father had forgotten her presence;

"That is all dear," he said quietly. "That is all dear," he said quietly. She got up and left him, and went to her own rooms; she did not pretend to herself that she could rest. She bathed and dressed and went down bathed and dressed and went downstairs. The library had windows fac-ing to the west; she went in there and stood looking out. Somewhere to the west was Eaton, alone, wounded; she knew she need not think of him yet as actively hunted, only watched; with daylight the hunt would begin. Would he be able to avoid the watchers and escape before the actual hunt for him began?

for him began? She went out into the hall to the 'elephone. She could not get the use of the 'phone at once; the steward was posted there; the calls upon the 'phone were continual—from neigh-bours who, awakened to learn the news of Blatchford's death and the hunt for his murderer, called to offer what help they could, and from the newspapers, which somehow had been notified. The telephones in the bed-rooms all were on this wire. There rooms all were on this wire. There was a private telephone in the library; There somehow she could not bring herself to enter that room, closed and to be teft with everything in its disorder un-til the arrival of the police. The only other telephone was in her father's hedroom bedroom.

She took advantage of a momentary interruption in the calls to call up the local police station. Hearing her the local police station. Hearing her name, the man at the other end be-came deferential at once; he told her what was being done, confirming what she already knew; the roads were be-ing watched, and men had been post-ed at all near-by railway stations and at the stopping points of the inter-urban line to prevent Eaton from escaping that way. The man spoke only of Eaton; he showed the con-viction—gathered, she felt sure, by relephone conversation with Donald Avery—that Eaton was the murderer. "He ain't likely to get away, Miss

"He ain't likely to get away, Miss Santoine," he assured her. "He's got no shoes, I understand, and he has one or maybe two shots through him."

She shrunk back and nearly drop-ped the 'phone at the vision which his words called up; yet there was nothing new to her in that vision—it was continually before her eyes; it was the only thing of which she could think

OU'LL call me as soon as you know anything more," she re-quested; "will you call me

every hour?" She hung up, on receiving assur-ance of this.

A servant brought a written paper. She took it before she recognized that it was not for her but for the stew-ard. It was a short statement of the ard. It was a short statement of the obvious physical circumstances of the murder, evidently dictated by her tather and intended for the news-papers. She gave it to Fairley, who began reading it over the telephone to the newspapers. She wandered again to the west windows. She was not consciously listening to the tele-phone conversation in the hall; yet enough reached her to make her know that reporters were rushing from the enough reached her to make her know that reporters were rushing from the city by train and automobile. The last city editions of the morning papers would have at least the fact of the murder; there would be later extras; the afternoon papers would have it all. There was a long list of relatives and friends to whom it was due that telegraphic announcement of Wallace Blatchford's death reached them before they read it as a sensa-tion publicly printed. Recollection of 'hese people at least gave her some-thing to do. thing to do.

She went up to her own room, listed the names and prepared the telegrams for them; she came down again and cave the telegrams to Fairley to transmit by telephone. As she de-scended the stairs the great clock in the lower hall struck once; it was a quarter past three.

(To be Continued.)

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