

belave me! Oi say, Chris," he suggested, " what would ye think about tellin' her yersilf? "

Kleath hesitated a moment, then consented. They left the " Hall " together, the younger man so preoccupied with his thoughts that he did not see what the older one saw — Goldie crossing the little bridge and turning along the river front to the " San Domingo." She walked with her head bowed and she did not see the two men.

Meadows did some rapid thinking and decided to take a chance.

" Chris!" he said, suddenly. " Shure, an' if matin' ye didn't drive out av me head the very thing Oi went to the ' Hall ' fer! Oi wonder — would ye moind stheppin' back to the office, lookin' in the cupboard an' fetchin' me that bottle av peroxide? Bein' as this is me fur-rust perigrination, so to spake, Oi don't relish the prospect of too much exercise. Annyway, Oi can tell Goldie ye are comin', if ye don't overtake me."

Kleath hurried through the bar, into the passage and burst into the little room.

" Good God," he said, and stopped on the threshold.

Goldie was crouched on the floor in a tempest of weeping, mingling her tears with a dark brown stain