

oats so George went over to Dunsay's. I guess they had some quarrel."

I departed in a great hurry, fully satisfied and left the horse cropping outside the gray, old farmhouse. A few bushes and shrubs grew in the yard but it was a lonely spot. As I got part-way up the path, I saw Briggs and Kennedy drive up in a car. It was as we had planned and by the time the door had opened, they were up to me.

Of course, Briggs had entrance to the house. We soon saw the red-headed woman with the sleeping devil, Dunsay's wife.

It was a sickly place. Mrs. Dunsay had put lilacs, the purple variety, in the room where her husband lay. Then and there I knew that I would never like them again. The odor filled the air, that cloying odor that is only paralleled in morgues and death houses.

Kennedy examined the body with especial care. I had my first glimpse of a stern, white visage, the hawk features of a tyrant with a deep red welt extending from the forehead into the mass of black curly hair.

"That was caused by some metal bar," Kennedy observed. "You will notice how heavy the bruise is. If wood had been the instrument, it would have been much lighter, even if accompanied by great force and spread out more, since wood is pliant to a certain degree."

"What do you think did it?" I asked.

"Possibly a chisel. No, the wound is too long for that. A crowbar would probably have shattered his skull. It might be—" he stopped suddenly—"Aha!" he exclaimed as he bent to examine more closely the corpse.

"What's that?" Briggs inquired.

Kennedy scraped a little black matter upon a clean piece of paper. "I think we have it now," he announced but said no more.

Then he took to questioning Mrs. Dunsay.

"We know your brother killed that man," he shot out to her.