

He ran on. Millman! Something within him rebelled at that. But Teresa was perhaps—was—— No, he would not let his mind even frame the word. Only one thing was paramount now—she must have help at once. Well, God knew, he could *trust* Millman! Only there seemed some strange irony here that chastened him. And yet—— Yes, this was strange, too! Suddenly he became strangely content that it should be Millman.

He reached the street, and looked up and down. It was four o'clock in the morning, and the street was dark and deserted except for a single lighted window that shone out half-way down the block. He ran toward it. It proved to be an all-night restaurant, and he entered it, and asked for the telephone, and shut himself up in the booth.

A moment more and he had the St. Lucian Hotel on the wire.

"Give me Mr. Millman—Mr. Charles Millman," he requested hurriedly.

The hotel operator answered him. It was impossible. A guest could not be disturbed at that hour. It was against the rules, and——

Dave Henderson was pleading hoarsely into the phone.

"Give me Millman! Let me speak to him! It's life and death!"

"I—I can't." The operator's voice, a girl's, was hesitant, less assured.

"For God's sake, give me Millman—there's a life at stake!" Dave Henderson cried frantically. "Quick! For God's sake, quick!"

"Wait!" she said.

It seemed a time interminable, and then a drowsy voice called: