

speak, but apparently could not compose any suitable speech.

'And let me tell you something else,' resumed Arthur. 'I know that your telegram was a mere blind; I know that Mrs. Colpus has not been ill, though I was fool enough at first to believe that she was. I went up to London this morning, my dear Doctor, saw you by a happy chance at Willesden, and followed you back to Crewe. I think I can guess your object in coming here: you had not heard satisfactory news from your friend, Mr. Sims; you feared that something had gone wrong, and so you thought you would come down and settle affairs in your own style. One murder more or less, what would that be to you? If Arthur Peterson were out of the way, I should take the Peterson millions then. Why, of course! And then, when I had taken them, how easy to send me after Peterson!'

Forrest, for all his intention to be cool, had lost control of himself in the heat of his anger. He moved closer to the Doctor, and fixed on him a menacing glance. In the darkness each could just distinguish the other's face.