

THE TREVOR CASE

"My *dear* Dick! Your theory might answer if any other woman was in question; but Mrs. Trevor—*she* wouldn't have troubled herself if there had been a cloud-burst in the office. She was simply a human mollusk. And as for—" Mrs. Macallister's feelings were beyond expression.

"I say, aren't you a little hard on her? I don't know when I've seen a more beautiful woman, and one so popular—"

"With men," supplemented Mrs. Macallister, dryly.

Dick laughed outright. "Anyway," he said, "the police have found that the burglar entered the house by the window on the stair landing, which looks out on the roof of the butler's pantry. It is an easy climb for an active man. All the windows on the first floor are heavily barred. They found one of the small panes of glass had been cut out, and the window unfastened, although closed. I'm afraid our friend, the burglar, will have a hard time proving his innocence."

"It is terrible, terrible," groaned Peggy,

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