

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

let us know soon! Johnson, how do you account for the fact that she knew about Angers and Son?"

"Can't say. Perhaps she shadowed Davies. Perhaps she found out by accident."

"I must find out. I must sift all that she says about the Stores. If it is true, then Davies——"

"Davies is a good manager, Mr. Torrance. You may be unjust. You are hardly fit to judge just now, if you will permit me to say so. If there are reforms needed, make them, but don't take things by hearsay—find out first, Mr. Torrance, *find out first!*" The detective's tones were so earnest that they surprised himself. It was not often that he permitted himself to offer a client advice not strictly in the line of business, but Adam Torrance seemed to be in a state of mind in which men do unreasonable things. It would be too bad, thought Mr. Johnson, if he should turn Socialist or anything like that!

The father, however, seemed scarcely to have heard him. His head was buried in his hands again, and he made no reply. After a moment's indecision, the detective, respecting his silence, went quietly from the room.

Outside, the solemn butler stepped up to him respectfully. "Any news, sir?" But before he could answer, Mrs. Torrance's maid came down the stairs wiping her red eyes. "There's news enough," she said. "The dear little baby is dead. And the poor mistress!—hark, listen to her now!"

Through the quietness of the beautiful hall rang a woman's cry: "Elice, my baby Elice!"

Down in the third floor back of 1620 Brook Street, a tiny child slept peacefully in a cradle hastily fashioned