

"We must get her to the hospital at once," said the doctor crisply.

"The hospital!" Dave Henderson echoed the word. It seemed to jeer at him. He could have summoned an ambulance himself! As well throw the cards upon the table! His eyes involuntarily sought that darker corner of the shed where the package of banknotes, bloodstained now, was hidden in the valise. The hospital, or the police station—in that respect, for Teresa as well as himself, it was all the same!

It was Millman who spoke.

"Wait!" he said, and touched Dave Henderson's arm; then turned to the doctor. "Can we move her in my car?" he asked.

"Yes; I guess we can manage it," the doctor answered.

Millman drew the doctor a little to one side. He whispered earnestly. Dave Henderson caught a phrase about "getting a nurse"—and then he felt Millman's hand press his arm again.

"It's all right, Dave. I guess I'll open that town house after all this summer—to a select few," said Millman quietly. His hand tightened eloquently in its pressure. "We'll take her there, Dave."