

fully and apparently without a care in the world, was Peeper's sister!

I went over. She recognized me and smiled.

"How long have you been here?" I asked. "And what about this brother of yours?"

She looked mystified. The candid camera was still on her shoulder. "Not long," she said. "I went to that Soledad's and then came here."

"That's fine," I said. "I told him you went there and he has gone to look for you."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "I had better go there then."

My eyes were on the camera. I wanted to see if a stamp was missing. Then, I had an idea. "I'll phone there," I said. "Unless you'd rather I drove you over."

"You're so kind, Mr. . . ." She paused. I told her Carmody and she said her name was Peggy.

We got into the car. Soledad was standing outside the place.

"Peeper?" He waved vaguely. "He gone to look for you at del Orto's." He clucked his tongue and his fat jowls jellied. "He plenty mad for you, Mike, he say you play joke on him and he break your neck."

"Oh!" There was an astonished cry from the girl.

"It's all right," I said. "Take it easy. We'll go out there. Then you can explain." I added. "Peeper and I don't get along any too well."

Soledad grunted, pointed to the sky. "Big damn' storm coming up. Better hurry."

I was thinking of that, too. That and the fact that Carras was dead, the natives were on their way, Peeper was looking for me and,

alongside me was a dame I suspected of murder.

We spun inland, the girl sitting so that the camera was by the door. After we had climbed the steep streets and passed the Champ de Mars, we went into a deep, mysterious canyon. On either hand rose banks of earth and rock and above them walls of masonry.

Masses of tropical verdure overhung the walls on either hand and the air was heavy with the scent of frangipani and bougainvilles. In the distance the mountains were being smothered with black, ominous clouds.

"Will it rain hard?" she said. "Can we make it?"

"We'll make it," I said. In back of my mind was the thought of getting her and Peeper together and then springing my surprise. My hunch told me there was a Senegambian lurking around. And it could easily be Peeper in black-face.

THE trees hung motionless and an electric tension gripped the atmosphere as we plugged along. On the steep sides of the mountain black masses of clouds whirled with angry velocity, enormous streamers of mist detaching themselves from the main body and drifting this way and that like gray curtains.

Large drops began falling on the radiator. Peggy pointed toward the left. There was a tiny white house there. "Let's stop until the storm is over," she said. "They don't last long, do they? And I'm frightened."

The house she had pointed out was one used as fool storehouses