

"They have taken Overton, Avery," he commented. "Of course they have taken no one else. I shall tell those in charge of him that he is not the one they are to hold prisoner but that I have another for them here."

The blind man heard no answer from Avery. Those having Overton in charge seemed to be coming into the house; the door opened and there were confused sounds. Santoine stood separating the voices.

"What is it?" he asked the servant.

"Mr. Eaton — Mr. Overton, sir — fainted as they were taking him out of the motor-car, sir. He seems much done up, sir."

Santoine recognized that four or five men, holding or carrying their prisoner between them, had come in and halted in surprise at sight of him.

"We have him!" he heard one of them cry importantly to him. "We have him, sir! and he's Hugh Overton, who killed Latron!"

Then Santoine heard his daughter's voice in a half cry, half sob of hopeless appeal to him; Harriet ran to him; he felt her cold, trembling fingers clasping him and beseeching him. "Father! Father! They say — they say — they will —"

He put his hands over hers, clasping hers and patting it. "My dear," he said, "I thought you would wait for me; I told you to wait."

He heard others coming into the house now; and he held his daughter beside him as he faced them.

"Who is in charge here?" he demanded.

The voice of one of those who had just come in answered him. "I, sir — I am the chief of police."

"I wish to speak to you; I will not keep you long."