

side her, she slammed the door, and locked it—and slid limply to the floor.

When she regained consciousness she was lying on the cot. It seemed very still, very quiet in the garret. She opened her eyes. It—it must be all right, for that was the Sparrow standing there watching her, and shifting nervously from foot to foot, wasn't it? He couldn't be there, otherwise. She held out her hand.

"Marty," she said, and smiled with trembling lips, "we—we owe you a great deal."

The Sparrow gulped.

"Gee, you're all right again! They said it wasn't nothin', but you had me scared worse'n down at the iron plant when I had to do the rough act with that gent friend of yours to stop him from crawlin' after you and fightin' it out, and queerin' the whole works. You don't owe me nothin', Miss Gray; and, besides, I'm gettin' a lot more than is comin' to me, 'cause that same gent friend of yours there says I'm goin' to horn in on the rewards, and I guess that's goin' some, for they got the whole outfit from Danglar down, and the stuff up in the ceiling there, too."

She turned her head. The Adventurer was coming toward the cot.

"Better?" he called cheerily.

"Yes," she said. "Quite! Only I—I'd like to get away from here, from this—this horrible place at once, and back to—to my flat if they'll let me. Are—are they all gone?"

The Adventurer's gray eyes lighted with a whimsical smile.

"Nearly all!" he said softly. "And—er—Sparrow, suppose *you* go and find a taxi!"

"Me? Sure! Of course! Sure!" said the Sparrow hurriedly, and retreated through the door.