

"That's what I'm doing," retorted the inspector, "and I want you to help me."

"How can such questions as you are asking me do that?"

Her eyes were suddenly turned on Graydon as if appealing to him for assistance. He promptly responded to her glance.

"The affair is one of robbery, I'm told," said he. "The lady is quite right to refuse to lend herself to a fishing enquiry."

"You know nothing about it," retorted the inspector curtly. "Please don't interfere."

Graydon bit his lip. He was tempted to resent what seemed to him to be insolence, but he felt the official was master of the situation. At the same time, it was humiliating to be snubbed before her.

"Please look at this photograph," suddenly said the inspector, producing a postcard picture from between the leaves of his notebook.

The girl took the photograph. No sooner had her glance rested upon it than the card fell from her fingers as though it were red hot. Graydon picked up the photograph and handed it to her. He could not but see the look of terror on her face.

"Have you ever seen the photograph before?" asked the inspector, watching her keenly.

"Where did you find it?" said she in a low, quivering voice.

"On the floor of the carriage. You haven't answered my question. Have you ever seen it before?"

"I—I think so."

"In the possession of the deceased?"