

wanted to hold you in custody ? ” asked the officer, with a smile, and then he suddenly became grave, while his hand dropped with a warning touch on Elgar’s arm, as he said in a lower tone, “ If I were you, I would not say much about that attempt on your store. We will have a look round, and see if we can find any one who has been wounded in the face. It ought to be fairly easy, too, for it is the sort of hurt rather difficult to hide, only the less said the better, you understand ? ”

“ Yes, sir, I understand,” answered Elgar, in a solemn tone, though it was about all that he could do to keep from winking in the official face, just to show how very thoroughly he did understand.

Once outside the door of the barracks, he bolted like a rabbit straight along the dark road, which led from North Bank to the other side of the city. He went at such a rate that any one might well have thought that he was running away from justice, showing the police a clean pair of heels, in fact.

There was some one lingering in the shadows just beyond the brightly lighted door of the office, who had meant to intercept him when he came out, but he ran so fast that the watcher was left hopelessly in the rear, and although he panted along after the flying figure for some distance, finally gave up the unequal pursuit because it was plain that he had no chance at all of catching up with the fleet-footed runner.

On and on went Elgar, more intent on getting home soon than on the way he took to get there, and so in consequence in his hurry he took the wrong turning, which leading past a brightly lighted place of entertainment took him into a network of building lots beyond. He had not gone very far before he realised