

announcement. He knew she was trying to smother her mirth, but it finally broke all bounds. A very musical laugh it was, very pleasant to hear.

"Oh, please forgive me," she gasped finally. "It is very rude of me, I know; but—you said you were the Honorable Milt's nephew—" Again she laughed in spite of herself.

"You know my uncle?" he asked eagerly.

"I read the papers," she said evasively. "Everybody knows a public man."

"I'm laying the cards face up, madam," repeated Kendrick solemnly. "My name is Kendrick—Philip Kendrick. I was on my way home when you—well, shanghaied me. Won't you meet me half way by equal frankness, so that we may avoid—well, any unpleasantness?"

"You mean—?" She had stopped laughing.

"That unless you answer legitimate questions I shall be forced to hand you over to the police."

"I warn you that you would regret it," she said quietly.

"Very much," agreed Kendrick readily. "I would be sorry to cause you any inconvenience; but surely you see how impossible it is for me to avoid being inquisitive under the circumstances. Are you going to be frank with me or not?"

She did not answer him immediately and he smiled to himself as he paddled in silence. For, if the truth must be told, Mr. Philip Kendrick was enjoying himself immensely. He had only