

You saw her face, but you wouldn't believe."

"You are right! I'll never scoff again, Luce"—his voice altered its tone—"I have been thinking of that, and of what you told me about that friend of yours, that doctor, and the model. Do—do you think that we could find him?"

"I don't know. I have been thinking of him, too. At least we can try. I know where he lives."

He gave an address to the chauffeur, who nodded and turned down a side street to emerge presently upon the Seine, which he crossed by the Pont Royale, holding straight across the Rue de Bac and turning up the Boulevard St. Germain. Opposite the Ecole de Medicine he dived into a narrow, squallid side street, threading a labyrinthine maze to draw up finally before an arched gateway which led into a dark courtyard. Through the gateway they saw a dim lamp burning in front of a low, ivy-covered door.

"Here we are," said Forest.

"Do you know the way?" asked the mayor.

"Yes. Come on. There's a light in his apartment." Forest pointed to a dull glow which came from the window overlooking the court.

They crossed the court and started up the dark, deeply worn stairs. On the landing Forest paused.

"Let me warn you, Tom," he said, "this fellow is a Pole, a Doctor Zabriski, and he is the worst kind of a as a doubt of his powers or anything at which he could take offence, such as a doubt of his powers of anything like that. If you do he will not only refuse to help us but insult us into the bargain."

"Very well," said the mayor, grimly. "I'll be careful."

In front of a door around the edges of which there came a glimmer of light the two paused and Forest rapped.

"Who is that?" came a deep voice, in French.

"Monsieur Forest and a friend."

There was a muttering within, a chair grated on the parquet, then felt-shod feet glided across the room, the bolt slid, and the door was thrown open. Framed against the softly lighted interior stood a tall, bulky man, a part of whose pale face gleamed from the middle of an enormous beard.

"How do you do, Mr. Forest?" he said, in perfect English. "Come in if you please."

Forest, followed by the mayor, entered.

"Doctor Zabriski," said the artist, "permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Ogilvie."

The Pole offered a large, sinewy hand. The mayor murmured something perfunctory and then glanced about the room.

It was large and luxuriously furnished, giving the impression of richness and taste combined with a certain cold asceticism of detail; one felt at once that it was the abode of a servant. The rugs were fine, the tapestries good, the colours in accord, as far as could be seen in the light of the dim reading-lamp. But the walls were lined with books, and a microscope stood where one would expect to find a margarine, and then, as the mayor's eyes swept the place, he received a shock.

On a low divan, in a shrouded corner of the room, lay a sleeping woman. One arm, bare to the elbow, fell within the zone of softened light, which shone on the pink finger-nails and the small half-closed palm. Even as the mayor discovered her presence the Polish doctor said quietly:

"Do not mind her. We will not disturb her. She is not due to awaken until midnight."

"Delphine?" asked Forest.

"Yes. The girl whom I brought to your studio, if you remember. I have used her to conduct some experiments." He glanced at Ogilvie. "Are you interested in psychology, Mr. Ogilvie?"

"I do not know anything about it," answered the mayor. "But I am in need of its aid, as you must have guessed."

His voice was curt, the atmosphere of the place repelled him. It produced a bristling along his spine which caused the counsel of Forest to go unheeded.

"We have come for your advice, doctor," said Forest. In a few nervous sentences he outlined what had occurred. When he had finished there was a scowl

upon the bearded face of the Pole.

"Have you told me everything?" he asked harshly.

"No," interrupted the mayor. "He's left out a lot, through consideration for me, I suppose."

"In that case," said the Pole coldly, "I very much regret that I will be unable to offer any advice."

"All right. Sorry to have bothered you." The mayor was on his feet, his clean-cut features hard as though carved in stone. "Please accept our apologies, Doctor Zabriski. Come on, Forest."

The Pole glanced at him quickly. "One moment, Mr. Ogilvie; don't you see why I cannot help you?"

"Of course. You want the whole story. Well, then, it is all summed up in three words. I love her."

"Sit down, Mr. Ogilvie," said Zabriski. "Now I can be of aid to you."

