

"Hello! What's wanted?"

"Is that you, Millman?" Dave Henderson asked wildly. "Millman, is that you?"

"Yes," the voice answered.

"It's Dave speaking. Dave—do you understand? I—there's some one badly hurt. I can't tell you any more over the phone; but, in Heaven's name, get a doctor that you can trust, and come!"

"I'll come, Dave," said Millman quietly. "Where?"

Dave Henderson turned from the telephone, and thrust his head out of the booth. He had no idea where he was in New York, save that he was near The Iron Tavern. He dared not mention that. Before many hours the papers would be full of The Iron Tavern—and the telephone operator might hear.

"What's this address?" he called out to a man behind the counter.

The man told him.

Dave Henderson repeated the address into the phone.

"All right, Dave," Millman's voice came quickly; "I'll be there as soon as I can get my car, and pick up the doctor."

Dave Henderson stepped out into the night, and pulled off his hat. His forehead was dripping wet. He walked back to the lane, listened, heard nothing, and stole along it, and entered the shed again, and knelt by Teresa's side. She was unconscious.

He bent over her with the flashlight. His bandage was crude and clumsy; but it brought him a little measure of relief to see that at least it had been effective in the sense that the bleeding had been arrested. And then his eyes went to the white face again. It seemed as though his mental faculties were blunted, that they were sensible only of a gnawing at his brain that was