

"But what did you do it with?" It was the second time of asking.

"Dum-dum!" said she.

"What!" I cried; "then my father gave you that beautiful long-barrelled Webley he took from me?"

"Well, don't sulk about it—there's no time!" she cried. "Of course he gave it to me—as soon as you had gone out—said I might need it, with all the excitement among the Bewick pit folk. So I had a special pocket made for it, and I have carried it about ever since. This is the first chance I've had, though!"

I looked at her in astonishment. This was the girl who was afraid of mice.

"But don't you mind—*that*?" I pointed over my shoulder at the heap under the archway. The moon was creeping upward towards the zenith, and the light had now illuminated the dark face and wet, snaky curls of that which had been Mad Jeremy. I went nearer to look at him. I wanted to make sure that he was indeed dead.

The bullet had entered a trifle behind one ear, traversed the base of the skull, and come out by the opposite temple. This time there was no mistake—the creature was dead.

Two little crosses of white caught my eye, one over each bullet hole. She saw me bend down to examine them.

"That's the Geneva pattern," she said calmly. "It's plaster from my 'First Aid to the Wounded' case. I always carry it—so convenient. Now let us go back and tell Mr. Yarrow!"

"Before we start," I said, "I think you had better give me that pistol, and after this you stick to your First Aids!"