

CHAPTER XI.

Half-past eleven struck and Leslie, sitting downstairs in the library, which was almost opposite the front door, shivered. She made two attempts to rise before succeeding, then drew her cloak about her shoulders and crept, shaking, to the front door. Here she paused in an attitude of listening.

Presently there was the sound of voices, and a key was fitted in the lock. As swiftly as her shaking limbs would allow, she ran from the front door into the butler's pantry, and from there into a little side passage, opening on the street. Unlocking the door, she let herself out, and sped through the alleyway, gaining the front entrance, just as a man whom she recognized as Don Crowley walked down the steps into the darkness.

She waited an instant, then went boldly up the steps and rattled the handle of the door.

As Algy opened it and peered unsteadily out, she was leaning against the frame, waving a farewell to some one whose footsteps echoed back to them.

Tressidar moved aside to let her pass, and opened his lips for a word of greeting and apology, when something about his wife caused him to remain silent, in quivering horror. The man was quite un-