

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Which he should have been undressed and tucked away for the night half an hour ago, bless him, she remarked; "but I could not make up my mind to face my lady after that row. Poor thing! It does seem hard how she can't be mistress in her own house. It is a pity Sir Victor can't turn Turk and marry 'em both, since he can't bear to part with neither."

Mrs. Pool made her exit and wended her way to the nursery. She tapped at the door—there was no reply—she opened it and went in—my lady has quitted it, no doubt. No—to her surprise my lady was still there. The window still stood wide open, the white, piercing moonlight streamed in. An arm-chair stood near this window, and lying back in this arm-chair was my lady, fast asleep. Fast asleep. Jane Pool tiptoed over to make sure. She was pale as the moonlight itself. Her lips quivered as she slept like the lips of a hurt child, her eyelashes were yet wet with tears. Sitting there alone she had cried herself to sleep.

"Poor thing!" Jane Pool said again. She was so young, so pretty, so gentle, that all the household loved her. "Poor dear thing! I say it's a burning shame for Sir Victor, so fond as he is of her too, to let Miss Inez torment her. I wouldn't stand her hairs and her laughlines, her temper and her tongue; no, not to be ten baronets' ladies, ten times over!" In his pretty blue silk, white lace, and carved rosewood nest, Master Victor lay still, sleeping also. Mrs. Pool folded a shawl around her lady's shoulders, lifted back with one awakening him, and stole softly out. The night nursery was an upper room. Jane Pool carried him up, disrobed him, fed him, and tucked him up for the night. He fell asleep almost instantly. She summoned the under-nurse-maid to remain with him, and went back to the lower regions. Half an hour had passed since she left; it struck the half hour after eight as she descended the stairs. "I'm sore afraid my lady will catch cold sleeping in the night air. I do think now I ought to go in and wake her."

While she stood hesitating before it, the door opened suddenly and Miss Catheron came out. She was very pale. Jane Pool was struck by it, and the scarlet shawl she wore, twisted around her, made her face look almost ghastly in the lamplight. "You here?" she said, in her haughty way. "What do you want; where is baby?" "Baby's asleep, miss, for the night," Jane answered, with a stiff little curtsy; "and what I'm here for, is to wake my lady. Sleeping in a draught cannot be good for anybody. But perhaps she is awake." "You will let my lady alone," said Miss Catheron sharply, "and attend to your nursery. She is asleep still. It is not your place to disturb her. Go!" "Drat her!" Nurse Pool exclaimed inwardly, obeying, however; "she's that naughty and that stuck up, that she thinks we're the dirt under her feet. I only hope she'll be sent packing to-morrow, but I have my doubts. Sir Victor's afraid of her—anybody can see that with half an eye."

thing very terrifying. Only the solemn moonlight, only the motionless little figure in the arm-chair. And yet a great awe holds them back. Does death—does murder stand goblin in their midst? "Let us go in, in the name of Providence," says Mr. Hooper, a tremble in his voice; "it can't be what she says. O, good Lord, no!" They go forward on tiptoe, as if afraid of awakening that quiet sleeper whom on the last trump will ever wake now. They tend over her, holding their breath. Yes, there it is—the blood that is soaking her dress, dripping horribly on the carpet—oozing slowly from that cruel wound.

A gasping inarticulate sort of groan comes heavily from every lip. Old Hooper takes her wrist between his shaking fingers, still ed forever, already, with the awful chill of death. In the crystal light of the moon till sweet young face had never looked fairer, calmer, more peaceful than now. The old butler straightens himself up, ashen gray. "It's too true," he says, with a sort of sob. "O Lord, have mercy on us—it's too true! She's dead! She's murdered!" He drops the wrist he holds; the little jewelled, dead hand falls limp and heavy. He puts his own hands over his face and sobs aloud. "Who will tell Sir Victor? O my master! my dear young master!" No one speaks—a spell of great horror has fallen upon them. Murdered in their midst, in their peaceful household—they cannot comprehend it. At last— "Where is Miss Catheron?" asks a sombre voice. No one knows who speaks; no one seems to care; no one dares reply. "Where is Inez Catheron?" the voice says again. Something in the tone, something in the ghastly silence that follows seems to arouse the butler. Since his tenth year he has been in the service of the Catherons—his father before him was butler in this house. Their honor is his. He stares angrily round now. "Who was that?" he demands. "Of course Miss Inez knows nothing of this." No one had accused her, but he is unconsciously defending her already. "She must be told at once," he says. "I'll go and tell her myself. Edwards, draw the curtains, will you, and light the candles."

