Merton lit a cigar. " Well ? "

" They made objections at first, but I talked about a distinguished client and gave the clerk what newspapers call a gratuity, and he fetched me the G. book. It was fat, but alphabetically arranged, and Florizel being a somewhat unusual name, I found his widow in a minute."

" She's alive then ? "

" She's alive, and receiving a Hardy pension this very minute. She has done so for years. I've got her address. Now how's that for a morning's work ? I wish all our cases were as easy. And to think that it never entered Mr. Rupert Grant's red head to go and look there ! Detective forsooth ! *Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!* 'Tis not he shall play Elisha to the late lamented prophet of deduction."

" Nor you either," observed Merton drily, striving to bridle this exultation. " You're an infernally lazy beggar, and you go bounding to conclusions like the swiftest kind of kangaroo, *hinnuleo similis*. Suppose this is the right Florizel Grant, how do you know that the woman was really his wife ? and if so, what was her maiden name ? "

" If you were as well up in present-day literature as in the French or Homeric," retorted Logan severely, " you would know that the very newest detective work is done by intuition entirely, by what you'd call being lazy and kangarooing to conclusions. You rely implicitly on your own God-given convictions, beg the question without flinching, and talk about atmosphere like the veriest reviewer. Mr. Basil Grant says— so Mr. Swinburne read out yesterday—that ' Facts are the green life-blood of the stars,' or something of the sort (I can't remember the whole piece), but he seems to think pretty poorly of them all the same. Well, as I looked over those dry pages, each with its average record of five bereavements and compensations, I felt, as surely as I was sitting on a very hard office stool—I felt that she was the right woman." His cheerful voice sank for an instant into a misty minor key of awe, as of one who recalls and venerates a strange moment of bacchic