

THE CALL OF HONOUR

"Well?" questioned Jack, when the silence had been considerably prolonged—too long for his patience.

"It seems in parts like shorthand."

"Wrong," jerked in Hansard.

"It looks most like madness. But it might be sense if a fellow knew who did it."

"And a fellow *does* know! I know!" exclaimed Jack triumphantly, to which Geoff could only exclaim in wonder, "You!"

"Yes, I!" returned the elder boy.

For a few minutes Geoffrey was too surprised to say more. Gradually, however, a smile came over his face, and he remarked chaffingly:

"Birds of a feather know one another's signs." Then he shook his head gravely. "Poor chap! How long have you been able to read the signs that a madman makes?"

But Jack did not return the banter, as was his custom.

"I was a patrol leader in the Boy Scouts of Falmouth. You remember that?"

"And retired with a medal for life-saving. Yes, I know all about that," returned Geoff. "But what of it?"

"These signs were made by a Boy Scout of Falmouth," was the answer, given with convincing firmness.

It was Geoffrey's turn now to make use of the "Well, I never!" to which his friend rejoined: