EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1915.

THE GIRL WHO HAD I A GREAT MYSTERY STORY : By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART Author of "The Man Ourtight, 1915, by Mary Roberts Rinebart. glanced around the table.

HILARY RINGSTON had been shot. H old Hilary had been a familiar figar in the vilings of Woffingham for out The sccentricity of his gray derby tet, his bestling gray brows, his always with gray gloves, his erect, rather heavy as faure, singled him out from the mass a commuters that thronged the city sups. The gray derby was a part of Hilary. Except on those rare occawhen he attended service at St. Jos's he was never seen without it. ge lived on the hill above the village,

min her daughter-had lived there for 10 yests. The Hall was beautiful, but old with her daughter-inter liver that but old rest. The Hall was beautiful, but old many received no visitors, returned no many received no visitors, returned no books. During all of the June before mary received no visitors, returned no scattery. Visitors thought this curious. The villagers, prosperous business men-nus smart wives, shrugsred their shoul-stant wives, shrugsred their shoul-stant the man's house was his own. If sound that he could do without the sean the town could get along without

There was no mystery about the Hall, the little curiosity. Cars soing to the entry dub passed under the brick wall is italian garden. Their occupants estimes caught a glimpse of Elinor institut there, reading in a rose arbor, modering among her peonies and iris in the spring or cutting sprays of phicx in estimmer.

The men thought her rather lovely; the semen, old, with her blonde hair and solve open. The assistant rector of St. Indea, new come to the village, met her nee to face on one of his long country walks, a month or so before old Hilary's seath, and could not forget her. He led the conversation to her that sight at a dinner. "An exquisite face," he described her. "You sad, almost tragically sad."

"An exquisite face," he described her. "Dut sad, almost tragically sad." "Biond." The lady on his right was a Krs Bryant. In honor of the new assist-ant restor, who came of fine family and ma a distinct acquisition to the village, he wore the Bryant pear-shaped pearl. Se spoke rather curtly. "I should not all her exquisite—but you probably met liner Kingston. Her sadness is a pose, i believe; she has everything she wants." The assistant rector was young, but very wise. So he spoke no more of Elinor unif the women had left the table. Then he ventured again.

"Don't join the army of those of us who working from afar," advised the reath who had moved up beside him. "She's the lovellest thing in this part of "She's the lovellest thing in this part of the country. But, except our sainted retor, no one ever gets to put a foot on the place. It's exclusiveness to the nth power, and then some. There's a lot of talk of course, or used to be. Old King-sim brings his servants from New York, and encert an elderly housekeener.

is brings his servants from New York, and, except an elderly housekeeper, none of them speaks English. They used to sty around here that he was a refugee, but that's all rot. He's a stingy old stard, afraid some handsome youth like myself will captivate the girl. That's all there is to it."

there is to it." The assistant rector, whose name was ward, smiled perfunctorily. Instead of the gleaning table, spread with flowers and candles, with the gay colors of cor-fields and liqueurs, he was seeing a girl standing at the turn of a country road and earther down into the values and the dent. and gains down into the valley and the datant village with sombre eyes. Faith, hope and charity, and the great-

at of these is faith. Faith in ourselves, faith in those around us, and that sublim-st faith of all which trusts in Something Berend. To all men is given such faith at the beginning of life, and some keep it to the end. But here and there is one who has lost it, who cannot turn his eyes. pp and say "Lord, Lord." Old Hilary had not kept the faith.

Tears ago he had not been evil. He had gone from philosophy into unbellef, that route which all must travel. But, sulke the many, he had not come back. He had started with Socialism, but socialism must be founded on the Christ, and Him he scorned. So from Socialism he had drifted to anarchy. To rob the rich to give to the poor, at first. Later an to rob the rich, to incite seditions, to

Spanish-Hilary had spent much time in Central America helping the insurgents; it was he who financed the insurgents. As a matter of fact, the Agrarian af-It was he who financed the insurrection in northern Mexico-and wrote fluently the form of shorthand that her father had devised as a means of communication between the leaders of the band. A keen-eyed, wistful-mouthed slip of a girl, shut off in the sreat house on the hill above Woffingham: living her life of big the-ories and small duties, calioused to rob-bery and violent deeds, and viewing wist-fully from hor windows the little buildes fully from her windows the little children in the road below.

nual dinner.

ver them all.

old Hilary's sudden death Elinor had been

busy arranging figures, collecting data In the cryptic shorthand she knew. Then,

on the 1st of July, Hilary gave his an-

The band, from 12, was down to five

Boroday, the Russian, glancing around

the table, shrugged his shoulders. It was

the chance of the game they played,

and percentages would be larger. Nevertheless there was a weight of depression

picion.

more than the bank cared to have about, two hundred and ten thousand dollars was sent to the clearing house. Two clerks from the bank accompanied the messenger, who went by taxleab.

