

uneasily, and speaking in a low, strained voice, "I have still something further to tell you. When I fixed the price of my silence, Eugene paid me half the sum down. In order to shield him, I gave certain information to Inspector Miller regarding Iris, whom he suspected, and it was I who sent the anonymous letter from Brighton which gave information that 'Miss Bond,' governess at Charlwood, was identical with Iris Almond. I admit it was cruel and unjustifiable, and for it I humbly ask your pardon, Iris."

"That blackguard Eugene—I'll show him no mercy!" cried Almond, in fierce fury.

"Yes," remarked the girl. "He did not act straight even towards his friends. He held Iris, the girl whom he was seeking to convict of murder, in constant dread, declaring that if she ever got wind of the truth she would denounce the whole gang and their exploits, and more especially the ugly circumstances under which that old Hebrew diamond dealer, Goldstein, of Amsterdam, met his death a year ago in a house in the Marnix Street."

"He killed old Goldstein with a little hypodermic syringe filled with some deadly arrow poison, which he had obtained from a Belgian officer who had returned from the Congo," declared Almond. "He pressed in the needle in the back of the head, under the hair, where the