

CHAPTER III

THE MAN IN THE ULSTER

THE morning broke fair and sunny. All trace of the storm was gone save the broken branches here and there and the shimmering pools of water in the Hampshire lanes.

Meanwhile, the police had been busy. Telegraphic messages had been flashing up and down the line all night long. The various police stations in Hampshire and Surrey were all agog with the sudden instructions which had been forwarded to them relative to the "murder in the 8.5 London train" as the telegrams put it. Scotland Yard was also agitated and was sending out its arms octopus-like to grasp the murderer if he came within their reach.

But all efforts were unavailing, and the mystery was only deepened when the clues of suspicion were reduced to one—to discover what had become of the man in the ulster and travelling cap, who had occupied the compartment in which the tragedy had been enacted. Not a solitary official could be produced who had seen him get out at any of the stations at which the train had stopped. Most assuredly he was in the train when it left Waterloo, yet he had vanished as completely as though he had never existed.

But the guard and the engine driver were able