He leaves the room. The valet mechanically does as he is bid—the curtains are drawn, the waxlights illumine the apartment. No one else stirs. The soft, abundant light falls down upon that tranquil, marble face—upon that most awful stain of blood. The butler goes straight up to his lady's room. Wayward, passionate, proud Miss Inez may be, but she is very dear to him. He has carried her in his arms many a time, a little laughing, black-eyed child. A vague, sickening fear fills him now. "She hated my lady," he thinks, in a dazed, helpless sort of way: "everybody knows that. What will she say when she hears this?" He knocks; there is no reply. He knocks again and calls huskily; "Miss Inez are you there? For the dear Lord's sake open the door!" "Come in!" a voice answers. He cannot tell whether it is Miss Inez or not. He opens the door and enters. This room is unlit too—the shine of the moon fills it as it fills that other room below. Here too a solitary figure sits, crouches rather near the window in a strange, distorted attitude of pain. He knows the following black hair, the scarlet wrap—he cannot see her face she does not look round. "Miss Inez!" his voice shakes—(I bring you bad news, awful news. Don't be shocked—but—a murder has been done.) There is no answer. If she hears him she does not heed. She just sits still and looks out into the night. "Miss Inez! you hear me?" He comes a little nearer—he tries to see her face. "You hear me?" he repeats. The words drop like ice from her lips. One hand is clutching the arm of her chair—her wide-open black eyes never turn from the night scene. "My lady is dead—cruelly murdered. O, Miss Inez! do you hear?—murdered! What is to be done?" She does not answer. Her lips move, but no word comes. An awful fear begins to fill the faithful servant's heart. "Miss Inez!" he cries out, "you must come—they are waiting for you below. There is no one here but you—Sir Victor is away. Sir Victor!" His voice breaks; he takes out his handkerchief and sobs like a child. "My dear young master! He loved the very ground she walked on. Oh, who is to tell him this?" She rises slowly now, like one who is cramped, and stiff, and cold. She looks at the old man. In her eyes there is a blind, dazed sort of horror—on her face there is a ghastliness no words can describe. "Who is to tell Sir Victor?" the butler repeats. It will kill him—the horror of it. So pretty and so young—so sweet and so good. Oh, how could they do it—how could they do it?

She tries to speak once more—it seems as though her white lips cannot shape the words. Old Hooper looks up at her piteously. "Tell us what is to be done, Miss Inez," he implores; "you are mistress here now." She shrinks as if he had struck her. "Shall we send for Sir Victor first?" "Yes," she says, in a sort of whisper, "send for Sir Victor first." The voice in which she speaks is not the voice of Inez Catheron. The butler looks at her, that great fear in his eyes. "You haven't seen her, Miss Inez," he says. "It is a fearful sight—but—will you come down?" He almost dreads a refusal, but she does not refuse. "I will go down," she answers, and turns at once to go. The servants stand huddled together in the centre of the room. It lies there, in its dreadful quiet, before them. Every eye turns darkly upon Miss Catheron as she comes in. She never sees them. She advances like a sleep-walker, that dazed, dumb horror still in her eyes, the whiteness of death on her face. She walks over and looks down upon the dead mistress of Catheron Royals. No change comes over her—she softens neither into pity nor tears. So long she stands there, frigid, she looks, so threatening are the eyes that watch her, that Hooper interposes his portly figure between her and them. "Miss Inez," he says, "will you please give your orders? Shall I send for Sir Victor at once, or—?" "Yes, send for Sir Victor at once." She arouses herself to say it. "And I think you had better send to Chesholm for a doctor and—the police!" "The police?"

Something of her old calm, stately haughtiness returns as she speaks. "This room must be cleared. Let on one touch her," she shudders and looks away, "until Sir Victor comes. Ellen, Pool, Hooper, you three had better remain to watch Edwards, mount the fastest horse in the stable, and ride to Powys-place for your life." "Yes, miss," Edwards answers, in a low voice; and please, miss, am I to tell Sir Victor?" She hesitates a moment—her face changes, her voice shakes a little for the first time. "Yes," she answers faintly, "tell him."

