think we can leave things as they are, do you? Observe what is happening now. The explosion in the man's brain