

walk. Fortunately the distance was not very far. Graydon opened his umbrella to shelter the lady, who had come unprovided. She accepted his politeness silently. During the whole way she uttered not a word, nor did Graydon. It was not a time for commonplace remarks, nor even for sympathy. Now and again he glanced at her face, and saw that it was as rigid and as white as when she was shown the photograph which had been found in the carriage.

They arrived at the police-station, where the news had already preceded them. The superintendent—seated at his table with the shaded lamp throwing its disc of light on the charge-sheet before him—motioned to one of his men to bring chairs. Then followed much questioning—a great deal of it being a repetition of the inspector's enquiries. He was particularly anxious to know what took place between Alicia and Mr. Haggar at Waterloo station, and what had led them to travel in separate compartments.

"All that I can tell you is that we had a slight difference, and in a sudden fit of temper, which I shall never cease to regret, I refused to travel with Mr. Haggar. Poor man, if I had not been so hasty——"

She stopped. There was a sob in her voice. It was clear that she attributed what had happened to her petulance. So, at least, Graydon thought.

The superintendent had come to the end of his tether so far as the lady was concerned, and he next turned his attention to Graydon. But of a necessity the latter had nothing to tell which could throw any light on the mystery, and the official, after two