

prevent it!" She turned to her sister-in-law. "I've been silent for days, Blanche Medford, and I'm through. You can shield him if you want to but I won't!!" She looked at Kennedy. "Ask her who killed the baby."

Killed the baby! That was something we hadn't reckoned. Even Kennedy looked rather put out. Soon after we left the house. He seemed quite satisfied although even then I couldn't see the finish.

Returning to the hotel, he called the doctor around. When I came back, after leaving the horse at the stable, the man was leaving so I didn't find out anything new. Kennedy remained very taciturn all evening.

It was a calm woman we saw when Blanche Medford met us at the door the next day.

"I suppose you want me," she stated simply.

I admit I was dumfounded. I had suspected everyone but her.

"I'd like to hear your story," Kennedy said.

It was certainly a story of abuse, as Johnson had said. Ever since the birth of her child, Felix had ill treated her. It was frightful when she told, stoical as she was, how her brother had struck the child and injured it so badly that the doctor had been unable to save its life. It seems that at the time she had said that it had fallen from a chair.

"But what and who killed *him*?" I asked.

Kennedy went to the stove and the kitchen, returning with an iron poker. "This," said he, "I knew that much last night. A great deal of the soot was deposited in the wound.

"And who—?"

"I was the one," the woman said.

Felix Dunsay had sneered at her once too often. Coming from the barn that evening, he had stumbled over her as she had sat on the door-stoop, crying from the loss of her child. The poker was in her hand for she had just fixed the fire.

"One oath from him and I hit him," she spoke very calmly. "That is all. Now, take me."

Kennedy swore then, and walked from the room, dragging me with him.