

~~of heart~~

of heart hurt upon her face and the slow tears of sympathy rising to her eyes as she looks at the unshaven, suspicious and scowling ~~man~~ man who has come out unwillingly from his enforced exile to help her. The two sit and look at each other without words, and as they do so the man's mind is jerked from his own troubles and away back in him somewhere there stirs the faint quickening of pity for the girl before him. Laura at that moment, as she looks at the man is seized with a sudden absolute belief in his innocence. (Her uncle has told her nothing of the wife's confession), and almost unconsciously she holds out her hand to him. This brings the man, scowling to his feet.

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He says brusquely:

"Your uncle wishes me to take your case. You have papers of anyt kind?"

Laura nods mutely.

She goes silently to the desk and takes out the letters of Chambers and hands them to Holt. As she looks at them, her agony again sweeps over her, and she ~~in~~ wrings her thin little hands and rocks herself in tearless anguish. Holt regards her silently a moment and then he says:

"It will be better to go over this matter gradually."

He shoves the letters out of sight. Then roughly:

"First, we had better talk the <sup>+</sup>matter over ~~---~~gradually~~---~~  
<sub>†</sub>  
 I wish to know every circumstance".

Laura stands up and she says:

"But I am suffocating! I feel as if all the world were going around me. I can't think. I can't even see!"