

"What do ye mane?"

"Well, in the first place, I kept waiting — I was comforted by a hope that he knew what he was doing better than he appeared. He knew so much. I kept waiting for some flaw in the testimony of the witnesses. It did not seem possible that an innocent man could be convicted upon circumstantial evidence . . . such a man of such a crime!"

Her words rushed out torrent-like.

"And later — I was influenced by a conviction that he had a reason — a better reason than the ignoble one I had imputed to him, that morning at the road house — for asking me to keep silent. Suppose by speaking, I had played into Duke's hand? Suppose in some way I could not understand, I had made things worse for Chris? He once told me the story of a play called 'Nathan Hale.' . . . Nathan Hale had fallen into the hands of his enemies, and, if his identity were proven, he would be hanged. They laid a trap for him . . . they brought the girl who loved him to the house where he was a prisoner. They thought she would cry out her joy at seeing him, and in that way betray him. But he managed to warn her not to recognize him. He did not say why — he just told her. Do you see, how, in my silly, stupid way, I applied that case to