

house on the left — you ought to know it — what?”

Varge was leaning tensely forward, staring into the other's face.

“You mean,” he said, and doubt and hope struggled in his voice, “you mean that —”

“Mean what I say — usually do — make a point of it,” snapped the little doctor tartly. “You're a free man, aren't you? — all except some fol-de-rol and fiddle-de-dee red-tape. Your pardon 'll be along in time enough to have it framed and hung up before you get to housekeeping! Meanwhile, I'm responsible for you until I hand you over again, and I'll — hum! — give you an hour. After that, if the warden can't find any better accommodation for you than a cell it'll be a different Bob Rand than I've known for twenty years.”

Varge's two hands reached out, closed upon the doctor's shoulders and drew the little man's face suddenly close to his own.

“I can go to her — now?” he said hoarsely, and his fingers tightened fiercely on their hold.

“Confound you!” growled Doctor Kreelmar, wriggling himself loose and rubbing glumly at his shoulder blade, “confound you, keep your hands off me — you're as gentle as a grizzly bear!”

Varge's hands fell away; but he still stared into the other's eyes, a great wonder, a great joy upon his face.

“Hum!” said Doctor Kreelmar, and a chuckle crept into his voice as he turned and started up the penitentiary steps. “I forgot to tell you that I telephoned her too!” — another chuckle, and the little man was gone.

It was like that other night — as though the three days had never been — silent, still and quiet — the moon-