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CHAPTER II.—With his friend Pelt, Bartley goes to Circle Lake, the pair becoming the guests of Bob Currie, an old friend. The three visit? the Sirke kome. Blyke apprential visit? the Sirke kome. Blyke apprential visit was a sirked the two men in the common of the comm

CHAPTER III.—Miss Potter, the dead man's sister-in-law, the village police hide, Roche, and the family physician, bector King, all agree Slyke killed himself, but Bartley insists he was murdered, investigating, Bartley finds evidence that silke, after a card party he had given, was all the silke, after a card party he had given, was all the silke, after a card party he had given, was all the silke, after a card party he had given and placed in bad.—During his-blacker from the room someone removes the revolver from Slyke's hand.

CHAPTER IV.—A boy working in the garage asserts he heard a shot during the night, apparently "in the air," of course gaily on the tower.

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Night

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CHAPTER V.—Pelt starts out to interthe interment of the card party. He
med to his surprise that Silyke, apparentity wealthy broker, had offered to sell his
friends whisky. He nods evidence that
the men in lail for attempted robbery of
Silyke were Currie mutter in surprise
as we groped our way behind the
door. At first I could hear nothing;
then on the other side of the wooden
door I heard some one stumble and
a hand fumble for the lock. What
could it mean? If the truck had come
back for another load we were in a
bad fix indeed. The men who had
fired at us before would not hesitate
to shoot to kill this time, and when
we were missing no one would think
to search for us in this vault. In a
fight, the odds were heavily against
us, as Bartley alone was armed.

Currle and myself had been placed
by Bartley so that when the door
opened we would be hidden by it. He
took up his position on the other side,
crouching flat against the wall. It
was too dark to make out his figure,
or even that of Currle at my side. I
listened to his uneasy breathing, and
for a second wondered what he wat
thinking about.

Whoever was opening the door had
no fear of-making a noise. He stumbled into the vault and swung the
door behind him with a little click.
Then a slit of light plerced the darkness and we crouched against the
wall, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting every moment that he would
see us. Just what he had come for
I never knew. He played the light
rather aimlessly along the walls, then
turned in onto the foor. All at once
it paused, and I heard an astonished
gasp. No wonder, for the light was
resting on Bartley's shoes.

The next second he had extingulshed it and was making for the
door. Almost before he had moved.
Bartley had flashed on his ovn torch
and was saying, "Put up your hands.
I have you covered."

The light in Bartley's hand had
been focused on the man's body, leaving his face in darkness. We could
hear the two men thrashing about on
the foor, but could not tell who was
setting the hest of it. Then I r

or throw the light of the prisoner.

"Let's have a look at this chap."
We saw a black, scowling face, and truel, shifty eyes that blinked angrily.

Currie cried, "Why, it's Slyke's thauffeur!"

The was no charge on which he could be arrested, when were incoming the was no charge on which he could be arrested, when we should be were the stairs of the stairs while we were in the tower rooms, I wondered if he were the one who had placed the revolver here. When Bartley questioned him as to why he had come to the vault he replied that it was none of his business; and when Bartley suggested that the police might make it their business, he only laughed sneeringly. We were discussing what we should do with him since there was no charge on which he could be arrested, when we received another shock.

The shipting head closed the foor

Celved another shock.

The chamfour had closed the door of the valit when he entered, but in some way it had become unfastened further the struggle, and now stood

wide open, the lighted interior plainly visible to anyone without. We were standing grouped together near the center of the room, our backs to the door, when a voice said, "Up with your hands, the whole four of you. Be quick about it! I have you all growed and will shoot the first one growed and will shoot the first one covered, and will shoot the first one

that moves." that moves."

There was but one thing to do, and we all did it. With our hands high in the air, we turned to the doorway to see who the intruder was. He was a tall, heavy-set man, with a round

then stood looking down at them proudly.

"A little souvenir of the night's work," he remarked, pointing to two bottles of whisky which he had taken, without our knowing it, from the box that Bartley hed opened in the vault.

CHAPTER VII

as he could tell, nothing had been stolen.

