

how Carroll had discovered it . . . but he had been associated with Carroll for years and he knew that he never accused wrongly.

Something of the menace in Carroll's unwavering eyes was communicated to Farnam. In the light of the steady stare he wilted to a chair where he sat nervously, staring at his nemesis. And as Carroll did not speak the accused man licked dry lips and muttered—

“Thet's a lie!”

But his tone did not carry conviction. His protestation was as weak as it was belated.

“It's the truth!” Carroll's close-clipped words cut incisively through the pregnant atmosphere of the dingy room. “You killed Mary Forrest!”

“It's a lie, I tell ye! I had nothing ag'in Mary Forrest!”

“You won't confess?”

Farnam's voice rose shrilly; broke—“I didn't kill her. I wasn't near thar. I ain't got nothin' to confess.”

The tenseness went suddenly from Carroll's posture. He allowed his muscles to relax. But his eyes never left the pallid face of the accused man.