

Whispering Smith

accident that Gordon Smith was lying in the same hospital with typhoid fever."

Marion rose swiftly. "Then the time has come, thank God, when I can do something for him; and I am going to him to-night!"

"Fine!" cried McCloud. "So am I, and that is why I'm late."

"Then I am going, too," exclaimed Dicksie solemnly.

"Do you mean it?" asked her husband. "Shall we let her, Marion? Mr. Bucks says I am to take his car and take Barnhardt, and keep the car there till I can bring Gordon back. Mr. Bucks and his secretary will ride to-night as far as Bear Dance with us, and in the morning they join Mr. Glover there." McCloud looked at his watch. "If you are both going, can you be ready by twelve o'clock for the China Mail?"

"We can be ready in an hour," declared Dicksie, throwing her arm half around Marion's neck, "can't we, Marion?"

"I can be ready in thirty minutes."

"Then, by Heaven—" McCloud studied his watch.

"What is it, George?"

"We won't wait for the midnight train. We will take an engine, run special to Green River,