Bartley had learned also that there was ill feeling between Miss Potter and the chauffeur, and he had questioned her about it. She refused to say what it was, and seemed to consider Barg's presence as an intrusion. He had secured nothing new from her. When asked if she knew whether Slyke had any enemies who might want to take his life, she replied she did not. Repeated questioning could not shake her story that the

ing could not shake her story that the step-daughter Ruth had not been ex-pected home that night, and that she had not known the girl was in the house until we had all heard her vice on the stairs. As the girl can ried her own key, she could easily, she said, have returned without her knowing it.

she said, have returned without her knowing it.
Then there was the dog to be considered. He had slept as usual in the big living room on the night of the crime. The girl's story of his walking to the foot of the stairs with her when she came in, proved that he was there the entire night. Bartley-remarked that it was very strange that the dog should have made no sound.

not shake her story that the

in the air, we turned to the doorway to see who the intruder was. He was a tall, heavy-set man, with a round face, holding a revolver in his right hand.

Who could this second man be? For a second I thought it must be some friend of the chauffeur; but one look at his astonished face told me he knew no more who the man was than we did. Bartley looked puzzled, yet a little smile never left his face.

The man stoc's still for a moment before advancing into the vault. It seemed to me that he was startled at finding four of us there. He came to the center of the vault, and stopped, keeping several feet away from us.

"Starting with the man on the right," he-said, "come over here, ene by one. I am going to search you. No foolishness, now; I will kill the first man that starts something."

"My, what a pleasant man," I heard Currie mutter.

The first man on the right happend to be Bartley. He stepped forward, his hands high in the air. I wondered if hie would submit quietly to being searched. He allowed the left hand of the man to go over his clothing until it reached the revolver in his pocket; then like a flash he grasped the hand holding the gun at his chest, and gave it such a quick jerk that the weapon fell to the floor.

The fight was on. Both Currie and invself started to assist him, but Bartley called to us to watch the chauffeur. I picked up the revolver and covered the man.

It was not a long fight, and Bartley soon had his antagonist subdued. As he drazed him to bis feat

covered the man.

It was not a long fight, and Bartley soon had his antagonist subdued. As he dragged him to his feet,
and began to search him, he stopped
with an anused ery. On the man's
vest was a little badge.

"Why didn't you tell us you were a detective?" he asked.

detective?' he asked.

The man, his face red with rage, answered, "why in h—l should I?"

Bartley explained who he was, and the detective was delighted at the encounter. After we had given him back his gun and helped him brush himself off, he seated himself on a box, saying, "I will say you work quick, Mr. Bartley."

We grinned at this. We were much

box, saying, "I will say you work quick, Mr. Bartley."

We grinned at this. We were much relieved to find that he was a detective, and not one of the gang engaged in running whisky. He told us that he was in the revenue department and had been watching Slyke's house for some time, or I should have said, rather, his chaufteur's. He had given him the slip and he had been searching for him already. He had excountered him about ten o'clock and had been trailing him ever since. When the chaufteur had come to the vault, he had waited for him outside; then the door had swung open and he had seen a chance to capture what he thought was the garg.

He pointed at the chaufteur and said, "That's the chap, I believe, that killed Slyke."

Up to this time the chaufteur had not said a word. His face turned



His Face Turned White With Rage and He Cried, "You Lie!"

white with rage, and he cried, "Yea lie!" and would have taken the de-tective by the threat is Bartley had not prevented him.

not prevented aim.

Bartley and the detective, whose that the dog should have made no same was Black, decided that the sound.

See thing to do with the chauffeer of looks." I commented "as if who

was to place tim in the tiam's of the police. When Black learned that the vault was filled, with whisky, he asked Bartley to remain and help him guard it until the police could relieve him;

It until the police could relieve him; he seemed to fear that the rest of the gang would return. Bartley told me to go to the house and call up Roche, and ask him to come at once with his men, and then to bring back his car.

I'reached the main road without meeting anyone, and, breaking into a run, was soon at the house. I telephoned at once to Roche; and he was so much startled at my story that I had great difficulty in making him understand where he was to go, and what he was to do. At last he agreed to come at once.

ever committed the crime did not pass through the living room."

Bartley gave me a disgusted look. "Or else, Pelt, the dog knew him. The only way to reach the room where Siyke slept was up those stairs, and to reach the stairs he had to pass through the living room. Remember this, too, Lawrence said that Slyke was not going to bed, but expected another visitor. The butter says the dog was in the room with him when he let Lawrence out. Suppose the other visitor came. If Slyke himself admitted him, the dog would have probably barked at least once—that is, unless he knew him."

