

"Heavens, Geoffrey! How do you do that?" gasped the astonished Claude.

"Never mind. Friday night I'll scout around Miss Chatterton's neighborhood in my runabout, about the time you're leaving. It's altogether likely they know your habit; and then if I spot any suspicious looking car I'll go and wait at the brow of the incline. By the way do you remember ever having seen a car like this one before?" and Dr. Lloyd sprang the blinds and replaced the apparatus he held in his hand in his cabinet.

"I have," replied Claude, "and I have been trying to locate it, but can't seem to recall it altogether," reflectively.

One o'clock, Friday night.

"You're a little late, Claude," whispered Dr. Lloyd, as the lover passed the runabout alongside the curb near the entrance to the subway. "They must be nearly there. I saw them take down a side street towards the park as I motored past just as you were leaving the house. Step a little livelier," and the doctor who had extinguished his lights, waited a couple of minutes, then cranked up, jumped in, took a firm grip and started for the subway at top speed. He was just in time.

As he entered the subway he saw the white car appear from the driveway. The weird form had arisen. The hand had been pointed. The deep bass voice had spoken—"Go there no more!"—when a terrible scream rent the air. The white figure swayed and fell in a heap. Claude sprang for the car. The man with the bass voice, which Claude had overlooked before, scrambled from the body of the car, over the back of the front seat, into the chauffeur's place, pressed for high speed; got it; spurted.

Claude missed, but caught a rapid glimpse of Dr. Lloyd as he flew past in hot pursuit.

It was the face of a red devil driving the runabout at mile-a-minute speed. Fire darted from Dr. Lloyd's pupils. Bright red, semi-circular *tâches* blazed under each eye. Red light poured from each nostril. The mouth was a scarlet slit. On each side of the nose, a flash of light. The entire lower face was red with fire; the face, runabout, and all racing like Fury possessed.

Dr. Lloyd drew out alongside the big white touring car as they cleared the subway, prepared to give stern chase, but the unexpected happened.

The white car came to a standstill just beyond the brow of that incline.

Whether the driver had stopped on purpose or something had gone wrong with the car, Dr. Lloyd didn't trouble to ascertain.