

yonder," and he pointed to the huddled mass on the floor.

I did not look; I was afraid to; I had already seen too much. I was grateful when Godfrey jerked down a curtain and threw it over the body. Then he gave Simmonds the lantern and closed the door, which we had left open when we entered.

"Now," he continued sharply, "there's no use in giving way to our nerves. We're in no danger, but that snake is hid around here somewhere and the first thing for us to do is to find it. Were there two snakes, Lester?"

"No," I answered, as articulately as I could. "I think not; I never saw but one."

"I thought you said Cecily took that one with her."

"So she did—wait; I didn't see it. She had a cover over the cage."

Godfrey's face paled suddenly.

"Good God!" he murmured.

A giddiness seized me; I clutched at a chair for support.

It had been no accident; she had left Fê-Fê behind to avenge her—and what a vengeance! She had not laughed and forgotten!

Then, in a flash, I understood that last strange scene—the change in Cecily, as she stood watching us from the deck of the receding boat, the pressing against the rail, the frantic effort to shout a message to Tremaine—she had relented, she did not wish to kill him, she loved him yet! But of that warning he had caught only a single word . . .