

Holt goes on trial for Murder. There is one witness whose testimony would not only save him but clear his name. His wife, vain, shallow, wicked and wanton, depraved and conscienceless has fled and the man faces a Jury which finally sets him free, because of the circumstances but leaves the taint still upon him the matter of who fired the shot uncleared.

Holt becomes a despairing misanthrope; He loses all faith in his fellow men. ~~Retiring life~~ Although the law had set him free, the blot is still upon his name and fame, He shuts himself into an old house he owns in the Bronx, and dismissing all servants lives like a hermit there. He roams about, refusing to speak to any one, careless about his looks and indifferent to what is going on about him. In a few short years he is ~~forgotten~~ remembered vaguely, not as the eloquent and great lawyer, but as "That murderer who got off". His only friend is Dr. Carpenter, who for years has urged the man to return to active legal practice and face the world openly. His wife has ended finally in the psychopathic ward of Bellevue, and from her at the end Dr. Carpenter has extracted a complete confession. This however, Holt is indifferent to, and refuses to have published, declaring that he is buried under ashes.

Laura hears of this singular case and is troubled about it. Dr. Carpenter tells her he will try to induce Holt to reenter active practice by taking up her case.

He sends word to Holt that he wishes to see him, and on a grey day in March Holt leaves the Bronx and comes down to see the doctor. He is admitted by Laura, and scowls at her because of her pitying scrutiny of him. His appearance is unprepossessing, for Holt is utterly careless of himself in these days.

Inside he finds his old Dr. friend suffering from a