

clue," as he turned the sheets over and began reading them rapidly.

Claude Bernard waited and watched with feelings bordering on curiosity and contempt. He had entered into the spirit of thought-writing, which had calmed and soothed his excited psyche, for he could now sit up and think.

"Margery!" cried out Dr. Lloyd. "I have it!" as he read the notes and found "Margery Chatterton" running into and getting mixed up with "Margery Hamilton," Eleanor's sister. But he did not wait for Claude to reply. "Margery Hamilton is the spectre you saw last night and mistook for Eleanor. Depend upon it, Claude, my boy, Margery Hamilton is in love with you, herself, and has heard about your attentions to Margery Chatterton; and if I remember her rightly she is harum-scarum enough to pass a joke like this over on you—and pretty, she was as pretty as Eleanor, and very much like her."

Claude Bernard gaped. In an instant he recovered himself.

"It's preposterous, Doc—Geoffrey. She's three or four hundred miles from here, and she couldn't run an automobile any way—and at that time of night or morning. It's absurd," gazing intently into the oval, smooth, light-complexioned face of the young medical man.

"Yes, she is here—right in this city now. I saw her when I was out," responded Dr. Lloyd as emotionally.

Claude Bernard blew a long, low, calculating whistle.

He had corresponded with Margery Hamilton at his old home town for a year after Eleanor's death, but had not seen or heard of her for at least a year and a half.

"When do you call again upon Miss Chatterton, Claude, may I ask?" eagerly questioned his friend.

"I go thrice a week—Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evenings. We're engaged."

"Congratulations—warmest congratulations, old man. And you *will* go on Friday—this is Wednesday."

"Assuredly, now. I think I can see through this muddle. I must have been watched. Anyone could easily slip around through the park and run into the subway by the time I reached it."

"Shall we give them a scare—there must be two—one secreted in the body of the car?" asked Dr. Lloyd. "See," he went on, reaching up to the window blind and drawing it and the inside green one, rendering the room completely dark, "that would scare most any one in the semi-darkness of the subway."