f "The Miraele Man," "From New On," etc.

A RE you ready to go?" he asked ; I am ready," she answere ery well, then," said Crang, "you better go out and get into the old You can go with Hawkins and But'-Claire looked in a bewil-d way at Paul Veniza-'but you

"I know I did," Crang interrupted process, "but we're all here a little orly and there's lots of time to countermand the other car." He indicated Paul Venisa with a jerk of his head. "He's far from as well as he was last night. At least you'll admit that I'm a good doctor, and when I tell you he is not fit to go this morning that ought to be enough for both of you. I'll phone and tell them not to send the limoualne."

Still Claire besitated. Paul Veniza

Still Claire hesitated. Paul Veniza had closed his eyes.

Crang shrugged his shoulders.

"You can do as you like, but I don't imagine"—a snart crept into his voice—"that it will give him any joy to witness the ceremony, or you to have him. Suit yourselves; but I won't answer for the consequences."

"I'll go," said Claire simply—and as Paul Veniza lifted himself up suddenly in protest, she forced him gently back upon the couch again. "It's better that was," she said, and for a moment talked

upon the couch again. "It's better that way." she said, and for a moment talked to him in low, earnest tones, then kissed him, and rose, and walked out from

the room.

Crang, with a grunt of approval, started toward the telephone.

"Wait!" Paul Veniza had raised himself on his clow.

Crang turned and faced the other with darkened face.

"It is not too late even now at the last moment!" Paul Veniza's face was drawn with agony. "I know you for what you are, and in the name of God any loathsome, the basest passion—and whatever crimes lay at your door, even if murder be among them, to one of them is comparable with this, for you do more than take a human life, or you do more than take a human life, "All the way." Hawkins repeated then, as though it were but a mount to get in beside him quick to help, and I—"

The old cabman straightened an The looked around suddenly and intercepted a furtive, puzzled glance cast him by Hawkins. Sick at heart, John Bruce turned his head away. He made no response. Hawkins paid the fare, ran the car through the ferry itself. He was fumbling with a catch of some kind behind his seat, as he proceeded slowly up the runway. "He'll want a little air in there." No," said John Bruce, "I'm going all Hawkins, "because it's close down here. It opens back, you know—the whole panel. I had it made that way when the car was turned into a traveling pawnshop—didn't know what tough kind of customer Paul might run into some time, and I'd want to get in beside him quick to help, and I—"

The old cabman straightened an The

The red surged into Crang's face, and

hanged to mottled purple.

"Damn you!" he flung out hoarsely.

"Hold your cackling tongue! This alw
my wedding morning—understand?"
He laughed out raucously. "My wedding morning—and I'm in a hurry!"

Paul Veniza raised himself a little
higher. White his face was—white as

death

"Then God have mercy on your soul!" he cried. And Crang stared for a moment, then turned on his heel—and laughed.

#### CHAPTER XXIV

The Ride

John Bruce turned the corner, and, on the opposite side of the street, drew back under the shelter of a door porch where he could command a view of the entrance to Paul Veniza's house. And now he stood motionless, waiting with cold patience, his eyes fixed on the cold patience, his eyes fixed on the there because Crang was either at the three because Crang was either at the could just see through the ferry house. Certainly, Claire would not stay down in the confined space of the ferry's run-way all the trip; or if she did, Crang wouldn't. His face set. Quite unconsciously his hand had gone to his pocket, and he found his fingers now snuggling again around the weapon that lay there.

And then he looked at Hawkins—and stared again at the other, startled.

was covered with his hands.

He watched Hawkins. The old cabman moved blindly along the sidewalk for the few steps that took him to the sight of the house, sat down on the edge of the curb, and with his shoulders sunk forward, buried his face in his hands again.

And John Bruce understood: and his

And John Bruce understood; and his fingers, in his pocket, snuggled curiously around the revolver that was hidden there. He wanted to go to that old bent

around the revolver that was hidden there. He wanted to go to that old bent agure there in its misery and despair, who was fighting now so obviously to set a grip upon himself. But he did to move. He could not tell Hawkins that he meant to do.

Were they minutes or were they bours that passed? Again the front door of Paul Veniza's house opened, and again John Bruce leaned tensely forward. But this time he did not reax. Claire! His eyes drank in the slim, little, dark-garbed figure, greedy that no smallest gesture, no movement, so single line of face or form should be seepe him. It was perhaps the last time that he would see her. He would not see her in his prison cell—he would not let her go there.

A queer sound issued from his throat, a strange and broken little cry. She was gone now. She had crossed the idewalk and entered the traveling name and she was hidden from sight. And for a moment there seemed a blur and nist before John Bruce's eyes — then Hawkins, still around the corner, still with his see hidden in his hands, took form and grew distinct again. And then fiter a littleewhile, Hawkins rose sowly, and came back along the street, and climbed into the driver's seat of the traveling pawn shop, and sat fumling at the wheel with his hands.

and climbed into the driver's seat of the traveling pawn shop, and sat fumling at the wheel with his hands.

The door of Paul Veniza's house pened for the third time—and now ohn Bruce laughed in a low, grim say, and his hand, hugging the revolver his pocket, tightened and grew viselse in its grip upon the weapon. It as Crang at last!

And then John Bruce's hand came at from his pocket—empty.

Not in front of Claire!

