

ed out his hand to the girl and ed her to the chair he hurriedly i. Upon his sallow, strong face le as rare as it was triumphant,

erview with Manllyod?" eat!" The city editor rubbed his together. Satisfaction shone in ardonic eyes and he looked upon with that almost tender brooding marked the apogee of News ters' career. "And Drake in he was elever; togetwer to he was elever; togetwer to the same of the same he was clever; too clever to be ozeled! It's the beat of my life!"
azed ardently, admiringly, yet imnally, at her. "Great!" he red; "great!"
be girl returned his gaze, a faint

f perplexity appearing between of perplexity appearing between arge, wondering eyes. It he is clever," she said in her trate, high tones. "He is very; the cleverest young man in world, I think." wman's quick frown of disapple passed quickly in the unshine statisfaction.

t not as clever as a clever young years; I don't wonder you took But he ought 'a been on his I hadn't anything to lose bu

hance of picking up a crackajack; to his neck to look after."

had looked uncomprehending, the face cleared at his last word, think, too, then, that it would him?" him," she asked, "to have it

ed?"

Il hang him—properly done. Of
the he'll hang anyway in time, but
the right tone in this and it'll fix s."
s. That's what I thought. That's
I told the reporter that you sent
me. He said I'd better see you
But of course you know I'm
oing to write it."
hat!" Bowman jumped from his
"What are you, anyway?" he
nded savagely

nded savagely.

had started at his exclamation

hat—am I?" she repeated, puz-"I don't understand." a don't understand."
hat's your game?" he demanded
ly. "Is it money? Are you
ing of selling to the highest bidAll the papers in town put tor can't offer you so much that a
double it"

double it."

you think—do you mean," she rising horror struck, "that I i hurt him for money!"
gasp of rage and bewilderment the city editor dumb for a moThen he threw up his hands.
give it up," he said weakly. give it up," he said weakly.

riew."
publish?" Her slim, prim little
stiffened. "I will never write

it you will!" he returned quickly.
bu could kill me first!" she said tense, big eyed simplicity.
looked at her, baffled by her
liness, by the determination that
drained the blood from her face
left it white and drawn.

down a moment." He motion-back to her chair and went into adjoining room. When he return-e left the door open behind him, f course, you know," he said with good humor, "I can't compel you b anything you don't want to do. and newspaper men don't kill ody for news—except themselves. me, were you with him long? An? Phew! The mother there? 'S his opinion of the case? Sure get off, eh? Would you mind king louder, I'm a little deaf. Yes, you saked him what his theory.

you asked him what his theory of ler's death was. And what did by to that?" e office boy, whom Bowman turnut bodily when he came to ask if night show in a local millionaire,

amazed to see the two chatting antly; the girl serious, simple, vol-childlike; the city editor eager, rbed, repeating all she said in a rbed, repeating all she said in a that was harsh and tense. hen she left an hour later, the boy, eyes bulging with curiosity, ran her with five gold pieces Bowhad sent her. ut he does not owe me anything," the girl putting her hands beher with that childishness of gesthat suggested four of phylical

that suggested fear of phylcal

bulsion.

Ie says you're to take it anyway,"
boy insisted, hastily pressing the
ey into her reluctant hands.

I was anxious to get back to the
editor's room, where Bowman, his
ceyes glittering with satisfaction,
had sandwiches brought in for
elf and his stenographer, who, ben mouthfuls, read off his notes to
bewriter, which notes Drake, seatewriter, which notes Drake, seat Bowman's own desk, was already

Bowman's own desk, was already iting.

Peachblossom Girl, as she as called in the court room and in newspaper accounts of the trial, of h she had become a prominent to looked toward Manllyod the hing the celebrated interview signith her name appeared in the s, a world of entreaty in her eyes had been weeping, her delicate, lished face was unconcealably disted by tears and as she bent her aling gaze upon him involuntarily cling gaze upon him involuntarily clasped her hands in unworded

being the heads of those who sate on Manllyod returned the gaze is deep set eyes, in his twitching is deep set eyes, in his twitching rils, upon his curling lips, drawn and showing his teeth, a fury of hatred surged as betrayed how as a nature had been masqueradthere. It passed, and Manlloyd his attention to the prosecuting ney's summary, then in progress, the Peachblossom Girl underty she had been adjudged guilty of maieste.

majeste.
noon she was at the News office.
the office boy knew when Bowwas not to be trifled with. tell you he 'ain't in," he said, when

flat. No, you can't come in. e's a coward," she cried, with a bling voice; "a cruel coward that d hang an innocent man! Here, him back his money"—she threw



The control of the state of the

Methodist Brotherhood

and he was the same of the same of

