

is evident that the crazed wretch first shot Mr. Nelson and then ended his own life."

While they were talking Dr. Gracely arrived, and at once examined them.

"They are both still alive," he declared, after a cursory examination, and then he added, "Mr. Gregory is fatally wounded. I think Mr. Nelson is only stunned."

"Thank God, thank God," exclaimed Allan Rutledge, with tears running down his cheeks.

Turning their attention to the wounded editor, the doctor washed the wound on his head, and soon looked up, saying quickly, "It is all right, Dr. Rutledge. It is only a scalp wound. The bullet glanced off the bone and in a few moments he will rally."

When the doctor turned again to the manufacturer, he said, sadly, "Poor Gregory, he has finished himself. His earthly course is run." The bullet had crashed through his brain.

The police took charge of the body of the dead manufacturer, while the doctor and Allan Rutledge worked over the unconscious Reginald.

In a little while he opened his eyes and stared around him. He saw the dark stream of blood on the floor, and then looked questioningly at his two friends who were bending over him.

"Where is he?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"He killed himself," responded Allan Rutledge, quietly. "It was a miracle your life was saved."

"Am I seriously hurt?" he asked.

"Only a scratch," answered the doctor. "It was a narrow escape."