

appeared to be bank-notes sticking to his skin. His skin had been scratched and bleeding in many places and the man when taken in hand had been delirious. Later, when he had become rational apparently and his condition had improved, he had refused positively to reveal his identity or to make any statement as to the circumstances which had led to his condition; so that he had been discharged as a "mystery." He had expressed an intention to go West, take up a homestead and eventually go in for pure-bred stock. It was presumed, therefore, that he was a young farmer who had been working in some lumber camp and on his way out to civilization had got lost in the woods and had become temporarily deranged by the experience.

Having successfully sidetracked the conversation, Phil excused himself from the table and hurried to his room. Here he dressed with scrupulous care. He unfolded a small cambric handkerchief and a dollar bill to make sure that the little hand-painted pin was quite safe; then he folded the articles together again and placed them in an inside pocket with a care befitting the important part they were about to play.

He now unlocked a drawer in the cheffonier and took out a very small square box, morocco leather velvet-lined. The stone was a beautiful white one and he stood off a pace or two and admired it. It certainly made that other solitaire she had been wearing on her engagement finger