

weak, but at the sound of scuffling he had raised himself upon one elbow. He had recognized Curran's voice. It was not that of a friend, of a dear companion of long months, but it was familiar, something that brought him back to former days, that helped the sense of joy a man who has been dying feels at being alive again.

But suddenly his face was revealed to the chief agent's stare. The thin drawn features appeared for all the world like those of some corpse that has been raised from the tomb, and that in spite of the faint smile of recognition that was upon them. For a moment the man's heart grew faint and cold within him and a nervous trembling shook his frame as he glared on. And then a great fear possessed him. The victim of his plots was there, ready to accuse and denounce him, to call him a murderer, to ask for vengeance upon him. He looked about him, wildly, as if searching an avenue of escape, and his eyes fell upon Loveland's wife, who was sitting at the foot of the couch with her child pressed to her bosom. Only that morning, at the break of day, the priest had told her that her man would live, that the crisis