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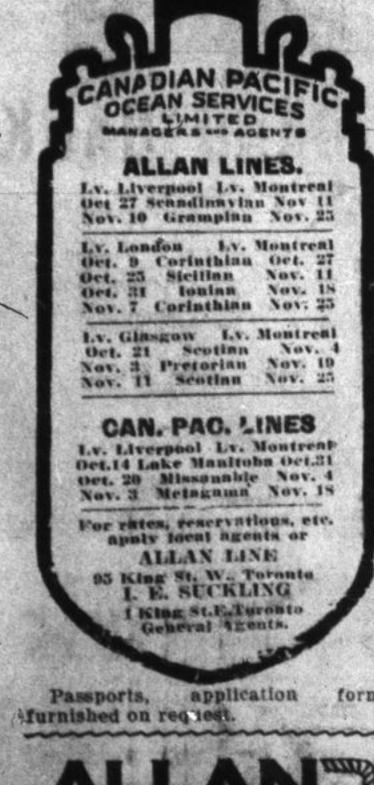
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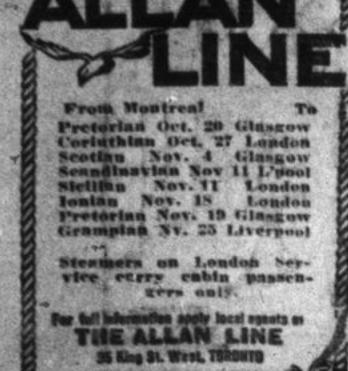
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THE STREET, ST

# The Whig's Splendid Serial Story

of you. And I will not go on doing i "Dear me, Mr. Lorion," she said in a soft, cooling voice into which she introduced a note of such challenging insolence that he clenched his hands in fury as he listened, "if it really will ease your conscience, go and tell your story to Glare. But listen to me first. I mean every word I say. Jou did me the honor just now to refer to my husband's feelings for me. He thinks a very great deal of me, as you said. Now, do you for one moment imagine he would believe your word against mine?" "You would deny it?" BY **Coralle Stanton** 

**Heath Hosken** science-"What truth?" She still smiled, but her mouth was not altogether friend-

"I cannot remain silent," he went "I must tell him what I know. He believes that a burglary was committed here last night. The police believe it. They are looking for the

were tipped with venom.

"Well," she murmured, "let them

her constant frivolity moved him to something like violence. "My negli- eyes was such a cruel, cold, ruthless merced using "Fruit-a-tives", and I gence is to blame. I allowed you to know now what I haven't known for make a fool of mee I let the key to him how last night, just for a go out of my possession. You admitted to me that you took it from of a healthy body and clear thinking the bunch that I lent you to try to away across the lawn, as those must open your fewel case." She was laughing softly.

"The whole thing was absurd," she

"I have another word for it," he said. "I cannot be your accomplice. I insist on your returning the papers and the key to your husband." "What papers?" she asked, with rched brows.

"The papers that you took from the Glare at once. safe. I insist upon it. My position is intolerable. I am a traitor. I have dear?" she asked, and a curious little not said anything yet, although I know the truth, because you are Sir Glare's close to the vulcanite mouthpiece. wife, and I know how he looks upon and the key to him; you must put a important. stop to this fruitless search for a burglar who never existed."

ed?" She darted a quick glance into miserable ever since last night. his angry and perturbed face.

exclaimed. "And this is not a subject down to the office." for jest. I am Sir Glare's servant. and I have been false to him. I al-Brockville . 8.15 a.m. 8.50 a.m lowed myself to be tricked by you, few moments. and I did not tell him so. I stood by while you lied; I lied myself, both t) the chief and to the police. I band's footsteps outside. could not bring myself to betray you. because I know how the chief wor- he asked, as he came in and hurried ships you, how he has set you on a to her side. "Your voice alarmed pedestal apart from all the world, how me." His eyes were alight with tenit would break his heart if he knew der anxiety. "I do hope you're not the truth. But I must insist on your worrying about last night." doing what I ask you." "What is that?"

