A%behind the laths. This is a doorway to the parlor, and the door was, suspicious. That night at 10 o'clock, someone showed up just at this time and made me suspicious. But he did not keep away. He would come back again.

Peter Herdic, a millionaire lumberman, sat in the sitting room. His curiosity regarding the smooth-faced man, but he had provided himself with a gun. I heard of him as a smooth-faced young man, and I'd have bet a hundred to one that I'd figured out that two clean shirts, several collars, and one pair of trousers were not the clothes of an ordinary person.

The case was about as I had grasped his hand beseechingly. I was perfectly satisfied that it was the work of human agency. Someone had taken possession of the house, and I had a hunch that this garret was reached from the second story by a ladder. If the person was likely that this garret was reached from the second story by a ladder, the person could...