"Then it might have been someone in the house." I suggested.

Bartley assented, and we discussed the various persons in the household. First, we both agreed that the shot the boy had heard was the one that had killed Slyke, and that the time must have been between half-past one and two o'clock. If that were so, then, when the girl came in about three o'clock, Slyke was already dead. Bartley was sure that it took at least thirty minutes to undress Slyke and get him down from the balcony to his room. If the shot that the boy heard was fired before two o'clock, then the girl would not be suspected, for she had not returned until three. We eliminated her.

Fortley then analyzed the sister-inwhat he was to do. At last'he agreed to come at once.

It took me only a few moments in Bartley's car to reach the woods again; but, when I arrived, I saw two other cars already parked on the roadside, and knew that the police had preceded me.

I found Roche and two of his men in the vault, conferring with Bartley and Black, it had been decided to guard the place until morning, when the whisky could be removed. The chaufeur was to be taken to the Saratoga jail and locked up.

When we reached the house, Mrs. Currie came to meet us. At the sight of her husband's black eye, which by his time was very noticeable, and the ruin of Bartley's white suit, she gave a little cry.

"What under heaven have you been doing?" she asked.

Currie gave me a wink. "Looking for whisky," he answered.

He went to a nearby table, took something from each pocket and placed them carefully upon it. He then stood looking down at them proudly.

"A little souvenir of the night's work." he remarked

"Oh, I'm not interested in the ouisal board itself; what I am interested in is that word 'trouble' that it spelled out for her."

in Which Bartley Taiks of Many Things.

Mrs. Currle wanted to hear the story of our adventures; and when Bartley recounted what had taken place, I noticed that he expressed no opinion as to what was back of it all. It was after one when we reached our rooms, and I expected that Bartley would want to go to bed at once. I knew how tired I was, and supposed that he must be even more weary. But, after he had gotten into his pajamas, he dropped into a chair by the window, curled one leg over the arm, lighted his pipe, and turned to me. "Well, what do you think of it all?" he drawled.

That was a hard question to answer. We had been through so much, so many apparently unconnected events, that I scarcely knew what to think. Then, too, I knew very little of what had taken place after I had left him at Slyke's, or what new things he had observed there. The finding of whisky and the sudden appearance of the chauffeur, coupled with my discovery of the revolver, seemed to me to still further complicate the problem. What had he come to the vault for? I remembered that the detective had said he thought the chauffeur had killed Slyke. I wondered if this was simply a wild guess, or whether there was something behind it.

Bartley watched me with that littentile on his line that meant so many out for her."

This was more astonishing still, and I asked, "Why, you haven't any faith in those things, have you?"

Again he chuckled, then became serious. "Sure I have, but not in the way you think. The messages people think come from another world, come from the subconscious minds of the persons who are fooling with the

board. They do not realize that they themselves are subconsciously directing its movements and spelling out where we messages. Now, that board wrote for Miss Potter, 'Trouble is coming,' not once but many times. What I want to know is this: What was the something that, deep in her mind, told her that trouble was coming? What was the cause of her fear?"

ing? What was the cause of her fear?"

He lighted another cigar before he continued: "There is still another thing that shows she knew some danger was threatening. You remember she also told us that she had dreamed that Slyke had been killed,"



I knew what he was driving at how. Freud, whose theory of psycho-analysis was well known to Bartley, had worked out the interpretations of dreams. The theory of psycho-analysis is that in our sleep the subconscious mind has full play; our repressions come to the surface and express themselves in dreams. The psycho-analyst is thus often able to ruplore the secret places of our quind through—them and tell the cause of our trouble.

"Shakespeare was right when he I knew what he was driving at now.

inrougn—them and tell the cause of our trouble.

"Shakespeare was right when he said, We are such stuff as dreams are made of?" Bartley added in a quizzical tone as he paused to relight his cigar. "Miss Potter dreamed more than once that Slyke had been killed. We are told a dream is a suppressed wish, and that in our dreams our wishes are often hidden by symbols. This woman probably did not wish Slyke actually dead. She had no quarrel with him as far as I know. What she did wish was entirely different. She wished that he might be away so that he would be only of some trouble, and her suppressed wish caused her to dream that he was (Continued on Page Six.)



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