The YELLOW STREAK By Valentine Williams

rough an error The Bee last Sunday and the third installment of "The Streak," omitting the second install-which contains many details important development of the piot. For the of many readers interested in the he second installment is published here, be third installment reprinted on the

T TORACE TREVERT ran down the cor first to reach the library door. He floret to reach the library door. He knocked sharply, then turned the handle. The door was locked.

"Hartley!" he cried, and rapped again. "Ha-a-artiey! Open the door! It's me,

Again he knocked and rattled the handle. Not a sound came from the locked room. There was an instant's silence. Horace and the doctor exchanged an interrogatory look, From behind the closed door came the steady ticking of a clock. The silence was so absolute that both men heard it.

Then the door at the end of the corridor was flung open and Bude appeared. He was' running at a quick, ambling trot, his heavy tread shaking the passage.

"O, sir," he cried, "whatever is it? What has happened?"

Horace spoke quickly, incisively. "Something's happened to Mr. Parrish. Bude," he said. "The door's locked and he doesn't answer. We'll have to break the door

Bude shook his head. "It's solid oak, sir." he began.

Then he raised his hand.

Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, as though an idea had struck him. "If we were to go out by the garden door here, we might get in through the window. We could break the glass if needs be!"

"That's it!" exclaimed Horace. "Come on, He dashed down the corridor towards the

little passage. The doctor laid a hand on Bude's arm. "One of us had better stay here." he said,

with a meaning glance at the closed door. The butler raised an affrighted face to his.

"Go with Sir Horace, Bude," said the doctor. "I'll stay."

Outside in the gardens of Harkings it was a raw, damp evening, pitch black now, with little gusts of wind which shook the naked bushes of the rosary. The garden door led by which ran all along the back of the house. The path extended right up to the wall of the house. On the other side it flanked the

The glass door was banging to and fro in the night wind as Bude, his coat collar turned up, hurried out into the darkness. The library, which formed the corner of the new. wing, had two windows, the one immediately above the gravel path looking out over the rose garden, the other round the corner of the house giving on the same path, beyond which ran a high hedge of clipped box suring the so-called Pleasure Ground, a plot of smooth grass with a sun dial in the

A glow of light came from the library window, and in its radiance Bude saw silhouetted the tall, well knit figure of young Trevert. is the butler came up, the boy raised s thing in his hand and there was a crash of

The curtains were drawn, but with the breaking of the window they began to flap about. With the iron grating he had picked up from the drain below the window young Trevert smashed the rest of the glass away, then thrust an arm through the empty window frame, fumbling for the window catch

"The catch is not fastened," he whispered, and with a resolute thrust he pushed the window up. The curtains leaped up wildly, revealing a glimpse of the pleasant, book lined room. Both men from the darkness without and his habitual chair, beyond it, pushed back, empty.

Trevert turned an instant, a hand on the "Bude," he said, "there's no one there!"

Best look and see, sir," replied the butler, his coat tails flapping in the wind. Trevert hoisted himself easily on to the

window sill, knelt there for an instant, then thrust his legs over the sill and dropped into the room. As he did so he stumbled, cried

Then the heavy gray curtains were flung back and the butler saw the boy's face, rather white, at the open window.

"My God," he said, slowly, "he's dead!" A moment later Dr. Romain, waiting in corridor, heard the key turn in the lock of the library door. The door was flung open. Horace Trevert stood there, silhouetted in a dull glow of light from the room. He was Hartley Parrish lay on his back motionless

Hartley Parrish's library was a splendid room, square in shape, lofty and well proportioned. It was lined with books arranged in shelves of dark brown oak running round the reaching up to a broad band of perfectly plain white plaster work. It was a cheerful, comfortable, eminently

modern room, half library, half office. The oak was solid, but uncompromisingly new. The massive oaken door stood opposite the window overlooking the rosary—the windo through which Horace Trevert had entered Parrish's desk was in front of this window, between it and the door in consequence. By the other window, which, as has been stated looked out on the clipped hedge surrounding the Pleasure Ground, was the little table with the Chelsea chain, the dictaphone, and one of the easy chairs. The center of the room was clear, so that nothing lay between the door and the carved mahogany chair at the desk. Here, as they all knew, Parrish was accustomed to sit when working, his back to the door, his face to the window overlooking

