

ceased to fall in France, these days. But M. de Grandemaison would have to go to prison if the truth came out; perhaps he would be sent to the penal island of New Caledonia. *Her father, Consolata's father!* And how she would grieve! . . .

The Abbé rose from beside the corpse. "He has lived," the Abbé said. "He is quite dead now. He must have died immediately, almost in a second. . . . I am little surprised, Stewart. Status epilepticus—I expected that he suffered from that. Now I see that it was cardiac, too." He knelt again, and wiped the foam from the blue lips and livid chin; then he covered the face, and rose. "Uncle, you would see it, I suppose? It happened with a convulsion, did it not? And a shriek?" In vain Dick Stewart had made a warning gesture.

M. de Grandemaison was still sunk in his chair, and still staring at the floor. But he heard his nephew's question.

"It does not matter," he muttered. "He—ah—deserved our justice. He accused our daughter of—ah—terrible things, Archange."

The Abbé frowned at the corpse. "What did he say?" "He said that she went . . . at night . . . to you."

With such an accent of pain was it said, that Dick Stewart broke in impetuously—

"Sir, don't talk about it—don't think about it—he'll tell no more lies. . . . Archange, I always *said* he was a bounder. . . . Sir," he turned to M. de Grandemaison, "if you will let her marry *me*?"

"Consolata walks in her sleep, Uncle," the Abbé said: "I saw her in the garden this morning."

And then Dick Stewart knew the whole story, remembering the nocturnal visit which he himself had witnessed. Silence befel, and during that minute of silence the window opened, and into the room stepped Joseph Leroux.

Obedying his master's order, and rushing down to the village after he had brought the priest to the terrace Dupont, the chauffeur, had shouted right and left to wayfarers, "A doctor? Where can I find a doctor?" And