

THE TREVOR CASE

"Here are the letters," she said, speaking in a low voice. "I return them to you freely. But first you must pledge me your word as an officer and a gentleman never to mention them to either my husband or Beatrice."

"Of course, I willingly promised, and after a few words of thanks I left the house as silently as I had entered. I went directly to the Benedict, destroyed the letters, then on to the ball."

"Good Heavens! did she not give you my message—my ring?" gasped Beatrice.

"No; neither of them."

"Clever woman," commented Mrs. Macallister. "She arranged it so you were in honor bound never to speak of the letters to Beatrice; and the latter, believing you false, would never refer to them either. Of course, she reckoned without the knowledge of your secret marriage. Mrs. Trevor was a shrewd judge of human nature. It was a pretty scheme she hatched to separate you two, and not get caught herself."

"You have summed it up exactly, Mrs. Macallister," agreed Gordon. "The first letter

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