

mained in close attendance upon her until the hour of her death.

“I found the apothecary in a shabby street near St. Giles’s, and discovered that he had a shrewd suspicion of poison, but was very fearful of committing himself, especially in opposition to the Court physician, who had given a certificate of death. And after many useless efforts I went back to Venice, where I found my son a broken man. He survived his daughter little more than a year.

“This is a truthful account of my granddaughter’s elopement and death, which I hope may some day assist in bringing her murderers to shame, if it do not lead to their actual punishment. That she was poisoned by Fétis, with the knowledge and consent of his master, I have never doubted; but such a crime is difficult of proof where the criminal is at once bold and crafty.”

Lavendale laid down the manuscript with the conviction that Vincenti’s suspicions were but too well founded. There was that in Topsparkle himself which had ever inspired him with an instinctive