

connection between an old man so repellant in appearance, and this girl, young, handsome, refined and clever? No woman with a face like hers, he was sure, could be a fool. Why was she so reticent concerning herself and Haggard, to whom she was not related? Why were they travelling together? What had led to their quarrel and the outburst of temper she had frankly admitted? Above all, what was the meaning of the mysterious photograph, the production of which evidently took her by surprise; why did she deny all knowledge of it when it was clearly a photograph of herself, of her wonderful eyes, at least?

They arrived at "The White Swan," a straggling old posting hotel with that inviting look of comfort which belongs to old English inns. A few whispered words from the constable to the waiter who opened the door—for it was past closing time—and the two travellers who had been so strangely and unexpectedly thrown together were admitted.

"Shall we go into the coffee-room?" suggested Graydon. "You must be fatigued after what you have gone through."

The girl hesitated, but finally said she would have a cup of tea, if such a thing could be got at that time of night.

Graydon ordered it, and presently the two found themselves in a low-ceilinged room, panelled, and with a bright fire blazing in the grate. He hoped that under the influence of their cheery surroundings they would become a little more friendly and confidential, but his advances did not receive much encouragement. He tried to make conversation, but found it difficult. He hesitated to allude to