

the valises open, snatched at the first article of linen that came to hand.

His lips trembled, as he did his best to staunch the flow of blood and bind the wound.

"Teresa! Teresa!" Dave Henderson whispered.

Her eyes opened—and smiled.

She made an effort to speak. He bent his head to catch the words.

"Dave—where—where are we? Still in the house?"

"No!" he told her feverishly. "No! We're clear of that. We're in the shed here in the lane where I took the valises."

She made a slight affirmative movement of her head.

"Then go—go at once—Dave—for help—I——"

Her eyes had closed again.

"Yes!" he said. His voice was choking. He called her name. "Teresa!" There was no answer. She had lapsed back into unconsciousness. And then the soul of him spoke its agony. "Oh, my God, Teresa!" he cried brokenly, and swayed to his feet.

An instant he stood there, then stooped, picked up the package of banknotes, thrust it into the open valise, closed the valise, carried it into a darker corner of the shed, and went to the door.

He looked out. There was no one in sight in the darkness. But then, what interest would the police have in this section of the lane? There was nothing to connect it with The Iron Tavern! He stepped outside, and broke into a run down the lane, heading for the intersecting street in the opposite direction from The Iron Tavern. He must get help! A queer, mirthless laugh was on his lips. A wounded woman in the lane was *the* connecting link with The Iron Tavern. And yet he must get help. Well, there was only one source from which he dared ask help—only one—Millman.