

to him; there was anxiety, horror, love in the voice he heard; Harriet's perplexity was great as his own.

"Is that you, Miss Davis?" he inquired.

"Yes; yes," the girl repeated. "Where is — Hugh, Mr. Santoine?"

"You do not understand," the voice of a young man — anxious and strained now, but of pleasing timber — broke in on them.

"I'm afraid I don't," Santoine said quietly.

"She is Hugh's sister, Mr. Santoine — she is Edith Overton."

"Edith Overton? And who are you?"

"You do not know me. My name is Lawrence Hillward."

Santoine asked nothing more for the moment. His daughter had left his side. He stood an instant listening to the confusion of question and answer in the hall; then he opened the door into the library and held it for the police chief to enter.