

## A FACE AFIRE

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By A. C. E.

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Early in the morning, for it lacked a few minutes of one o'clock, Claude Bernard, who had been spending the evening at the suburban home of a very estimable young lady, was hurriedly returning to his lodgings. For the past three or four months he had been paying marked attention to Miss Margery Chatterton.

His route lay through the subway, the specific condition for annexation of the suburb to the city proper a few years ago. The streets were well lighted; the subway, dimly.

Proceeding along the concrete walk against the south wall of stone, with rapid strides, unmindful of the dark shadows of the regularly placed centre abutments and the total absence of other pedestrians, he was whistling a lively tune, thus bolstering his spirits. The place was damp, lonely, depressed and depressing, not a night car in sight, nor even the rumble of an approaching train overhead.

He had just reached the corner of a driveway entering the passage at an acute angle, much used by pleasure-seekers returning from the suburban lakeside park, and situated about one-quarter of the distance through the tunnel when, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky, before his astonished vision, out into the passage way rolled a big white touring car. For an instant it hesitated, the big wheels just revolving. From the chauffeur's seat arose a thin diaphanous figure, turned toward him, raised a small white-gauntleted hand, and pointing past him in the direction from which he had come, commanded in a deep bass voice: "Go there no more!"

Then with a bound it sped on its way; and almost before the astounded and perturbed young man could recover his mental equipoise, it had disappeared out of the subway, speeding city-wards.

Claude Bernard had a dim recollection of a stone wall supporting his back; of a hazily-defined idea of retracing his steps and waiting on the brow of the suburban incline for the night car; of eventually stumbling along through the subway, furtively scanning the shadows of each stone abutment as he passed them by; of reaching the well-lighted street; and then of partially re-