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THE MYSTERY OF THE SYCAMORE

CAROLYN WELLS

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"Depends on what sort of woman Mrs. Wheeler is," Keefe mused.

"I know it. I haven't seen her for years, and as I remember, she's pretty keen, but I'm banking on you to put over some of your clever work. Not three men in Boston have your ingenuity, Keefe, when it comes to sizing up a situation and knowing just how to handle it. Now, don't tell father all I've said, for he doesn't especially hold with such small measures. He's all for the one big slam game, and he may be right. But I'm right, too, and you just go ahead."

"All right," Keefe agreed. "I see what you mean, and I'll do all I can that doesn't in any way interfere with your father's directions to me. There's a possibility of turning the trick through the women folks, and if I can do it, you may count on me."

"Good! And as for you, Miss Lane, you keep in the background, and make as little mischief as you can."

"I'm not a mischief-maker," said the girl, pouting playfully, for she was not at all afraid of Sam Appleby.

"Your blue eyes and pink cheeks make mischief wherever you go," he returned; "but don't try them on old Dan Wheeler. He's a morose old chap——"

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