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The Collapsible Husband

(Continued from Page 4)

died, she was in her room, her door barred for protection against him.

Gently, insinuatingly, the direct continued: "Mrs. Caxton, you say that you were afraid of your husband. Now, among the exhibits here, is a vial said to contain venom, and which was found in your possession. Will you tell me please where you got it?"

"In Mr. Caxton's study."
"For what purpose did you remove it?"

"To prevent him from giving it to himself or, possibly, to others."
"You removed it then, not to administer it to him, but for his own protection. Now, will you tell the jury, please, what reason you had for taking that precaution?"

"He acted as though he did not know what he was about."
"Yet it is true, is it not, that he was a scholar and engaged on some important work?"

"He was writing a book, yes."
"And concerning this book, Mrs. Caxton, do you recall anything unusual?"

"My husband received a letter signed Shri Shankara in which the writer warned him of the fate of another scholar named Delormel and said that if he did not abandon the book he would be killed."

"Quite so. And did Mr. Caxton say who this—er—Shri Shankara was?"
"The letter stated that. It came from Benares and said that the writer was a Brahman priest."

"Ah! And what effect, if any, did this letter have on Mr. Caxton?"

"He began to see and hear things, or at least he said so. He said that one evening on entering his study he saw a man seated at his desk. He said the man was dressed in silk and that he could hear the pen scratch on the paper. He also said that when he reached the man, the latter vanished."

"Leaving nothing to indicate that he had been there?"
"My husband said that on the paper was written 'Shri Shankara' and that the ink was still wet."

"Did he say anything else?"
"He said that if he caught him again, or caught him at all, he would stab him with a syringe of venom."

"And you feared that it was himself he might stab?"
"Precisely."

MORES bowed. "Thank you, Mrs. Caxton." He turned to Sherwood. "Your witness. And, by the way, let me beg of you, don't go at this witness, as you did the last, like a common scold." He turned again to the defendant. "I apologize in advance for any rudeness on the part of the District Attorney."

From behind the bar, meanwhile, objections had exploded like shell. But, through the running fire of them, Mores had held his own, held the witness to the point, extracting bit by bit this curious story which, I could see, amazed even the Bench. Then, eventually, through other witnesses, through the testimony of experts recalled, Mores demonstrated Caxton's neurosis and, the usual hypothetical question aiding, extracted their belief that he had died of cardiac paralysis induced by the fright which his hallucinations caused.

But were they hallucinations, I wondered?—a query which I was careful not to put in my copy. Yet during the proceedings that followed I could not but reflect that the impossible being a term which long since science has dropped from its dictionary, it might be that at Benares, where it is claimed that adepts are able to exteriorize and project themselves through space, it might be that, from there, some priest had astrally appeared to Caxton, gibbered at him, menaced him and, in his neurotic condition, had frightened him to death.

After the summing up, the charge followed and the jury fled out. It

was idle to wait, perilous as well—at any murder trial one runs the risk of being talked to death if nothing worse—and I went on to the newspaper office where I was employed and where I later learned that Judith Caxton had been acquitted.

Now, as I looked out on the Pacific, I wondered what had become of her.

SHORTLY I was enlightened. After luncheon I found my way into a deserted billiard room and got a cigar from the waiter. During luncheon I had looked over the wine list on which was Sham Shoo. At the time I knew but by repute of this Chinese decoction which, while highly inspirational, as I was to discover, is, primarily, just so much art, music and verse distilled.

I told the waiter to send some of it to my room, but the man misunderstood. On the marble topped table at which I had seated myself, he put a glass and a full bottle, uncorked. Before I could correct him, Mores limped in.

I rose to greet him. As he approached, a hand outstretched, I saw that he was sallow and that he seemed unstrung. I asked him to sit, which, with a droop, he did; then, after looking furtively about, he looked also and with marked wistfulness at the bottle.

"Try it," I suggested.
Again he looked about, thanked me, helped himself, sighed a sigh of the deepest satisfaction and helped himself anew.

The effect was surprising. He threw off his invalid air. In the chair in which he had drooped, he sat up. His former bulldog look returned.

Appreciatively I nodded. "You don't seem to have changed much since that trial. By the way, what became of your client?"

At the question he nodded back at me and helped himself again.

"Mrs. Caxton," I resumed, "interested me greatly."
"Yes, yes," he replied. "She was an extraordinary woman, most extraordinary and most unfortunate."

"Not at your hands," I said and would have said more, but he cut me short.

"Particularly at my hands. I got her off, yes, and saw her live to regret it."

"What?"
"It is as I tell you. After the verdict—were you there at the time? Well, when it was rendered, she fainted. Afterward fever developed. Between death and life she hovered for weeks. Finally, because perhaps she had not suffered enough, the fever waned, left her, strength returned and she sailed for Europe."

"Did she?" I said. The denouement seemed a bit ordinary. I do not know why, but I expected something different.

"Yes, and I followed her. In London she put her hand in mine. She became Mrs. Mores."

At this, as though in surprise at her and at himself, he started.

I started also. "I never heard of that."

He drank again and nodded. "We were married in the quietest manner and succeeded in escaping publicity of which, as you may appreciate, she had a horror. It is for that reason you never heard of it. Few did hear of it and having changed her name, afterward, when she died, only those few realized who it was that had gone. Only those and myself."

At the climax, he looked down and away. The decent dejection moved me and I muttered something to the effect that if there were words of sympathy I would express them. "But there are none," I added.

"None!" he absently repeated.

It was a bit painful and I tacked. "What became of the book, the famous book which Caxton was writing?"

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