The Girl at the Library It was just after half past five as Denis hurried along the High Street, past Boots the Chemist's, and down the quaint little cobbled side street that led up to the city library.Then he quietly turned the handle of the glass door, entered the dark little room, and took a volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica from the nearest shelf to the door.She had long dark brown hair, a prettily-shaped face, and there was an exquisite look of freshness and vitality about her.asked the woman in the apron in a coarse Lanca- shire accent.Positioning himself at the end of one of the shelves, he proceeded to take out a book and open it, an intent look on his face.The person whom Denis had come to the library to observe .was a young woman, not much older than nineteen or twenty, he guessed.Somehow

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