The desk stood about ten feet from the window. On it was a large brass lamp which cast a brilliant circle of light upon the broad letter trays, its handsome silver edged blotter and silver and tortoise shell leather writing appurtenances. By the light of this lamp Dr. Romain, looking from the doorway, saw that Hartley Parrish's chair was vacant, pushed back a little way from the desk. The rest of the room was wrapt in unrevealing

"He's there by the window!" Herace was whispering to the doctor. Ro-main strode over to the desk and picked up

the lamp. As he did so his eyes fell upon the pale face of Hartley Parrish. He lay his back in the space between the desk and the window. His head was flung back, his eves, bluish gray—the narrow, rather expres sionless eyes of the successful business man -were wide open and fixed in a sightless stare, his rather full mouth with its clean shaven lips was rigid and stern.

body. And then Romain could not repress an involuntary start, albeit he saw what he hand of Hartley Parrish grasped convulsively an automatic pistol. His clutching index finger was crooked about the trigger and the burrel was pressed into the yielding pile of the carpet. His other hand with clawing fingers was flung out away from the body on the other side. One leg was stretched out to its fullest extent and the foot just touched the hem of the gray window curtains. The other leg was slightly drawn up.

The doctor raised the lamp from the desk and, dropping on one knee, placed it on the ground beside the body. With gentle fingers he manipulated the eyes, opened the blue serge coat and waistcoat which Parrish was wearing. As he unbuttoned the waistcoat he laid bare a dark red stain on the breast of the fine silk shirt. He opened shirt and undervost, bent an ear to the still form, and then, with a little helpless gesture, rose to

"Dead?" queried Trevert.

Romain nodded shortly.

"Shot through the heart!" he said. "He looked so . . . so limp," the boy said, shrinking back a little, "I thought be was dead. But I never thought old Hartley would have done a thing like that. . The doctor pursed up his lips as if to speak, But he remained silent for a moment. Then

he said: "Horace, the police must be informed. We can do that on the telephone. This room must be left just as it is until they come. I can do nothing more for poor Hartley. And we shall have to tell the others. I'd better do that myself. I wonder where Greve is? I haven't seen him all the afternoon. As a barrister he should be able to advise us about -er, the technicalities: the police and all

Rapid footsteps reverberated down the corridor. Robin Greve appeared at the door. The fat and frightened face of Bude appeared

over his shoulder. "Good God, doctor," he cried, "what's this

The doctor cleared his throat.

"Our poor friend is dend, Greve," he said. But how? How?"

Greve stood opposite the doctor in the center of the library. He had switched on the light at the door as he had come in, and the room was flooded with soft light thrown by concealed lamps set round the cornice of the "Look!" responded the doctor by way of

answer, and stepped aside to let the young man come up to the desk. "He has a pistol in his hand!" Robin Greeve took a step forward and

stopped dead. He gazed for an instant without speaking on the dead face of his host and " Suicide!"

It was an affirmation rather than a question, and the little doctor took it up. He was not a young man and the shock and excitement were beginning to tell on his nerves. "I am not a police surgeon," he said with some asperity; "in fact, I may say I have not seen a dead body since my hospital days. I-I know nothing about these things. This is a matter for the police. They must be Robin Greve turned quickly.

Get on to the police station at Stevenish at once, Bude," he ordered. "Do you know

"Ves sir" the hutler enswered in a hol low voice. His hands were trembling violently and he seemed to control himself with difficulty. "Mr. Humphries, sir!" "Well, ring him up and tell him that Mr.

