

Graydon had anticipated his journey would be tedious. It proved to be just the reverse. Basingstoke seemed to him but half-an-hour's ride from London, whereas the distance takes nearly an hour-and-a-half. He noticed the apathy of the lady change into restlessness as they neared the station. Would she alight there, or did she expect someone to meet her?

She rubbed the steamed glass and looked out into the darkness. Graydon shifted his seat and let down the window.

"What a horrible night!" he ventured to say.

"Yes, indeed."

He did not fail to note the intensity of her tone. It was as though she were answering some thought rather than replying to his commonplace remark.

The next station was Melchdever. Graydon's observations about the weather had led to nothing; not a word had been exchanged since the train left Basingstoke. Then came Winchester. Graydon's fellow-passenger appeared to have lost her interest in the outer world. She remained in her motionless statuesque attitude, and did not avail herself of his offer to open the window.

At Winchester the train remained at the platform. Something was evidently amiss. One official, after looking in the window of a first-class compartment, shouted to another, but with the whirling wind and hissing steam, Graydon could not hear what he said.

Soon there was quite a little group outside this particular carriage. The door was open; the guard went inside, and the others crowded round him, straining their necks, eager to see what was going on. The light of a lamp flashed on the face of one. It looked white and scared.