

thing about this matter—that she can clear it up. As I say, my lord, I do not know what it is she can tell. Perhaps your lordship ——”

His lordship quickly settles this point.

“Let the witness’s identity be settled, and then let her tell us as clearly as she can—I observe that she speaks English quite perfectly—all that she knows of the matter, in her own way.”

So Mr. Chrisenbury plucks at his gown, and turns to his witness, having glanced at a few meagre notes which lie before him on a half-sheet of paper.

“You are a nun of the Order of the Incarnation, at their house or convent in Rome, and your religious name is Sister Mary Ignatius?”

“Yes.”

“But your real name is Ottilia Morro?”

“No.”

“No! What is it, then?”

“I have been known by that name, and by a stage name—two stage names. But my real name is Ottilia di Spada.”

“Are you a relation of the two men, Lucien and Stefano di Spada, whose names have figured in this case?”

“Yes—their cousin. But I never saw Stefano di Spada in my life to know him until I was shown his dead body in Genoa three weeks ago.”

“But you knew Lucien?”

“Lucien brought me to London—nine years ago.”

“Yes? May I ask why he brought you, and from where?”

The nun’s thin fingers take a closer hold on the emblem at her breast.

“He brought me from Corsica—we are Corsicans. I came with him—as his mistress.”

Amidst the slight murmur which this admission arouses, Mr. Chrisenbury whispers to Mr. Kenrick. Mr. Kenrick responds. And Mr. Chrisenbury now