There are two direct routes to the clearing house; one along one of the great avonues, the other through the newspaper district. Here, at 10:55 in the morning, things are rather quiet, and except for vans delivering rolls of paper, there is little traffic.

leap, old Hitary Kingston was standing, kidgloved and wearing the gray derby hat he affected. As the taxicab hore down toward him he halted it. "Taxi!" he called. The taxicab slowed down. Old Hilary,

from there, and thrust revolvers through

Ellnor was at her father's right, sim-ply dressed. The dinners were always a trial to her. She was palpitatingly anx-ious that the papers before old Hilary bous that the papers before our rinkry be in order and accurate. They were her work. The deeper significance of the meeting she was not so much ignorant of as profoundly indifferent to. If her farther did a thing, it took on order, beame law.

There were present Talbot and Leth-There were present fallot and bette bridge, the Englishmen; Boroday, whose rescue from Siberia had made him old Hilary's henchman, and young Huff. Huff was the mechanician. He had been trained in the Bleriot works; aeroplanes to wireless, automobiles to automatic pla-tic here here them all makes all tols, he knew them all-all makes, all grades. If old Hilary was the brains, Huff was the hands of the band.

He sat beside Elinor, and watched her with worshiping eyes. Perhaps it was as well that old Hilary was intent on his food and on the business in hand. The routine of the annual dinner sel-dom varied. Five of them then, that last

dom varied. Five of them then, that as dinner around the table, in evening clothes, well set up, spare, three of them young, all temperate, honorable about women-as polished, as harmless in ap-pearance, as death-dealing, as the gleam-ing projectile of a 12-inch gun! First old Hilary went over the books.

It might have been the board meeting of some respectable bank. He stood at his end of the table, and the light from the

end of the table, and the light from the chandeller fell full on him. "I have to report, gentlemen," he would say, "a fairly successful year." This is where it differed from a bank. The association had had no bad years. "While our expenses have been heavy, returns the correspondingly so." And so have been correspondingly so." And so on, careful lines of figures, outlays and returns to the end. For old Hilary was ecretary and treasurer as well/as presi-

This time, when he had reached the end of what was to be his last report, he paused and cleared his throat.

paused and cleared his throat. "Unfortunately, that is not all, gen-tlemen. 'Nothing can we call our own but death.' And it is my sad duty to report this last year the loss of three of our number. A calamitous year, gentle-men."

men. He might have been a trustee, lamenting the loss of valued supporters to a hospital!

Afterward, in the library, with Elinor embroidering by the fire, they cashed in. They dealt only in cash. Securities were dangerous. Conce or twice Boroday had successfully negotiated with a fence in Paris, but always under old Hilary's

protest. The routine never varied. Elinor unlocked the door to a winding staircase, led to a basement room where the steel vault stood in its cement walls. The five went down, returning shortly with the cash boxes. The money was divided on the library table. It went by percentages. Hilary drew 20 that last year, each of the others 10-a total of 60 per cent. The 40 per cent. remaining was divided, or sent as whole, according to the sense of the meeting. Berlin got it all one year, for instance, to Boroday's disgust. Russia instance, to Boroday's disgust. Russia generally received a large proportion. The Chinese revolution, the defense of Berkhardt, who killed Ecker, the pork packer; a shipment of guns and ammu-nition to Centrol America-thus it went. Although they preferred only money, now and then the loot included jewels. By common consent, such gems, stripped of their actings, were put aside for By common consent, such gems, stripped of their wettings, were put aside for Elinor. They neant nothing to her. Had any one told her that for several years her share had been greater in actual value than all the money that had fallen to her father she would not have believed it. * * *

fair was calamitous in several ways. It bore too close a resemblance to a St. Louis matter of several years back, in which Boroday had come under sus-On a Tuesday morning, the cash being

mourning.

turbed. The taxicab went by this latter route. Opposite the Record office, where the presses stood, silent monsters waiting to

seeing it occupied, waved it off with his stick. But it had come to a full stop. There was an alleyway beside the Record Building, and now three men ran out

So Mr. Ward climbed the hill, and whistled. One may think while whistling. He thought of the cricket club, and of the garage.