He swept his hand across his forelad. It was as though a sudden shock ad aroused him to some stark reality which he had been strangely oblivium. Not in front of Claire! Claire as in the car there. He felt himself ewildered for a moment. Hawkins ad said nothing about driving Claire,

Crang's voice reached him from across a street:
"All right, Hawkins! Go ahead!"
Where was Paul Veniza? Crang had
it into the car, and the car was movforward. Wasn't Paul Veniza go-

mg forward. Wasn't Paul Veniza gomg forward. Wasn't Paul Veniza gomg too?
Well, it did not matter, did it? Crang
mas there. And it was a long way to
faten Island, and before then a chance
rould come, must come; he would make
me somehow, and—
John Bruce ran swiftly out into the
treet, and, as the car turned the corser, swung himself lightly and silently
a beside Hawkins. Crang would not
how. The curtained panel at the back
of the driver's seat hid the interior of
he car from view.
Hawkins turned his head, stared into
foha Bruce's face for an instant, half
a startied, half in a curiously perlexed way, made as though to speak—
then, without a word, gave his atsation to the wheel again.
The car rattled on down the block.

The mg a leng way to Hagen
Chaire would not stay choped
Chaire would not stay choped



He held her head above the water. She was motionless,

up on deck to get the air. And even me. Mabbe you don't understand, but if Crang accompanied her, it would not prove very difficult to separate since we've been thinking about since we've been waiting here. I've left the light burning."

He looked around suddenly and in-

one of them is compared to repeated for you do more than take a human life, "All the way." Hawkins repeated then, as though it were but a moment gone since John Bruce had spoken. "All the way. Yes, that's it—after twenty years. That's when I pawned herway. Yes, that's when I pawned herway wedding morning—understand?" My wedding morning—and I'm in a hurry!" And she ain't never known, and thank God she ain't never known, and thank God she ain't never going to know, that I—that I—" A tear trickled down the old face, and splashed upon the wrinkled skin of the hand upon the wheel. And then old Hawkins smiled suddenly, and nodded toward the clock on the cowl-board—and the speed of the car increased. "I looked up

of the car increased. "I looked up the ferry time," said Hawkins.

They swung out in front of the ferry house and the car stopped. A ferry, just berthing, was beginning to dis-gorge its stream of motors and pedes-trians.

door.
He had no definite plan now. No He had no definite plan now. No plan was needed. He was simply waiting for Crang.
His eyes had not left the doorway. His eyes had not left the doorway. Suddenly, tense, he leaned a little for-sward. The door opened. No; it was ward. The door opened. No; it was only Hawkins! He relaxed again.
Only Hawkins! Ho relaxed again.
Only Hawkins! John Bruce's face thousand years; the old face was pinched and worn, and deep in the faded, watery blue eyes were hurt and agony. And a great sympathy for the man surged upon John Bruce. He could not tell Hawkins, but— He reached was covered with his hands.

He watched Hawkins. The old cab-

"Me?" said Hawkins, and bent down over his gears as he got the signal to move forward. "Do I look like that? I—I thought it all out last night, and I don't feel that way. I'll tell you what I was thinking about. I was just thinking that I did something today when I left my room that I haven't done before—in twenty years. I've left the light burning."

John Bruce stared a little helplessly. "Yes," said Hawkins. He smiled at John Bruce. "Don't you worry about I, and a tremor ran through her frame.

left the light burning."
Sick at heart, John Bruce turned his head away. He made no response.
Hawkins paid the fare, ran the car through the ferryhouse, and aboard the ferry itself. He was fumbling with a catch of some kind behind his seat, as he proceeded slowly up the runway.

"He'll want a little air in there," said Hawkins, "because it's close down here. It opens back, you know—the whole panel. I had it made that way when the car was turned into a travel-

beside him quick to help, and I—"
The old cabman straightened up. The
car was at the extreme forward end of
the ferry—and suddenly it leaped forward. "Jump, John Bruce! Jump
clear!" old Hawkins cried. "There's

only two of us going all the way—and that's. Crang and me! Claire and Paul'll be along in another car—tell them it was an accident, and—"

John Bruce was on his feet—too late. There was a crash, and the collapsible steel gates went down before the plunging car, and the guard chain beyond was swept from its sockets. He yond was swept from its sockets. He reeled and lost his balance as something, a piece of wreckage from the gates or chain posts, struck him. He felt the hot blood spurt from shoulder and arm. And then, as the car shot out in midair, diving madly for the water below, and he was thrown from his feet, he found himself clinging to the footboard fighting wildly to reach the footboard, fighting wildly to reach the door handle. Claire was in there!

Claire was in there!

There was a terrific splash. A mighty rush of water closed over him.

Horror, fear, madness possessed his soul. Claire was in there! Claire was in there—and somehow Hawkins had not known!

Yes, he had the door handle now! He wrenched and tore at the door. The pressure of the water seemed to pit it pressure of the water seemed to pit it-self against his strength. He worked like a maniac. It opened. He had it now! It opened. He could scarcely see in the murky water—only the indis-tinct outlines of two forms undu ating grotesquely, the hands of one gripped around the throat of the other—only that, and floating within his reach a woman's dress. He snatched at the dress. His lungs were bursting. Claire! It was Claire! She was in his arms-

Faces, a multitude of them, seemed to peer at him from above, from the brink of this abyss in which he was struggling. He heard a cheer again. Why were they cheering because two men were locked in a death grip down there in the water below?

John!"

He buried his face in the great wet masses of hair that fell around her. Week? No, he was not week! He could hold her here always—always.

He felt her clutch spasmodically at come again, Hawkins' voice; and words.

She lived! Was he weak with the sudden revulsion that swept upon him now? Was that it? He tried to carry her up—and found that it was beyond his strength. And he could only cling there and wait for assistance from above, thankful even for the support the water gave his weight. It was strange What were those red stains that spread out and tinged the water around him? His arm! Yes, he remembered, now! His shoulder and arm! It was the loss of blood that must have sapped his strength, that must be sapping it now so that—

"John!" Claire whispered, "You—John!" Claire whispered, "You—John!"



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