

"Pardon me," said he, "you don't know all. Is it necessary the lady should go now?" he went on, turning to the guard. "Later on, perhaps——"

"I don't know all! What else is there to know?" she cried quickly.

"Well, miss," said the guard, before Graydon could interpose. "It looks as if there had been some ugly work. He's been robbed, that's certain, and maybe murdered."

Graydon, fearing she was about to faint, held her arm tightly. But there was no cause for apprehension on this score. Almost immediately she recovered herself.

"You need not fear," said she in a tolerably firm voice. "I'm not given to fainting. Is—is the sight very terrible?"

"It isn't pleasant," said Graydon, shrugging his shoulders. "But the guard is right in asking you to identify him. You may help to furnish a clue to the miscreant who attacked him."

"Yes, yes. I will go."

Her momentary weakness had quite passed, and she walked steadily between the guard and Graydon to the scene of the tragedy. But there were signs of flinching when she reached the door, the gaping crowd making way for her, and she whispered hurriedly to Graydon:

"Give me your arm, please."

He instantly obeyed, and he felt the hand within his arm quiver while she forced her eye to rest upon the ghastly face of the old man, repulsive in life, doubly repulsive in death.

"Yes," she murmured shudderingly, "it is he."