

A glance round the room relieved her of some of her fears. She dreaded lest Rookson should be there.

She sat herself on the extreme edge of the chair and fixed her eyes on the lawyer's hard face. Her life had made her a pretty good judge of character and she tried to gather what kind of man she had to tackle. Her estimate of Mr. Perry did not give her much satisfaction. That grey-whiskered, ferret-eyed man was not worth wasting the powder and shot of cajolery upon. Up to the present moment she had looked upon Douglas's scheme as something unreal—almost in the nature of a jest. But it seemed serious now, with those penetrating eyes resting upon her.

"Your name's Jenny Bassett?" said Mr. Perry, breaking a long silence.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you want to see me about?"

"I don't know. I saw an advertisement asking me to call here and so I've come."

"Did you write that name?"

He put Haggar's supposed will into her hand, concealing, however, the body of the document.

"Yes, sir. That's my writing."

The solicitor went on to put a number of questions in his short, sharp, authoritative manner, peering at Jenny from beneath his shaggy brows in a way which was very disquieting. She began by being glib and confident, but before long she saw she would have to take time, and think what she ought to say. Once outside the story which Douglas had drilled into her it was as much as she could do to prevent herself floundering. Perry asked her about so many things she did not expect. What hour of the