

CHAPTER II

THE SECRET OF THE SAFE

HELP! Murder! Murder!"

The sinister cry rang through the house.

Seated at the breakfast table, his daughter opposite him, the daily papers at his elbow, the Attorney General, hardly realizing the tragical interruption, sprang from his chair as the cry came nearer and the door burst open admitting his confidential secretary.

"In God's name, Clark, what is the matter?" he demanded, seizing the distraught man.

"Father, Father, give him time, he is dreadfully upset," begged Beatrice, coming around the breakfast table and laying a restraining hand on his arm.

Wilkins, the impassive butler, for once shaken out of his calm, hastened to assist his master in helping Alfred Clark to a chair, and

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