

"Haven't you had letters from them? You've been tickled to death over their happiness and their prospects and —"

"That doesn't prove that they're not dead or dying or in trouble or —"

"Maybe it's from Jim," said his friend, a wistful look in his bleary old eyes.

"I — I hope it is, by gee!" exclaimed the other, and then they got up and went over to examine the envelope for the tenth time. "I wish he'd telegraph or write or do something, Dan. She's never had a line from him. Maybe this is something at last."

"What puzzles me is that she always seems disappointed when there's nothing in the post from him, and here's a cablegram that might be the very thing she's looking for and she pays no attention to it. It certainly beats me."

"You know what puzzles me more than anything else? I've said it a hundred times. She never goes outside this here house — except in the garden — day or night. You'd think she was an invalid — or afraid of detectives or something like that. God knows she ain't a sick woman. I never saw a healthier one. Rain or shine, winter or summer she walks up and down that courtyard till you'd think she'd wear a path in the stones. Eats like a soldier, laughs like a kid and I'll bet she sleeps like one, she's so fresh and bright-eyed in the morning."

"Well, I've got this to say, Joe Riggs: she has been uncommonly decent to you after the way you used to treat her when she first came here. She's made you