POOR DOCUMENT

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A Thrilling Novel of Mystery, Tragedy and a Stolen Fortune

By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett

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CHAPTER VI. The Verdict.

Philip's feelings to his own surprise, were prefoundly stirred by the drama of

have been in blood-m the trench, and I put it in my bag. But the bag has been mislaid."

"Yes.

were profoundly stirred by the drama of the inquest. The vision of the sailor's corpse remained with him; he could not get rid of it. And then the sudden disclosure of the name of Giralda! And the hounds of justice, at fault yet, and yapping with eager, puzzled indecision; but sure ultimately to find the scent and to single out the murderer from six millions of his fellow men and mark him for doom! It was impossible that the murderer should escape! He existed at that moment! Somewhere, probably in London, he lived and breathed, ate and tried to sleep.

Philip had half promised to dine with Sir Anthony, but yielding to an instinct for solitude, he ate economically in Euston Road, and hours elapsed afterward before he could persuade himself to go to his quarters at the Corner House. The illness of Mrs. Upottery had prevented her from vacating her room, and on the previous night Philip had slept at Sir Anthony's flat under the elaborate ministrations of Oxwich. But now the cubicle of the dead captain was empty, percisely that and no other, the police had finished with it; Mr. Hilgay had offered it, with a certain air of apology, to Philip. And Philip, after



