

THE TREVOR CASE

whose butterfly career had come to so untimely an end.

"Father, I *must* know just what has happened."

"Why, my dearest—" there was deep tenderness in the Attorney General's usually impassive voice—"I thought you had been told. Hélène evidently went into the safe to put away her jewelry; and in some mysterious way she must have pulled the heavy door to behind her. Thus locked in, she was smothered. It is terrible—terrible—" His voice shook with the intensity of his emotion. "But—well, Wilkins, what is it?"

"A detective, sir, from headquarters."

"A detective! What on earth—did you telephone them, Clark?" The secretary shook his head. "No? Well, show him in, Wilkins."

There was nothing about the man who entered to suggest a detective; he was quietly dressed, middle aged, and carried himself with military erectness. He had spent five years as a member of the Canadian Northwest

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