

come to you? I don't know; you are cold, cruel, hateful; and I hate you, or I think I hate you. But you are an honest man, an honest gentleman. I put myself, helpless, in your hands. What must I do? If I can't do anything, be merciful and put a bullet through me; it's only a puppy with a broken leg!"

"If I were you, I would pick up that pistol, come up to the house, and put on some dry clothes," said Attwater.

"If you really mean it?" said Herrick. "You know they—we—they . . . But you know all."

"I know quite enough," said Attwater. "Come up to the house."

And the captain, from the deck of the *Farallone*, saw the two men pass together under the shadow of the grove.