

not even at the last had Dick Stewart expected him to confess. M. de Grandemaison wished to keep in full his daughter's affection, if he could not retain his nephew's loyal esteem. For M. de Grandemaison to have confessed that his were the finger-marks would have been more difficult in the end than at the beginning. He wished to retain his daughter's love, and—it was here that Stewart could approve him most—to keep his daughter's name out of the *tohu-bohu* altogether. A good reason, that, why he should let the young sir's self-accusation go uncontradicted. And, beyond that, M. de Grandemaison had not been himself; he had lived through all the month of *tohu-bohu* in a lethargic and almost silent state. The Comte had insulted him—"Us!" he had said, not mentioning his daughter's name; and therefore the young sir had quite properly assaulted the Comte. That was all the evidence which he could give, he said. The shock of witnessing the assault and the terrible death had caused the old man's lethargy, the lawyer people thought. And Consolata thought so, too. Consolata had not learned all the truth of the matter. She could weep over Stewart's departure, be grateful to him for defending her name, and love her father still.

"Ah well, I've saved her from the bitterest sorrow she could feel," Dick Stewart reflected proudly, as he glanced round the little room in which he sat waiting for breakfast. He had done it for her, all for her. A stupid rotten thing to do, no doubt, had he considered himself only, but . . . anyhow, Consolata had been spared the worst pang. Sweetly she had thanked him, tearfully she had blessed him for vindicating her and yet letting the aspersion on her die with the dead man; she had been told that much, but not the full truth; she never guessed that the blue marks on the dead man's neck, of which the *tohu-bohu* people made so much at the inquiry and the trial, had been marks made by her father's fingers, his murderous fingers, fingers that were meant to kill, though they did not actually cause the death. And of course Archange would never tell her the truth. Archange knew it, Archange understood, Archange had thanked him and blessed him for taking upon his own young shoulders the weight that would