

"There was Maggot." Dave Henderson seemed to be speaking almost to himself. "But Maggot was only a tool. All Maggot knew was that he was to get the safe open—for some money. I guess Maggot, when he finds out that the police don't know anything about him, will think he's lucky. I guess if there's any man in the world who'll keep his mouth shut for the sake of his own hide, it's Maggot. Maggot isn't going to run his head into a noose." He turned sharply to Millman. "But there's still some one else—the doctor."

"We have been friends, intimate friends, all our lives," said Millman simply. "I have given him my word of honor that you had no hand in the death of any one of those three men, and that is sufficient."

And then Dave Henderson laughed a little, a queer, strange, mirthless laugh, and stood up from the divan.

"Then I'm clear—eh—Millman?" he shot out.

"Yes," said Millman slowly, "as far as I can see, Dave, you're clear."

"And free?" There was fierce assertiveness, rather than interrogation, in Dave Henderson's voice. "It's taken five years, but I've got that money now. I guess I've paid for it; and I guess there's no one now to put a crimp in it any more, not even Bookie Skarvan—providing that little proposition of yours, Millman, that month, still stands."

Millman's face, and Millman's eyes, sobered.

"It stands, Dave," he said gravely.

"In a month," said Dave Henderson, "even a fool could get far enough away to cover his trail—couldn't he, Millman? Well, then, there's only Teresa left. She's something like you, Millman. She's for sending that money back, but she's sort of put out of the running—for about a month, too!"

Millman made no answer.