

I escaped. Then I learned of this Krieg, of how he had stolen a wonderful mechanical secret, and was developing and perverting it. He murdered the original inventor, an American, and not a Frenchman as he told you. And he made of it a new machine to kill. Kill! Kill! It was always that. The old reign of brutality was to be renewed, it seemed, just when everybody thought it was passing away forever. I was determined that it should not. So I married him. I would have been willing at that time even to have——”

“But why didn’t you tell me?”

A noiseless laugh parted the woman’s lips, full of mischief and real amusement.

“Men are such wretched actors! I had to prevent a perfect understanding between us. He would have seen it. Besides, nothing but your own heart would have believed me—without that wretched password. And I was afraid if I let you care too much, that you might have to see—what you couldn’t bear.”