

FOR a moment neither spoke, then Gypsy Nan broke the silence with a bitter laugh. She threw back the bedclothes, and, gripping at the edge of the bed, sat up.

"The White Moll!" The words rattled in her throat. A fleck of blood showed on her lips. "Well, you know now! You're going to help me, aren't you? I—I've got to get out of here—get to a hospital."

Rhoda Gray laid her hands firmly on the other's shoulders.

"Get back into bed," she said steadily. "Do you want to make yourself worse? You'll kill yourself!"

Gypsy Nan pushed her away.

"Don't make me use up what little strength I've got left in talking," she cried out piteously, and suddenly wrung her hands together. "I'm wanted by the police. If I'm caught, it's—it's that 'chair.' I couldn't have a doctor brought here, could I? How long would it be before he saw that Gypsy Nan was a fake? I can't let you go and have an ambulance, say, come and get me, can I, even with the disguise hidden away? They'd say this is where Gypsy Nan lives. There's something queer here. Where is Gypsy Nan? I've got to get away from here—away from Gypsy Nan—don't you understand? It's death one way; maybe it is the other, maybe it'll finish me to get out of here, but it's the only thing left to do. I