

THE TREVOR CASE

confess," she said as soon as she could speak clearly.

With bated breath they listened to his thrilling account of de Smirnoff's vengeance.

"Some of the unfortunate story has to come out in the papers," ended Dick. "It cannot be hushed up, altogether, as justice has to be done the living."

"My poor father!" cried Beatrice. "Where is he?"

"At his house completely prostrated by the news."

"I must go to him at once." Beatrice sprang to her feet. "Will you call a cab, Don?"

"Mine is waiting; but, dearest, you cannot go without a coat," as Beatrice, forgetful of everything, hastened to the door. Quickly Peggy ran upstairs to collect her belongings.

"Miss Beatrice," Dick asked, "did you leave a handkerchief of yours in the private office that Wednesday?"

"I don't remember. I may have dropped one in the library just before Peggy called for

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