

He grinned over at Iredale.

"Better drop it, Iredale, and don't play the fool. When I get the money I shall forget that I ever knew you."

The smuggler was about to fire a swift retort when the sound of voices coming in at the open window interrupted him. The voices were a man's and a woman's. Prudence recognized Alice's tones. The other's she did not recognize at once.

Sarah Gurrige, who had been a silent observer of the scene, had heard the sound too, but she was absorbed in what was being enacted about her. Her eyes were upon Hervey. She saw him start, and his great haunting eyes were turned upon the window. Suddenly he rushed forward towards it. He had to pass round the table, close to where Prudence was now standing. In doing so he kicked against the dog which was standing with its ears pricked up and its head turned in the direction whence the voice sounded.

The man's evil face was blanched. A wild, hunted look was in his eyes. Iredale saw, was startled, and his reply died upon his lips as he wondered at this sudden change.

"Shut the window. Do you hear?" cried Hervey excitedly. "Don't let them hear. Don't let them——"

He had reached the window to carry out his own instructions. His hands were upon the casements, and he was about to fling the glass frames together. But suddenly his arms dropped to his sides. He stood face to face with the figure of Robb Chillingwood!