Parrish . . . Hullo, what do all these people want?" There was a commotion at the door. Fright-

ened faces were framed in the doorway. Outside there was the sound of a woman whimpering. A tall, dark young man in a tail coat came in quickly. He stopped short when he saw the solemn faces of the group at the desk. It was Parrish's man, Jay. He stepped forward to the desk and in a

frightened sort of way peered at the body as lay on the floor.
"O, sir!" he said breathlessly, addressing Greve, "whatever has happened to Mr. Par-

Greve put his hand on the young man's "I'm sorry to say it is true Jay." he an-

rish? It can't be true. . . .

"He was very good to us all," the valet replied in a broken voice. He remained by the desk staring at the body in a dazed fash-

manded. "This is no place for women." "It's Mrs. Heever, the housekeeper," Bude

all those servants away. Jay, will you see to it? And take care that Lady Margaret and Miss Trevert don't come in here either." "Sir Horace is with them, sir, in the lounge," said Jay, and went out. "I'll go to them. I think I'd better," ex-claimed the doctor. "I shall be in the lounge

when they want me. A dreadful affair! The little doctor bustled out, leaving Greve and the butler alone in the room with the mortal remains of Hartley Parrish lying

where he had fallen on the soft gray carpet. "Now. Bude." said Greve incisively, "get on to the police at once. You'd better telelook round here in the meantime!" ·Bude stood for an instant irresolute. He

glanced shrewdly at the young man. "Go on," said Robin quickly. "What are you waiting for man? There's no time to

"Why should he have done it?" he whispered to himself. "Why, my God, why?" With a little hopeless gesture the young barrister glanced round the room. His eye letter trays, costly silver and tortoise shell writing appointments, a couple of heavy gold pencils. Lying flat on the great silver edged biotter was a long brown envelope which had been opened. Propped up against the large crystal ink well was a letter addressed simply Miss Mary Trevert" in Hartley Partish's big, vigorous, and sprawling handwriting

The letter to Mary Trevert Robin did not touch. But he picked up the long brown envelope. On the back it bore a printed seal. The envelope contained a document and a letter. At the sight of it the young' man started. It was Hartley Parrish's will. The letter was therely a covering note from Mr. Bardy of the firm of Jerringham, Bardy and Company, a well known firm of solicitors, dated the previous evening. Robin replaced document in their envelope with

"So that's it!" he murmured to him All the letter trays save one were empty.



In this was a little heap of papers and letters. Robin glanced through them. There were two or three prospectuses, a notice of a golf match, a couple of notes from West End en inclosing receipts, and an acknowledgment from the bank. There was only one personal letter-a business communication from a Rotterdam firm. Robin glanced at the letter. It was typewritten on paper of a dark slatey-blue shade. It was headed ELIAS VAN DER SPYCK & CO. GEN-ERAL IMPORTERS. ROTTERDAM" and dealt with steel shipments.

Despite her effort to remain calm, the

girl's voice shook a little. She made a

little helpless gesture of her hands.

Robin dropped the letter back into the tray and turned to survey the room. It was in perfect order. The room smelt smoky. Now he remembered he had noticed it as he came

He stood an instant gazing thoughtfully at the blazing and leaping fire. He threw a quick glance at the window where the curtossed fitfully in the breeze coming through the broken pane. Suddenly he stepped quickly across the room and, lifting reading lamp from the table, bore it ove to the window, which he scrutinized narrowly by its light. Then he dropped on one knee ide the dead body, placing the lamp or

the floor beside him. He lifted the dead man's left hand and narrowly examined the nails. Without touch ing the right hand which clasped the re volver, he studied its nails, too. He rose and desk and scrutinized the nails of both hands through the glass.

Then he rose to his feet again and, having replaced lamp and reading glass on the desk, stood there thoughfully, his brown hands clasped before him. His eyes wandered from the desk to the window and from the window to the corpse. Then he noticed on the carpet tween the dead body and the desk a lit ball of slatey-blue paper. He bent down and picked it up. He had begun to unroll it when thrust the scrap of paper in his pocket and turned to face the door.

built, florid man in the braided uniform of a police inspector stood on the threshold of the room. Beside him was Bude, who, with an air of dignity and respectful mourning suitably blended, waved him into the room. "The-ahem!-the body is in here, Mr.

