

"Do you know her?"

"We are strangers. We met for the first time to-night."

"What is your name and address?"

The questioning of the girl's fellow passenger presented no difficulty: Eric Graydon, of Jermyn Street, son of Sir George Graydon, of Denby Court, Holmhurst, Surrey. The inspector here was on safe ground. Sir George Graydon was known to him by name as one of the Guildford bench of justices. In a somewhat more respectful manner he went on:

"The poor gentleman has been shot and——"

The girl uttered a low convulsive cry.

"Shot? Did he then commit suicide?" she gasped.

The question was a natural one for Alicia to ask. To die by his own hand might have been David Haggard's solace for his disappointment. If so, was she not morally guilty of his death? Her heart seemed to shrink at the thought.

The inspector would not commit himself.

"No pistol has been found, that's all I can say at present. The doctor must decide the rest. For the moment, you appear to be the only persons who can assist us. I must ask you to come with me to the police station."

"Surely, inspector, that isn't necessary," remonstrated Graydon. "This lady has no more to do with the death of the old man than I have. Can't you see that?"

"I can see nothing, Mr. Graydon, but my duty."

It was still raining hard and blowing hard. All the conveyances in the station-yard had been appropriated, and there was no alternative but to