

ENOCH CRANE

"Oh! about two months ago. She was getting pretty savage about that time, used to follow me, wrote me twice a day, even hung around the club."

"Scenes, hysterics, threats of suicide—and all that sort of thing?"

Jack nodded again with a furrowed brow.

"Plenty of them. Bluffed to kill me twice. Finally, when she found out I was married——"

"How did she find out that? You were not fool enough to tell her, I hope?"

"She found out. I don't know how she found out, but she found out."

For some moments neither spoke.

"What's her final offer?" resumed Rose.

Lamont lifted his head with a worried look in his eyes.

"Twenty-five thousand and quits," he said slowly, tugging at the end of his gray mustache with a hand that trembled visibly.

"Ridiculous! Modest, to say the least. Plain blackmail, Jack. If you pay that woman a cent you'll never get rid of her."

"Call it what you like," he returned gloomily, "but I've got enough of it."

Rose half raised herself among the pillows, and for a long moment regarded him intently.

"Does your—does Mrs. Lamont know?" she ventured.

He threw up his head with a jerk.

"Yes; Nelly knows," he declared curtly.