

"She was threatening to tip off the gang. She used to work with us. She was well paid. She didn't know I was in the service. She found it out some way. I came out one day to talk over with her about her threats. I'd been drinking, worrying over fear of exposure. She wouldn't listen to reason. She was a wolf. She goaded me crazy, I guess. She taunted me about being a traitor to the country I served. Well, I lost my head. I grabbed the butcher knife and killed her. So help me God as I am about to die, that's the truth."

The eyes closed for a space, and then he continued:

"I stuck a few things in my pockets to make it look like robbery. Then I started to cut up the body to pack it in a sack and bury it or drop it off the cliff. I weakened and dropped it outside the door and ran. It was dark but I ran for miles around over the sandhills and it seemed she was always right after me. It was awful.

"I got my wits back later. I saw the police and the papers were after the son. I felt easier. There was a big shipment coming in on the *Hongkong* — \$40,000 all told. No one would come out here and take a chance landing it. Afraid the police were watching the house. I volunteered. I figured if any one saw me nosing around I could give them the inspector talk. I hung around last night but the ship was held away out on account of the storm.