

THE TREVOR CASE

CHAPTER I

FACE TO FACE

A FAINT, very faint scratching noise broke the stillness. Then a hand was thrust through the hole in the window pane; deftly the burglar alarm was disconnected, and the fingers fumbled with the catch of the window. The sash was pushed gently up, and a man's figure was outlined for a second against the star-lit sky as he dropped noiselessly through the window to the stair landing.

For a few moments he crouched behind the heavy curtains, but his entry had been too noiseless to awaken the sleeping household. Gathering courage from the stillness around him, the intruder stole down the steps, through the broad hall, and stopped before a door on his left. Cautiously he turned the knob and entered the room.