

voice was a whine, and anxiety had taken the place of craftiness in his countenance.

The woman strode forward steadily, but not hurriedly. Her face was pale, and there was a drawn and pinched expression about her mouth that might have been mistaken for grief or fear. Chadwick pressed toward her with the baby, as though proud of the opportunity to deliver it into her arms. But she passed by him with an impatient gesture, in spite of the renewed whimpering of the child at sight of her; and the negro woman came forward and took it instead.

The hunchback would have made a barricade of Blandford, but that blunt soldier seized him by his arm and brought him face to face with his wife.

“You mean, sneakin’, thievin’ houn’!” she cried, gazing at him and breathing hard. Then she untied her bonnet, which had fallen on her shoulders, and threw it on the ground, her hair falling loose as she did so. Still catching her breath in little gasps, she began to roll up her sleeves, showing an arm as hard and as firm as that of a man.

“Oh, no!” exclaimed Blandford, perceiving what she would be at. “None of that,