

wound was not visible. I know that to be a fact."

"And in that selfsame manner the man Denham, alias Bérard, undoubtedly killed Paul Pauletti," declared Miller. "We have it in evidence that the woman, supposed to be your daughter, held him with her arms affectionately around his neck, and that almost immediately afterwards the unfortunate man collapsed. Besides, did not the little instrument fall from the jacket pocket when Miss Maxwell examined it?"

"That he was guilty is placed beyond doubt," Elsie said. "Yesterday morning I received by post this letter," and she held out a note to us on grey notepaper. "Haunted by his two foul crimes, he lived constantly under the impression that witnesses were rising up against him, and in a fit of mad despair he has thrown himself down the deep well in the garden of his cottage."

"Dead!" I cried. "And you, Iris, from you this terrible charge has now happily been lifted by the very woman whom they declared to be your deadliest rival!"

She burst into a flood of tears, and grasping hands, the pair wept together, while we men stood facing each other exchanging glances.

At last Miller broke the painful silence.

"Almond," he said, in a quiet, serious voice, "you know what my duty is as a police officer. Well, I—I'm going to neglect it—for once. I