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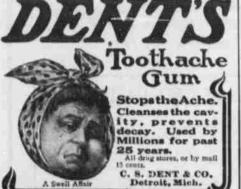
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three good liars. But how did you get that gun away from him?"

"I did n't. He got it away from me."

HELD her at arms' length and looked at her. Though still quivering, the terror had left her eyes and she had regained twenty years in appearance. Her lips trembled in a weary smile, and in her cheeks was a slight trace of color, which be-came flery red as I demanded:

"How did you get it?"

She sunk into my arms and hid her

face on my shoulder.
"Is n't it enough," she said plaintively, "that a girl confesses murder? tively, "that a girl confesses m Must she bare her very soul?"

"No," I answered, dubiously; "but why

"I stole your pistol," she exclaimed, passionately. "I was afraid you would shoot him, and suffer the pen-

alty, as father did."
"For Heaven's sake, girl," I exploded, "is this the real reason? And did you take my gun from my pocket while I was asleep to protect me from myself?"
"Yes," she declared, and flung her-

"Yes," she declared, and flung her-self free from me. "I don't care for the consequences. I crept into your room while you were asleep and robbed you. It was at four bells. I heard it strike."

heard it strike."

"My waking time—every night,"
I said. "Why did n't I rouse up?"

"I do not know," she replied, raising her flushed face to mine. Then she added: "Yes, I do know—now. I have studied—read about psychology a little. It is the subconscious mind."

"What is thet?" I calcul-

What 's that?" I asked.

"Our souls - that know more than our waking minds, but will act upon suggestion, or auto-suggestion. I heard you tell father that you had awakened at two in the morning ever since you read about it. That was auto-suggestion."
"Well."

"And so you acquired the habit. And so you acquired the habit. But your sub-conscious mind knew better—it knew my danger and kept you asleep while I robbed you. And mine knew better, too; it knew my danger, though all I could think about since we laughed at him was since we laughed at him was your

Go on," I said. "I'm in a fog, but

"And your sub-conscious mind, knowing my danger, awakened you when I needed you — father told me

and you saw him and followed

And then?

"He seemed to have some hypnotic influence over me; but it was partly broken when he tried to kiss me, and thoroughly broken when he fell down and we laughed at him."
"Tried to kiss you?"

"I slapped his face for it. It was just before you corrected him for swearing at the men. He was put out —angry and chagrined. And though I was still a little afraid of him I tried to coax him not to quarrel with you—it was really on your account, though not until last night could I admit it to myself. I worried over you, and did not undress nor sleep. It became unbearable at last, and I took your pistol to preserve you from mur-der, as I thought, not knowing that in an hour I would be a murderess.

"Don't call yourself that," I pro-

"But I am, for I led him on until he went too far. I sat in my berth, your pistol in my hand, thinking of you, you — and when he opened my door I shot him on impulse. But he twisted the pistol out of my hand, and the last I can remember is that he staggered back into the cabin.

"God love you, little girl," I said, as I klased the fading color back to her cheeks; "but why did you encourage such a man?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, "Oh, I don't know," she answered, almost in a whisper. "I thought—a murderess might confess everything. John—I thought it might make you jealous. You would not speak to me, nor even look at me, and I never would have slapped your face. But, you must not kiss me any more—or I will."

I had taken her in my arms and repeated the offence, but, curiously

peated the offence, but, curiously enough, was not punished. Instead, I was smiled upon by a disheveled young woman of twenty, now— growing fairer, if not younger, each

THOUGH I have commanded many ships since then I am not a com-mander—only a mate. And, though I awaken each night as formerly, it is never at two in the morning, but at three —six bells of the middle watch. And every time I awaken I hear a soft, musical voice dreamily utter-ing the old-fashi ned call of the lookout at sea: "Six bells, and all's well." Which I always answer before going to sleep again.

# The Temple of Beauty

(Continued from Page 7)

"Try to work around near them," she whispered, her attention still on their neighbors. The dance had dissipated the tired look from her face, and her companion great down. and her companion gazed down covet-

ously at her in his arms.
"I wish your cases took you to afternoon dances more often," he smiled, trying to break down the re-

"Sh—h!" she murmured avoiding his glance, but giving him just a pinch of encouragement on the arm. They were near Lyons and Mrs. Despard. "Norma-

"Tonight."

Tell Jack -

It was but a fragment, and the rest of the conversation trailed off in the abandon of the dance. But it was evident that they had

now noticed how Clare and Lawson were following them. As they passed a second time Mrs. Despard whis-pered something to her escort. A moment later the two were edging their way from their table to the cab-stand outside. Mrs. Despard had given no outward sign of recognition, yet her actions told plainly that she had recognized Clare.

A S closely as prudent, Clare and Dr. Lawson followed. Quickly they, too, were off with the rattle of the changing gears and the muffler cut out. As carefully as possible their driver clung tenaciously to the car

ahead, keeping about a block behind.

The car ahead stopped suddenly.
Lyons leaped from the step, handed
Mrs. Despard out, then turned and reentered the cab. She had entered the
Futurist Beauty Shop.

The car with Clare and Dr. Lawson
had halted perhaps half a block away

had halted perhaps half a block away while the driver made shift to find some excuse to look at his engine for

some excuse to look at his engine for a delay. A street urchin sauntered up. "Have any of those people I described to you gone in or out of the building, Tommy?" asked Clare coming close to the open window. "No'm. Only the lady what just went in again. She went out about four o'clock."

went in again. She went out about four o'clock."

"That's all, and thank you, Tommy," added Clare. "You can go back to the office now. . . . I find a boy like that makes a better shadow than all the detectives I have ever employed, Billy."

"What are you going to do?" asked Lawson curiously. "That other car is three blocks up the street. I don't know whether we can catch—"

"There is just one thing to do," she decided as their own taxi gathered speed. "I am going to visit that Beauty Parlor again. They won't think I will dare do it."

"Be careful, Clare," cautioned Lawson. "Don't you think you had better send some one else whom they don't

send some one else whom they don't shall be all right," she replied

confidently, as she took a pretty little



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