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during the afternoon, though many persons, whose names he had furnished to the police, had gone up to interview Mr. Polgleaze and come down again afterwards. So far no arrest had been made.

"But have the policemen got—what do they call it?—a clue?" asked the young mistress of the Tower. She had listened to the narrative without comment, a stately figure in her well-worn evening gown as she stood with her hands clenched behind her under the arms of the Carlyons, carved in stone over the huge fireplace.

"Trust 'em for that," Pascoe grinned. "Leastways they say so, as is the way of the creatures. I'll wager it don't amount to a row of pins. If so be as they'd got a real one they'd be bleating like a flock of sheep about it, but never a word has leaked out."

Hilda dismissed the man to his supper, but as he was leaving the hall Mrs. Pengarvan called him back, and put the inquiry:

"After you dismantled the derrick last night it was taken to the hay-loft, was it not?"

"Yes, ma'am, and hidden under the

hay. So the Captain bid us."

"It will be better to throw it down the old well at the back of the cowbyre. Get Craze to help you, and do it to-night, before you go to bed. Mind there is no mistake."

"That was thoughtful of you," said Hilda, as soon as they were alone. "You think there will be trouble?"

"It is well to be prepared for it," was all that the older woman would admit. "You see the discrepancy, of course?"

Hilda nodded gravely. It was not necessary to specify the obvious. The

murder of Jacob Polgleaze had not been officially discovered till eleven o'clock at night, yet his son, who must have left the town not later than seven o'clock, had announced at St. Runan's Tower an hour before the alarm was raised that his father had died a violent death, naming Lance Pengarvan as his slayer.

It was curious that no definite charge had been preferred during the day, but if the police had not obtained a clue already it was more than probable that they soon would.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)