

you last night in the station. The guard seems to have indulged in a good deal of gossip."

"About what, may I ask?"

Graydon could see no way other than speaking out.

"About the photograph he found in the carriage."

"Ah, the photograph," she echoed, with a quick catching of the breath. "Well, and what has he been saying?"

"That it's the photograph of yourself. Others have been saying the same thing. The coroner's officer, for instance. You will be closely questioned on that point."

"I shall have nothing to say beyond what I have said. I can tell the coroner no more than what I've told the superintendent."

The words were quietly spoken—almost too quietly. One would have thought that unjust suspicions would have excited a little indignation.

"Have you seen this much talked of photograph?" she went on.

"Yes. I caught sight of it for an instant last night."

"And what do you think?"

The question forced him to look straight into her eyes. She met his glance fearlessly. He was much more embarrassed than she. He answered evasively:

"I saw the photograph for such a short time that I should not like to speak positively. All I can say is that I thought it bore a resemblance to yourself."

"A resemblance? Well, there's nothing extraordinary in that."