

This hour has at last struck. To the crowded court it seems as if there was little more to be said as regards the Graffi murder case—unless, indeed, this mysterious witness had got something very remarkable to say. All else is over. Lady Wargrave has been into the box, and has repeated what she said at Bow Street. Everybody has admired her beauty, and some folk have believed her artless story. But now is the moment in which something ought to happen. Will it?

“Call Ottilia Morro!”

There is what the newspaper reporters call a sensation in court as the witness is escorted through a tight pack of people from the room in which she has been kept. There is something very severe and ascetic about the peculiarly sombre attire of the strict order to which she belongs. Something still more ascetic in the very pale face which she presently lifts, with an attempt at bravery and courage, as she faces the court. The keen-eyed think that her face is thin and wan; certainly those are wan and thin fingers which nervously clasp the religious emblem which hangs at her breast. Nervous—yes, she is very nervous, the critical spectators decide. They argue, accordingly, that what she has to say is highly important.

Mr. Crisenbury, rising to examine this witness, also betrays signs of, perhaps not nervousness, but of uncertainty. He glances, somewhat diffidently, at the judge.

“I am in something of a curious position about this witness, my lord,” says Mr. Crisenbury. “We believe her to be a most valuable witness for the defence, but the fact is that we do not know what her evidence amounts to. For some strange reason, the witness has steadily refused to tell us what the evidence is which she can give. She has only promised to give it. She affirms that she knows every-