

These opened from celling to floor | without rattling the brass the s and should by right have presented to his vision a blank expanse of dark glass. But, oddly enough, even while thinking of his lawyer's warning, he had fancied. . . "Ah!" said Maitland, softly.

A disk of white light, perhaps a foot or 18 inches in diameter, had flitted swiftly across the glass and vanished.

"Ah, ah! The devil, the devif!" murmured the young man, unconsciously. The light appeared again, dancing

athwart the inner wall of the room. and was lost as abruptly as before. On impulse Maitland buttoned his topcoat across his chest, turning up the collar to hide his linen, darted stealthily a yard or two to one side, and with one noiseless bound reached the floor of the veranda. A breath later he stood by the front door, where, at first glance, he discovered the means of entrance used by the midnight marauder; the doors stood ajar, a black interval showing between them,

tiously Maitland put a hand upon the knob and pushed.

A charp, penetrating squeak brought him to an abrupt standstill, heart hammering shamefully again. Gathering back toward the library windows, and reconnoitering cautiously determined the fact that the bolts had just been withdrawn on the inside of one window frame, which was swinging wide. ently, leaving at that moment. On the contrary, having made all things ready

was clearly indicated by the motion of the light within. The clink of steel

So that, then, was the way! Cau-

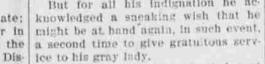
"It's a wise crook that provides his own gu'ck exit," considered Maitland. The sagacious one was not, appar-

for a burried flight upon the first alarm, the introder turned back, as

without surprise and some disdain of Maitland nodded. Bannerman was in-

Though he hated the smell with all raised his head, sniffing the air for himself to spring, if meed be, he crept "Trak leaked," he commented with

breakdown before she gets home." And, "Serve her right, too!" he



Analyzing this frame of mind (not iouching steel became audible; and



which the curtain depended had a Maitland was in the passage m on the alert, recognizing from the tinued click of metal that his said ist-to-be was still at his different Inch by inch-there was the tag Very gently the householder pake

An insidious aroma of scorehing nish (the dark lantern) penetrated passage while he stood on its n old, feeling for the electric switch. Unhappily he missed the the first cast, and-heard from a a quick, deep hiss of breath thing had put the burglar on sare Another instant wasted a would be too late. The young had to chance it. And he did win further hesitation stepping bold the danger zone, at the same making one final, desperate pass at spot where the switch should been-and missing it. On the l there came a click of a different ber from those that had press A revolver had been cocked where there in the blank darkage Maitland knew enough not to a In another respect the warning of too late; his fingers had found switch at last, and automatically

The glare was blinding mone

turned It.

y; but the flash and report for at Maitland waited did not come his eyes had adjusted themselv the auddenly altered condition saw, directly before him and some feet distant, a woman's slight for dark cloaked, resolute upon in feet, head framed in veiling tear effectually disguised in a motor whose round, staring gogies a blankly in the warm white light On her part, she seemed to m nize him instantaneously. On the It may as well be admined Maitland's wits were gone was ering, temporarily at least; a sar mind not unpardonable when a taken into consideration that he