

"Why ask *me?*" repeated the woman for the second time. It was only too plain that she was fencing.

"Because you *know*," was Blake's curt retort. He let the gray-irised eyes drink in the full cup of his determination. Some slowly accumulating consciousness of his power seemed to intimidate her. He could detect a change in her bearing, in her speech itself.

"Jim, I can't tell you," she slowly asserted. "I can't do it!"

"But I've got 'o know," he stubbornly maintained. "And I'm going to."

She sat studying him for a minute or two. Her face had lost its earlier arrogance. It seemed troubled; almost touched with fear. She was not altogether ignorant, he reminded himself, of the resources which he could command.

"I can't tell you," she repeated. "I'd rather you let me go."

The Second Deputy's smile, scoffing and melancholy, showed how utterly he ignored

her an  
he loo  
of-wa  
left l  
glove  
"Y  
libera  
you.  
got '  
and  
perso  
out  
down  
thro  
be r  
E  
the  
to d  
they  
ing  
'  
ing  
ha