

—to know where the police stood. Millman ought to be back now. He had been gone for hours. It was taking him an unaccountably long time!

Millman! He had called Millman a straight crook. He had tried to call Millman something else this morning—for what Millman had done for Teresa and himself last night. Only he wasn't any good at words. But Millman had seemed to understand, though Millman had not said much, either—just a smile in the gray eyes, and a long, steady clasp of both hands on his, Dave Henderson's, shoulders.

There was a footstep on the stairs now. He looked up. It was the doctor coming down. He jumped to his feet, and went eagerly to the foot of the stairs.

"Better!" said the doctor cheerily.

"I—I want to see her," said Dave Henderson.

The doctor smiled, as he moved across the hall toward the front door.

"In a few minutes," he said. "I've told the nurse to let you know when she's ready."

The doctor went out.

He heard the doctor begin to descend the outer steps, and then pause, and then another footstep ascending; and then he caught the sound of voices. And then, after a little while, the front door opened, and Millman came into the reception hall.

Dave Henderson's lips tightened, as he stepped toward the other.

"What"—he found his voice strangely hoarse, and he cleared his throat—"what did you find out?"

Millman motioned toward the divan.

"Everything, I guess, Dave," he answered, as he sat down.

"And——?" Dave Henderson flung himself down beside the other.