

heard them quarrelling more violently than ever as she worked in her tiny kitchen, and shut the front door lest their voices should be heard on the Plazzo. The voices rose higher and higher and then came a sudden silence. They quarrelled no more. She felt vaguely alarmed and declared a cold shiver came over her when, as usual, she carried out supper to the little garden. Luigi was sitting with his back to the table and neither moved nor spoke. Giorgio had fetched the wine out himself and gruffly ordered her to bed, saying they would be off early next morning, and would breakfast at Potenza, where Luigi would take the express to Brindisi, from Brindisi to London, thence to America. So he told her harshly.

Margetta obeyed him and went to bed. But in the night, sleeping fitfully, worried by bad dreams, she rose and looked out of her tiny window into the garden. It was moonlight, and Signor Giorgio was standing on the second little terrace, doing something to the grass or soil, it appeared to her.

In the morning both brothers had gone, Giorgio returning at nightfall.

It was only after much discussion and persistence on the part of the friendly little doctor that an order was obtained to dig up the grass at the spot where Giorgio Matoni had fallen.

It proved to be the grave of Luigi Matoni. Whether Giorgio had killed him, or whether his incurable malady had merely been hastened to its inevitable conclusion by mental excitement, was known only to his brother and would never be revealed now.

Paul believed Giorgio killed him with intention of securing the allowance Naomi was making him for his entire use, and that Giorgio's own death was hastened by the shock of discovering the same result might have been secured in a little while by letting well alone. It was ascertained Giorgio himself suffered from the