

"That, to me, was deciding proof. It verified my other findings. The broken bottle had squirted the oil out and some of it struck that shirt. More; it is a substance which you will not find in the cabins through the swamps. I doubt if there is a store in all of Karnak County which handles genuine olive oil.

"Had Farnam been a little more of a Beau Brummel in his habits, he might not have worn that shirt so long without washing it. But it being flannel, I suppose is on until Christmas at any rate. But there you have the oil . . . which, taken by itself, would be almost sufficient to convict; and taken in conjunction with the rest of what I have told you . . . cannot do less than send him to the electric chair.

"But even with all of that I was still without a motive for the crime. I was not willing to believe that Mart Farnam went to the Lodge and killed a strange woman by way of pastime. Nor could I discover any possible motive for her killing by him.

"But I was convinced that he had killed her. Furthermore, that he had killed her suddenly; that he had gone to the house, drunk, perhaps, without any definite idea of committing murder.