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scattered through the train. He felt  
a hand on his arm as he started to go  
to his seat, and turned and faced Con-  
nery.

"If you must say anything, say it  
was appendicitis," the conductor warn-  
ed when he had brought Eaton back  
to the vestibule. "Mr. Dorne—if a  
name is given, it is that—was sud-  
denly seized with a recurrence of an  
attack of appendicitis from which he  
had been suffering. An immediate op-  
eration was required to save him;  
that was what Dr. Sinclair did."

Eaton reaffirmed his agreement to  
give no information. He learned by  
the conversation of the passengers  
that Connery's version of what had  
happened had been easily received;  
some one, they said, had been taken  
suddenly and seriously ill upon the  
train. Their speculation, after some  
argument, had pitched on the right  
person; it was the tall, distinguished-  
looking man in the last car who wore  
glasses. At noon, food was carried  
into the Santoine car.

KEEPING himself to his section,  
Eaton watched the car and out-  
side the window for signs of what  
investigation Connery and Avery were  
making. What already was known  
had made it perfectly clear that who-  
ever had attacked Santoine must still  
be upon the train; for no one could  
have escaped through the snow. No  
one could now escape. Avery and  
Connery and whoever else was mak-  
ing investigation with them evidently  
were not letting any one know that  
an investigation was being made. A  
number of times Eaton saw Connery  
and the Pullman conductor pass  
through the aisles. Eaton went to  
lunch; on his way back from the diner,  
he saw the conductors with papers in  
their hands questioning a passenger.  
They evidently were starting syste-  
matically through the cars, examining  
each person; they were making the  
plea of necessity of a report to the  
railroad offices of names and ad-  
dresses of all held up by the stoppage  
of the train. As Eaton halted at his  
section, the two conductors finished  
with the man from the rear who had  
been installed in Section One, and  
they crossed to the Englishman oppo-  
site. Eaton heard them explain the  
need of making a report and heard  
the Englishman's answer, with his  
name, his address and particulars as  
to who he was, where he was coming  
from and whither he was going.

Eaton started on toward the rear of  
the train.

"A moment, sir!" Connery called.

Eaton halted. The conductors con-  
fronted him.

"Your name, sir?" Connery asked.

"Philip D. Eaton."

Connery wrote down the answer.

"Your address?"

"I—have no address."

"You mean you don't want to give  
it?"

"No, I have none. I was going to a  
hotel in Chicago—which one I hadn't  
decided yet."

"Where are you coming from?"

"From Asia."

"That's hardly an address, Mr.  
Eaton!"

"I can give you no address abroad.  
I had no fixed address there. I was  
travelling most of the time. You could  
not reach me or place me by means  
of any city or hotel there. I arrived  
in Seattle by the Asiatic steamer and  
took this train."

"Ah! you came on the Tamba Maru."

Connery made note of this, as he  
had made note of all the other ques-  
tions and answers. Then he said  
something to the Pullman conductor,  
who replied in the same low tone;  
what they said was not audible to  
Eaton.

"You can tell us at least where your  
family is, Mr. Eaton," Connery sug-  
gested.

"I have no family."

"Friends, then?"

"I—I have no friends."

"What?"

"I say that I can refer you to no  
friends."

"Nowhere?"

"Nowhere."

Connery pondered for several mo-  
ments. "The Mr. Hillward—Lawrence

Hillward, to whom the telegram was  
addressed which you claimed this  
morning, your associate who was to  
have taken this train with you—will  
you give me his address?"

"I thought you had decided the tele-  
gram was not meant for me."

"I am asking you a question, Mr.  
Eaton—not making explanations. It  
isn't impossible there should be two  
Lawrence Hillwards."

"I don't know Hillward's address."

"Give me the address, then, of the  
man who sent the telegram."

"I am unable to do that, either."

Connery spoke again to the Pull-  
man conductor, and they conversed  
inaudibly for a minute. "That is all,  
then," Connery said finally.

He signed his name to the sheet on  
which he had written Eaton's answers,  
and handed it to the Pullman conduc-  
tor, who also signed it and returned it  
to him; then they went on to the pas-  
senger now occupying Section Four,  
without making any further comment.

Eaton abandoned his idea of going  
to the rear of the train; he sat down,  
picked up his magazine and tried to  
read; but after an instant, he leaned  
forward and looked at himself in the  
little mirror between the windows. It  
reassured him to find that he looked  
entirely normal; he had been afraid  
that during the questioning he might  
have turned pale, and his paleness—  
taken in connection with his inability  
to answer the questions—might have  
seriously directed the suspicions of  
the conductors toward him. The  
others in the car, who might have over-  
heard his refusal to reply to the ques-  
tions, would be regarding him only  
curiously, since they did not know the  
real reasons for the examination. But  
the conductors—what did they think?

Already, Eaton reflected, before the  
finding of the senseless form of Basil  
Santoine, there had occurred the dis-  
agreeable incident of the telegram to  
attract unfavourable attention to him.  
On the other hand, might not the ques-  
tioning of him have been purely for-  
mal? Connery certainly had treated  
him, at the time of the discovery of  
Santoine, as one not of the class to  
be suspected of being the assailant of  
Santoine. Avery, to be sure, had been  
uglier, more excited and hostile; but  
Harriet Santoine again had treated  
him trustfully and frankly as one with  
whom thought of connection with the  
attack upon her father was impossible.  
Eaton told himself that there should  
be no danger to himself from this in-  
quiry, directed against no one, but in-  
cluding comprehensively every one on  
the train.

AS Eaton pretended to read, he  
could hear behind him the low  
voices of the conductors, which  
grew fainter and fainter as they moved  
further away, section by section,  
down the car. Finally, when the con-  
ductors had left the car, he put his  
magazine away and went into the  
men's compartment to smoke and  
calm his nerves. His return to Am-  
erica had passed the bounds of reck-  
lessness; and what a situation he  
would now be in if his actions brought  
even serious suspicions against him!  
He finished his first cigar and was de-  
bating whether to light another, when  
he heard voices outside the car, and  
opening the window and looking out,  
he saw Connery and the brakeman  
struggling through the snow and mak-  
ing, apparently, some search. They  
had come from the front of the train  
and had passed under his window only  
an instant before, scrutinizing the  
snowbank beside the car carefully and  
looking under the car—the brakeman  
even had crawled under it; now they  
went on. Eaton closed the door of the  
compartment carrying something  
loosely wrapped in a newspaper in his  
hands. Eaton finished his cigar and  
went back to his seat in the car.

As he glanced at the seat where he  
had left the magazine and his locked  
travelling-bag, he saw that the bag  
was no longer there. It stood now be-  
tween the two seats on the floor, and  
picking it up and looking at it, he  
found it unfastened and with marks  
about the lock which told plainly that  
it had been forced.

His quick glance around at the other