Edwards leaves the room. She turns to another of the men servants: "You will ride to Chesholm and fetch Dr. Dane. On your way stop at the police station and apprise them. The rest of you, go. Jane Pool, where is the baby?" "Upstairs in the night nursery," Jane Pool answers sullenly. "And crying, too—I hear him. Handpah," to the under nurse, "go up and remain with him. I am going to my own room. When," she pauses a second and speaks with an effort, "when Sir Victor comes, you will receive your further orders from him. I can do nothing more." She left the room. Jane Pool looked ominously after her. "No," she said, between her set lips; "you have done enough." "Oh, Jane, hush!" Ellen whispers in terror. There has still been no direct accusation, but they understand each other perfectly. "When the time comes to speak, you'll see whether I'll hush," retorts Jane. "What was she doing in this room fifteen minutes before you found my lady dead? Why wouldn't she let me in? Why did she tell me a lie! What made her say my lady was still asleep? Asleep. Oh, poor soul, to think of her being murdered here, while we were all enjoying ourselves below. And if I hadn't took away the baby, it's my opinion it would have been—"

"Oh, Jane!" "Oh, Jane," as much as you please, it's the gospel truth. Them that killed the mother hated the child. When the time comes I'll speak, if she was twice the lady she is, Ellen!" "Lord!" Ellen cried with a nervous jump, "don't speak so jorky, Mrs. Pool. You make my blood a mask of ice." "What is it?" "Ellen," Jane Pool said, solemnly, "where is the dagger?" "The furrin dagger with the gold handle and the big ruby set in it, that my lady used as a paper knife. I'll take my oath I saw it lying on the table there, shining in the moonlight, when I took away baby. Where is it now?" The dagger the nurse spoke of, was a curious Eastern knife, that had belonged to Sir Victor's mother. It had a long keen steel blade, a slim handle of wrought gold set with a large ruby. Sir Victor's wife had a fancy to the pretty Syrian toy, and converted it into a paper knife. "I saw it on that table when I took away baby," Jane said compressing her lips; "it would do it. Where is it now?" "Gone," Ellen answered. "O, Jane, do you think—"

"She has been stabbed, you see, right through the heart, and there isn't much blood. That devilish little glittering knife has done the deed. There it was ready for its work, as if Satan himself had left it handy. Oh, poor lady—poor lady! to think that the very she used to play with should one day take her life!" While they whispered in the death room, up in her chamber, while the hours of the dreary night wore on, Inez Catheron sat crouched in a heap, as Hooper had found her, her face hid in her hands. Two hours had passed, an awful silence filled the whole house while she sat there and never stirred. As eleven struck from the turret clock, the thunders of horses' hoofs on the avenue below came to her dulled ears. A great shudder shook her from head to foot—she lifted her haggard face. The hull before the storm was over—Sir Victor Catheron had come. CHAPTER VIII. IN THE DARKNESS. Half an hour's rapid gallop had brought Edwards, the valet, to Powys-place. The stately mansion, park, lawn, and terraces, lay bathed in the silvery shower of moonlight. From the upper windows, where the sick man lay, lights streamed; all the rest of the house was in deep shadow. In one of those dimly lighted rooms Sir Victor Catheron lay upon a lounge fast asleep. He had remained for about two hours by the sick man's bedside; then, persuaded by his aunt, had gone to lie down in an inner apartment. "You look pale and ill yourself," she said, tenderly; "lie down and rest for a little. If I need you, I will call you at once." He had obeyed and had dropped off into a heavy sleep. A dull oppression of heart and soul beset him; he had no mind to slumber—it had come upon him unawares. He was awakened suddenly by some one calling his name. "Victor! Victor!" the voice called, "awake!" He sat up with a bewildered face. Was that his aunt's voice, so hoarse, so strange! Was this his aunt with that white, horror-struck face? "Victor!" she cried, the words a very ear. "Oh, my boy! my boy! how shall I ever tell you? Oh, who did I send for you this dreadful night? Ethel!"—her voice choked. He rose to his feet, staring at her blankly. "Ethel!" he repeated. "E-hel—"

there is no mistake? It seems too unnatural, too impossible to believe. "There is no mistake, my lady," the man answered, sadly. "I saw her myself, the blood flowing where they had stabbed her; cold and dead." Lady Helena wrung her hands and turned away. "Ride for your life after your master!" she said. "I will follow you as soon as I can." She went back to her husband's side. He was no worse—seemed, if anything, better. She might leave him in her housekeeper's charge until morning. She ordered the carriage and rapidly changed her dress. It was about one o'clock in the morning when she reached Catheron Royals. The tall turrets were silvered in the moonlight, the windows sparkled in the crystal light. The sweet beauty and peace of the September night lay like a benediction over the earth. And amid all the silence and sweetness, a foul, a most horrible murder had been done. She encountered Mrs. Marsh, the housekeeper in the hall, her face pale, her eyes red with weeping. Some dim hope that up to this time had upheld her, that after all, there might be a mistake, died out then. "Oh, Marsh," she said, pitiously, "is it true?" Mrs. Marsh's answer was a fresh burst of tears. Like all the rest of the household, the gentle ways, the sweet face, and soft voice of Sir Victor's wife had won her heart from the first.

