

of money, *and* servants. She was very old, and many times she said that she wanted my daughter to have some of her money after she died. I thought nothing about it, of course.'

'Of course not,' said Charles. 'You weren't interested in her money ...'

She smiled. 'You dear, understanding, boy,' she said, then went on, 'But then the doctor told me that my husband had only six months to live. I said to my old friend, "You should make a will. A thousand or two thousand pounds would be a big help to my baby, and you know how happy she makes you." And what had her grandchildren ever done for her? I thought. Nothing!'

'But she didn't make a will,' said Archery.

'What do you know about it? Let me tell it!' she answered angrily. 'It was about a week before she died. I'd had the will form for weeks, and poor Mr Crilling was dying slowly. But would she fill it in? No, not her! Each time that I started to talk about it, that crazy old maid, Alice Flower, stopped me. But then she – the Flower woman – got a bad cold and had to stay in bed. I asked my old friend if she had thought anything more about the money. "Perhaps I should do something for Elizabeth ..." she said. Well, I ran to my house and got the will form before she could change her mind. I asked my neighbour, Mrs White, to be an independent witness to the will.

'Well, we got it written,' she went on. 'The grandchildren were going to get only five hundred pounds each. My little girl was going to get eight thousand pounds when she was twenty-one, and then there was a bit for the Flower woman. After that, I went to say goodbye to Mrs White as she left the house, then I went back for the will. I said that I'd keep it safe, and I did. And then – only a week later – she died!'

'Well, I expect that eight thousand pounds helped your daughter,' said Charles.

'No, it didn't!' Mrs Crilling shouted. 'The will wasn't legal. The stupid old woman had written extra things on the will when I was at the front door with Mrs White, so they hadn't been witnessed!' By now her voice had changed to a high scream of anger.

Suddenly the owner of the café came out of the kitchen and took hold of Josephine Crilling's arm. 'Out!' she said. 'I won't have you screaming and shouting in here!'

'She's crazy,' said Charles, after Mrs Crilling had been pushed out into the street.

'I did warn you,' said Archery. 'But we learnt a lot. Are you still going to see Roger Primero?'

'Yes, I am,' said Charles.

Archery had been waiting to see Wexford for half an hour. He turned to the police sergeant at the desk. 'Perhaps I could see Detective Inspector Burden?' he asked.

'I'll see if he's free,' the sergeant said, and went to find him.

After some minutes, the sergeant returned with Burden.

'Good morning, sir,' said Burden. 'Mr Wexford is busy.'

'I've got something important to tell you,' said Archery.

'Yes?' said Burden.

Then Archery told Burden about the conversation with Josephine Crilling in the café.

'Most interesting,' said Burden. 'So, when Mrs Primero was murdered, Mrs Crilling thought that the will was OK?'

'Yes,' said Archery. 'She didn't say anything about the murder. But I thought this might be enough to get the case reviewed⁵⁹?'

'No it's not, Mr Archery. We can't do anything, you do understand that?'

Archery tried not to be angry. What had he expected?

'Have you been seeing much of the country round here?' Burden asked, changing the subject.