The thought of the cricker club, and of the injustice of his arrest the day before for spreding his car. From that to old Hilary's French machine, and a wonder if it would be sold now-and so to Elinor. He was young and vigorous, and Elinor face had been but a temporary obsension. Nevertheless, as he approached the house his heart beat a little faster. Boroday met him in the hall. Old Hilary was upetairs by that time, lying in his great bed. All the doors and windows were

open, and sunshine filled the rooms. Ward thought it an unusually same house of

"I'm glad to see the sun," he said. "So many people close things up." "Miss Kingston wished things undis-

"I came up to tell her-but I suppose ahe doesn't care to see any one-the rec-tor is away on a holiday. I'll wire him, of course.

Boroday led the way into the library, where the rector had so recently received his check. He turned and eyed Ward.

"Why bring the rector back?" he asked. "It is a little late for-the com-forts of religion." "Mr. Kingston gave lavishly to the church. Whatever the church can do-" "I rather think," said Boroday politely.

"that he gave, not to the church, but to the poor.

"Nice room," he said. "But a jolly lot of good it does the old gentleman now! Nice little girl downstairs, too. I've sen that chap in the hall somewhere." The Coroner drew the sheet up over old be at the country club, and halfway around the links. The car, with its changed license plates, would be standing in the eminently respectable country club

The Coroner drew the sneet up availout Hilary's peaceful face. "The preacher? They all look alike. It's the vest and the collar." "The other man, with the accent. Ger-man, I take it. or-Russlan." Borodar was waiting for them at the foot of the staircase. In the library was a tray, with drinks and aandwiches. The chades had been lowered. Ward had rigen. He towered far above Elinor. Because of his heavy shoulders, he never looked his full height. Boroday, In the corridor, stole a moment from his anxieties to find the young clergyman every inch a man, and to throw him the grudging admiration of defeated middle-

age for youth and vibrant life. "Then I shall not send for the rector?" "Please, no."

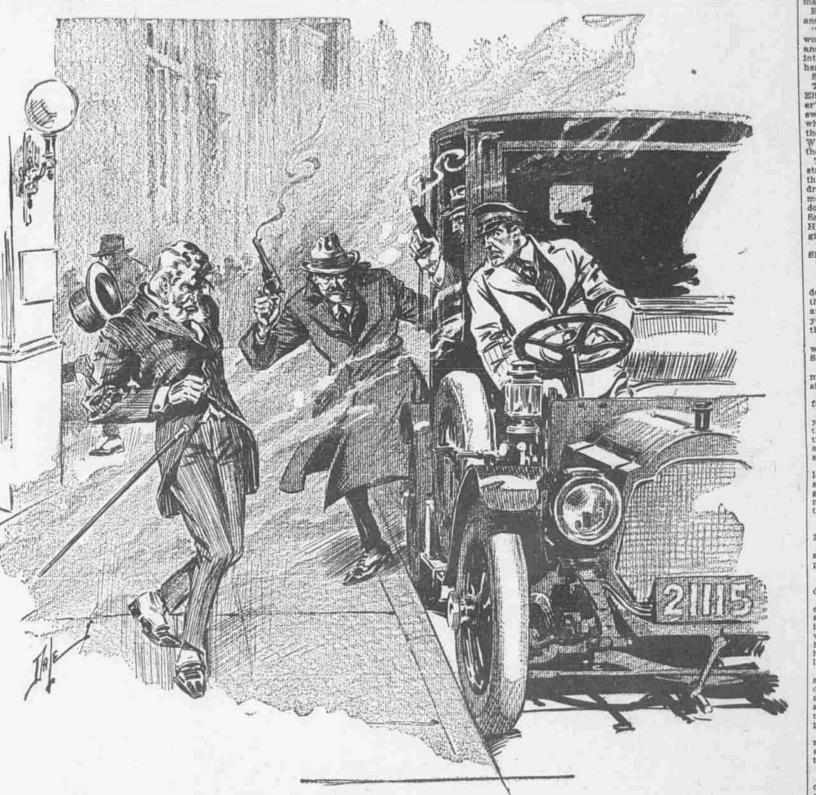
a tray, with drinks and sandwiches. The shades had been lowered. The Chief ate and drank. And as often as he raised his glass he looked at the Hussian over it. At last: "Haven't we met somewhere, Mr.----" "Boroday. I rather think not." "You remind me of some one--I'll place you, or the person you resemble, pretty soon. I have a slow mind. It's like an Airedale dog: it's a long time setting started, but when it begins it hangs on like the devil." "Is there anything at all that I can do?" Eliner looked out at the corridor, where

Boroday's restless eyes were once more on the roud, "Do the-the police know about this?"

