

the former testifying that Dr. Steuer had been of clear and sound mind when she made and signed her statement. Then the district attorney stood up, and in lifeless tones — Dr. Anna had been his family's most cherished friend — asked if there was any prospect of the self-confessed criminal being examined further. Rush went over to Mrs. Balfame and pressed his hand hard upon her shoulder.

"May it please your honour," he said, "Dr. Anna Steuer expired before we left the hospital."

Again there was a furious scratching of pens. Not a reporter glanced at Mrs. Balfame. They had forgotten her existence. The Judge asked the jury if they wished to retire once more for deliberation. The foreman faced about. The other eleven shook their heads with decision.

The Judge dismissed them and congratulated the defendant, who had risen and stood clutching the back of her chair. The reporters raced one another down the stairs to the telegraph-offices and telephone-booths.

It was physically impossible for Mrs. Balfame to faint, or to lose self-control for more than a moment at a time. She drew away from the friends that crowded about her, one or two of the women hysterical.

"I shall ask Mr. Rush to take me over to the jail for a few moments," she said in her clear cold voice. "I must put a few things together, and I wish to have a few words alone with Mr. Rush. She turned to the dazed Mr. Cummack. "Take Polly home," she said peremptorily. "Mr. Rush will drive me over later."

"All right, Enid." He tucked Mrs. Cummack under his arm. "Your room's been ready for a week."

As Rush was about to follow his client he turned