purpose," she murmured earnestly. "Did not Brandt tell the other to say 'we have them both safe'?"

"Yes, but—"

"That means you and I! It could refer to no one else. They are going to have us arrested for that murder!"

For an instant I hardly grasped her meaning. It seemed impossible; the audacity of it beyond belief. She must have understood my doubt, for she continued horrendly, without waiting for me to protest.

"Cannot you see how easy that would be? All it needs is sufficient money to keep the police quiet for a few hours. These men do not expect to press the charge, or convict. The only purpose is to get us out of the way, while Brandt gains the information he seeks, and escapes with it. The dead body must be accounted for as soon as possible."

"He would not dare," I protested.

"He risks nothing, for if the police captain takes the money it seals his lips. The case will never come to trial, or be made public. There are ways to hush such matters up, we learn, that in newspaper work. I am not afraid of the arrest, it is only bluff, but there is the other."

"What other?"

"Franzen!" and her voice trembled. "His body will be found also, and—and that will be serious."

The whole situation flashed upon me, but only to stunned my faculties. She was right; she must be right. At least I was sure of this—the police had been sent for, and whatever might be Brandt's real purpose in thus invoking their aid, their arrival would inevitably discover the two tragedies of the night. The result of such discovery would render our position desperate indeed. At whatever cost we must retrieve the open before the police arrived.

"Do first!" I said, "and wait for me in the dark beyond. Don't hesitate, we must take the risk."

Her eyes flashed into mine an instant questioningly.

"You will follow at once?"

"Of course. I merely stay to protect you in case either of those fellows happens to see anything. Be quick, the way is clear."

She slipped along the wall like a shadow, bending slightly, one hand grasping her skirt. As the light struck her for a second I saw her face turned toward the open door. Then she vanished silently into the gloom beyond. There was no sound from within, no evidence of alarm. Someone was idly sliding a drinking glass back and forth across the surface of a table. A voice spoke briskly, "What's keeping Swigert so long? Tell the lazy lout to bring on whatever he has."

Eisenbarth passed hurriedly within less than a yard of me, blinded by the darkness, and guiding himself with one hand on the wall. Before he had taken a dozen steps down the hall I had slipped through the bar of light, and stood beside her. An instant we waited, listening, her fingers grasping my arm.

"Did you see anything?"

"Just a glimpse. Brandt is sitting at the table. I could see the back of his head. Please be a hurry!"

She started down the stairs, groping her way step by step, cautiously, and I followed closely. At the foot we came together.

"The the door is locked, but—oh! yes! the key is here!"

It turned with a faint click, and, as the door opened slightly, the gleam of an electric light some distance away revealed two men outside, one wearing the police uniform. We both stood motionless; then I felt her hand grip mine which held the revolver.

"No, not that!" she murmured swiftly. "Keep it out of sight." Then she stood straight before them.

"You are the officers sent from the station?" she asked, her voice clear and low.

"Yes, madam," respectfully enough.

"You will find Mr. Brandt in the library, the first door to your left up the stairs."

"Who, madam?"

"Captain Brandt, of the German Secret Police; the man who sent for you."

The sergeant glanced uneasily at the silent detectives, who stepped forward.

"This is news to us," he said in rougher tone. "It was Lieutenant Eisenbarth who telephoned the station."

"Yes, at Captain Brandt's request, coolly. "You didn't suppose Eisenbarth had any money did you?"

The detective grinned.

"Never knew him to have," he admitted, "but he has got some pull. What's the case, anyhow, sister—suicide?"

"Murder."

"No! and they've got the ones who did it? Say, what is the game?"

She leaned forward confidentially, her face revealed in the light.

"It may need to be hushed up for a few hours," she whispered. "Captain Brandt will explain inside. He can afford to pay well."

The two men exchanged glances, and then both stared at the girl.

"You're a wise one, all right," admitted the plain clothes admiringly, "but I'm not so sure you tip is straight. Where are you two going?"

"We're newspaper reporters," she answered promptly. "I am on the Post; you know me, Snyder. Now wait until I explain, this is a City Associated News man. We got onto this by accident, but are going to keep mum. There is other graft beside the police variety."

The sergeant scratched his head.

"Maybe she's right, Foley," he said, tapping the other's sleeve. "It's Miss Probyn. I know that. I've seen her at the City Hall more than once. You meant to get safey out of the way before we go here?"

"Yes, and you taught as well forget you have ever seen us."

"Well, maybe all you say is straight," broke in the detective roughly, "but it looks damn queer to me. You wait a minute while I see this man Brandt. Stay here with them, Snyder, and don't let either one go till I tell you; watch out now!"

He rushed past us into the narrow entry, shouldering me roughly in getting by. Snyder stood just outside, one foot on the step, his hands gripping his night-stick. The girl leaned back against the brick wall, her face white in the gleam of the electric, breathing heavily. My eyes caught the glimmer of dull metal in her hand (instant me it was the key, the key of the door). Desperation drove me to action, the delay of an instant meant certain exposure and arrest. The detective stood already at the head of the stairs. There was a chance, one! With a single step I had Snyder by the throat, hurled him aloud, and drove my fist to his chin. He went staggering backward, stumbled over the step, and sprawled full length against the stairs. I jammed the door shut.

"Quick, Mademoiselle; the key!"

She held it out, and I thrust it into the lock. Even as the bolt shot home the heavy body of the enraged sergeant crashed against the strong wood. His hands fumbled for the knob.

"Foley!" he yelled savagely, the muffled voice evidencing his injured feeling. "They've got away. Damn them! They slugged me!"

My eyes met those of Miss Probyn and she laughed almost hysterically, dazed still with the suddenness of the affair.

