

"I'll tell everything——" began Mrs. Peter V. But Flomerfelt interposed with:

"She's your wife, Wilkinson." And lowering his voice, he continued: "Your property is personalty, stocks and bonds. In case of your death she would be entitled to a third. She merely asks her right."

"In case of my death," mused Wilkinson. "But I'm not going to die—not yet," he added, a moment later.

Flomerfelt's brows contracted, his eyes narrowed, he looked Wilkinson full in the face.

"How do you know you're not?" he asked.

"Is that a threat?" asked Wilkinson, rising.

Flomerfelt, who hoped in the long run to wind up in Paris with two-thirds of Peter's hidden fortune, for he expected that Mrs. Peter V., with her third, in time would join him there, was glad to note that at his suggestion of death the woman had regarded him once more with fear. She had believed him responsible for the death of Roy Pallister, and he had fostered this belief, had held her within the circle of conspiracy, had held her as one chargeable, too, with death of the boy. It was a safe venture, for not once had he by word of mouth connected himself with that tragedy. Indeed, he had not the slightest idea as to who was responsible for it, but all through he felt that Mrs. Peter V., believing him responsible, felt