

talk to the girl. He asked her not to tell. He promised he would not. . . . By God, you men . . . he has kept his promise . . . and what's more, let me tell you, he has stuck to *me!*"

She laughed with unpleasant, shrill triumph and looked straight into Goldie's eyes. "He has stuck to me," she repeated, "although to do it meant he'd have to compromise the girl or serve a term. It isn't every woman who can hold a man that way," she thickly boasted.

A wave of wild cheering broke from the crowd — cheering which the Judge did not seek to quell. His stern face seemed to have taken on less harsh lines. But he raised his hand as though to enjoin silence and Nell Kleath went on,

"She walked off with her yellow head in the air — and her heart under her feet, I'll wager. And Chris, after flinging a stone at the window, started off in the opposite direction. Still I didn't show myself. I didn't want to, just then . . . somehow.

"I followed the girl to Dawson. I learned about the robbery. Then it was as plain as day to me — that kidnapping of Joe's.

"I came here this morning expecting that white-faced little coward" — she pointed an accusing finger direct at Goldie — "to clear him — but she's dumb.