

tons, so to speak, of the characters are laid bare. The difference in the two David Haggars is particularly noticeable. The form of the letters are much the same, with variations here and there, but the decision of the signature to the letter is wanting to that of the will. The writing of the latter and that of the postscript is laborious, but before the ink ran by being exposed to damp, the effort to imitate was by no means so patent. My opinion is that the postscript and will are forgeries."

"That's my opinion, too," was the answer of the solicitor. "Result—a windfall for the Crown."

Douglas had made the mistake often committed by ingenious rogues—he had been *too* clever. His dodge of damping the paper to give it a natural appearance and to deceive the expert had had the opposite effect. As for the omission of the mention of an executor which had at first excited Mr. Perry's suspicions, Douglas had not forgotten it, but he thought it safer to leave it out.

While the scheme so carefully arranged was being wrecked in the solicitor's office, Jenny was in the grim chamber of death. She was as white as a ghost and was quivering from head to foot.

Said Shagford in a low voice:

"You haven't any doubt, my girl, that you knew this man at the Empress Hotel as James Rookson?"

"That's Jim right enough," faltered the shuddering Jenny.

The mortuary-keeper replaced the sheet and went round to the other side of the stone slab. Here was lying a second veiled figure.

"Do you want her to see the other man?" he asked the detective