

## THE CORDS TIGHTEN.

more flights of stairs, quite to the top of the building, where, opening a door, he thrust me uncere-  
moniously into a little cubicle of a room, made  
up largely of a dormer window which looked down  
upon the eaves.

The room was shabby and none too clean, and  
I judged that it was usually occupied by one of the  
servants. The guard seemed nervous lest I should  
make an attempt to draw him into conversation,  
and got out of the room as quickly as he could,  
locking the door after him.

There was nothing in the place to warrant ex-  
amination. I opened a closet door and found it  
bare; so I went to the window and looked out.

The first thing I saw was interesting enough;  
two men on a hanging stage were busily at work  
painting the side of the next building. They had  
been working under the doctor's eye when my  
guard had rushed up to inform him of my return  
to consciousness. They had furnished him with a  
hint for the lie he had told me, and were, I re-  
flected with a smile, the unconscious and innocent  
cause of the sudden change in my own estate. The  
story of the house painter and odd-job man was  
going to be lived up to.

My eye traveled past the edge of the building  
and over the broad sweep of rolling lawn and  
shrubbery to where the woods began. Presently,