

THE SECRET OF THE SAFE

parted, and her blue eyes were wide open, the pupils much dilated. No need to feel pulse or heart; to the most casual observer it was apparent that she was dead.

His beautiful young wife! Edmund Trevor groaned aloud and buried his face in his hands. Clark watched him for a moment in unhappy silence; then moved quietly over to the window and looked out with unseeing eyes into the garden.

The large mottled brick- and stone-trimmed house was situated on one of Washington's most fashionable corners, Massachusetts Avenue and Dupont Circle. On being appointed Attorney General, Trevor had taken it on a long lease. He had selected it from the many offered because it was very deep on the 20th Street side, thus allowing the drawing-room, library, and dining-room to open out of each other.

On the right of the large entrance hall was a small reception room, and back of it the big octagonal-shaped room, with its long French windows opening into the enclosed garden, that