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THREE weeks later Judge Hollis found Caleb able to walk about the library. The wound had healed, but the fever and the struggle for life had told. His tall figure was more gaunt than ever, and there were deep hollows in his cheeks. He had prevailed with Judge Hollis to get the case against Zeb Bartlett dismissed; the boy was half an idiot, and the story of Jacob Eaton's pistol and the money that Jacob had given him before he fled, were too choice bits to get into the newspapers. Dr. Cheyney had put down the scandal which made Zeb's shot a revenge for Jean, and there was an effort now to make things easy for poor Jinny Eaton, who had gone to relatives in Virginia, still bewailing Jacob and the influx of anarchists, which seemed to her to be the real root of the trouble, as these incendiaries must have stirred up the investigation which had wrecked Jacob before he had time to recover his investments. For years she spoke of these alien influences which must be responsible even for the fluctuations on Wall Street. Meanwhile, Jacob had escaped to South America, and was heard of later as a financier in Buenos Ayres.

Judge Hollis announced his escape to Caleb.