

Stella heard the click of the lock of John's cell with a start and turned to find the deputy marshal standing with a pair of handcuffs.

"We are ready," he said.

John stepped into the corridor, and extended his hands. The deputy snapped the steel on his wrists, and Stella drew the garlands of flowers from the basket.

"You don't mind the flowers—do you officer? I'm going with you."

"Certainly not, m'am," he replied.

John saw that protest was useless, but he gazed at the garlands with amazement.

"What on earth are you going to do, my dear?"

"Just a little trick of love," was the laughing answer.

She wound the flowers around each handcuff, placed in John's hand the enormous bouquet of roses, and not a trace of steel could be seen.

"You can carry them for me," she said, hurrying on before him.

Stella passed suddenly through the jail door to the little brick landing of the steps on which Steve Hoyle stood to give his signal.

Steve started in surprise at her appearance, stammered and flushed, and a murmur of uncertainty ran through the crowd.

In a moment the traitor had recovered himself,