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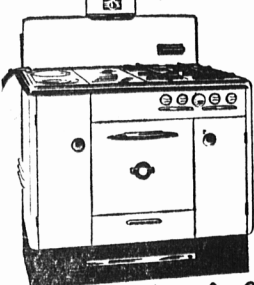
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The Unlatched Door

By Frank Price
PART II

For the few seconds it took for these reflections to pass through her mind she had stood with her back to the door oblivious of her surroundings. Now she became aware of them again. The cloak-room attendant was regarding her expectantly and they had the place to themselves. Mechanically Barbara gave the woman a smile and a nod and, going to a mirror, began to powder her face. She had arrived at a definite resolve. She was going to Roger Borden!

The room door opened and, behind her own reflection in the mirror, Barbara saw a girl enter. She came in quickly, glanced hurriedly round and, seeing Barbara, paused with an expression of annoyance. The strains of the waltz came in through the open door and Barbara got the impression that the newcomer had hoped to find the room empty. Well, she could have it so, except for the attendant!

Barbara turned and walked towards the door, meeting the other who was making for a mirror. Their eyes met as they passed and there was recognition in each pair. Here was that "lovely girl" whom Barbara had seen with two queer looking men at the table. Roger Borden left when he went to speak to Nancy. And, indeed, she was lovely with her shimmering golden hair, her complexion of cream and roses and her clear ivory skin against the lettuce-green background of her frock. Here was something else which Barbara found hard to reconcile with Roger Borden as he was known at High Leyland!

She looked back from the door. The other girl had stopped where they had met and was staring after Barbara with a curious intensity. Barbara hurried out and almost banged the door. The mere thought of being watched just now set her nerves jangling. The waltz was in full swing and the lobby was deserted. She ran through it and out to the street.

Less than five minutes later she was passing through the entrance to Darnley Mansions. A board bearing the names of the tenants told her that Mr. Roger Borden was on the second floor. A tablet marked him as being "in." There were four flats on the ground floor and she supposed this arrangement would hold for all the five storeys. Number 3 faced her at the end of the hall; that, then, would almost certainly be the position of Number 11 on the second floor.

She had hurried from the restaurant, driven by the fear that if she hesitated she would lose courage and turn tail, and now the same dread sent her running up the first flight of stairs, ignoring the lift whose empty shaft was in a corner. The impetus of fear exhausted itself as she set foot on the lower of the next stairs and she had to force herself forward a step at a time. She was nearing the top and could just see along the landing to the door of the flat which she concluded was the one she sought, when its door opened and a man, wearing a plaid overcoat and a peaked cap came out. Involuntarily Barbara stopped with her eyes on him.

He was a stranger to her; a thin, sallow man with sharp features and, though she could tell why, she felt an instantaneous repugnance for him. He paused in the doorway to slip into his overcoat pocket a small parcel which seemed to be enclosed in an envelope; then he took out a packet of cigarettes, put one between his lips, returned the packet to his pocket and began feeling as though for matches. Barbara heard a low curse and he went back into the flat and, threading softly, walked the full length of a long passage to a closed door.

That would be the kitchen, Barbara thought, judging from his general appearance, this would be Borden's servant — perhaps the only one he kept at the flat. She had come up the rest of the stairs as he walked away and when he entered the kitchen she was at the wide-open door of the flat. On the right of the hall she saw the open door of an unlighted room; farther along there was light on the floor evidently coming from below another door. That would be the room where Roger Borden was, she thought.

The light which had been switched on in the kitchen went out. The unpleasant-looking man was coming back and Barbara, realizing what might be thought of her calling on a gentleman at this hour, and hating the idea of this man looking at her with his furtive eyes when she asked for his master, made a sudden little rush which carried her into the darkened room, where she slipped behind the door and stood scarcely daring to breathe.

Footsteps came along the hall, and a loud voice cried: "Who is that?"

Another, smooth and oily with some underlying note which sent a shiver running down Barbara's spine as it came to her in the darkness, replied: "Only me, sir, I went back for my matches."

"Right. Get on with that errand."

This time Barbara recognized Roger Borden's voice. The man went out, pulled the door after him, and she heard the sharp click of the catch. She was shut in the flat with Borden! It was a horrible idea! She stole silently from the room; found the front door and, turning back the latch, secured it in that position. The door remained shut, but a single movement would open it now without any need to fumble for the latch. A silly precaution, she thought, but she felt easier now.

But the worst part was to come. She stood for several minutes leaning against the door, trying to pluck up courage to go on. Every instinct urged her to go back—to tear open the door and fly. "I mustn't let Nancy down! I mustn't let her down!" To be Continued

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