

almost physical in its acute pain. Instinctively, from time to time, he looked at his watch.

At last he got up, and went out into the lane again, and from there to the street. It was too soon. He could only pace up and down. It was too soon, but he could not have afforded to keep the doctor waiting if Millman arrived, and he, Dave Henderson, was not there—otherwise he would have stayed longer in the shed. It would be daylight before they came, wouldn't it? It was an hour now, a thousand years, wasn't it, since he had telephoned?

A big touring car rolled down the street. He ran toward it. Millman—yes, it was Millman! The car stopped.

"Quick!" he urged, and sprang on the footboard. "Go to the corner of the lane there!"

And then, as the car stopped again, and Millman, from the wheel, and a man with a little black bag in his hand, sprang out, Dave Henderson led the way down the lane, running, without a word, and pushed open the door of the shed. He held the flashlight steadily for the doctor, though he turned now to Millman.

"You've got a right to know," he said in an undertone, as the doctor bent, absorbed, over Teresa. "Hell's broken loose to-night, Millman—there's been murder further up the lane there in a place they call The Iron Tavern. Do you understand? That's why I didn't dare go anywhere for help. Listen! I'll tell you." And, speaking rapidly, he sketched the details of the night for Millman. "Do you understand, Millman?" he said at the end. "Do you understand why I didn't dare go anywhere for help?"

Millman did not answer. He was looking questioningly at the doctor, as the latter suddenly rose.