

looking at things as they ought to be looked at, Mrs Brown's girl has saved me from making a damned fool of myself! Now to work: that's my proper stunt."

He threw some sheets of foolscap on the table, took out his pen, and sat down to his work. For about five minutes he stared at the foolscap, but the pen never made a movement. Then abruptly he jumped up and exclaimed—

"Dash it, I must!"

Snatching up an envelope, he thrust it in his pocket, and a moment later was out of the house.

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Miss Holland and her escort were about fifty yards from Mrs Brown's house when the girl started and looked back.

"There's some one crying on you!" she exclaimed.

Eileen stopped and peered back into the night. It had clouded over and was very dark. Very vaguely something seemed to loom up in the path behind them.