

muttered morosely. "Let the—ah—liar die! He accused our daughter!"

"Of what?" Stewart cried, peevish with the strain of the moment. "You said that before! What did he accuse her of?"

But M. de Grandemaison went on talking to himself. "Our daughter unchaste! *Our* daughter!"

"Great heavens above, what on earth are you saying!" cried Stewart, jumping up and letting the heavy head bump down.

"It is his excuse," M. de Grandemaison muttered. "Not to marry her. . . . He is afraid, he is a coward!"

"Not to marry her?" Dick Stewart cried. "Because she. . . . Was *that* what he said? No wonder you did for him, sir, I'd have done it myself! . . . Sir, will you let *me* marry her? I love her, I came to France to find her! . . . Sir, if she will have me, will you give her to me?"

But M. de Grandemaison's vacant look showed that he did not hear, or at any rate did not heed. And just then came the roll and swish of wheels anew; the car paused a moment outside, and then went rumbling under the archway. Into the workshop hurried the Abbé, paler than ever after his first glance at the dead man on the floor.

The Abbé turned his eyes on Stewart questioningly, and Stewart's eyes looked hopelessly at him. Suddenly and terribly this thing had happened, with the awful abruptness which characterizes that double catastrophe, an unexpected and violent death. Terribly and suddenly this thing had befallen, crashing down on Stewart's gladness in arrival, and crushing the result of all his energetic work. For how could the bargain as to quietude and lack of notoriety by the people of the château be kept now? It would be bad enough, it would be shameful enough, it would be daunting and depressing enough that the man one wanted to make one's father-in-law should have done murder, but who on earth could lightly bear to have as father-in-law one who, as Mr. Shott would put it, was "doing time"? Stewart knew that M. de Grandemaison stood in no danger of the guillotine, for the guillotine has