"It is too true my lady—the Lord have mercy upon us all. It seems too horrible for belief, but it is true. As she lay asleep there, four hours ago, in her own house, surrounded by her own servants, some monster in human form stabbed her through the heart—through the heart, my lady—Dr. Dane says one blow did it, and that death must have been instantaneous. So young, so sweet, and so lovely. Oh, how could they do it—how could anyone do it!" Mrs. Marsh's sobs grew hysterical. Lady Helena's own tears were flowing. "I feel as though I were guilty in some way myself," the housekeeper went on. "If we had only woken her up, or fastened the window, or anything! I know the monster whoever he was, got in through the window. And, oh, my lady!—Mrs. Marsh wiped her eyes suddenly, and lowered her voice to an excited whisper—"I wish you would speak to Jane Pool, the nurse. She doesn't dare say anything out openly, but the looks she gives, and the hints she drops, are almost worse than the murder itself. You can see as clear as day that she suspects—Miss Inez."

"Marsh!" Great Heaven! Lady Helena cried, recoiling in horror. "Miss Inez!" "Oh, my lady, I don't say it—I don't think it—Heaven forbid—it's only that wicked, spiteful nurse, Pool. She hates Miss Inez—she has hated her from the first—and she loved my lady. Ah! who could help being fond of her—poor, lovely young lady—with a sweet smile and pleasant word for every one in the house? And you know Miss Inez's high, haughty way. Jane Pool hates her, and will do her mischief if she can. A word from you might check her. No one knows the harm a babbling tongue may do." Lady Helena drew herself up proudly. "I shall not say one word to her, Marsh. Jane Pool can do my niece no harm. The bare repetition of it is an insult. Miss Catheron—that I should have to say such a thing—is above suspicion." "My lady, I believe it; still, if you would only speak to her. You don't know all. She saw Miss Inez coming out of the nursery a quarter of an hour before we found Lady Catheron dead. She wished to enter, and Miss Inez ordered her away. She has been talking to the police, and I saw that inspector Darwin watching Miss Inez in a way that made my blood run cold."

But Lady Helena waived the topic away haughtily. "Be silent, Marsh! I will not hear another word of this—it is too horrible! Where is Miss Inez?" "In her own room, my lady. And—I beg your pardon for alluding to it again—but I think she suspects. She seemed dazed-like, stupefied at first; she is more like herself now. Will you go in and see her, poor soul, before you go to Miss Inez? Oh, my lady, my lady! it breaks my heart when I look at her—when I look at Sir Victor." For a moment Lady Helena shrank. "Sir Victor is in there—with her?" she faltered. "Yes, my lady—like a man all struck stupid. It frightens me to see him. If he would only speak, or cry, or fly out against the murderer—but he just sits there as if turning to stone." His aunt covered her face for an instant with both hands, heart-sick with all these horrors; then she looked up and moved forward. "Where is she?" she asked—"in which room?" "In the white drawing-room, my lady; the doctors brought her there. Sir Victor is with her, alone."

counterpane, and pointed to that one dark, small stab on the left side. "Look!" he said, in a shrill, wailing voice, "through the heart—through the heart! She did not—no—no—she doctors say—that, through the heart as she slept. Oh, my love, my darling, my wife!" He kissed the wound—he kissed the hands, the face, the hair. Then with a long, low moan of utter desolation, he drew back the covering and buried his face in it. "Leave me alone," he said, despairingly; "I will not go—I will never go from her again. She was mine in life—mine only. Juan Catheron had; she is mine in death. My wife—my Ethel!" He started up as suddenly as he had flung himself down, his ghastly face flaming dark red. "Leave me alone, I tell you! Why do you all come here? I will not go! Leave me, I command you—I am master here!" She shrank from him in absolute physical terror. Never over-strong at any time, her worst fears were indeed true—the shock of his wife's tragic death was turning Sir Victor's brain. There was nothing to be done—nothing to be said—he must be obeyed—must be soothed.

