

THE TREVOR CASE

see us in the Home Office talking to the clerk in charge of special licenses. We were waiting there for Sam Peters. You remember him, don't you?" Dick nodded. "Sam was to be married at noon. He knew no one in London, nor did his American bride-elect, except Hélène and myself. He asked me to be his best man, and Hélène to act as a witness. He had to procure his special license, so we agreed to meet him at the Home Office and go with him to the church. Sam will verify what I am telling you, if you care to ask him."

"No, no, Don, I'll take your word for it," said Dick, hastily.

"Beatrice has just told you of our marriage," continued Gordon. "I never knew until your theater party, Dick, which you gave on the night of my arrival here, that Beatrice's stepmother and Hélène de Beaupré were one and the same person. Beatrice always spoke of her as 'Mrs. Trevor.' Mrs. Trevor greeted me that night as a stranger, and of course I took my cue from her. In the days that followed she must have seen how deeply and pas-

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