

gray, every muscle of his lithe figure was tensed. He breathed with difficulty, the inhalations making a dull, sobbing sound in his throat. Sullivan waited quietly; watchful of any move on the part of the cornered prey.

The bolt had fallen from the blue. Throughout the case Jim Sullivan had rather pitied Carroll whose personal interest seemed to have warped a usually sober judgment and analytic genius. He had seen his superior apparently blind himself to the possibility that Stanford Forrest, the man against whom the evidence most strongly pointed, was guilty.

To Jim Sullivan the removal of the cloud from the shoulders of Averyt had incontrovertibly fastened the stigma of guilt upon Forrest. From the first he had considered no other person; save possibly Esther Devarney, and for a brief period of time—Robert Carter, the chauffeur.

And now, quite suddenly and casually, as was David Carroll's way, he had bluntly accused Mart Farnam of the crime. Of one thing Jim Sullivan was sure. He was sure that Mart Farnam had murdered Mary Forrest. He didn't know why, but he could not understand