The mayor reseated himself. For a moment the Pole regarded him curiously. Forest had sunk down into his chair, pale and silent.

"Do you believe that I can help you, Mr. Ogilvie?" asked the Pole.

"I am prepared to."

"Good; that is all that one can ask." He looked searchingly at the mayor, who returned the look unmoved. "You are a materialist, Mr. Ogilvie," said the doctor. "Anything which logic cannot explain is repugnant to you. Also, you have no fear to try conclusions, as you think of it, with the will-power of any living man. In three-hundred and sixty-four days and twenty-three hours of the whole year you would be quite unhypnotisable; but the Christian year has yet an hour to run; and in that hour, due to your great love, which is a new-born emotion, Mr. Ogilvie, you have become the best and most susceptible of subjects."

"Good!" growled the mayor.

"So much so, Mr. Ogilvie, that I doubt if there is any necessity for hypnotising you at all." The Pole regarded him closely, and the mayor met the large, brilliant eyes steadfastly. Suddenly the Pole sprang to his feet.

"You are clairvoyant, my friend—just at this moment. There is no need of a trance. Shut your eyes!"

The mayor did so.

"Do you see anything? Have you any impression?"

"No."

"Bon! Come with me."

The doctor sprang to his feet. Without a glance at Forest, who had fallen back in his chair pale and faint, Ogilvie followed.

At the foot of the couch upon which lay the sleeping woman the doctor drew back some portieres, disclosing a dark interior.

"Enter, if you please," he said. The mayor did so.

"Before we proceed," said the doctor, "I wish to ask you if you have any revulsion at the thought of temporarily losing entire personal control of your faculties?"

"Not!" snarled the mayor savagely. "Hypnotize me. Lead out my mind and put it through its tricks, if you like. Do what you please—I don't give a damn—if you can find her for me!"

"Bon! We will find her; never fear," said the doctor softly.

He let the portieres fall, then struck a match and held it to a tiny lamp, hidden in a niche. The little flame flared up; the doctor reached for some dark object, drew it aside, and instantly the room was flooded in a soft, yet brilliant light, all of which was centred in one shimmering, scintillating object.

"Have you ever looked into the crystal globe, Mr. Ogilvie?" asked the Pole.

"No."

"Good. Then you will surely see that which will help you. Sit on that stool in front of you, Mr. Ogilvie, and—so—now rest your elbows upon the table. Relax, my friend, relax. There, that is good, that is admirable. Are you quite at your ease?"

"Quite."

"Good. Now, Mr. Ogilvie, look intently into the very centre, the core of the globe. You will not have to look long."

His low, modulated voice deepened.

"Relax, Mr. Ogilvie, relax. Think of anything that you like, your thoughts will come back to the main issue. Look steadily, that is all, look steadily." The soft voice ceased.

"It is getting cloudy," muttered the mayor presently.

"That is right. Look, keep on looking."

"Now—it—is—" The mayor pitched

forward. He gripped the table with both hands. His eyes protruded. His voice burst out harshly.

"Carroll! There she is. There! Sitting at a table—with—with—his voice grew shrill—"with that man, that—the Marquis de Montbrison." He aroused himself.

"Sit still!" said the Pole sharply.

"Eh—what—with that rouser—what—"

The mayor's voice rose fiercely; his knees stiffened.

"Don't rise! Keep on looking. Look! Look!"

"Look!" The mayor sprang to his feet. "What's the use of looking at things like that?" He flung back the portieres and strode out into the other room.

"Come on, Luce," he said. "Let's go." The Pole was at his heels. Forest, very white, looked up at the two as they entered. The mayor's face was white also, but his eyes were like two shimmering jewels.

"You did not follow my instructions!" snapped the doctor. "You got up! You did not do as I ordered you!"

"Why should I?" said the mayor contemptuously. "Do you know what I saw?"

"What did you see, Tom?" asked Forest feebly.

