

THE SECRET OF THE SAFE

mounted police, and that service had left its mark in his appearance.

"Good morning, Mr. Attorney General." His bow included all in the room. "Sorry to disturb you, sir, but my errand won't take long."

"Be seated, Mr. —"

"Hardy—James Hardy, sir. Just before dawn this morning, O'Grady, who patrols this beat, noticed a man sneak out of your back yard. O'Grady promptly gave chase and caught his man just as he was boarding a train for New York. He took him to the station and had him locked up on suspicion. As the fellow had a full kit of burglar's tools with him, including mask and sneakers, the Chief sent me round here to ask if you'd been robbed?"

"Oh, no," replied the Attorney General. "I have just been through my safe and everything is intact. There's nothing missing in your quarters, Wilkins?" he added, turning to the white-faced butler.

"No, sir; nothing, sir." Wilkins' voice