

tract. Do you wish an official investigation that will take the evidence of the Indian witnesses? "

A cold sweat was gathering on Vandervyn's forehead. He looked at Marie. She turned from him, afraid that he might misconstrue the womanly softness into which her fierce resentment had melted. He wheeled about, and left the room, sullen, unrepentant, defiant.

"A very great pity," commented the President. "Young and clever, handsome, well educated, good social standing—yet all wasted! Courage—misdirected; no sense of shame; unmoral, rather than immoral. He will ride hard to still harder falls than this one, or else to what the world calls success— But I am too busy a man to moralize. If you will pardon me, ladies, there is to be a cabinet meeting."

He bowed to them, and then confronted Hardy, once more the Commander in Chief. "Sir, I warned you that if you did not speak in your own defense, you would have no other opportunity. I shall not reverse my approval of the findings of the court-martial."

Hardy had stood an amazed and dumfounded spectator to the rejection and disgrace of his rival. But throughout it all Marie had never once looked at him. If her scornful casting off of Vandervyn had roused any hopes for himself, they must have been dashed when she led Oinna away without favoring him with so much as a glance of recognition. There was a slight