He nodded shortly to Greve and with a tread that shook the room strode across to where Hartley Parrish was lying dead. In the meantime a harassed looking man with a short gray beard, wearing a shabby frock coat, had slipped into the room behind the inspector. He approached Greve.

"Dr. Romain?" he queried, peering through his gold spectacles. "The butler said . . . No, my name is Greve," answered Robin. "I am staying in the house. This is Dr.

He motioned to the door. Dr. Romain ustling into the room. "Glad to see you here so promptly, in-spector," he said. "A shocking business, very. Is this the doctor? I am Dr. Romain

Dr. Redstone bowed with alacrity.

"A great privilege, sir," he said staidly. "I have followed your work—"
But the other did not let him finish. Shot through the heart . . . instantant

ous death . . severe hemorrhage . . . the pistol is there . . . in his hand. A man with everything he wanted in the world . . . I can't understand it. 'Pon my soul, I can't!" The inspector, who had been kneeling by the corpse, motioned with his head to the will lage doctor. Dr. Redstone went to him and began a cursory examination of the body.

he said, "that it was Miss Trevert, a lady staying in the house, who heard the shot ould like to see her, please. And you, sir, are you a relation of . . . "
Greve, thus addressed, hastily replied. Only a friend, inspector. I am staying in the house. I am a barrister. Perhaps I may

be able to assist you . . ." Humphries shot a slow, shrewd glance at him from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. lunch that he was going to shut himself up in the library for the whole afternoon, as he had a lot of work to get through." The inspector made a note or two in his book. Then he paused, thoughtfully tapping the end of his pencil against his teeth.

"It was Miss Trevert, you say, who found "No." Greve replied. "Her brother, Sir Horace Trevert. It was Miss Trevert who heard the shot fired."

"The door was locked, I think?" Trevert. He will tell you how he got through the window and discovered the body. Horace Trevert gave a brief account of his

entry into the library. Again the inspector scribbled in his note book. lease," he said, "and then I should wish to see Miss Trevert. Firstly, who saw Mr. Hartley last, and at what time?"

Horace Trevert looked at Greve. It would be when he left us after lunch, "Certainly, certainly," Dr. Romain broke "He left us all together in the dining

room-you, Horace, and Robin and Lady Margaret and Mary . . . Miss Trevert and her mother, you know," he added by way of explanation to the inspector. And he went straight to the library?"

"Straight away, Mr. Humphries, sir," broke in Bude. "Mr. Parrish crossed me in the hall and gave me particular instructions that he was not to be disturbed.' 'That was at what time?"

"About two-thirty, sir." Then you were the last person to see him before . . ."

"Why, no . . . that is, unless . . ." The butler hesitated, casting a quick glance round his audience. What do you mean?" rapped out the inspector, looking up from his note book, "Did

anybody else see Mr. Parrish in spite of his Bude was silent. He was looking at Greve. "Come on," said Humphries sternly. You heard my question? What makes you

think anybody else had access to Mr. Parrish before the shot was heard?" Bude made a little resigned gesture of the "Well, sir, I thought . . . I made sure

that Mr. Greve . . ."

There was a moment's tense silence. Well?" snapped Humphries. ...

"I was going to say I made certain that Mr. Greve was going to Mr. Parrish in the library to tell him tea was ready. Mr. Greve passed me in the hall and went down the library corridor just after I had served the

All eyes turned to Robin. "It's perfectly true," he said. "I went out into the gardens for a mouthful of fresh air just before tea. I left the house by the side door, off the corridor here. . I didn't go to the library, though. It is an understood thing in this house that no one ever disturbs Mr. "My God, Mary," he cried, "you mustn't

come in here!" All turned round at his loud exclamation Mary Trevert stood in the doorway. Dr. Romaine darted forward. "My dear," he said soothingly, "you mustn't be here . . ."
Passively she let him lead her into the cor

idor. The inspector continued his examina-"At what time did you come along this corridor, sir?" he asked Robin." "It was not long after the tea gong went," answered Robin; "about ten minutes past

five, I should say . . . 1 . 2 "And you heard nothing?" Robin shook his head. Absolutely nothing," he replied. The corridor was perfectly quiet. I stepped out into the grounds, went for a turn round the

'At what time was that?" "When I came in? . . . O, about two or three minutes later, say about a quarter past

And the same of th

"I say, though," expostulated Horace, "my sister's awfully upset, you know. Is 't absolutely necessary?"

