

it easier," she said brokenly. "I can't atone by any word or act, but I'm sorry. I've kept you from being happy, and you were born to be happy. Your father had hurt mine, had turned him out of our house for debt, and I tried to pay it all back. When they suspected you I held my peace. I was a coward; I could not say you were innocent without telling the truth, and that I could not do then. But now I'll tell it—I think I'd have told it whether I was dying or not, though. Yes, if I'd seen you here I'd have told it, I'm sure. I'm not all bad."

Sheila leaned over the bed. "Never mind about the past. You can help a man back to the good opinion of the world now."

"I hurt you too," said Noreen with hopeless pain. "You were his friend."

"I believed in him always—even when he did not deny the crime," was the quiet reply.

"There's no good going on with that," said the governor sharply. "We must take down her statement in writing, and then—"

"Look, she is sinking!" said Calhoun sharply.

The woman's head had dropped forward, her chin was on her breast, and her hands became clenched.

"The doctor at once—bring in the nurse," said Calhoun. "She's dying."

An instant later, the nurse entered with Sheila, and in a short time the doctor came.

When later the doctor saw Lord Mallow alone he said: "She can't live more than two days."

"That's good for her in a way," answered the governor, and in reply to the doctor's question why, he said: "Because she'd be in prison."

"In prison—has she broken the law?"