"Dear Victor," she said, "I will go. Don't be hard with poor Aunt Helena. There is no one in all this world as sorry for you as I am. Only tell me this before I leave you—shall we not send for her father and mother?" "No," he answered, in the same fierce tone; "they can't bring her back to life—no one can now. I don't want them. I want nobody. Ethel is mine, I tell you—mine alone!" He motioned her imperiously to leave him—a light in his eyes—a flush on his face there was no mistaking. She went at once. How was it all to end she wondered, more and more sick at heart—this mysterious murder, this suspicion against Inez, this dreadful overthrow of her nephews' mind? "May Heaven help us!" she cried. "What have we done that this awful trouble should come upon us?" "Aunt Helena!" She looked round with a little cry, all her nerves trembling and unstrung. Inez stood before her—Inez, with dark, resolute eyes, and stony face. "I have been waiting for you—they told me you were there. She pointed with a shudder to the door. "What are we to do?" "Don't ask me," Lady Helena answered, helplessly. "I don't know. I feel stunned and stupid with all these horrors."

"The police are here," Miss Catheron went on, "and the coroner has been apprised. I suppose they will hold an inquest to-morrow." Her aunt looked at her in surprise. The calm, cold tone of her voice grated on her sick heart. "Have you seen him?" she asked almost in a whisper. "Inez—I fear—I fear it is turning his brain." Miss Catheron's short scornful upper lip curled with the old look of contempt. "The Catheron brain was never noted for its strength. I shall not be surprised at all. Poor wretch!" She turned and looked out into the darkness. "It does seem hard on him." "Who can have done it?" "The question on every lip rose to Lady Helena's, but somehow she could not utter it. Did Inez know of the dark, sinister suspicion against herself? Could she know and be calm like this? "I forgot to ask for Uncle Godfrey. Inez's quiet voice said again. "Of course he is better, or even at such a time as this you would not be here?" "He is better Inez," she broke out desperately. "Who can have done this! She had not an enemy in the world. Is—there any one suspected?" "There is," Inez answered, turning from the window and facing her aunt. "The servants suspect me."

"Inez?" "Their case isn't a bad one as they make it out," pursued Miss Catheron coolly. "There was ill blood between us. It is of no use denying it. I hated her with my whole heart. I was the last person seen coming out of the room, fifteen minutes before they found her dead. Jane Pool says I refused to let her go in—perhaps I did. It is quite likely. About an hour previously we had a violent quarrel. The ubiquitous Mrs. Pool overheard that also. You see her case is rather a strong one."

and Victor ordered him out. Since then he has been here—prowling as you call it—trying to see me, trying to force me to give him money. I was dainty as usual, and would give him none. Where is the crime in all that? "Has he gone?" was Lady Helena's spouse. "I believe so—I hope so. He has nothing to stay for. Of course he has gone." "I am glad that at least. And now, as it seems I can do nothing more at present, I will return home. Watch Victor, Inez—he needs it, believe me. I will return at the earliest possible moment to-morrow." So, in the chill gray of the fast-coming morning, Lady Helena, very heavy-hearted, returned to Powys-place and her sick husband's bedside.

Meantime matters were really beginning to look dark for Miss Catheron. The superintendent of the district, Mr. Ferrick, was filling his note-book with very ominous information. She had loved Sir Victor, she had hated Sir Victor's wife—they had had a cat-and-dog life from the first—an hour before the murder they had had a violent quarrel—Lady Catheron had threatened to make her husband turn her out of the house on the morrow. At eight o'clock, Jane Pool had left the nursery with the baby, my lady peacefully asleep in her chair—the Eastern pointed on the table. At half-past eight, returning to arouse my lady, she had encountered Miss Inez coming out of the nursery, and Miss Inez had ordered her sharply away, telling her my lady was still asleep. A quarter of nine, Ellen the maid, going to her room, found my lady stone dead, stabbed through the heart. Miss Inez, when summoned by Hooper, is ghastly pale at first, and hardly seems to know what she is doing or saying. A very pretty case of tragedy in high life. Superintendent Ferrick thinks, pursuing up his lips with professional zest, and not the first murder jealousy has made fine ladies commit, either. Now, if that Turkish dagger would only turn up.

