

With a slow grin of dawning understanding Richard Malabar went.

II

The stars looked down upon that shadowy figure which paced to and fro in the twilight, hands behind his back, head bent in thought. The stars twinkled down upon him.

Eleven keys and a little black book, small enough to go inside a cigarette case!—a legacy of Fate! What did the Future hold in store for him? What revelations would the Past would those keys unlock? Through what Gates of Hazard would the way of duty lie? A path of what shadowed Paths of Mystery must he retrace in the footsteps of Alceste?

Alceste was dead—and buried! True enough, so long as deeds of crime were involved—so far as the people were concerned. True enough, perhaps, as Kent had said that Alceste had confined his activities to the sphere of crime of theft—that the very name under which he had operated was taken from Molière's *Misanthrope*—Alceste, an enemy of social hypocrisies! True perhaps, that Richard Malabar was no more responsible than one insane. Nevertheless, was he not called upon to make what restitution he could? Would he find any peace of mind—any rest for himself in life—unless he had followed backward, step by step, along this Thread of Ariadne which had been placed in his hand—unless he had recovered from the underworld and restored as much as possible of the loo' which Alceste had helped him to steal?

No, Alceste must reappear in the haunts that he had known him; but it would be in a new rôle—in the guise of a lone bloodhound, hunting down his quarry and