

Helen, calling from the telephone. "I'm going to let Bock in. He's in the back yard."

"I think they're both crazy," said Titania. "Let's put the *Cromwell* back on the shelf and let this creature go." She put out her hand for the book.

"Stop!" cried Aubrey, and seized her arm. "Don't touch that book!"

Titania shrank back, frightened by his voice. Had everyone gone insane?

"Here, Mr. Metzger," said Aubrey, "you put that book back on the shelf where it belongs. Don't try to get away, because I've got this revolver pointed at you."

He and Roger were both startled by the chef's face. Above the unkempt beard his eyes shone with a half-crazed lustre, and his hands shook.

"Very well," he said. "Show me where it goes."

"I'll show you," said Titania.

Aubrey put out his arm in front of the girl. "Stay where you are," he said angrily.

"Down in the History alcove," said Roger. "The front alcove on the other side of the shop. We've both got you covered."

Instead of taking the volume from the suitcase, Metzger picked up the whole bag, holding it flat. He carried it to the alcove they indicated. He