

'Are you, too, mad, Arthur?' said the Doctor, gently.

There was a stir in the trees behind them.

'What was that?' exclaimed the Doctor.

'If it is not Sims, it is a rabbit,' Arthur sneered.

'I really can't pretend to make any answer to this marvellous charge of yours,' began the Doctor; 'I can only hope that you are not yourself to-night. I think I will leave you.'

'Before you leave me you might answer one question,' said Arthur.

'Well?' said the Doctor, as though to humour a lunatic.

'How did you kill the late Mr. Drew?'

There was a silence, but Dr. Colpus's breathing could be heard.

'Then Sims has blabbed,' he muttered.

'Have you no answer?'

'It is useless to say anything; I will go.'

'Yes,' said Arthur, 'you will go—but you will go to the police-station.'

'Not at all,' answered the Doctor; 'you must not take me for a fool, my dear Arthur. A man such as I always arranges for accidents, and it appears that an accident has happened.'