"Surely. I suppose you have been told what happened." "They will tell me nothing."

There was a car coming up the hill. That would be it. Boroday eased his aching arm. He did not dare a swing, but the hand was thruat in the pocket of his coat. If only the hemorrhage did not start again! He braced himself and watched.

Sitting there at his ease, the Chief ran over the points of the outrage. "In several ways." he observed com-fortably, "the affair resembles one that 'It was a robbery, you know that," said There's the same quality of audacity-and there are other things." Quite suddenly a light came into his Ward, in the library. He picked his words carefully. "As I got the story, a taxicab on its way to the bank was held up near the Record office. Your father eyen.



the servents had withdrawn, ross and

"It seems to me." he began. "That was have a lot to dedide (onight. I've been thinking about it ever since-for some time. The first thing, of course, is whether we are going to hang together or pait

or not." Taibot had rather a weird sense of humor. He suggested that the word "hang" be changed to "ramain." "We've been doing well. We'll de all right again, too, as soon as this thing blows over. If was unlichy, but we've been pretty fortunate. Now we can do one of two things. For Elliner's sake I suggest the first." "And that is—" Ellinor's voice was un-steady. "Send Boroday to Paris to dispose of

steady. "Send Boroday to Paris to dispose of your jewels. Then get a conservative lawyer to invest the miney." "And after that?"

"And after that?" "Forget you ever knew any of us." Huff, across the table from her, went white, but said nothing. "Tou said there was an alternative?" Eliner was white, too. The room was prefoundly still. "To keep on as we are st present with

and now it is given to you. For flod's sake, child, go away now, while you may.

Elinor's reply, when it came, was un-

winor's reply, when it came, was un-answerable. "Where could I go? I know in all the world only you four, and old Henriette, and a governess of mine who has gone into a convent in France. I shall stay here with you all." So it was settled.

That was an eventful evening, with Elinor, misty-eyed, moving into her fath-er's chair at the table, and the band swearing the simple oath of allegiance which held them together. And when they had moved from the dining room, Walter Huff, following Ellnor out into the terrace, told her he loved her.

The starlight above, and those nearer stars that outlined the streets below, threw a soft radiance over her. She was dressed in white; old Hilary had disliked mourning garments. Elinor was looking down into the village. The great spire of Saint Jude's towered above the town. Huff, young and ardent, thrilled to the

She smiled up at him. "Not that surely. I was only thinking." "Of what?" "Oh, of different things-of the people

"Oh, of different things-of the people down there in their houses-their lives, the things they believe; we think they are narrow, but I wonder, after all, if you and I, who believe nons of those things, are not the narrow ones." Huff was not subtle. Possibly he would not have understood, had not the Saint Jude's chimes rung just then. "Symbols like that seem to mean so much to them," said Ellnor, and fell silent.

silent.

In the warm silence, Huff feit for and

In the waith alterno, statt due to the "All this time, when I couldn't see you," he said unsteadily, "I've been thinking, of you here alone, and in trouble. Sometimes I thought I couldn't

trouble. Sometimes I thought I couldn't stand it, that I'd have to come out and see you af only for five minutes." "I have always been more or iess lonely. Sometimes I think if I had been sent away to school, had known other girls, it would have been better. I hav, never had any friends-except you, and the others." the others.

Huff released her hand and faced her.

Hun released her hand and faced her. "I don't want to be your friend, Ellinor. I want to be much more." She was rather shocked at first. Sha stood, looking up at him, her lips slightly

parted "I? You-you want-"" "I love you. I want you to marry me,

dear.'

arm the rebellious-oh, it was comprehenave enough, vastly wicked with that must terrible lawlessness of all, that bileves itself law.

