

THE TREVOR CASE

"Did you hear the news there?"

"News? What news?"

"Mrs. Trevor has been murdered!"

"Mrs. Trevor—murdered!" Peggy nearly dropped her teacup on the floor.

"I really wish, Peggy, you would stop your habit of repeating my words. It's very uncomfortable living with an echo under one's nose."

"Oh, Granny, please tell me all about it right away."

"Well, according to the *Evening Star*—*What is it, Hurley?*" as that solemn individual entered the room.

"Mr. Tillinghast, to see you and Miss Margaret, ma'am."

"Show him in. Now, Peggy, we will probably get the news at first hand. Good evening, Dick."

The young fellow bowed with old-fashioned courtesy over her beautifully shaped, blue-veined hand. Clean living and plenty of outdoor sports could be read in his clear skin and splendid physique. He was a particular favorite of Mrs. Macallister's.

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