

Then Graydon heard her whisper with a sudden catch of the breath :

"Take me away, please."

"There's no necessity for the lady to remain, I suppose," said Graydon turning to the station-master.

"Just one moment. There mustn't be any mistake. Are you sure, madam, you recognise the poor gentleman?" asked the official.

"Quite. His name is Haggar—Mr. David Haggar."

Graydon saw how she was suffering and he pitied her. The rain was beating down fiercely and there was no protection where they were standing. Risking opposition on the part of the station-master, Graydon led the girl beneath shelter. The stationmaster followed.

"You mustn't go away," said he in a warning tone.

A police inspector and a constable arrived at this moment and the stationmaster left Graydon and Alicia to themselves and joined the new comers. The officials entered the carriage; the girl with white, drawn face, and hands pressed convulsively together, watched them in suspense. The young man could say nothing. It was not a time for talk. Presently the inspector came out of the carriage and approached Alicia, notebook in hand.

"I understand you've identified the deceased as Mr. David Haggar?"

"Yes."

"And his address—where does he live?"

The girl thought for a moment or two.

"He can hardly be said to live anywhere," said