

THE PITFALL

and whiter in the falling light, so Elsa's face grew pale and paler in the dusk.

Once she looked across at Mary, and a faint smile, tremulous, wistful, stole across her lips. Tears shone in her eyes. "Is there any help anywhere?" the sweet troubled eyes seemed to say. But apparently they found none, for they wandered away again to the great buildings of Westminster, rising up within a stone's throw, over the black arch of Westminster bridge.

The steamer slowed and stopped once more against the Speaker's Stairs.

The Lestranges put Elsa into a hansom before they hurried away in another themselves. All the guests were in a fever to depart, for there was barely time to dress for dinner—and they disappeared as if by magic. Mary, whose victoria was a moment late, followed hard on the rest. As she was delayed in the traffic she saw the hansom in front of her turn slowly round. She saw Elsa's face inside as it turned. Then the hansom went gayly jingling its bell over Westminster bridge, and was lost in the crowd.