

"Did you see the physician who attended him?" interjected the coroner.

"Yes," replied Britz, "but I couldn't get a word out of him, and under the law I could not force him to tell."

"But the clothing—his underwear would have shown where the blood had dried," the coroner declared.

"Whitmore attended to that," replied Britz. "The moment he opened the wound he permitted the fresh blood to stain the underwear. You see, with the exception of his overcoat he wore the same clothing he had on when he was shot."

Having established the time when the assassin fired the bullet into Whitmore's body, Britz laid aside the picture and the needle and turned savagely on Luckstone.

"Now, sir!" he exclaimed, bringing his fist down on the table. "That disposes of your alibis! You had arranged them very craftily after the shooting—all four of your clients spent the morning where disinterested witnesses could see them. The very fact of their being compelled to supply themselves with alibis proves their guilty knowledge of the crime."

Luckstone was too experienced an attorney