

I was mad. In the panie of the raid I thought to make her ride away with me, but she was true. *Ciel!* yes, she was true, and I——”

He stopped, and Wayne gazed at him as a man of stone, an inanimate thing that cannot comprehend. Then, sudden as his wrath, the full import of Richelieu's words flashed upon him, and he changed from a man of stone to a livid, quivering demon. Often as Carlisle had seen him in anger, he had never seen anything like the light that instantly fused his fawn-green eyes to incandescence.

It was as if all the fires of hell suddenly struck them and were glanced back. He opened his mouth, but not a word came forth. Then with an animal-like snarl he raised his rifle like a giant pestle in both hands, the butt poising over Richelieu's head as if to stamp out some vermin or reptile, some monstrous abortion that he had glimpsed in all its vileness.

Carlisle and Joan threw themselves upon him from either hand, Carlisle's grip locking his arms to his side. He raged like a fiend, but the Factor's great strength held him back, their bodies swaying from side to side on the logs, and as they swayed Richelieu began to speak again.

“*Voila!* And then I lied. I took you, Wayne, and told my story but named another man. I hated him. *Oui*, you do not know how I hated then, in my youth. I hated Charlie Carlisle for I knew he loved her, too. So I laid my wrong upon him because he could not deny. *Comment?* No, he could not deny, wounded and drunk as he