

to prison, and be kept there for years, and his father go to his grave with shame, with estates ruined and home lost—and you were the guilty one—you—all the time.”

“It was part of my madness. I was a coward and I thought then there were reasons why I should feel no pity for Dyck Calhoun. His father injured mine—oh, badly! But I was a coward, and I’ve paid the price.”

A kinder feeling now took hold of Sheila. After all, what this woman had done gave happiness into her—Sheila’s—hands. It relieved Dyck Calhoun of shame and disgrace. A jail-bird he was still, but an innocent jail-bird. He had not killed Erris Boyne. Besides, it wiped out forever the barrier between them. All her blind devotion to the man was now justified. His name and fame were clear. Her repugnance of the woman was as nothing beside her splendid feeling of relief. It was as though the gates of hell had been closed and the curtains of heaven drawn for the eyes to see. Six years of horrible shame wiped out, and a new world was before her eyes.

This woman who had killed Erris Boyne must now suffer. She must bear the ignominy which had been heaped upon Dyck Calhoun’s head. Yet all at once there came to her mind a softening feeling. Erris Boyne had been rightly killed by a woman he had wronged, for he was a traitor as well as an adulterer—one who could use no woman well, who broke faith with all civilized tradition, and reverted to the savage. Surely the woman’s crime was not a dark one; it was injured innocence smiting depravity, tyranny and lust.

Suddenly, as she looked at the woman who had