

thing until the police come," he replied—and slowly led her from the room.

As he did so, steps crossed the piazza and the entrance bell rang.

"They must not enter, Montague!" Stephanie exclaimed—"they must not enter!"—She sank on a chair.—"Go—tell Tompkins I am not at home to anyone!"

He met the butler at the rear of the hall.

"Mrs. Lorraine is not at home—whoever it is must be sent away," he directed.

"Yes, Mr. Pendleton!" the man bowed.

Passing the doorway to the living-room, Tompkins glanced in—and straightway his immobility of countenance vanished. He stopped, staring—terror and amazement blended on his face.

"The door, sir, the door!" said Pendleton sharply.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir!" the butler answered—and sprang to obey.

"Is Mr. Pendleton here?" came Cameron's voice.

"No, sir; Mr.——" Tompkins began—when Pendleton cut him short.

"Come in, Cameron," said he, "you're just the man I want."

"Lorraine didn't keep his appointment with me," explained Cameron, as he entered. "And——"

"Lorraine is here!" Pendleton answered, drawing the other over to the living-room door.

"Good God!" was Cameron's amazed cry.—