

to say that he deserves it. He must go to Glengary. What the factor'll do with him I can't say, but it's likely he'll send him south and recommend that they ship him to England. As an escaped convict alone he would likely go up for twenty years, and this kidnappin' and the shootin' of your friend in addition may bring him a life sentence. I think it will, if you manage it right."

"You may depend on that," said Harold, as soon as he saw that argument would be futile. "I'll go to Glengary with you and to England with *him*. He deserves hanging on the spot for the kidnapping alone—in my opinion almost the worst of crimes,—but if I can't get a rope for him, I'll get at least a life sentence. I devote myself to it."

After taking a few more notes, MacDonald turned to the prisoner:

"And now what have *you* to say for yourself? What is your statement?"

"My statement," said Hawksworth with composure, but with a flame of hatred in his eyes, "is that every man who has spoken here is a liar, and that you are a d—d fool!"

Harold Ransom started half out of his chair, but subsided into his place as the representative of the