Two policemen are sent quietly in search of it through the grounds. It isn't likely they'll find it, still it will do no harm to try. He finds out which are Miss Catheron's rooms, and keeps his official eye upon them. He goes through the house with the velvet tread of a cat. In the course of his wanderings everywhere, he brings up presently in the stables, and finds them untenanted, save by one lad, who sits solitary among the straw. He is rather a dull-looking youth, with a florid, vacant face at most times, but looking dazed and anxious just now. "Something on his mind," thinks the superintendent, and sits sociably down on a box beside him at once. "Now, my man," Mr. Ferrick says, pleasantly, "and what is it that's troubling you? Out with it—every little's a help in a case like this." The lad—his name is Jimmy—does not need pressing—his secret has been weighing uneasily upon him for the last hour or more, ever since he heard of the murder, in fact, and he pours his revelation into the superintendent's eager ear. His revelation is this: Last evening, just about dusk, straggling in chance in the direction of the Laurel walk, he heard voices raised and angry in the walk—the voices of a man and a woman. He had peeped through the branches and seen my lady and a very tall man. No, it wasn't Sir Victor—it was a much bigger man, with long black curling hair. Didn't see his face, it was dark in there among the trees. He wasn't sure, but it struck him it might be the tall, black-visaged man who came the first night Sir Victor brought home my lady, and who had been seen skulking about the park once or twice since. Had heard a whisper that the man was Miss Inez's brother—didn't know himself. All he did know was that my lady and a man were quarrelling on the evening of the murder in the Laurel walk. What was they quarrelling about? Well, he couldn't catch their talk very well—it was about money he thought. The man wanted money and jewels, and my lady wouldn't give 'em. He threatened to do something or tell something; then she threatened to have him put in Chesholm jail if he did. He, Jimmy, though full of curiosity, was afraid the man would spring out and catch him, and so at that juncture he came away. There! that was all; it did the gentleman any good, he was welcome to it.

It did the gentleman a world of good—so complicated matters beautifully. Five minutes ago the case looked dark as night for Miss Catheron—here was a rift in her sky. Who was this man—was it Miss Catheron's scapegrace brother? Jimmy could tell him nothing more. "If you want Inez's brother," said Jimmy, "you go to old Hooper. He knows. All I know is, that if he says he was an uncommon bad lot; but old Hooper, he knew him ever since he was a young 'uns and lived here. If old Hooper says he wasn't the night Sir Victor brought my lady home, don't you believe him—he was, and he's been off and on in the grounds since. The women folks in the servants' hall, they say how he must have been an old sweetheart of my lady's. You go to old Hooper and was he out of him?" Mr. Superintendent Ferrick went. How artfully he began his work, how delicately and skillfully he "pumped" old Hooper, no words can tell. Mr. Juan Catheron was an "uncommon bad lot," he had come and forced an entrance into the dining-room the night of Lady Catheron's arrival—there had been a quarrel, and he had been compelled to leave. By bit this was drawn from Mr. Hooper. Since then, Jackson, the head groom, and Edwards, the valet, had seen him prowling about the grounds watching the house. Mr. Ferrick ponders these things in his heart, and is still. This vagabond, Juan Catheron, follows my lady to Catheron Royals, is expelled, haunts the grounds, and answers to his description is discovered quarrelling with my lady, demanding money, etc., two or three hours before the murder. The window of the room in which she takes that fatal sleep opens on the lawn; any one may enter who sees fit. No one is about. The Oriental dagger lies conveniently to his hand on the table. "Here, now," says Mr. Ferrick to Mr. Ferrick, with a reluctant frown, "which is guilty—the brother or sister?" He goes and gives an order to one of his men, and the man starts in search of Miss Juan Catheron. Mr. Catheron must be found, though they summon the detectives of Scotland Yard to aid them in their search. The dull hours went on—the new day, sunny and bright, is with them. The white drawing-room is darkened—the master of Catheron Royals sits there alone with his dead wife. And presently the coroner comes, and talks with the superintendent, and they enter the room and look at the murdered lady. The coroner departs again—a jury is summoned, and the inquest is fixed to begin at noon next day, at the "Mitre" tavern at Chesholm. Lady Helena returns and goes at once to her nephew. Inez, in spite of her bronchitis, has never been near him once. He is still, as she left him many hours ago; he never stirred or spoken since, left to himself he is almost apathetic in his quiet—his room is into fury, when they strive to take him away. As the dusk falls, Lady Helena, passed?