

"It may have been his—but I really don't know. I can't tell you anything about it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, indeed."

Graydon had had a sight of the photograph. It had fallen from her hand face upwards. The picture was one well calculated to arrest the attention and dwell in the memory. It portrayed a pair of eyes simply—a woman's eyes, as the arrangement of the hair showed. The lower portion of the face was vignettted away. Whoever had taken the photograph was skilled in the art. The eyes, wonderfully large, luminous and expressive, were surmounted by brows, sufficiently irregular to denote character. Involuntarily Graydon's glance, as he handed the photograph, had gone from the eyes so vividly reproduced, to those of the living girl. They were identical! The sense of mystery was deepening. He wondered what the police inspector thought, but the official's stolid face gave him no clue.

"Do you know the original of this picture?" asked the inspector.

"Haven't I told you I know nothing about it? What's the use of pestering me?"

The inspector replaced the photograph within his notebook with the air of one who saw the uselessness of pursuing a clue which promised at present to yield no results. He wheeled round to Graydon.

"I understand you were travelling with this lady?" said he.

"I was in the same carriage certainly. We travelled together from Waterloo," was the answer.