

CHAPTER XXXIV

ETHERINGTON DETERMINES TO KNOW HIS FATE

WHATEVER else happened that grim morning, Etherington was told afterwards by Jarvis.

He had been horrified at the action of Carey, who had rushed forward vindictively toward the fallen man. But Jarvis drew his pistol. "Keep back or you are a dead man! You fired too soon, and if he is dead you are a murderer!" he cried sternly.

"Is he not dead? Is he not dead?" almost screamed Carey, as the surgeon, who had been delayed and came just in time to see Etherington fall, knelt beside his body.

"No, he is not, there is a chance for him," said the surgeon.

"Not dead? Not dead?" shouted Carey, with a face in which the gray insanity of an intense hate was shadowed. "You don't tell me he is not dead? Not dead! Just my cursed luck!" and with a horrible oath he shook his fist at the prostrate man.

"Dr. Henderson," said Jarvis, "I want you to witness what I say. See Captain Etherington's pistol has not been discharged. Captain Carey fired before the signal was given, and I proclaim him a scoundrel and a murderer."