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able to establish so complete an alibi, was it not?"

"Wasn't it fortunate!" cried Mrs. Willoughby. "But then it would have been truly absurd to imagine he could have had anything to do with it."

Hollander had listened to Peggy's narrative with the closest attention, asking a question now and again. Referring to the alibi he remarked, "It seems to be a question of a few minutes! Still, as you say, no one could really suspect Hamilton of being guilty."

"No, indeed," said Peggy warmly. Hollander looked at her thoughtfully; he felt certain that somehow or other Max's share in the matter had made a deep impression on her, and he also felt that he himself had lost ground with her. Love with him was not the first thing in life, but still it was much, and he loved Peggy Willoughby. He had known that Max Hamilton was in love with her, as were not a few other men; he had realized that she liked Max and his society, but certainly she hitherto had not been in love with him; now it was borne in upon him that she spoke of Max in quite a special manner. Up till now he had regarded Max's rivalry somewhat lightly, but understood that henceforward he could no longer do so. He was careful, however, to say no word in Max's despite.

"No one could really suspect him of being guilty," he repeated smoothly and as if the matter was closed, but there was hatred in his heart. "But what an extraordinary thing his going into the compartment in which she was sitting!" There was a curious ring in his voice which Peggy noticed, and by which she was made rather uncomfortable.

"It was just fate, I suppose," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"JUST fate," said Hollander, but his voice was strange. Peggy wondered if he meant something against Max.

"If he had missed the train, as he might very well have done," she said, "he would have known nothing about the murder, nor should we. He promised to come in this afternoon to tell us of any developments there might be, and we are expecting him very soon," said Peggy.

She had too much tact to say that she had taken Hollander's ring at the bell for Max's, but Hollander understood that he was being relegated to a secondary position as compared with his rival. And it was very bitter to him. He started other subjects of conversation, but without success. The minds of the ladies were otherwise occupied—Mrs. Willoughby's solely with Sylvia Chase, and Peggy partly with that ill-starred woman, and partly with Max.

It was half-past four when Max put in an appearance. Notwithstanding his long nocturnal journeyings and the strain caused by all he had gone through, he looked fresh and fit.

After leaving Hampstead Heath station he had gone with Johnson and Villiers Chase to Scotland Yard where he and Sylvia's brother had made and signed certain depositions. Later he had gone to his rooms which were in Southampton Row close to Russell Square; his man had given him food and coffee; then he went to bed and slept till two o'clock; he had another meal at three o'clock, and thereafter had a long talk over the 'phone with the managing editor of "The Day."

Next he taxi'd to Scotland Yard, where he saw Superintendent Johnson again and learned from him that inquiries were being set on foot with regard to the man in the fur coat who had bought the tickets. Johnson was neither hopeful nor depressed, but Max gathered that he thought the mystery as impenetrable as before; he was to make another search in Sylvia's flat, however, that afternoon.

From Scotland Yard Max went to St. Anton's Avenue, where the ladies greeted him eagerly. Colonel Willoughby woke up from his nap, and came in to hear what Max had to say.

"Is there any news?" asked the Colonel, who entered the drawing room immediately behind Max.

"I'm afraid there is not much," said Max, quietly. "Very little of importance has been discovered."

"Will you not tell us what you did

after leaving here?" asked Peggy. "That is, if you are at liberty to do so?"

"What about that telegram?" asked the colonel. "You left here for the telegraph office at Charing Cross, didn't you?"

"There is no reason, so far as I can see, why I should not tell you just what occurred after leaving you," said Max. "It is all stamped on my mind, like a seal on wax."

Thereupon he unfolded, bit by bit, incident by incident, the story of the rest of the night with Superintendent Johnson; he told it in the same vivid and dramatic fashion as he had told the first part some hours earlier to the Willoughbys, for the story of the murder of Sylvia possessed him; it had taken strong hold on his sympathy and on his imagination. Peggy and her father and mother again hung upon his lips; Hollander, thinking his own thoughts, admitted to himself that Max had brains and was a good actor.

"So you see," said Max, coming to the end, "we are practically as far off knowing who committed the murder as we were before. Johnson confesses himself completely at sea at present, but hopes to find out something about the man in the fur coat."

"How?"

"Well, some one may have seen him or Miss Chase at Hampstead Heath station. Perhaps they went in cabs there, and the drivers may be able to give some information."

"So many people wear fur coats nowadays," said Willoughby. "A fur coat is not much of a guide."

"Like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack," said Peggy. Then she turned to Hollander, "I think you wear a fur coat yourself," she said to him.

"Yes, that's true," he replied with a smile. "I dare say that Max also has one," he continued.

"I've a fur motor-coat," said Max also smiling. He rose and said he must go to the office of his paper.

Peggy saw him off, and if she unconsciously pressed his hand on bidding him good-bye he merely thought she was thanking him for having come to tell her the news. He promised to let her know if there was anything fresh.

"There must be something soon," she said.

(To be continued.)

**In Lighter Vein**

**Discovered.**—Sheridan was one day annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons, who kept crying out, "Hear, hear." During the debate he took occasion to describe a political opponent. "Where," he exclaimed, with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear, hear," shouted the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter. —The Argonaut.

**Carrying War Into Africa.**—News travels slowly to East Africa, according to army officers arriving in London from remote posts. At the outbreak of the war one official received a wire: "War declared; arrest all aliens."

The telegrapher omitted the word "enemy" before aliens. Three days later he wired: "Have locked up 17 Frenchmen of a scientific expedition, nine Belgians, a Russian botanist, four American hunters, two Chinese cooks and six German traders. With whom are we at war?"

Weeks after the war began a telegram filtered through with news from a place called Petrograd. In a musty old atlas an officer found Petrograd described as an unimportant hamlet in South Dakota, U. S. A. "So the Yankees have come into it," he observed. It was not until weeks later that East Africa learned that the name of St. Petersburg had been changed to Petrograd.