

and some others farther north — correspondents of mine.”

The head of the hide-out dropped to his breast; then he muttered, half to himself:

“I dassent — ain’t nobody to look arter her but me; ’t aint much, but it ’s all she ’s got.”

Thayor turned quickly. “You mean your little girl? I ’ve thought of that; she shall join you whenever you ’re safe.” Then he added in a lower tone — so low that only Dinsmore heard: “Your wife was in Montreal, remember, when you last heard from her, and now that Bergstein ’s dead she may get free.”

The owl-like eyes stared at the slowly dying fire; hot tears trickled over the cavernous sockets and stopped in the unkempt beard. Before he could answer there came a voice behind him:

“Did n’t I tell ye so, son — did n’t I tell ye ye could trust him?”

“I hope so, Hite,” returned Thayor — “and you heard what I said about his getting to Canada, did n’t you?”

“Yes, I heard ye, Mr. Thayor.”