

THE TREVOR CASE

had appealed to him for his own private use, as a den, or office. And he was particularly pleased with the huge safe, more like a vault, which had been built in one of the large old-fashioned closets by the owner. It had been useful to the Attorney General on many occasions.

The silence was broken by a tap at the door.

"Doctor Davis, sir," announced Wilkins.

"I came at once," said the doctor, advancing quickly to the Attorney General's side. A horrified exclamation escaped him as his eyes fell on the tragic figure, and he recoiled a few steps. Then his professional instincts returned to him, and he made a cursory examination of Mrs. Trevor. As he rose from his knees, the eyes of the two men met. He silently shook his head.

"Life has been extinct for hours," he said.

"Rigor mortis has set in."

The Attorney General gulped back a sob. Reason had told him the same thing when he first found her; but he had hoped blindly against hope.

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