

the kitchen table and took down a jar. It held the nutmegs but some sticky sugar grains prevented them from shaking out. Una squeezed her shapely hand through the open top to loosen them.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, "now I've done it. I can neither get my hand further down nor out."

The mouth of the jar was fitted to her wrist like a boxing glove. She was dismayedly deciding that to be released she must break the jar when she turned like a shot.

"Hey, there, my pretty!" a gruff voice hailed her and the shadow of a trampish intruder fell across the floor.

Una stood petrified. The man was fierce looking, the vicious gleam of his eyes a menace. He held a small lacquered and inlaid box in his hand. He thrust back its lid, drew from it a small lady's jeweled watch and said hurriedly:

"Give me a dollar for that, young lady, and it's yours."

At a glance Una realized that the man must be a thief, for the little watch was brilliantly set with diamonds.

"No," she said, "I can give you no money."

"You'll have to, or I'll slit that pretty white throat of yours!" hissed the man warningly. Aha! there is a purse!" he shouted, as he made out a small pocketbook lying on the shelf of the dresser.

He snapped the lacquered box close shut and placed in on the sink extension, starting for the purse.

"I've got to get out of town quick—I've got to have money!" he muttered.

Crash!

There was only one thing to do, for the intruder made a movement to seize Una and thrust her out of his path. And Una did that one forceful, decisive thing. She swung around her hand imprisoned in the nutmeg jar. It landed on the head of the intruder with such strong

force that it not only drove the man reeling, but broke into a hundred pieces and sent the blood spurting from a dozen cuts in his face.

Una uttered a terrified scream at the sight of the man lying like a lump of clay at her feet. Then she glanced at her hand as a sharp pain shot through it and a warm, trickly sensation accompanied it. She wavered, faint and shocked, as she noticed that a piece of the flying glass had cut a long, deep gash in her wrist. Mr. and Mrs. Wendell were away from the house. She was alone, she feared the man might recover. She mechanically snatched up the lacquered box and started towards the open doorway.

"Did you cry for help?" was asked, as she ran squarely into the arms of a young man. "Why! What is this?" he exclaimed, as he noticed the prostrate man. "You are hurt—your hand is bleeding dreadfully!"

"He is a thief," began Una weakly. "He tried to rob me and I struck him, and—"

"Why, you are nearly fainting," spoke this new visitor solicitously. "I know who you are—Miss Prince. My sister, Mrs. Mallory, next door, spoke of you. I just arrived and heard the scream. Go over there at once," and the thoughtful young fellow whipped a towel from a near hook, wrapped it around her hand and gently led her down the steps. "I must secure this ruffian before he wakes up."

Una struggled through the hedge, but she was swaying unsteadily as she reached a rustic bench and sank to it, to be surrounded by half a dozen of the startled guests of Mrs. Mallory.

"Why, what is this?" spoke the latter, as she noticed the toweled hand, but Una had fainted away before she could explain.

She awoke to find her wounded hand neatly bandaged and herself lying upon a couch of the Mallory home. The kindly widow was fan-