

"Come with me," she said, and she moved towards King's House. He obeyed. For some moments they walked in silence, then all at once under a magnolia tree she stopped.

"I want you to read what a woman wrote who has just arrived in the island from England. She is ill at the house of the general commanding."

Taking from her breast the slip of paper, she handed it to him. He read it with eyes and senses that at first could hardly understand.

"God in heaven—oh, merciful God!" he said in great emotion, yet with a strange physical quiet.

"This woman was his wife," Sheila said.

He handed the paper back. He conquered his agitation. The years of suffering rolled away. "They'll put her in jail," he said with a strange regret. He had a great heart.

"No, I think not," was the reply. Yet she was touched by his compassion and thoughtfulness.

"Why?"

"Because she is going to die—and there is no time to lose. Come, we will go to Lord Mallow."

"Mallow!" A look of bitter triumph came into Dyck's face. "Mallow—at last!" he said.