

IN THE TUMULT OF THE STORM 19

"Something's the matter," said Graydon, raising his cap. "I'm going to see what's wrong."

She bowed with an indifferent air as much as to say he could do as he liked. He reached the carriage which was the object of so much interest. The men were blocking the way to the door, and he could not get near for a minute or so.

"Better take him on to Southampton," Graydon heard one say.

"But he'll have to be brought back again. Southampton's not the place where the thing was done."

"Who knows where it was done?"

"That's what the police'll have to find out. Anyhow it won't take more than five minutes to detach the carriage and shunt it."

The station master arrived, and the shifting of the little knot of people enabled Graydon to see the interior of the compartment. One glance was sufficient. He drew back with a shudder. A man was lying on the floor of the carriage with the ashen hue of death on his thin shrivelled face.

Meanwhile one of the porters had been running from carriage to carriage asking the question: "Is there a doctor here?"

One was found, and hurried to the spot. He bent over the prostrate figure, and shook his head.

"Can do nothing," said he in a low voice, "the man is dead."

"What is it?" asked somebody in the crowd who could not see. "Suicide?"

"Suicide!" retorted one of the officials. "Not a bit of it. Murder!"