

"Miss Bassett were you friendly with James Rookson?"

"Oh, pretty middling."

"You weren't sweethearts, eh?"

"No, indeed. Not likely."

"Then if you heard that anything had happened to him you wouldn't take it very deeply to heart."

"I—I don't think so. I should be sorry of course. What's the matter?"

Jenny went a little white. There was a gravity in the lawyer's manner which alarmed her. Half-a-dozen thoughts were jumbled in her brain. She trembled slightly.

"A man whom the police knew as James Salmon, but who is believed to be James Rookson, has been found dead in the Regent's Canal near Caledonian Road. It looks as if you were the best person to settle the point. No doubt some of the servants at the Empress Hotel could identify him, but I've told the police you're here and it'll save time if you go with the officer. He'll be round very shortly."

"Please don't ask me," faltered Jenny. "I hate looking at dead people. I'd rather not."

"Oh, but you must," said Mr. Perry peremptorily. "This is a very mysterious affair and you may be able to help the police. Another man has also been found in the canal. At present he's unknown and that adds to the mystery. I'm sorry so unpleasant a task has been put upon you, but we all have disagreeable and painful things to do at some period of our lives."

Jenny seemed hardly to hear what Mr. Perry was saying. She was staring stonily into space and the solicitor, noticing she was much disturbed,