

ye have a Daddy. Where's Kleath? Will he be up to-day?"

She — she didn't — er — think so . . . no. Her manner struck him as being peculiar. He probed the subject further with the querulousness of a semi-invalid. Why didn't she know? Hadn't he said when he would drop in again to make inquiries? Didn't he come often, anyhow, to see how they were getting on — to ask if he could be of assistance? What the devil did she mean by saying she didn't think so?

Then, bit by bit, he had dragged the story from her — the kidnapping, her promise to Kleath, his oath to her, his arrest, the trial, her silence. . . .

"Good God, Goldie," shouted Meadows, "d'ye mane to tell me ye would see the man go to jail fer want av sp'akin'? Where is he now?"

She faltered on. There was his wife — whose wife? *Kleath's* wife? He couldn't believe Kleath had a wife! She had cleared him, and Duke had shot her, only to be riddled with bullets himself as he tried to make a get-away. Haynes had returned the money and was awaiting his trial. Mrs. Kleath had been buried several days ago, but Kleath had not been to the cabin. Her voice trailed off in a sobbing whisper.