of excessive insolence.

what you are talking about?" "I shouldn't believe you," he an- him,"

swered curtly. she said, "I am disappointed in you. spoke hardly penetrated his brain.

the truth," she answered sweetly. been stolen," he said. "He thinks repeated. "Lorion!" the key was stolen from me. I know

the key was not stolen from me-as the papers are-

her eyes to hide a curious gleam that | been? He had the key." had come into them. "Do I?" she asked, with such a youthat he exclaimed aloud:

Glare must know the truth."

"And who is going to tell him?" "You are. "In the face of what I told you last | he said.

night you want me to tell him?" "What do you mean?" "About the authorship of the letters." save him."

"It is not true!" to doubt that you did it for the best, gone to bed. Then I heard noises, and known that here was his vulnerable me, my boy. Do you understand? I Not for a moment. But you are I couldn't make them out at all. I spot.

I shall tell him myself." "Do you mean that, Mr. Lorion?"

"And do you imagine that he would he had some papers in his hand. Then word. There were the papers that confessed. And he had forgive, her, believe you?" Her lips curved in a I knew that there was something the had taken from the safe, and because he loved her. What a mar-special wrong. And a moment later I heard that had in turn been taken from vellous power love was! And who alone? Glare does not blame you; your voice and your footsteps. Oh, her blotter, curtainly within half an would believe the omnipotent swar. thas never entered his mind to I was so glad."

ccuse you of anything." "But I accuse myself of gross neglt- said he. His eyes were fixed on her ance, and at lying to him because face with a kind of sorrowful appeal.

felt was that she had lied to him. in a low, humble voice. "And I could

hardly realize it, and I knew what you thought of him." told her first glib lie. "It was for your .sake-really.

"But of course I should deny it," she said quietly. "What do you imagine? I should say that you lied; and which of us do you suppose Glare would be more likely to believe? Still. of course, if it eases your con-

"It will ease my conscience, Lady Monk," he said: His voice trembled with the deep feeling that surged within him. "And since there seems no other way out of the impossible position you have placed me in, ly. It seemed as if the bow of it must take this one."

> "And you are going to tell Glare the truth?" she asked. "I am going now-at once." "You are bold," she said.

"Good-bye, Lady Monk. I am sor ry." He had risen to his feet. "You know, you are bold," she repeated pensively. "and very unwise to pit yourself against me." looked him full in the face. In her moment, he had thought that she had cruel hands. He felt, as he hurried have felt who had looked on the head of Medusa. But his purpose was un- truth.

Lady Monk rose slowly when he had gone; she moved across the lawn with languid grace, and went to the telephone in her husband's room and rang up the offices in Pole Street, her story first. She was switched through to Sir

shaken. He must do his duty at any

"Can you come home at once, smile curved the lovely lips held Monk seemed doubtful, although he you. But you must return the papers would manage it if it, were really to say so to prove it.

"It's frightfully important," she answered. "I've something I must tell "How do you know he never exist- you. It's been making me utterly simply can't stand it any longer. If "You are playing with me!" he you can't come immediately, I'll come

> Monk said he would leave the office immediately, and be with her in a She was pacing up and down her servants. boudoir when she heard her hus-

"My darling, what is the matter?"