"Oh! oh! What shall we do? I—I am all confused."

"You'll get your senses in a minute. No one is hurt, except that policeman may have a sore head. Come, let's get out of this—the door will not hold them long. Which path leads to the gate?"

"The roadway is yonder," she gasped, "around the corner of the house. See! there where the car stands." She drew in her breath sharply. "Can you operate a machine, Monsieur?"

"I know the French and German cars."

"This is a Mercedes; I heard someone say—yes, see! oh, such luck!"

There was not so much noise from within; doubtless Brandt had counseled less uproar, being more anxious to escape notice than to recapture us. Indeed our evident disappearance even served him in a way. Yet the two policemen would not remain quiet for long. I took a hasty glance at the machine and cranked the engine.

"Get in, Mademoiselle," I said, taking her hand in mine, and feeling quite content. "It is nothing to add another crime to our night's catalogue. What is it you say in America, one can hang as well for sheep as lamb. I have it right?"

"Practically so, yes—but I seriously object to hanging for either. There! they have begun on the door again. Let us get out of here."

I was a new car, and a powerful one. My experience with its make was not extensive, and I ran somewhat slowly down the rounded driveway. Someone fired a single shot in our rear, which must have been a signal, for two men stepped out of the shrubbery into the open gateway. I saw them even as Mademoiselle clutched my arm, and obeying my first swift instinct, turned on full power. They sprang back to escape the flying wheels, one falling headlong, the other, shielded by a stone post, fired three shots, one of which crashed into the tonneau. The same instant we whirled into the street, dashed past an intersection, and plunged into the shadows beyond the arc light. As we took the turn, almost running on two wheels, I saw a policeman racing for the corner, his star gleaming, but we were already past and gone. Two blocks, three blocks, sped by; we leaped a street car track, and then took another turn into a quiet avenue. I slowed down until the machine was almost noiseless, and glanced aside at my companion. Her eyes were like stars, and her hair flying wildly.

"Wasn't it great!" she panted. "I—I never rode so fast before."

"Some sport, yes," my own blood pulsing with excitement, "but Mademoiselle, where are we to go?"

CHAPTER XIX

A Man and A Maid.

She glanced behind, down the dark street, her face sobering instantly.

"Why, I—I hardly know," she confessed, as though the full seriousness of the situation had just dawned upon her again. "We—we are fugitives—thieves! We have stolen this automobile, and—and they can even charge us with murder. Oh! Monsieur, this has been such a horrid night!"

"It certainly has, but through no fault of ours. Whatever we have done has been in self-defense. You mustn't lose heart now. We are free for the moment at least, and must plan to remain free. Where are we? Do you know?"

She stared around at the rows of black houses.

"There are no lights to display the numbers. Yes, there is one. I do not recognize this street, but we are on the Thirty-third Street block on the south side. Where is your aeroplane?"

I told her, waiting to learn what she would say, unable to decide for myself even in which direction to drive.

"If we only knew what Brandt—what the police will do," she said, struggling with the problem. "Keep on as you are, only a little faster, while I think."

"We are headed south?"

"Yes; the direction does not greatly matter, so we get safely out of this neighborhood."

We made two or three blocks before she spoke again, I long guiding the machine over a rather rough roadway, but glancing aside into her face as we passed under the street lights. No passers-by appeared on the sidewalks.

"What time is it, Monsieur?"

"Nearly two o'clock."

"About three hours more of darkness then. I—I do not know what to say, what to decide," and I could distinguish the tremor in her voice. "You see I—I have never been a fugitive from justice before," with a little hysterical laugh. "Even as a newspaper reporter my life has been rather uneventful, and this is a problem not so easily solved. What do you think, Monsieur?"

"My thought is they will make every effort to recapture us," I answered soberly. "Those two dead men will have to be accounted for in some way. To save himself, and gain time to get out of the country, Brandt will certainly endeavor to shift the whole affair onto us. The very fact that we have run away, after resisting the police, will lend probability to his story."

To be continued

6% WITH REAL SAFETY
ON CHOICE FIRST DEEDS OF TRUST
AND FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS
AMOUNTS $500.00 AND UP.

Recommended especially to bankers and private investors seeking absolute protection of their capital and interest. All loans secured by modern, well located, improved income properties. Sinking fund provides for gradual retirement of debt, making principal and interest a certainty. These loans are periodically inspected by Government examiners, assuring prudence and good judgment in their selection. No investor has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest on first deeds of trust bought through our Company. Write today for full particulars and descriptive literature.

CHOUTEAU TRUST CO. 4006 Chouteau Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

from $12 a Week to $3000.00 a Year

That was the case with a young man in a town of 1780 people in Missouri.

In three years, by his own efforts, he raised himself from a $12 a week job to a position with unlimited possibilities, and actually earning over $3,000 a year.

You Can Do the Same.

We will send to any man, anywhere, absolutely free, and without obligation of any kind, a complete course of salesmanship and life insurance, which will fit him to accomplish the same or better results as the man mentioned above. This course is not for the purpose of advertising, it's for the purpose of making salesmen, and it is making them—it has made them—and it will make them. Many men say it is worth $50, but it's yours for the asking.

The Missouri State Life Insurance Co. is the fastest growing life insurance company in America, with assets of $[illegible] and insurance in force of $[illegible]. It is seeking desirable representation in every community, and it uses this method of introducing any man who thinks he may be interested in the business of selling. The course is so laid out as to be of advantage to any man in any line, but of course, it is particularly adapted to men who anticipate becoming engaged in the business of life insurance.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY—WRITE FOR THIS COURSE TODAY.

Wm. King, Agency Supervisor
Missouri State Life Insurance Company
St. Louis, Mo. Dept. C.