

“Well,” said Chadwick, shuffling his feet about on the floor uneasily, “you may as well primp up an’ look your best, bekaze it hain’t been a half-hour sence I seed Danny Lemmons a-caperin’ about in town yander.”

The color fled from the woman’s face, leaving it white as a sheet. The blue veins in her temples shone ghastly through the skin.

“I hope you ain’t afeard of ’im?” inquired Chadwick, with a pitying glance.

“Afeard! Yes, I ’m afeard to do murder. I ’m afeard to have his blood on me!” She spoke in a husky whisper. Her eyes glittered and her lips were drawn and dry. As she reached for her chair, her hands shook. After she sat down, her fingers opened and shut convulsively. “I ’ve done dreamt about it,” she went on, trying to clear her throat, “an’ it ’s obleege to be. Sev’m times has it come to me in my sleep that I ’ve got his blood on my han’s. Hit wuz as plain as the nose on your face. I seed it an’ felt it. How it come thar, my dreams hain’t tole me, but I know in reason hit ’s bekaze I killt ’im. Well, ef it ’s got to come, I wisht it ’ud make ’aste an’ come, an’ be done wi’ it.”

She went to a little cupboard in one corner