

thank heaven that it ended no worse. Mr. Gilbert, I haven't told you yet how I feel about the whole affair. That'll come later. I'd like to propose the health of Mr. Aubrey Gilbert, who is certainly the hero of this film!"

They drank the toast with cheers, and Aubrey blushed becomingly.

"Oh, I forgot something!" cried Titania. "When I went shopping this afternoon I stopped in at Brentano's, and was lucky enough to find just what I wanted. It's for Mr. Gilbert, as a souvenir of the Haunted Bookshop."

She ran to the sideboard and brought back a parcel.

Aubrey opened it with delighted agitation. It was a copy of Carlyle's *Cromwell*. He tried to stammer his thanks, but what he saw—or thought he saw—in Titania's sparkling face—unmanned him.

"The same edition!" said Roger. "Now let's see what those mystic page numbers are! Gilbert, have you got your memorandum?"

Aubrey took out his notebook. "Here we are," he said. "This is what Weintraub wrote in the back of the cover."

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Roger glanced at the notation.

"That ought to be easy," he said. "You see