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Murder Could Not Kill

By Gregory Baxter

"It's an advantage that in the circumstances I should just have to take." His lips set in a firm line and her eyes flashed with a hint of anger. "I think it's a diabolic condition and I don't care if it's never fulfilled."

"But, Laurette," persisted Robin, unintentionally dropping all formalities in his earnestness, "whatever are you saying? You can't chuck away a colossal fortune like that. I admit it's most unfortunate that you should be involved so intimately in such an unhappy business; but after all, hang it, you surely wouldn't want a murder, even if the person murdered were nothing to you, let alone your own father, to get off scot free?"

At his tone, and perhaps at his use for the first time of his Christian name, the pallor of Laurette's cheeks changed to a faint pink.

"Of course I quite realize how it must appear to you, Mr. Foster, so we'll leave it at that. And now—tell me the real reason for your call."

"The reason I had apparently no longer exists. I thought you had come to look on me as a friend. My inevitable interest in the case made me want to have a talk with you about it."

"I did consider you as a friend—once. But was it your idea of friendship to spy on me last night?"

Her tone was contemptuous, and it flared Robin on the raw. He felt his cheeks flush crimson, and for a moment he averted his eyes. So all along she had known he had followed her last night! That explained the change in her attitude towards him.

"I had no intention of spying, as you call it," he said quietly. "I think you are unfair, judging me without first giving me a chance to explain. I happened to see you leave this house with a fellow you didn't seem too sure of. I thought of overtaking you—but for various reasons I didn't. One was that I might be intruding—putting my foot in it, I mean. But when I saw he was taking you into a rather low quarter I followed—not for any motive such as you imply. I wasn't being impertinently inquisitive—I was really concerned for your safety."

"Quite unnecessarily," she commented coldly. "And having satisfied yourself as to my safety, perhaps you will tell me what you intend to do now."

"What I intend to do? What on earth are you talking about?" "Talking about! I don't wish to be unfair or unjust or whatever you care to call it, but you'll allow me to conclude you intend to continue in your good work, Mr. Foster."

Robin felt moved to downright anger at this. "You're speaking in riddles," he exclaimed. "Don't you accept my explanation of why I did follow you?"

"I don't suppose I must. I'll say, though, that I'd be more ready to accept it, had you been frank with me."

"You mean I should have told you I'd followed you? Perhaps I should have done so—but we can only do what we think best at the moment. When you didn't say where you had been—I gave you the chance, remember—I thought it better to keep quiet. After all, there was no harm done. When I saw you were quite safe, and required no help from me, I realized it was no further concern of mine. I'm sorry you take it as you do."

What I can't understand is why it affects you so differently this morning. You didn't seem upset over it last night. Had you told me last night you knew I had followed you I could have given my explanation then."

"I didn't know last night. I didn't know until this morning—less than an hour ago."

"May I ask how you came to find out?"

"My fiancé, Mr. Lessing, told me. It was a telephone message from him that got me from my bed."

"Indeed?" Robin stiffened. "And how did that information reach him?"

"I don't know—I wasn't sufficiently interested to ask for details. You can hardly blame me in the circumstances. He had learned somehow—someone told him."

"He had, had he?" Robin was now definitely angry. Matters were becoming more and more complicated and none too pleasant for him. "Apparently I was not the only one last night engaged in spying, as you called it. Look here, Miss Dexter, I think I am kept too much in the dark. Did you know Brett was at 'The Man With a Scythe'?"

Was it you who informed the police?"

"Yes, I knew he was there—but I did not inform the police."

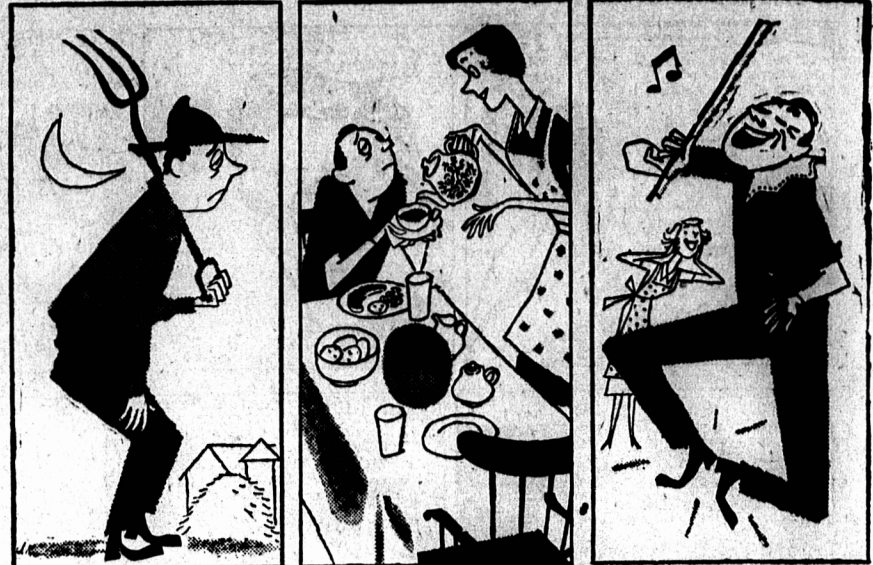
"Dumfounded," she stared at her. "Laurette!" Her name came from him almost in a cry. "You mean—surely you can't mean you intended helping him?"

"What do you think I intended to do, then?"

"But, good heavens, do you realize—?" He broke off and in agitation began to walk about the room. Robin's genuine agitation seemed to affect her in his favour. She regarded him with a more sympathetic eye, and her voice assumed a kinder note.

"Perhaps I did not mean to help him definitely to get away. I did mean, however, to keep him out of the hands of the police for a spell. I reckon you look at these things a bit differently from us. Anyhow, I had spoken to him and learned certain vital things I am satisfied are true. These compelled me to believe he could not be the guilty person, after all. Make no mistake—I intended to help him until I could follow up what he has told me."

"Oh, but this is absurd!" declared Robin, stopping in front of Laurette and throwing his arms helplessly. "These vital things you speak of! Doesn't it remotely occur to you that the police can look into



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them better than you?" "You yourself have said the case against him is clear. Well, it is so clear, in fact—I admit—that I don't think your police will worry to listen for one little moment to what he has to say. Or they might listen—they're very courteous—but—and I don't blame them—they will not believe. He can't just explain where he was at the time of the

murder—where he was even the day before; and it's really only just personal feeling based on what I've learned from him that makes me certain there is more in the case than there obviously seems to be."

innocent that you have been shielding him?" "No. It is not merely because of that. There is another reason. But that is something I simply cannot tell you."

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