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CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

The light, glancing from the opaque hood, made the safe look stare, and was thrown back by her intense young face. Even so, she would have recognized the sharp silhouette cut by her little, sweet body against the glow, the points of her head, the carriage of her shoulders, the trim, businesslike round of her tailored coat.

She was all in black, even to her gloved hands—no trace of white or any color showing on her dress, not even the fair curve of her cheek below the mask and the red of her lips. And if that were not enough, the intelligence with which she attacked the combination and the confident, businesslike precision that distinguished her every action proved her an apt pupil in that business.

His thoughts were all with her in misery and confusion. He knew that this encounter meant, appreciate that it implied many things he would have thought questionable had not the strength of his intuition forbade him to consider them at all; but in the pain and anxiety that some trouble had entered but he delayed, striking from the necessity of discovering himself to her, it was mad clear that she had become sensitive to his presence.

And now as she passed with her light shoulders squared and her head bowed defiantly, challengingly, he knew she knew he was there. As if without will of his own, but drawn irresistibly by her gaze, he stepped out from hiding.

to protect, Lanyard thrust her forcibly through the window, closed them, shot the latch and stole like a ghost round the farther side of the desk, passing within a few feet of the screen.

The footsteps were muffled by a rug in the drawing room—the woman was walking slowly, heavily, like one weary and thoughtful.

Her eyes narrowed and the muscles of her square and almost masculine face twitched as she looked at the intruder up and down in silence.

Lanyard trembled visibly. The word boomed like the opening gun of an engagement. "Who my man?"—the shrill eyes averted to the closed door of the safe and quickly back again—"You don't seem to have accepted a great deal."

Lanyard gripped the edge of the desk, quaking, madame, he blurted out. "You're not a woman, are you? You're a man—don't have me arrested! Give me a chance! I haven't taken anything. Don't call the flics!"

"You've only to search me, madame," he said, with a grin. "Thank!" Madame's accents now discovered a trace of somewhat dry humor. "I'll leave that to you. Turn up your pockets on the desk there—when I'm finished, I'll stand no nonsense."

"Well—don't, just yet. Wait there till I call you." "Very good, madame." "I saw you're a complete attention to Lanyard."

"Now, monsieur of two minds, what is it you wish?" "What is to that?" the adventurer asked, nodding toward the reception hall.

"I'm afraid emergency reform would persuade you." "You do well to be so afraid." "But you cannot."

"What's the trouble, eh? Is it that already the cell door clangs loudly in your ears?" As the woman spoke Lanyard left his chair with a spring as little and sure and swift as an animal, that carried him like a shot across the two yards or so that separated them.

"Don't be alarmed," he said quietly. "I'm not going to do anything more violent than to put this out of commission for a few minutes."

"Four or five nights since." "Well—don't, just yet. Wait there till I call you." "Very good, madame."

"I'm afraid emergency reform would persuade you." "You do well to be so afraid." "But you cannot."

FRENCH WOMAN GOOD FARMER

Women Said to Have Great Success in Taking the Place of Men at the Front.

The London Times gives a report of the inquiry made by the British delegation of women regarding the situation by French women in agriculture.

HELP THE BOYS TO SUCCEED

Few Things a Man Can Do Are More Worthy or Will Give Him Greater Pleasure.

Did it Ever Happen to You? If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles toward the door.

Asking Too Much for it. "Do you advocate peace at any price?" Dulwate asked.

People who don't know about food should never be allowed to feed persons with weak stomachs.

There I stayed," she says, "three months, with my stomach in such condition that I could take only a few teaspoons of milk or butter a day."