

"He asked for it?"

"Yes. He was suffering horribly. He begged me to give it to him. I couldn't resist his pleading."

"You didn't love him, Nan?" he went on evenly.

"You know that, Jim."

"You had wished him dead a thousand times?"

"Why do you talk so queerly? Why do you ask me such questions. Surely you ——"

"And you were jealous of Harriet Woodman?"

"No! No! What could put such a thing into your head?"

"You saw in the Sunday papers, the day before his death, the sketch of Harriet's life and the fact that she was going to sing abroad?"

"Yes, yes, but what of it?"

"You saw her in my arms the night of her triumph and you knew that I was going to sail on the same ship?"

"For God's sake, are you accusing me?" she cried, in anguish.

"He asked you for medicine, Nan?" he went on remorselessly.

"Yes, a powder ——"

"A poisonous powder — and you gave him one?"

"Yes."

"But he begged for two?"

"Yes."

"And you're sure you gave him but one?"

"He was begging for two — I might have given them both — it's possible, of course."

He gazed at her with a look of pity.

"I know that you did, Nan, know it as certainly as if I stood by your side and saw you press it to his lips."

"You know, Jim?" she cried feebly, her head drooping low.

"And you have no consciousness of crime in the act?"