

to the place where cold storage is unknown. My uncle told you about the affair. The fellow was drunk; he aimed his 'gun' at me. I supposed it loaded, and shot him in self-defense. Hardy was present. He can't deny what I say, without forswearing himself."

Hardy met the President's look of inquiry, and bowed in confirmation of the statement. The President again looked thoughtful. "That leaves the man's sister as the only witness to the contract. It would be well if she could be produced."

The aide left the room. Vandervyn again shrugged. "Search has been made for her, Mr. President. All that could be learned from her Indian relatives was that she had been very sick and had gone away. Of course that meant to the happy hunting-grounds. There was no other place that she could have gone."

The aide returned to the room leading a tall young woman who was dressed in a Parisian tailored suit that Vandervyn had last seen on Marie. She was gloved and heavily veiled, and she entered the room with perceptible timidity. Marie went to take her arm in a reassuring clasp and raise the veil. At no time since their coming to Washington had Vandervyn been given so much as a glimpse of Miss Dupont's reputed Hindu maid. This undoubtedly was the woman, and he looked at her with sharp curiosity as Marie raised the veil. Marie stepped aside, and gave him a full view of the girl's face.