

sight restored a little of that healthy tan which so becomes dark faces.

"Not you, Croucher?"

"No, not me, by Gawd!"

"Yet I believe your original mission in this house was to possess yourself of that razor—and—use it?"

Dollar did not finish the sentence without feeling for a little hand with his left; that little hand met it half-way, and was the first to give a reassuring squeeze.

"You were to do something to me with it, I believe, and to leave it in my hand to show I'd done it myself?"

And then, under another sidelong flash, that steadied down into a will-destroying gleam, Croucher came out with a dreadful phrase.

"To guide yer 'and!" said he, hoarsely.

"To guide my hand! Exactly! But it was not exactly your idea?"

"No. It was——"

But here his eyes rolled into Mostyn Scarth's, and dropped once more.