

power. No, not invisible — it seemed to take the form of the Patriarch — for at every turn the majestic figure stood and would not let him pass.

Madison's face was gray now as he walked up and down the room — there was his own revulsion, his abhorrence at the part he had played, a frantic, honorable eagerness to be rid of it; there were these others too who looked to him, the Flopper and Pale Face Harry; and there was — Helena! He did not dare to look at the misery in her face again — he was unmanned enough now.

And then Helena spoke.

"It — it seems," she said, in a low broken way, "as if — as if God did not want to pardon us — as if our repentance had come too late, and that there was no Eleventh Hour for us." Then, in passionate pleading, facing Madison: "God cannot mean that — it is we who cannot see. There is some way out — there must be — there *must* be."

"It begins and ends with the Patriarch," said Madison monotonously. "We can't sacrifice him — can we! What's the use of going over it again? It all comes back to the same point — the Patriarch."

"Yes, yes; I know, I know," she said piteously. "But think, Doc — *think!* See now, we just send back all the money and jewels — we know to whom they belong."

"Well, what reason do we give?" Madison said heavily. "The Patriarch is alive and well."