Humphries turned to Horace Trevert

"Aye, sir, it is!" said the inspector. "But there's no need for me to see her in here. Perhaps in some other room." "The drawing room is next to this," the

butler put in. "They'd be nice and quiet in there, Sir Horace!" The inspector acquiesced. Dr. Redstone drew him aside for a whispered colloquy.

The inspector came back to Robin and

Horace. The doctor would like to have the body taken upstairs to Mr. Parrish's room," said. "He wishes to make a more detailed examination if Dr. Romain would help him. if one of you gentlemen could give orders about this. . . . I have two officers outside who would lend a hand. And this room must

A stout sergeant appeared at the library "As soon as the body has been removed, you will lock the room and bring the key to me. And you will return here and see that

no one attempts to get into the room. Under-

"Inspector! " Robin Greve called Inspector Humphries as the latter was preparing to follow Bude

to the drawing room.
"Mr. Parrish seems to have written a note for Miss Trevert," he said, pointing at the desk. "And in that envelope you will find Mr. Parrish's will. I discovered it there on the desk just before you arrived!" Again the inspector shot one of his swift

glances at the young man. He went over to the desk, shook the document and letter from their envelope, glanced at them, and replaced "I don't rightly know that this concerns

me, gentlemen," he said slowly. "I think I'll just take charge of it. And I'll give Miss Taking the two envelopes, he tramped heavily out of the room. The phrases he had been laboriously pre

paring—"This has been a bad shock for you, ma'am"; "You will forgive me, I'm sure, ma'am, for calling upon you at a mor such as this "-died away on his lips as Mary Trevert said: Ask me any questions you wish, inspec tor. I will tell you everything I can."

"That's very good of you, ma'am, I'm sure," answered the inspector, unstrapping his note book, "and I'll try and not detain you long. Now then, tell me what you know this sad affair." Mary Trevert plucked an instant nervously

at her little cambric handkerchief in her lap Then she said: "I went to the library from the billiard room . . ."
"A moment," interposed the inspector

What time was that?" "A little after five. The tea gong had gone some time. I was going to the library to tell Mr. Parrish that tea was ready"
Mr. Humphries made a note. He nodded

to show he was listening.
"I crossed the hall and went down to the library corridor. I knocked on the library door. There was no reply. Then I heard a Despite her effort to remain calm, the girl's

voice shook a little. Then I got frightened. I ran back along the corridor to the lounge, where the others When you knocked at the door, you say

there was no reply. I suppose, now, you tried the handle first?" Then Mr. Parrish would have heard the two sounds? The turning of the handle and then the knocking on the door? That's so,

isn't it?' "Yes, I suppose so . . ." Yet you say there was no reply?"

The inspector jotted a word or two in his note book as it lay open flat upon the table. The shot, then, was fired immediately after you had knocked? Not while you were knocking?"

"No. I knocked and waited, expecting Mr. Parrish to answer. Instead of his answer, there came this shot . .

"I see. And after the shot was fired there was a crash? "A sort of thud-like something heavy failing down."

"And you heard no grean or cry?" The girl knit her brows for a moment. I-I-was frightened by the shot. I-Idon't seem able to remember what happened afterwards. Let me think . . . let me

"There, there," said the inspector pater-"Don't upset yourself like this. Just try and think what happened after you heard the shot fired. . . Mary Trevert shuddered, one slim white hand pressed against her cheek.

