

"I am staying with a thirty-third cousin, once removed—old Leslie Morton, the captain of the golf club. He has a dinner to-day in honour of the great golf gathering to-morrow, and I must not absent myself; but—may I have a cup of coffee with you at nine?"

"Yes, certainly; and bring me all the St. Cuthberts news. By the way, did you notice our fellow-traveller?"

"I saw no one and nothing but yourself."

Mrs. Fane held up a warning finger, and went on: "I want to find out who he is. He came into our carriage at that tiresome Lochty Junction, and Mrs. Bayley tried to turn him out. He is a very tall, gaunt-looking man, very dark—or sun-burnt—with nearly black hair, and sombre, angry eyes. He has rather a ghastly scar across the side of his brow and cheek-bone, just missing his left eye."

"What an appalling object!" exclaimed Morton, laughing.