To pit his wits against the world and Wh-that had been old Hilary's creed. "For the oppressed" had been at first the soman of the band he gathered around "Against the oppressor" it became and on. Vasily different the two. Most whoman charity and kindliness lay sushed down and trampled underfoot during old Hilary's progress from Christ

The band had been gathered with much Respectability, order, decorummind. Most of them were younger sons of Exclusion landed families, with a sprinkling of other nationalities. Young Huff was an Austrian, for instance, the son of a wealthy sheep owner. Boroday the Rusthat destroyed the minister of war-was a maisman. Jid Hilary had got him out siberia during those early days when he righted what, to his crooked mind, were wrongs.

There were 12 in the band at the beginmag, and for five years there were no changes. Then came the kidnapping and Miding for ransom of Mackintosh, the backer, in Iowa, and the unexpected call-ing out of the State militia. The band sad hidden Mackintosh in a descreted mins and three of the band went down in the shooting that followed his discov-WZ. In the locating of Tiffany's walls With a shooting that followed his distor-sty. In the looting of Tiffany's vaults, which has never been published, a Franchman named Dupres was killed; and only recently a tire had burst after the case of the Goverling up of the car of the Gover ser of Delaware, and their car, overturn-ing, had crushed Jerrold, the mechanic of the band and old Hilary's chauffeur. The way and another, there were only the left. Talbot and Lethbridge, the arlishmen; Boroday, Huff and eld mary himself. And old Hilary's hour

as almost come. Gid Hilary lived well, as he might and foreign servants were artists. He made foreign servants were artists. He made good food, good wines, good books. He even had a few pictures-from the sailing galieries of Europe. He hung Dam in the house at Wolffingham, with a Conical smile.

infest place in the world," he said to

"Bafest place in the world," he said to be Hanristte, who protested. "The vil-sate has never even heard of them!" And so in this atmosphere with which a warounded filmself, of fine living and "near thinking, of athelam raised almost to religion, of no law and no Christ, old illary had brought up his daughter. He ad been proud of her in his way: abso-bility salfash, too. She had had no other minanion. He taught her his unbellef, weathing out the churchgoers, as they ting out the churchgoers, as the ers logether on Sunday mornings, as tree to a myth. Also, he taught her hats a lis, and to give alms. Early her life their drives together had been

situated with questions. But if my mother is dead, where is asked Elinar on one of them. H Hilary had eyed her from under

H Hilary had eyed her from under prove that were already gray. But ives in the memories of those a knew and loved her." But I never knew her. Then for me desarit live! But Mademoiselle..." whecked herself. Suspicion had been eling in old Hilary's eyes. Desth is the end," he said tersely, and ded Darwin and Haeckel to her. But he end of the drive he interviewed emoiselle, and sent her flying to her Beber, where, from under the carpet aber, where, from under the carpet with her bureau, she got her romary WEDL OVER IL

Suppl over 12 -four was 20 the year her father diad, sider giti, fund of flowers, rather a liner Wall educated, ico. Out Hilary amon to that fibe know Mulaid, uset, Bakunin; spoke French and and

Four days or so after the annual meet-

ing, the rector of Saint Jude's was always asked to dinner. And although the reverend gentleman would under normal cirumstances have been fishing in Canada, cumstances have been maning in Canada, he never went until this function was over. For old Hilary, detesting his creed, respected the man. A certain percentage, then, of old Hilary's share went over the library table, after the dinner, to the rec-

"Use it where it will do the most good."

"The church organ."" "Not a cent to the church organ. Buy "Not a cent to the church organ. Buy

"The church organ—"
"Not a cent to the church organ. Buy the youngy'ers a playground, or—build into an automobile up the street. The last check had been unusually generous. The rector, who had been musually it took courage.
"Mr. Kingston." he said. "the church needs men like you. Why be a Christian needs men like you. Why be a Christian the spirit and-avoid the letter?"
"Mr. Kingston." he said. "the church he save himself up. He was the shown to be a new i but sober and industrious, one of best drivers in the employ of the tax company. It was also shown that Hi Kingston warried the rector. He word "gambler" worried the rector. He hought over it on his way down the hill to the rectory. But his poor were hill was under surveillance for the days. " * *

Ellinor was in the library that sunny Elinor was in the library that sunny August day when they brought old Hilary to her. She had never seen death before, except on the streets of Mexico, and for a good many years he had been all she had-since her last governess, in fact, had been discovered secreting the rosary and had been word-scourged from the house in tears. She fainted, and wrinkled Henristic hald her on a couch. Boroday, the Russian, had brought the body home, and now he stood, looking down at Elinor and stroking his English-cut beard.