"I do remember now," she said. "There was a cry. It was more like a sharp exclamation. "And then you heard this crash?" The girl had somewhat regained her self-

possession. She dabbed her eyes with her

handkerchief quickly, as though ashamed of her weakness. "Now," said Humphries, clearing his throat, as though to indicate that the conversation had changed. "You and Lady Margaret Trevert knew Mr. Parrish pretty well, I believe, Miss Trevert. Have you any idea why he should have done this thing? Mary Trevert shook her dark head rather

wearily. "It is inconceivable to me . . . to all of us," she answered.

"Do you happen to know whether Mr. Parrish had any business worries?" "He always had a great deal of business on hand and he has had a great deal to de lately over some big deal."

"What was it, do you know? "He was raising fresh capital for Horns way's-that is the big engineering firm he "Do you know if he was pleased with the

way things were shaping?" Oh, yes. He told me last night that everything would be finished this week. He seemed quite satisfied." The inspector paused to make a note.

Then he thrust a hand into the side pocket of his tunic and produced Hartley Parrish's "This," he said, eying the girl as he handed her the letter, "may throw some

light on the affair!" Open-eyed, a little surprised she took the plain white envelope from his hand and gazed an instant without speaking on the

bold, sprawling address: Miss Mary Trevert.'

"Open it, please," said the inspector gently. The girl tore open the envelope. Humphries saw her eyes fill, watched the emotion grip her and shake her in her self-control so that she could not speak when, her reading done, she gave him back the letter.

Without asking her permission he took the sheet of fine, expensive paper with its neat engraved heading and postal directions and read Hartley Parrish's last message. "My dear," it ran. "I signed my will at Bardy's office yesterday and he sent it back to me today. Just this line to let you know you are properly provided for should anything happen to me. I wanted to fix things so that you and Lady Margaret would not

have to worry any more. I just had to write. I guess you understand why. H." There was a long and impressive silence while the inspector deliberately read the note. Then he looked interrogatively at the

girl.
"We were engaged, inspector," she said. "We were to have been married very soon." A deep flush crept slowly over Mr. Humphries' florid face and spread into the roots of his tawny fair hair.

But what does he mean by 'having me write '?" he asked. The girl replied hastily, her eyes on the

"Mr Parrish was under the impression that . . . that . . . without his money I should not have cared for him. That is what he means. . . "
"You knew he had provided for you in his

tended to leave me everything. You see, he has no relatives." "I see!" said the inspector in a reflective

"He told me several times that he in-

"Had he any enemies, do you know? Anybody who would drive him to a thing like The girl shook her head vehemently.

The monosyllables came out emphatically. Again the inspector darted one of his quick, shrewd glances at the girl. She met his scrutiny with her habitual serene and candid gaze. The inspector dropped his eyes

and scribbled in his book. "He smoked far too much." the girl said, "and it made him rather nervous. But otherwise he never had a day's illness in his

Humphries ran his eye over the notes he "There is just one more question I should like to ask you, Miss Trevert," he said, rather a personal question."

handkerchief into a little ball and slowly unwound it again. But her face remained "About your engagement to Mr. Parrish

Mary Trevert's hands twisted the cambric

. . when did it take place?" Some days ago. It has not yet been The inspector coughed.

"I was wondering whether, perhaps, Mr. Parrish was not quite . . . whether he was maybe, a little disturbed in his mind about the engagement . . . "

The girl hesitated. Then she said firmly: Mr. Parrish was perfectly happy about

it. He was looking forward to our being married in the spring. Mr. Humphries shut his notebook with a snap and rose to his feet. Thank you very much; ma'am," he said with a little formal bow. "If you will ex-

cuse me now. I have the doctor to see again and there's the coroner to be He bowed again and tramped toward the door with a tread that made the chandeller

tinkle melodiously.

The door closed behind him and his heavy footsteps died away along the corridor. Mary Trevert had risen to her feet calm and impassive. But when he had gone her bosom began to heave and a spasm of pain shot across her face. Again the tears welled up in her eyes, brimmed over and stole down her

"If I only knew!" she sobbed, "if I only