

"You haven't forgiven!" he interrupted. "A thoroughbred like you, to hold last night against me! Mister—after what we two have shared together! Why didn't you leave me there to die?"

Cutty observed that the drama had resolved itself into two characters; he had been relegated to the scenes. He tiptoed toward his study door, and as he slipped inside he knew that Gethsemane was not an orchard but a condition of the mind. He tossed the pouch on his desk, eyed it ironically, and sat down. His, one of them—one of those marvelous emeralds was his! He interlaced his fingers and rested his brow upon them. He was very tired.

Kitty missed him only when she heard the latch snap.

She was alone with Hawksley; and all her terror returned. Not to touch him, not to console him; to stand staring at him like a dumb thing!

"I do forgive—Johnny! But your world and my world——"

"Those stains! The wretches hurt you!"

"What? Where?"—bewildered.

"The blood on your waist!"

Kitty looked down. "That is not my blood, Johnny. It is yours."

"Mine?" Johnny. Something in the way she said it. "Mine?"—trying to solve the riddle.

"Yes. It is where your cheek rested when—I thought you were dead."