"Old Hilary, gray derby and all, went down where he stood"

the open windows of the cab. After that the open windows of the cap. After that it was hot work. Marshall of the bank went back with a bullet through his lung. The bank messenger fired point-blank, and missed his target; but old east of these.

least of these. Ward replied, and re-turned Boroday's gaze. Elinor had pulled herself together. By the one standard that had ruled her life she acted now-her father's wishes. Ward, brought face to face with her,

Ward, brought face to face with her, found her unapproachable, caim, almost cold. Found her very lovely, too, and let his ardent young eyes rest on her oftener than was wise. Her situation appealed to him. She seemed to be quite alone, save for the Russian with the beard. "If I can do anything." he said, "wire to your relatives—anything of that sort——" Bort-

"I have no relatives. My mother died when I was born. I-I have a curious feeling that everything in the world has stopped-as though I'd reached the end of thing-"

the reporters in the Record office wakened to the fact that there was a story under their windowa, the street was clear. Only old Hilary lay dead on the pavement, with a builet in his head. The chauffeur of the taxicab drove madly to the hospital with Marshall, who was dying, and then to police quarters, where he gave himself up. He was re-leased, of course. His name was Walter Huff. He was shown to be a new man, but sober and industrious, one of the best drivers in the employ of the taxicab company. It was also shown that Hilary of things." It seemed to Mr. Ward that he should offer some of the comfort of his faith to this shrinking, wide-eyed girl before him. Dut what? Rumors had come to him, of

"Death is only a tragedy when we think "Death is only a tragedy wind we take of it as an end and not us a beginning." he said "It is always sad. I hope you understand that I know how terrible all this is for you. But to have lived one's life, active and well and useful to the end, and then to depart, in the fulness of days, for new activities-somewhere

Elinor shivered in the warm su

I was, after all, the assistant rector of Saint Jude's who came up the hill that hot August day. The news of old Hilary's death had come down from the city on an early train. The rector was away on his deferred fishing trip, where, having exchanged his clerical collar for none at all and having bilstered the and of his acclesization, none ha was quite of his ecclesiastical nose he was quite The assistant, Mr. Ward, whistled as he

blank, and missed his target; but old Hilary, gray derby and all, went down where he stood. 20 feet away. The un-injured clerk had an automatic gun, and swept a circle with it over the bag which lay at his feet. There was no getting in-side that ring of death. The bandits re-treated, firing as they ran, and climbed into an automobile up the street. When the reporters in the Record offico wakened to the fact that there was a story under

best drivers in the employ of the taxtab company. It was also shown that Hilary Kingston had halled him: Huff explained his stopping. Mr. Kingston was a regu-lar patron; he had meant to tell him that in five minutes he would come back and pick bin up.

pick him up. Huff was under surveillance for three Huff was under was impeccable.

down at Ellinor and strowing his Angina.
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"Inasmuch as ye give unto one of the ast of these," Ward replied, and re-irned Boroday's gaze. In the second seco

from one of the bannit's gons. Boroday, eyes on the car, heard the statement, and, with the chief coming up the steps from the road to the garden, took the time to repudate it.

"Pardon!" he said. "It was not a weap-on in the hands of the handits. It was the revolver of the bank messenger. Ward turned in surprise. Boroday's eyes were fixed on Elinor's, with reas-surance in their depths. The assistant rector was not subtle, but he had a curious feeling of something behind all

"I trust." he said carnestly, "that these

"Possibly." The anarchist's gaze wan-dered to the garden, where even then the chief was making his way toward tha house. "Of course, these bandits are trained men of unusual intelligence. If the police ware of intelligence to cope with them..."

No other woman had ever so profoundly impressed him as this girl and, without hope in her grief, met it with a high head

Hilary Kingston, lavish giver to the par-ish poor, was to buried from St. Jude's. The Chief met Mr. Ward on the ter-race and took off his hat. Boroday, in the dim hall, felt a certain sense of con-tent. Nothing could have been more suspicious, could have set his stage better for his little drama, than the presence of the young clergerman. The whole going

"Ah!" he said, bending forward toward

Boroday. "I told you I'd get it. It was in St. Louis I saw you!" Their giances clashed, the Chief's in-

like the devil." The drinks were cold, and the house cool: The prospect of starting out in the heat and dust did not allure the two men.

"Never."

