

indeed if I cannot soon see clearly through the mists of this terrifying dream of yours."

"You think this dream warns me of some real danger that threatens Randall?"

The psychologist had already risen to follow young Blythe into the house, and he left her question unanswered.

THE bungalow, as Trant saw at once as he followed Blythe, was of comfortable but of the very rudest construction. The two large rooms in its centre, the living room and dining room, side by side, were lined on walls and ceiling with matchboards nailed against the log walls. In the west wing, which contained the kitchen and the servants' quarters, the rough logs themselves formed the only walls; the eastern wing, where were the bed-rooms of Miss Coburn and her guests, was lined with matchboards like the main rooms.

"This is my room," young Blythe said, as he threw open the door of one of the two eastern rooms, which faced each other across the low, wide hallway. "The room next to mine is my mother's; and Miss Coburn and Linette have the corresponding rooms across the hall."

"But surely there is some connection between the two rooms on the other side," Trant suggested, quickly, as he glanced in. "There must be a door

between these two—or some other connection?"

"There is a door," Blythe replied, "and also the partitions there do not go to the ceiling. But how did you guess that, Mr. Trant?" he questioned, curiously.

"I did not guess; the dream absolutely required some such arrangement," Trant replied, shortly, and was turning from the room when he confronted suddenly in the darkened hall a tall and stately woman watching them curiously through the door. The psychologist was at a loss for an instant, till Blythe, who had followed at his heels, said over his shoulder:

"We will not interrupt your work; I'm just showing Mr. Trant the bungalow," and Trant realized that she was a servant.

She came in then, and the psychologist saw that she was coloured, an octoroon—a sensitive, intelligent woman, with a face of the rare, almost aquiline type which in favoured instances of heredity predominates over the broader features of the negro. Slender, lithe, graceful and reserved, she silently made way for them.

"That is Miss Coburn's maid—the one who was her nurse?" Trant asked, as they went back to the porch to join the others.

"Yes; that is Linette."

The actions of the young detective during the remainder of his visit were thoroughly unaccountable.

He asked for the volume of verses containing the poem to Miriam—studied it for ten minutes—and put the volume in his pocket. But he would not answer any questions concerning his theories of Miss Coburn's dreams. He announced his intention of going to town by catching a train on the logging road after walking to the lumber camp. As he rose to go he drew young Blythe aside.

"Is your health good, Mr. Blythe?" he demanded.

"Perfect," the young man answered, "except for a slightly sluggish liver, which is yielding to open air exercise and lemon and hot water that I take mornings."

"You do?" Trant said, abruptly. "Then, by any chance, was the lemon bad yesterday or to-day, so that you did not take it?"

"This morning or yesterday morning? Why, yes, the lemons were musty and I did not drink it. But, good Heavens, Mr. Trant!" he cried, in astonishment. "How did you guess that?"

"Not so loud, please," Trant warned him quickly. "Like the bedroom partitions, it was not a guess, nor even a very long shot; and it means that I shall come back here to the bungalow to-night. I trust you not to let anyone, even Miss Coburn, know that, but be ready to let me in yourself about eleven o'clock."

The young psychologist spent a busy day. His long tramp back from the lumber camp was undertaken by nine o'clock that night, and when he came in sight of the little woodland house he saw by the light of a shaded lamp young Blythe and Edith Coburn on the wire-inclosed porch. Hidden by the darkness he seated himself under a tree to wait until the household had gone to bed.

The light in the living room was extinguished almost immediately, and Mrs. Blythe came out to kiss her son good night. The light in her bedroom burned brighter as she turned it up. Then Blythe and Miss Coburn went in; but almost immediately the young man emerged again. He glanced at his watch, looked curiously out into the darkness, and then at the girl's just lighted window. Linette came out and began to turn down the porch chairs, and for several minutes she and the young man engaged in animated conversation. Then Blythe went in and Linette was alone. Alone and not conscious that she could be observed, slowly and steadily she stepped back. She took the lamp in her hand, and as she stood an instant with her features sharp and distinct in the flare from above the lamp shade, Trant saw on her face a melancholy—a strange, half-submissive, but dominantly defiant melancholy such as he had never seen on a face before.

TRANT waited twenty minutes more, glancing often at the sky—where the stars one by one were being obscured by storm clouds—in fear the storm would be upon him before he could enter the house; then circling the building to assure himself that all lights were out except that which burned dimly in Blythe's bedroom, he tapped softly at that window with his fingers. The window was lifted noiselessly from within, and he climbed over the sill. The psychologist closed the window quietly and turned out the light, and they sat down side by side upon the bed.

"We must get Miss Coburn out of her room and sleeping somewhere else before morning," Trant whispered.

"We won't have to do that if the storm does its work right," Blythe answered, in the same tone. "For the roof of this wing is pretty old, and a storm from the south, like this, starts a leak over Edith's bedroom. Last week she spent one night in the living room of her own accord."

An hour of darkness and silence passed before Trant spoke again. Then he put his mouth close to Blythe's ear.

"Let me ask one thing," he whispered. "Miss Coburn said that the maid, Linette, had no belief in her dream; then—it was not about that she was speaking to you on the porch just before you came in?"

"No; nothing connected with it," Blythe replied. "It was about the ranch in Arizona, where Edith's father lived and where Edith was born. I have been trying to buy it from the present holder as my wedding gift to Edith. Edith herself wanted to return to it some years ago, but Linette dissuaded her. My attorney is having difficulties with the title now; but I wired him a couple of days ago to clear the matter up and get the place. Linette, however, still thinks Edith would not be happy there."

"The trouble with the title is in establishing the death of Miss Coburn's mother?"

"Exactly; they cannot find how or where Mrs. (Continued on page 19.)

SCOUTS AND STRAWBERRIES



WHEN the Indians out around Clarkson, in the vicinity of Oakville, in the strawberry-cherry-raspberry region between Hamilton and Toronto, became wise as to the scarcity of labour, they said unto the fruit-growers, "We want three cents a box for picking all those things. Three!" "Go to!" said the F. G. A., Shakespeareanly. "We don't have to." Which caused the Indians to gurgie, because they knew not the resources of the F. G. A., who at once got into touch with the Boy Scouts Association. The result being that 300 Boy Scouts went out to Clarkson and pitched four big camps, to wit: Connaught, Jellicoe, Kitchener, and Baden-Powell. Every day they go out into the berry-fields picking at a cent a box. One boy made \$1.51 between 3.30 of a dewy morning and 12 a.m., saying he would pick no more that day. The average of wages is about \$2.00 a day, and the boys pay \$1.75 a week each for their board and tent lodgings, etc. All which causes the Indians to mutter and say that such kind of patriotism is no good, and



why should Boy Scouts keep down the price of labour when the Indians wished to raise it by three times over. Which is a problem much too deep for hot weather.

The picture at the bottom shows some of the Scouts at work, that in the centre a city visitor carrying berries to the crates, and the top one the crating department.