

Anger filled Lord Mallow's mind. Sheila—why now the way would be open to Calhoun to win—to marry her! It angered him, but he held himself steadily.

"Where is Miss Llyn?"

"She is here, I think. She came back when she left me at your door."

"Oh, she left you at my door, did she? . . . But let me see the woman that's come so far to put the world right."

A few moments later they stood in the bedroom of Noreen Boyne, they two and Sheila Llyn, the nurse having been sent out.

Lord Mallow looked down on the haggard, dying woman with no emotion. Only a sense of duty moved him.

"What is it you wished to say to me?" he asked the patient.

"Who are you?" came the response in a frayed tone.

"I am the governor of the island—Lord Mallow."

"Then I want to tell you that I killed Erris Boyne—with this hand I killed him." She raised her skinny hand up, and her eyes became glazed. "He had used me vilely and I struck him down. He was a bad man."

"You let an innocent man bear punishment, you struck at one who did you no harm, and you spoiled his life for him. You can see that, can't you?"

The woman's eyes sought the face of Dyck Calhoun, and Calhoun said: "No, you did not spoil my life, Noreen Boyne. You have made it. Not that I should have chosen the way of making it, but there it is, as God's in heaven, I forgive you."

Noreen's face lost some of its gloom. "That makes