CHAPTER IV. JLINOR lived alone after the funeral. E Henriette, who had now a chance to practice her favorite vice of thrift, was for sending away the other servants. "I can manage," she said. "For all you

high good humor. "But I was careful. It's all right." "Gid Hilary's chair had been placed by Elinor's order. She had borne up well the last menth, was rather more density, certainly more appealing. The quality of wistfulness was more apparent than ever around her mouth. Huft, sitting arrows, hardly took his syss from her. He was bardly took his syss from her. He was bardly took his syss from her. He was unit one in his active, unscrupping life, but Elinor held him is the paim of her unal hand. "They missed old Hilary, his salorning humor, his bestling on them. They were growing reality. Buroday, advising care hus in view of what he mean foot ins inaffection smooth the younger mean. It was Leichtridge with, walting mith

dear." There was no doubt of the hoy's sin-cerity. It rang true. He stood with his arms out, and after a moment she went into them. Except for the father who was gone, this was the first love that had come into her life. She took it had come into her life. She took it

had come into her life. She took it hungrily. In the starlight she held up her lips like a child for his kiss. The police were still active. So in-sistent was Boroday on caution that all of September went by without so much as a plan of campaign. Talbot played golf and established friendly relations that might be invaluable later. Huf, under protest, retained the taxicab work. "Tt's a dog's life," he said. "They're not after me now. Give me something else to do, or else let me take a vaca-tion."

tion." But they kept him at work. Huff fell into the way of seeing Ellinor once or twice a week. Talbot took him out, ploking him up on the edge of town after dusk, on his way in his car to a dance or dinner at the country club, and taking him back the same way. And the boy's infatuation for Ellinor grew and thrived on those lats summer meetings. Her sweetness and elusiveness maddened him. Sometimes he thought her never so far from him as when she was in his arms.

"Do you love me?" he would demand

hoarsely "I think so. I know I want you to love

me" And he had to be content with this. On the evenings when she was alone Elinor est in her arbor and watched the road up the hill. Ward had called twice, and each time she had been out on the long rambles she took almost daily, After his second visit, she stayed in the house for days, expecting him. But he did not come sain.

for sending away the other servants.
"I can manage," she said. "For all you cat."
But Elinor grotested.
Tabuil wait to keep up the Saturday dinners. Let things stay as they are for days. expecting him. But his did not come again.
That he been old Hilary's custom to have a saturday.
That be one old Hilary's custom to have able dine with him of a Saturday.
Henristte raised her hands.
"That is better than having one man. Herristte."
That is better than having one man. Herristte.
The having the same one way is a state they remained that that an anternet. Herristte same at the other anter state of fact the police index on the case of the band. As a matter of fact the police index on the case of the band. As a matter of fact the same of the same one of the band. As a matter of fact the police index on the same index one man and the same of the band. As a matter of fact the police index one index on the same of the band. As a matter of fact the police index one index one index one i

"How much time will you give me The Chief offered 54 hours and listed and it. At the and of that time in

I guess I'll take whaf's crotting to the said. You can fix it and may you he said.

like."" It was a bistor disapproductment to Mo

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them-"Yes"" "They would not be on the force, at meager salaries and petty graft. They would be"--he shrugged his shoulders-"bandits themselves, very possibly." Ward left after that-left with an un-comfortable feeling of having got no-where. He was convinced of one thing-death, which for him was an open gate-way, was for this girl a closed and fas-tened door. And be knew something else. No other woman had ever so profoundly

Elinor shivered in the warm sunshine. "You see," she said drearily, "I do not helieve those things. I should like to just now." Then, almost defantly: "He was useful. You will never know the things he did that were helpful. But perhaps we would not agree on that, either." The Russian was walking up and down the hall, impassive, watchful. Under his stoical indifference, he was suffering tor-tures. A bullet from the automatic had gons through his left arm straing the bons. Luckly, the bullet was not in the wound. Henrietts had bathed and cleanaed it, but he was in agony. He was Hope in der grief, met it with a night nead and coursgeous eyes. He found a certain comfort in ene thing. Elinor had made a concession, and Hilary Kingston, lavish giver to the par-

wound. Henrietta and carned and cleanaed it, but he was in agony. He was suffering pain, bereavement, defeat. His face expressed only decorous and conven-tional regret. Now and then he glanced in at the li-

tent, the Russian's cool, amused. "The dog." said Boroday, "holds on well, but-to the wrong throat." "You have never been in St. Louis?" "Nour-"

Boroday' this. He was uncomfortable,

various outrages will be at an end now.