

and even if you can, I am afraid with all my soul of the consequences to you, and——"

Gypsy Nan blew out the candle, and staggered to her feet.

"There isn't any other way." She leaned heavily on Rhoda Gray's arm. "Can't you see that? Don't you think I know? Haven't you seen enough here to convince you of that? I—I'm just spilling the dice for—for perhaps the last time—but it's the only chance—the only chance. Go on!" she urged tremulously. "Shoet the glira, and get me to the door. And—and, for the love of God, don't make a sound! It's all up if we're seen going out!"

The flashlight's ray danced in crazy gyrations as the two figures swayed and crept across the garret. Rhoda Gray unlocked the door, and, as they passed out, locked it again on the outside.

"Hide the key!" whispered Gypsy Nan. "See—that crack in the floor under the partition! Slip it in there!"

The flashlight guiding her, Rhoda Gray stooped down to where, between the rough attic flooring and the equally rough boarding of the garret partition, there was a narrow space. She pushed the key in out of sight; and then, with her arm around Gypsy Nan's waist, and with the flashlight at cautious intervals winking ahead of her through the darkness, she began to descend the stairs.

It was slow work, desperately slow, both because they dared not make the slightest noise, and because, too, as far as strength was concerned, Gypsy Nan was close to the end of her endurance. Down one flight, and then the other, they went, resting at every few steps, leaning back against the wall, black shadows that merged with the blackness around them, the flash-