

his doings on the morning of that memorable Christmas Eve, Mr. Earls court had admitted that there was a lady in the case, and this was the truth, but that lady was not the murdered girl, as he was prepared to show the court, for his client had been from eight till nine in the morning, the time when the murder was committed at Battersea, in company of this lady and her maid. Illness had prevented her hearing of Mr. Earls court's arrest until yesterday, when she was away in her home in the country. To-day she was—here!

The door of the witness box opened and a lady stood there, tall, elegant, veiled. She lifted one gloved hand and flung back her veil, and four hundred eager eyes fell and fixed on the proudly beautiful face of Paulina Lisle. She was white as marble as she faced the bench. Once and once only she looked at the prisoner. He dropped his head, and until he stood up free he did not raise it again.

Mr. Carson leaned forward and blandly spoke.

"Your name, madam, if you please?"

To the legal gentlemen present Miss Lisle was well known by reputation, the celebrated London beauty, who only a few weeks ago had refused to marry the Marquis of Heatherland. And the beautiful wealthy heiress and belle stood here in a London police court, to vindicate the innocence of a man suspected of murder! She came and stepped forward. For an instant the blood rose up bright in her pale face. Then, in that sweet vibrating voice, that had always been one of her chief charms, she spoke:

"I am called Paulina Lisle, but it is not my name. Wait; when you have heard what I am here to say you will understand."

There were scores present who knew her well, but with the exception of two none of them understood what this meant. Even her father stood confounded.

Simply and without hesitation she told the story of her marriage to Guy Earls court. It took her upwards of an hour. She grew faint and giddy before it was done. She reeled with the last words—she looked like death, and as permission was given her to stand down she had to grasp the rails to keep from falling. A second later she was in her father's arms—lifeless and cold. For the first time in her life Paulina had fainted entirely away.

Her maid, Jane Seaver, was called to the stand, and gave her evidence with a clearness and precision that carried conviction to every hearer. It vindicated Guy completely. She swore positively to the time, at the hour when the murder had been committed—Mr. Earls court had been every instant