

surely his uncle would have told him. Well, there was no use in getting himself all worked up over nothing.

He began to whistle softly as he rummaged among his ties. Then his thoughts switched to the girl with whom he had talked in the fog. If he had only known then what he knew now! She had been spying upon the Waring residence, upon this secret meeting with the Honorable Milton. That much seemed certain. But why was she interested in what had transpired? Who was she? And what had transpired? It was lack of this information which made it difficult to analyze the situation intelligently.

Had he done right in withholding from his uncle the fact of his unusual encounter with this girl? He imagined the laugh with which the Honorable Milton would be likely to greet relation of the incident. If it were true that there was no use in sending a boy on a man's errand, what about a woman on a spying expedition in a thick fog at two o'clock in the morning? Perhaps her story of the party at a friend's house was true, after all. Perhaps she and this "Joe" were a pair of sneak thieves——!

But he *knew* she wasn't, just as he knew that she was a girl of education and refinement. A tantalizing thing to meet a disembodied voice like that, a low laugh, a mystery! The lady might have a face like a dried prune! (Only he *knew* that she hadn't!) Voices were not to be relied