

"If they're old enough they may be valuable," said Roger. "I'm interested in old books. Look sharp!"

Metzger drew a key from his pocket and unlocked the bag. Aubrey held the pistol at his head as he threw back the lid.

The suitcase was full of second-hand books closely packed together. Roger, with great presence of mind, was keeping his eyes on Weintraub.

"Tell me what's in it," he said.

"Why, it's only a lot of books, after all," cried Titania.

"You see," said Weintraub surlily, "There's no mystery about it. I'm sorry I was so——"

"Oh, look!" said Titania; "There's the *Cromwell* book!"

For an instant Roger forgot himself. He looked instinctively at the suitcase, and in that moment the druggist broke away, ran down the aisle, and flew out of the door. Roger dashed after him, but was too late. Aubrey was holding Metzger by the collar with the pistol at his head.

"Good God," he said, "why didn't you shoot?"

"I don't know," said Roger in confusion. "I was afraid of hitting someone. Never mind, we can fix him later."

"The police will be here in a minute," said