

The Late Tenant

mingled fact and fiction which obscured her sister's fate that such a volatile and talkative woman should have written the curt little note sent at Hupfeldt's bidding. Violet could not understand the reason, but she saw a loophole here. The long journey in the train had enabled her to review the information she possessed with a certain clarity and precision hitherto absent from her bewildered thoughts. In a word, there were several marked lines of inquiry, and she was resolved to follow each separately.

She felt that she had gone the wrong way to work in the first frenzy of her grief. She was calm now, more skilled in hiding her suspicion, less prone to jump at conclusions. All unknown to her, the little germ of passion planted in her heart by David's few words in the summer-house was governing her whole being. From the timid, irresolute girl, who clung to unattainable ideals, she was transformed into a woman, ready to dare anything for the sake of the man she loved, while the mere notion of marriage with Van Hupfeldt was so loathsome that she was spurred into the physical need of strenuous action to counteract it.

So it was in a restrained yet business-like mood that she climbed the stairs leading to Miss L'Estrange's flat and rang the electric bell. The door was opened by Jenny.

Not all the resources of pert Cockneyism availed that hapless domestic when she set eyes on Miss Mordaunt. She uttered a helpless little wail of dismay,