"I am almost mad with worry," she answered. She looked into his face "You must tell him the truth. You with a wide, tearless gaze, "Glare, must tell him that you took the key I can't deceive you any longer-I don't and opened the safe and took the know why I did it at all. I did so papers. You must return them to hate the thought of deceiving you, and I was so sorry for him. But I must Theodora Monk leaned back among tell you the truth. I can't eat or her rose-pink cushions with an air sleep. I can't allow you to be deceived by the person you trust most "Suppose I were to tell you, Mr. in the world. It's too horrible! Glare, Lorion," she said in a low, soft voice, it was Lorion who opened your safe "that I don't understand a word of and took the papers last night. I came into the room and surprised

"You are consistently ungallant," ly. It seemed as if the words she ly. "But I don't want you to think "What do you mean?" He stood in outside the Law Courts," he added

"You take an unfair advantage of front of her, small, lithe, erect, with "You understand. I have good reasons. me," he retorted. "And you will not his grey hair bristling up from his Theodora. You are not to alter your realize how serious this matter is, broad forehead, his calm, grey eyes behavior towards Lorion in any re-You cannot realize it, or you could asking innumerable questions, his spect. You are not to be astonished not behave as you are doing. Will hands fussily clasping and unclasping if I don't alter mine. Do you under-you tell your husband the truth?" themselves behind his back. Even stand?" "I don't know what you mean by then he breathed authority. The eve saw how small he was, but the mind gasped. "That is, I hear your words, "The chief thinks the papers have knew that he was big. "Lorion," he Glare."

"Yes." said Theodora, whose agitawhere those papers are; I know that tion was no longer assumed but he thinks it was. You know where she had done. "Lorion. It was he She lowered the full white lids over | moment. Who else could it have to her very emphatically, before he "But," he said, "last night-you-

note of arrant mischief in her voice | "I know," she answered hastily, him you will make no difference in "I was wrong. It was wicked of me. your manner towards him. That is slightly strained, in his smile of wel-"Lady Monk, you are trying my But I was sorry for him. I couldn't my wish."

> Monk had begun to pace the room. "Tell me exactly what happened,"

room, opened the window, and dash- reach of harm.

It seemed that even in the midst of this starting revelation what he most "Oh/I was so dazed," she answered

"But you knew him to be a thief?" She looked away. She had not dreamed of all the details when she

Glare, you must believe that." "And you lied when the police were "It was all to save him-because of

you. Ever since I haven't been able "And that story about the books he came back to fetch?" "I made it up. I put the books

there myself. Oh, it was all because of you." "And yet you knew that he had taken the papers?" "Oh, but I didn't realize? I didn't know how important they were

Really-until he ran away I didn't think it even extraordinary that he should have opened the safe. I didn't know what the papers were." He had resumed his walk. For an instant an expression of intense agitation had convulsed his face. It had almost seemed as if he would collapse. Out of his chalk-white face his

eyes had stared like those of a man who hears sentence of death pronounced on him. Theodora made use of the time to review the situation from her own light that he shivered. It came back | point of view. She was growing terribly frightened. It seemed quite different now from what she had imagined, when Lorion had walked out of the house, having announced his in-

> tention of telling Glare the whole Then she had been seized with panic. She had only thought of one thing-to prevent her husband from hearing the truth. There was only one way of preventing that, and that was by forestalling Lorion and telling

This she had done, and now she was terrified, for Glare believed her implicitly. He would punish the traitor. He would tax him with his treachery; he would prosecute him. And what would happen then? Lorion was innocent. He would not hesitate

Of course, Lorion would be able to prove his innocence. Anyhow, he would tell the true story of that night. It was not likely that he would allow himself to be branded a traitor and a thief for the sake of a woman who was nothing on earth to him. No, the truth would come out, and she would stand discredited, branded a liar, a mean thing, who had tried to shelter herself behind one of her husband's

Her surprise and relief could not be described in words when Monk stopped his pacing of the room and came and stood quite close to her, and looked up into her face with his usual caim, direct gaze, and said: "Theodora, I am glad you have told

me this. I can't tell you how glad I am. And now I want you to promise me that you will forget all about it." "Forget!" She echoed the word in 'Yes," he said distinctly and authori-

tatively. "I have reasons. I cannot explain them to you, my darling. But I don't want this to go any further." "You are not going to prosecute him?" Her voice shook. "For the present-no."

