

THE TREVOR CASE

He could hear his own breathing in the heavy silence, as he pushed to the door, and then flashed the light of his electric torch on his surroundings. The room, save for the massive office furniture, was empty. Satisfied on that point, the intruder wasted no time, but with noiseless tread and cat-like quickness, he darted across the room to the door of what was apparently a closet. It was not locked, and as it swung back at his touch the front of a large safe was revealed.

Placing his light where it would do the most good, the intruder tried the lock of the safe. Backwards and forwards the wards fell under the skillful fingers of the cracksman. His keen ear, attuned to the work, at last solved the combination. With a sigh of relief he stopped to mop his perspiring face and readjust his mask.

"Lucky for me," he muttered, "the safe's an old-fashioned one. As it is, it's taken three quarters of an hour, and time's precious."

The big door moved noiselessly back on its oiled hinges, and the intruder, catching up his electric torch, turned its rays full on the in-

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