

a kind of vehement slam. With all his romanticism he did not like to be cross-questioned on his family.

"Thank you," said Logan, after he had added the date and country to the other two lines in his note-book. "We shall communicate with you when we have discovered a promising clue."

His clients rose and bowed themselves out, received at the door by the diminutive office-boy, in response to Logan's ring and his murmured

"Oh where are a' my porter boys  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To open my gates baith braid and wide. . . ."

"'Tisn't an interesting case in itself," thought Logan. "But Basil Grant's name would make a full-grown Norman castle, portcullis and all, out of a box of bricks. Queer sort he is too. Went off his chump the same way as Dr. Caliban, not long after. And so Rupert is a detective. Fancies himself a kind of Sherlock Holmes, I suppose, or, rather, probably considers Holmes a bungler, as Holmes did Lecoq. By George, that's a curious thing, now—a very curious thing! Rupert and Basil, Mycroft and Sherlock! Jolly old coincidence!"

"It was perfectly simple," said Logan airily. "I just went to the office of the Hardy Coffee Pension Company and looked up their list of widows."

"Why, you told me that you were going to the Scottish Widows' Assurance, as I advised you," said Merton, rather aggrieved. He had returned the night before from his historic country-house entanglement (which still remained one) to proffer counsel in the new case which Logan immediately laid before him.

"I know I did. But just think, my dear chap, what millions of Mrs. Grants they must have on their books. It simply made me shudder when I thought of it. Besides, you did mention the Hardy thing, too. So directly I got out of reach of your eagle eye I went there."