She heaved a sigh of intense relief. "You are not going to tax him

"We shall understand each other," her husband retorted somewhat grimany more about it. There are ways of bringing a crime home to a

"Of course I understand!" she "That's all that's necessary, dear-

est," he said. She was so relieved by the turn natural, as she began to realize what affairs had taken that she hardly realized the peculiar nature of his who opened your safe. Think for a conduct when he came back and said

> went down to his own room: "Remember. Theodora, as far as Lorion's concerned, whenever you see

patience too far. I cannot play this help it. And I knew what you thought "You know that you need say no foolish game with you. I have suffied of him-how you trusted him. I more," she answered in a low voice. he began abruptly. "I have a conmy sense of honor on your behalf; thought of him, and of you, too. I "Your wish is my law, Glare. I only fession to make. I haven't had a have overridden my conscience. But wanted to save him. It was an im- wish I could have spared you the moment's peace of mind since it hapwill not do either any more. Sir pulse. It was foolish, wicked-but I knowledge, and at this time particular- pened. I came to tell you yesterday

head about it, my darling," he replied. | safe-about the mystery. I-" "I am going to confound all my "Mr. Lorion dined with me. I felt | enemies. I am going to show the | the edge of the polished mahogany awfully lonely after you had gone, world that I am innocent of these Glare." She gave him a swift, flat- atrocious things that I am accused of." If I did it at all, surely it was to tering glance. "I wanted to be with He kissed her, and again the man someone who could talk about you was transformed. He was no longer and tell me that you would be all the astute brain, the marvellous, tire | and yet it was a light, friendly touch. "You accuse me of lying to you." | right. You know, every time you go less organism, the far-seeing, great "No. But if you have been led to to that dreadful West-Coast I tremble, minded Empire builder who "thought believe that, you have been misin. We talked about you at dinner, and in continents." He was merely the formed. The letters are forgeries; afterwards-I don't think we talked grey-haired and rather pathetic man the chief never wrote them; you are about much else. Mr. Lorion left who worshipped and idolized a woman thing about it," said Monk. He spoke dong no good by keeping them back, early. I went up to go to bed, but a great many years younger than in short, sharp sentences, even more only harm—such harm as perhaps you I couldn't sleep, so I sat in here and himself. There lay his weakness. jerkily than usual. "I know everycannot understand. Oh, I don't want | read. The servants, I believed, had all | Anyone seeing him then must have | thing. You've nothing to confess to

wrong; and you must want to make opened the door and listened. The Left alone, Theodora Monk did not it. I understand. It won't make any Suddenly she dropped her volatile crept down, and when I was in the It was true that one danger was manner. It was as if a cloud of hall I saw that the library door was over for the present. She did not self-control. He stared vacantly into cauze was torn away, revealing a open, and that in your room beyond suppose for a moment that if Lorion | Monk's face. ronze statue. Her beautiful face was there was a light. I went through found her husband now and told him like a mask; her eyes were cold, her land found Mr. Lorion standing by the the truth, the young man would be safe in the wall, which was open, believed. Her empire over Glare was | mer out his amazement. "I don't want What is it you want me to do?" All the lights were on. I shouldn't too great, too complete. He would have thought anything, beyond being take her word against the whole hed that he had come back, world; of that she was certain. And the key and the papers, and tell him I knew that you trusted him implicitly, she had lied to him in order to ea-But he heard me and turned round, sure her own safety. As far as the hardly believe his cars. A mome and an awful look of horror came into bure, unsupported word of anyone later he understood. Lady Monk had his face, and he rushed across the could harm her, she was beyond the been before him. That was why she

was so glad."

hour of the time she had taken them. that it held in the heart of this little.

"And yet you lied to me, Theodora."

The insoluble mystery of their disgreat man, who, in business matters, ald he. His eyes were fixed on her appearance had given her no rest. was hard as steel? It had not been part of her plan to [ (Continued next Saturday.)

but in reality their disappearance nearly drove her mad. Who could possibly have taken

It was the most incomprehersible mystery. Who could have been in the house; who could have had the knowledge of them?

