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"Her ailment was imaginary?"

"I fear so."

"H'm—and now you say that Mrs. M'Gregor saw the car?"

"Yes, but she has retired."

"Her evidence will do to-morrow. We come to the man in the hood. Can you give me any kind of a description of him?"

"He appeared to be tall, but a shadow is deceptive, and his extraordinary costume would produce that effect, too. I can tell you absolutely nothing further about him. Remember, I thought I was dreaming. I could not credit my senses."

Inspector Dunbar glanced over the notes which he had made, then returning the note-book and pen to his pocket, he took up the long smoke-discoloured envelope and with a paper-knife which lay upon the table slit one end open. Inserting two fingers, he drew out the second envelope which the first enclosed. It was an ordinary commercial envelope only notable by reason of the number, 30, appearing in large red figures upon it and because it was sealed with black wax bearing a weird-looking device:

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stood still and stared with unseeing eyes acro
muddy waters of the Thames. He was think
the cowled man who had stood behind the cu
in his study—of that figure so wildly bizarr
even now he could scarcely believe that he ha
actually seen it. He walked on.

Automatically his reflections led him to
Dorian, and he remembered that even as he
along there beside the river the wonderful m
ism of New Scotland Yard was in motion, its
tentacles seeking—seeking tirelessly—for th
whose dark eyes haunted his sleeping and w
hours. *He* was responsible, and if she were ar
*he* would be called upon to identify her. He
demned himself bitterly.

After all, what crime had she committed?
had tried to purloin a letter—which did not b
to Stuart in the first place. And she had f
Now—the police were looking for her. His r
tions took a new form.

What of Gaston Max, foremost criminologi
Europe, who now lay dead and mutilated in an
End mortuary? The telephone message which
summoned Dunbar away had been too opportu
be regarded as a mere coincidence. Mlle. Do
was, therefore, an accomplice of a murderer.

Stuart sighed. He would have given much—m
than he was prepared to admit to himself—to h
known her to be guiltless.

The identity of the missing cabman now enga

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