

were to send the governor, the night you rode to Lexington?"

There was no answer. Beyond the door Sotheran was glaring angrily. He understood at once.

"I was not drunk that night," said Roger. "You never saw me drunk, Captain. I was always listening. I burned that letter."

He heard the captain's breath; it was quicker, and the boy smiled to himself. He looked at Alice; she gestured him to proceed.

"Do you remember," he asked again, "the time Mr. Ellery came to your room, and agreed with you to find Master Frank's papers? I listened at the door. I told his nephews."

He listened again; it would have paid him a hundred-fold if he could have seen Sotheran's face.

"I told Master Frank," he went on, "of the time you went to Dorchester and took measurements. He wrote Doctor Warren."

"Roger," said Sotheran, "come nearer to the door."

The voice was tense; its accents spoke blood-hunger. Roger shrewdly shook his head and slipped into the bunk. Crawling toward the door, he spoke again.

"I made Tabb drunk," he said. "He told me the secret—that you were that officer in the woods. I told Mistress Alice."

"Nearer! Nearer!" repeated Sotheran.

Roger looked at Alice. With finger raised to him, she was still watching. She heard him pause, and turned to him.

"More!" she said. "More!"

"Captain," said Roger, crawling along the bunk, and speaking with his head close to the door—he knew the demon of revenge that he was conjuring! "Captain, do you remember that night when you were in the library?"