from the surf. The operator was one who believed that by presenting his victim with a copy of the picture he justified the outrage and divided the guilt, and accordingly, on his return from a yachting party the afternoon before, Attleton had found awaiting his arrival a caricature of himself in a briny and forlorn condition, which he was sorry to see had been so far successful as to be unmistakable as a likeness. It was somewhat amusing, however, as he was obliged to confess, as he looked at it again after dinner. He laid it down and went out to see if the clerk had attended to sending up the flowers which he hoped to see Mabel wearing at a dance they were both to attend at one of the cottages that evening, and when he returned to his room and looked for the picture where he had left it a few minutes before, it was gone. At first he thought he had mislaid it, and turned the room upside down in a search which continued without success until it was time for him to leave for the dance. During the evening he devoted himself to Mabel, and thought no more of his missing likeness until the disordered state of his room recalled it to him when he came back. Then it occurred to him for the first time that this loss was a sequel to the others, and he was so struck with the idea that he stopped, half undressed as he was, and sat down to think it over. There was something strange about the whole series of thefts from beginning to end. It was unaccountable to him how any one should take a cigar-case and leave a box of cigars which was lying beside it, or prefer a handkerchief to a suit of clothes, which could have been taken with no more trouble. The robber's last selection was what nonplussed him. He could not see what motive anyone could have in carrying off a monstrosity which he had been half inclined to destroy. He wished that he had. It made him shiver to think of that miserable imitation of himself passing into general circulation. He puzzled his brain over the problem, which he felt was becoming serious, and fell asleep revolving all sorts of theories of kleptomania and temporary insanity, none of which were satisfactory.

He pondered over the matter without reaching any explanation until the afternoon of the next day when his picture-taking friend came around after the manner of his kind to receive compliments on his handiwork. Being then in a state of mind where to tell his story was a relief, Attleton, under promise of secrecy, made a confidant of the photographer, whose name was Oldwood. The latter heard him with some sympathy and more amusement. After thinking the thing over he said, "I have a plan that will settle this thing for sure, if you want me to go ahead with it. There is nothing like practice with a camera to develop ingenuity. The scheme is like this. You have had your picture taken by flash-light and know how it works. I will bring over a detective camera of mine and show you how to use it. If I can get the batteries and what else I need I will fix up an arrangement so that when the door into the hall is opened, it will set off a flash powder; you will have the camera already loaded commanding the doorway, and presto! you will have your robber before he knows what has struck him, so to speak. It's a sure thing and dead easy."

Attleton agreed that the arrangement was ingenious and worth a trial, and his friend went to work and made the necessary arrangements. The flash worked to a charm and was bound to have a grand moral effect on the burglar, Oldwood suggested. After being properly instructed in the manipulation of the camera, Attleton prepared to lay in wait. He left word with the clerk that he was not at home, both to give the expected visitor a chance and protect himself from other callers, then retired to his room, connected the batteries, arranged the camera, turned off the gas and began to watch. The first night he fell asleep after three hours waiting in the dark, and dreamt that Mabel came in and was stealing a lock of his hair when he woke up,