

"I have a letter here," continued the editor of the Tribune, taking a letter from his pocket, "which was written by the jewelry firm in Chicago which sold this ring, and they say that you were the purchaser."

"Well, what of that? What are you driving at?" asked Gregory, growing pale.

"This ring was taken from the dead hand of Mae Mobray after her death by poison," declared Reginald Nelson, sternly. "Do you deny that you gave this ring to the girl?"

Roland Gregory was speechless. His eyes turned, terror-stricken, on his unwelcome visitor, and his right hand trembled as it lay on his desk.

"What are you going to do?" he asked in a conscience-troubled tone which Reginald noticed at once.

"I am here today in the interests of Joy Graham," began Reginald.

"Joy Graham! What have you to do with my pledged wife?" asked Roland Gregory, vehemently.

"I want you to release Miss Graham from her pledge to marry you," responded Reginald.

Roland Gregory glared at the other with glowing eyes of hatred. "I know what you want," he hissed. "You want to marry Joy Graham yourself. I have seen through your scheme ever since you came to Bronson. Begone, sir, from this office, or I will throw you out."

Roland Gregory arose and tried to push the editor out of the door. The virile youth resented the uncere-
monious close of his interview with the manufacturer and the two men were soon struggling back and forth