There was a knock at the door. The butler entered with some letters. She took them, but did not attempt to open them. At the door Cambie paused.

"My lady," he said with a certain hesitation. "What is it. Gamble?"

"I wonder whether your ladyship would speak to Thurston?" "Thurston?"

"The under-housemaid, my lady. She's been giving such trouble. Mrs. Buttock can do nothing with her. She insists on saying she's seen a big black man in the garden these last three nights. She swears he creeps through the bushes, and one night she saw him on the veranda. And she's positively hysterical, and declares that nothing will induce her to stay. It doesn't matter her going, my lady, but we don't want her going telling

these kind of tales." "How utterly absurd!" exclaimed Lady Monk. "The girl's run down, and she's been reading some rubbish Yes, I'll speak to her, Gamble Al

"Thank you, my lady." The butler withdrew. Theodora opened her letters. The first one was evidently of importance. Her eyes grew very bright. She suddenly put her hand to her heart as she read

It was written on paper of the Charing Cross Hotel in a small, square legible hand.

"Dear Lady Monk," it ran. "I am in London for a few days. I must see you at once. It is absolutely imperative. If any way possible, meet me to-morrow at the Charing Cross Post Office at 3.30. If impossible, let me know.

"Your faithful servant. "Henri Van Ost."

CHAPTER V

His Master's Pleasure Lorion, after his interview with

Lady Monk, boarded a car and went straight back to the Pole Street offices. He took no heed of the varied and kaleidoscopic scene that unfolded itself before his eyes as the monster tramcar glided swiftly through the suburbs and into the heart of the city. Here high solid buildings reared themselves; here the drama of commerce was enacted every day for the benefit of those who burried in

When Lorion had made his way to Monk's room, he was told by the clerk in the outer office that the chief had already left.

"The governor went back," the clerk informed him, "after an urgent message from her ladyship.

Lorion went to his own room. A cold douche had been applied to his arger. His chief was not here; he could not make his confession of negligence and folly. He wondered whether Lady Monk's summons to her husband could have anything to do with his recent visit. Was she going to confess to him? Was she going to take the wind out of his sails by telling him the truth herself before he had had time to do so?

Remembering her attitude, he decided that that was not likely. He went back to his rooms in Camden Street at the usual time. The more he thought about Lady Monk, the more the memory of her manner aggravated him. To have been present while a woman rifled her husband's private safe, with a key stolen from him, and then, when he demanded an explanation, to be told that it was a woman's whim! It was monstrous. And when he had lied in his employer's presence and to the police. to save her from a public and disgraceful exposure, and he demanded of her that she should confess to her husband and return what she had stolen, to be met with frivolous exclamations about a blue butterfly. It was more than flesh and blood could

The next morning he arrived at the omce at the usual hour, just after aine o'clock. The big limousine at the door told him that Monk had

already arrived. When he reached his own room, he rang through at once to know when the chief could see him. As a rule he waited his employer's summons; but this morning he was too impatient. The clerk answered that Monk was

ready for him at once. Monk was alone in his room, Lorion thought there was something curious come as he approached him.

"I want to tell you something, sir, afterfloon, but you had gone. It's "Oh, don't trouble your beautiful about the night before last-about the

He had laid his hands nervously on table, grasping it in a tight grip. To his astonishment, before he could proceed any further, he felt Monk's hand laid on one of his-it struck cold, the eyes, and the calm grey gaze both reassured and amazed him.

"John, I don't want you to say anyknow. And I don't want to talk about

Lorion took a moment to recover his

"Please don't refer to it again." you to. I don't want it to make any had called her husband away. She ed out on to the veranda. I saw that | But there was more than anybody's had told him the truth. She had

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Thomas Price, Bog Walk, Jamaica."

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