

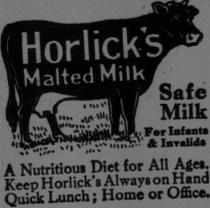
THE RIDDLE OF THE SPINNING WHEEL

Being An Exploit in the Career of Hamilton Cleek, Detective

By MARY E. AND THOMAS W. HANSHAW

(Continued from Yesterday) At the top of the steps she paused and looked back at him over the curve of her shoulder, making a wry face. "You still want to go?" she asked stingly. "I'm a brave woman, Mr. Cleek, but I wouldn't undertake this journey alone for anything! There's rats!"

glass, in fact, and resolved itself into a cracked tumbler beside which stood a siphon of soda and an empty bottle smiling strongly of whiskey. "What a nice little place for a quiet retreat and a smoke—don't think!" he apostrophized it. "With rats in the corners and ghosts all round—brh! He's a strange fellow who likes this sort of company, I must say. But there's nothing to be nosed out here in this pleasant little den. I'll just take a glimpse through the next one, and then get back to Miss Duggan, or she'll be getting the creeps and run."



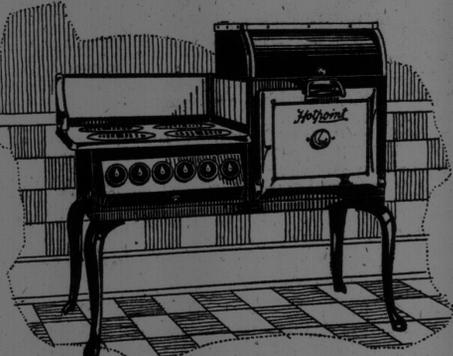
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she ran to him and caught him suddenly by the arm. "Ross, dear, you mustn't be so hasty! You must stay here, entreated, squeezing his arm in her two hands as he looked down at her with his set, angry face. "You know Father, dear. He'll wish in half an hour, he'd bitten his tongue out sooner than spoken to you like that. You know he will. You're his first-born and his favorite—as you have always been. Try and see this thing clearly. Don't act in a hurry, dear. Just wait—wait until this evening, for my sake if not for your own. Don't leave me here to stick the thing out by myself. It isn't fair to me."

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brain, and with some of the moody depression shaken from him. He spent the rest of the afternoon and early evening reading and thinking by the open window of his room, looking out now and then at the whole massive structure of Aygon Castle, with its great gateway, above which Rhea Macdugan stood everlasting guard. "Gad! anything might happen there—say as I nabbed a roll from the kitchen table when the cook wasn't looking, and there was a cold sossidge fairly talking' ter me from the plate in the larder. And so, as there weren't no one around, I just whistled to 'im, and he 'opped off his platter quite tame-like. But for anything else..."



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CHAPTER VII

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