

haps, believing in his chivalry toward me, would suspect that some one else might not, and demand that he offer me his name."

Meadows broke into the rush of words which poured over him to suggest,

"He would have told — about his wife."

"How could I know that . . . even admitting you are right. All I understood was that rather than offer me his name, he would go to New Westminster — if he lived. I pictured him at the mercy of a furious mob; I saw him refusing to give in to them. But most vividly of all, Dad, I saw your two hands searching about the bed clothes, wringing the corners of the blanket when, in your raving, you thought you had a throat between them. I saw Chris's neck in your grasp . . . I believed you would kill him . . ."

"Gosh!" muttered Meadows, slowly. "Oi begin to see — you thought he just nachelly didn't care fer you . . . yes . . . yes. . . . The compromising situation . . . the insult in refusing to make it right with ye — Shure, an' between us, the byes an' meself would have killed him. . . ."

"Then, Dad, you do understand — a little?"

He would not commit himself, however. He stubbornly maintained that she should have spoken.