

THE MIND-READER

had laid out for him, a speck on the sleeve of his coat caught his attention. He looked closer. It moved—it was a tiny red ant. He flicked it away sharply.

The next evening he deliberately stayed late at his office again, and again concentrated intently on his work, but looking up occasionally. He wished to reproduce, if possible, the strange hallucination of the night before. He was not afraid of it—he was merely interested.

At the office nothing happened. But as he was stepping into his motor, thinking deeply, a dim figure of some one lurking in the shadows of the car made him draw back with a start. He called the footman to him—one of his paid detectives.

"Get that man out," said he.

The footman quickly pulled a revolver out of his livery and looked inside the car.

"There's no one there, sir."

"Good!" said Larssen evenly. "Drive home."

He took out a wax match from the receptacle inside the motor in order to light a cigar. On the match was a tiny ant, and he dropped it hastily. He looked inside the match receptacle—there were several ants there.

When he arrived home he ordered the car to be fumigated, and that another one be put into his service.

He undressed for bed in a very thoughtful mood. "That figure inside the car," he meditated. "Looks as if my eyes were going wrong. Better cut out smoking for a bit."

Two days later, returning early in the afternoon from his office, he went to Olaf's playroom. In it he