

She drained the flask and wiped her mouth on her sleeve.

"Will you let me sit down?" she asked, and collapsed into the box.

Again confusion reigned while the woman was reviving, and again Judge Clayson threatened to clear the room. At last, however, Nell Kleath's voice throbbed over the heads of the silent crowd as she took up her story.

"I began to worry about Chris. It seemed more than an accident that Joe Leroy should be here, and that Cully Conrad should be here — even if neither of them knew that Chris was in Dawson. I couldn't help thinking they had a game on hand, and I wanted to get into town that night. But I couldn't. . . . I lay down on the floor in the road house and slept, soundly. . . . That was the night of Wednesday, the eighteenth of March," she said, and paused.

Some one stepped on a creaking board, and a woman screamed.

"Well," snapped his lordship, impatiently, "Well?"

"A noise woke me. It was about midnight, I judge. A covered buggy had stopped at the door and a girl got out. Her hands were bound behind her. She was followed by Cully Conrad and a very