

She did not say this at once and Graydon watched her anxiously.

"I hope you don't mind my alluding to the subject," said he. "You see I'm anxious to prevent a surprise being sprung upon you to-morrow. You don't want a wrong construction to be placed upon anything you may have done or may say."

"I don't understand you," said she. "I've done nothing."

"I'm not saying you have. I'm only thinking of what any of the witnesses may say you did. The guard, for instance. His evidence will be regarded as of great importance. He will tell the coroner as he told the police superintendent: that after you turned from the compartment in which you had left Mr. Haggar, you objected to enter the next one because of the passenger you saw seated there."

"What of that? Most women would have done the same thing."

"True, but you may be asked if you had any motive other than the natural reluctance you speak of."

"No doubt, but such a question surely wouldn't take me by surprise."

"Possibly not, but as suspicion seems for the moment to be directed towards this man, every scrap of evidence affecting him, no matter how trivial, will be sifted thoroughly. Now——"

At that moment the fat landlord came from the house and walked rapidly towards them. His face, his manner, his walk even suggested that he was the bearer of important news.

"A man's just come into the bar," he began breathlessly, "who says an ulster and a travelling