

"Poor soul! I used to think she was more imbecile than crazy, and yet what a memory she had. Why not give her some of Mrs. Kenny's chicken while I make a note or two? Possibly she may have something really important to communicate. Mad people are not always fools."

"She certainly has been very sly in her visits—afraid of being either seen or heard; and yet very insistent upon seeing you."

"I'll go into the library, then, and in a few minutes you might show her in."

"Well, Madge, what can I do for you?"

Madge looked round to see that no one followed her, and then cautiously closed the door.

"I want to help you," she answered, mysteriously, "but he's spying on me, and I've got to be careful."

"Who is he, Madge?"

"The man who put me in gaol because I was crazy. He'd put me in again if he knew I told you."

"You mean Tom Cronch, your uncle. Has he a grudge against me?"

She approached MacKenzie's desk, put her hands upon it, and in a sepulchral tone announced: "He's a spy, and has been watching you for weeks. This afternoon he went to hide in the house where you met your men; and there he heard you tell your secrets."

"Who told you all this, Madge?"

"No one, I just heard them. They thought I was too daft to pay any attention. Ah, ah, what fools people are!"