

Simpson, stupefied by the whisky he had drunk, and now terrified by the whole occurrence, admitted it.

"Yes, I know."

"Then, who am I?"

"You're John Garland," the other answered. "I am John Gardner."

"Garland?" Smith said wonderingly. He passed the back of his right hand across his brow. "Garland?" he repeated.

Mrs. Kane was clutching the Senator's arm in a viselike grip, but she did not know it. Mallon did not know it. They, like the others, were caught and held by the volcanic suddenness of the thing.

The agitator asked another question:

"Where am I from?"

"Virginia."

The woman with her head on her arms on the table sobbed audibly.

Smith commanded him again:

"Well! Speak out! What else?"

Simpson answered reluctantly, as if the other's voice and eyes could not be denied.

"You told me you were born in a little place called Wolfstown. It's in the Virginia mountains somewhere, twenty miles from a railroad. You had some idea—when you were sixteen years old—some idea of being a preacher. And you had read a lot of stuff