

herself mixed up, felt, too, perhaps, that they had gone too far. And, watching her out of the tail of his eye, he held his glance impudently upon Wilkinson's face.

"Not a threat, but a surmise," he answered in the same even tone. "People have sought your life before, you know," he went on, his face breaking out into a disagreeable smile, "and even you have attempted suicide. If you should die, what would become of her?"

"When I die will be time enough to talk about it," snarled Wilkinson. And thrusting his face now into that of the other, he demanded: "Come, what's the game? Lay your cards down on the table—out into the open. Why do you want a third. . . .?"

"Chiefly because I've earned it."

"Earned it! I took you out of the gutter, you ingrate!"

Flomerfelt shrugged his shoulders.

"If I haven't earned it so far, then I shall earn it in the future," he said.

"How?"

"By keeping silent in the presence of one person."

"Who?"

Flomerfelt smiled, but did not answer.

"Leslie Wilkinson, of course," put in Mrs. Peter V.