

"No—no—no! I won't look," burst out Jenny.

Her protest came too late. Shagford had nodded to the keeper and the white cloth was drawn back. One hysterical scream came from poor Jenny's lips. She would have fainted but for the firm grasp of Shagford's hand. Her one romance—the one sincere passion of her sordid life—was over.

Before the day was out the story of the tragic discovery was the talk of London. Douglas had been identified, but not by Jenny. Not a word did she utter concerning Douglas, and it was the prison records—photographs, marks, measurements—which helped the police to determine who he was. But beyond this they were helpless. They might have been faced by a brick wall so far as the solution of the mystery of the Regent Canal was concerned.

Jenny was staunch to the truth that was in her—loyalty to her comrades; and later on she stuck unflinchingly to her story how she came to sign her name on David Hagger's alleged will. It was vain to urge that she was telling falsehoods, and that Rookson could not possibly have been at the Empress Hotel on the fatal 15th of July. Her lips were sealed, and she allowed the solicitor to think what he pleased.

Before many days were over Mr. Perry wrote to Alicia, pointing out that whatever might be the explanation, the will was undoubtedly a forgery, and congratulating her upon her determination to repudiate any claim which might be set up under so questionable a document.

"I must confess," wrote the lawyer in conclusion, "that the thing is a complete puzzle to me. Whether it is in your power to solve that puzzle I,