

she. "He's been staying at the Empress Hotel, London, and was on his way to Southampton. He intended to go by the next steamer to Kingston, Jamaica, but I don't know if he's booked his passage."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Alicia Montrose."

"Any relative of the deceased?"

"No."

"The guard says you were with him at Waterloo. How came it you were not travelling with him? But you'd better come into the waiting room. And you too, sir," added the inspector looking at Graydon.

"By all means," said Graydon promptly.

He had not the slightest objection to being associated with a girl of so much mystery. It was the first time anything really serious had entered into his life, and, tragic though the story promised to be, the sense of adventure and romance was not unpleasant. The little crowd, eager to hear more, would have followed the inspector and the two passengers into the waiting room, but the railway officials foiled their curiosity.

The inspector renewed his questions and was particularly pressing to know why Miss Montrose travelled in a different carriage from that in which Mr. Haggar was found.

She declined to say.

"Had you quarrelled?"

"I refuse to answer. You are prying into what does not concern you," the girl cried hotly. "You had better occupy yourself in trying to solve the mystery of poor Mr. Haggar's death."