"Oh, nothing of any value." The mayor's voice clicked. "I saw Miss Winn, of course, but as soon as I got the whole picture I understood. At first it gave me a jolt, naturally, but the whole thing is made out of the same stuff as dreams; where you dream some horrible repugnant thing that your waking mind would never permit for a second—a sort of passive perversity."

"Well, but what?"

"Oh, what's the use of discussing it! If you must know, I saw Carroll Winn, dressed in a gorgeous sort of gown, sitting at a table in a cafe, a glass of champagne in front of her, and that—the Marquis de Montbrison opposite. It was just a fool dream."

"Indeed?" said the Pole. "Then you mean to insinuate that my revelation, or your own revelation under my suggestion, was nothing more than fantasy?"

"Well, what else could it be?" The mayor turned to the man in rising anger.

"I come to you looking for a poorly clad, homeless, friendless girl, wandering about the streets of Paris, and you show me the very woman, only tricked out in lace and satin, sitting at a table in what appears to be a stylish cafe opposite a man in evening dress who is known to be the most dissolute man in Paris!"

The Pole's eyes flashed. His moustache was drawn up, baring his white teeth. His pallid face was the incarnation of ungovernable fury.

"You fool!" he snarled, thrusting his bearded chin toward the mayor. "You fool from out of the West! When you have become a little more civilized you will learn something!"

The mayor's head dropped a trifle between his broad shoulders. His eyes narrowed, and he looked at the angry man before him. The Pole topped him by half a head, but in his rage he had stopped and thrust out his chin, so that the point of his beard was almost in the mayor's face.

"Eh, what's that?" asked Ogilvie, his voice carrying a soft songlike lilt. "What

is that you say, doctor?"

"I say that when you know Paris a little better, and woman a great deal better, Mr. Ogilvie," sneered the doctor, "you will learn that it is no such great distance for a woman to travel from rags to satin! Nor is it far from Montmartre to Maxim's; and"—his sneer grew malicious—"from Maxim's to—the morgue!"

The mayor leaned forward, his eyes mere alits. A straggling noise gurgled in his throat.

"You liar!" he snarled. His arm shot out from his shoulder; there was a solid impact, a crash, and the spiritualist was down, senseless, across his rich, Turkish rug.

The mayor leaned over him, his eyes blazing, his fists still clenched.

"Hope to God I've killed the swine!" he snarled. "But I haven't. He's hypnotized now, damn him!"

"Tom! Tom!"

"Oh, come on, Luce. Your friend's a huubug! He's worse; he's a liar! Come on!"

He seized the artist by the shoulder, and they stumbled gropingly down the stairs and across the silent court. Outside the gate the motor-cab was waiting. The mayor wrenched open the door and plunged in, then sank back upon the seat, knowing his nails.

"From Montmartre to Maxim's; from Maxim's to—the morgue!" he muttered.

"Where now, Tom!" asked Forest faintly.

The mayor was still muttering. "From Montmartre to Maxim's—eh—what?" he laughed, then thrust his head through the window.

"To Maxim's," he ordered. "After that—the morgue!"

CHAPTER IV.

The mayor did not speak again as the motor-cab picked its way swiftly through the narrow, dim-lit streets, and Forest, shocked to the core of his sensitive nature by the savage outbursts of his friend, was also silent. Neither had spoken up to the time that they reached the Place de la Concorde and headed across the blazing square for the point where the Rue Royale debouched into it.

The night had grown very cold with the raw, searching humidity peculiar to winter Paris, and a few snowflakes were swirling through the air. As they drew up in front of the famous cafe the mayor spoke for the first time since giving the address to the driver.

"It was here that we were to meet Chew and Hammersmith, wasn't it, Luce?"

Forest roused himself. "Yes, Tom; that's so. I had forgotten all about it."

"Funny how the threads of fate interweave," observed the mayor. "There really is no sense in looking here for Carroll." He used the girl's Christian name unconsciously. "But we ought to stop and tell them that we can't stay. Besides, a bite to eat will do us no harm. Forgive me, old chap; I'd forgotten that we had fasted so long. Why didn't you speak of it?"

"Oh, it's nothing, Tom. I hadn't thought of it myself."

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