

where all Port Agnew can see and understand.

"Nellie," The Laird interrupted, "please stop dling with that baby and dress him. Daughter, g other grandson ready, and you, Donald, run on the mill office. My car is standing there. Be here and we'll all go home to The Dreamerie and tell Daney to come up and help me empty a to—to—to my additional family. He'll be a wife, of course, but then we must endure the bitter the sweet. Good old file, Daney. None better."

Donald put on his cap and departed. As the gate closed behind him Hector McKaye sprang and hurried out of the house after him. "Hey, there he called into the darkness. "What was that you about a glass case?"

Donald returned and repeated the statement plan.

"And you're going to the trouble of explaining this sorry world," the old man cried sharply. "the longest day she lives there'll be brutes that say 'twas old man McKaye's money that framed alibi for her.' Son, no man or woman was pure that some hypocrite didn't tread 'em under like dust and regard them as such. Lad, you will always be dust to some folks, but—we're kind to her—so what do we care? We understand. I explain to the damned Pharisees. They wouldn't understand. Hang that thing in the postoffice lobby. Some superior person will quote Shakespeare, and 'Methinks the lady doth protest too much.'"

"Then you would advise me to tell the world to——"

"Exactly, sonny, exactly."