

"Who's the woman?" he pointed to Sydney, who had risen from Arlene.

"A female Jason, that's led me into gold," answered Trueblood, inscrutably as ever, tongue-in-cheek. "Not fleeced me yet, either."

"Hey?" Perry gaped, throatily; and with a wild glance at Gail, flung out his arms toward Lena. The vein down the middle of his forehead, which had been protruding like a charred root, began to crimson and pulsate.

"Hear him, Gail," burst out Clara. "I can't speak. Lena's confessed, about your desertion of her, what she's done."

"The night-mare's over — emptiness filled," Blevins wandered again, fiercely, in the stress of so unwonted emotion. And he, who a day back had wept in self-pity, went on, "And it wasn't no martyrdom. The trail did it, and you, Gail Thain."

Solemnly Gail bowed his head; for he knew.

"The prodigal's struck pay-streak, hey?" divined Dick.

"She's mine — mine!" cried Perry. "Lena's free from him, divorced from Thain."

Dazed and trembling, Arlene looked from one to another; then slowly staggered to her feet. Standing there, immutable, her moist, bird-like eyes concentrated upon Gail.

"And it was a fight," she uttered starkly, "for a woman like me . . . against the both of you . . . to admit it."

Sydney with a troubled gasp shielded the puzzled Arthur.

"Arlene!" cried Gail, overcome by her direct, com-