

"The bed!" I cried. "The bed!"

"Right!" agreed Godfrey incisively, and walked to the bedroom door. In an instant, the inner room was ablaze with light. He armed himself with one of Tremaine's canes, and together we approached the bed.

"Ready, now," he said, and with a sudden movement, stripped back the covers. But there was nothing under them.

"The pillow, perhaps," he said, and turned it over.

There was a quick movement, a soft hissing, a vicious head raised itself, two eyes of orange fire glared at us . . .

I heard the swish of Godfrey's cane, and the head fell. Fê-Fê would work no more evil.

And then, as I looked more closely at the coils, I perceived something else there—something bright, iridescent, glowing . . .

Godfrey lifted the mangled body with the end of his cane and threw it into the middle of the bed. Then he bent over and picked up—the necklace!

"I was sure we should find it here," he said. "But look at it—isn't it beautiful?"

It was more than that—it was superb. Not dead-white, now, but warm, full of life . . . was it the salt bath, or was it that the cloud had been removed forever from its owner's life? As I looked at it, there seemed to be something unearthly in its beauty—it seemed to be rejoicing!

"The snake bit him, probably," added Godfrey thoughtfully, "as he thrust the necklace under the pillow. It was a fitting punishment."