

same heart affection that had killed their father, and which, according to Strangeway's belief, had also killed Luigi, leaving Giorgio in the predicament that a public inquiry into Luigi's death would mean an end to a comfortable competence. Either belief was tenable, but all that was certain was that, after a violent quarrel with his brother, Luigi Matoni died and was buried on the little terrace, and Giorgio still continued to draw his brother's allowance from the unsuspecting Naomi, and to send receipts duly signed with his brother's name. Naomi's own stipulation that her husband should never attempt to communicate with her had made it so simple a matter, that there was practically no risk whatever of discovery. Her fatal tendency to turn her back on disagreeable things was a factor on which Giorgio could not have counted, but which served his purpose only too well. Notwithstanding the discovery of the far-off crime or tragedy, the little village put on mourning for Giorgio Matoni and betrayed very little agitation over Luigi's fate.

"Luigi was of no account," Carroni said, "of no use to us here. We were nothing in his eyes. As well he was beneath as above ground; Giorgio bestowed an importance and grace to the place which we shall long regret."

Such was the popular sentiment, and both Arrington and Strangeway, who were extremely unpopular, were very thankful to get away from it. They discussed it for the last time on the journey home.

"Think of the nerve of the man," said Strangeway, reflectively. "Sitting there placidly evening after evening, with his feet on his dead brother's grave!"

"Giorgio was a materialist," returned Paul drily. "His fears were centred in the preservation of his gold mine, otherwise——"

It was impossible to express the otherwise, or what the life in the little yellow house with its blue doors