

thrashing him, and at the same time throw the guilt upon my daughter in such a manner that she could not prove an *alibi*."

"But, Iris," I cried, "why were you silent if you were innocent?"

"What could I do? I had no idea of the identity of the assassin," she explained. "I knew that, with such deadly circumstantial evidence against me, any protest of mine must of necessity be futile. Ah!—my position—was horrible!"

"But why were Rushton and Pontifex so bitterly antagonistic towards you?" I inquired.

"They, together with my father, no doubt believed that I had killed poor Paul!" she said. "They never suspected Eugene. Cannot you see that they both anticipated that I, a woman, in my desperation of jealousy and revenge, might make confession, and reveal the truth regarding them. Hence they were anxious to see me safely lodged in gaol—for their own security. The instant I heard that Paul was dead," she added, "I knew that every effort would be made by the police to find me. That was why I took to flight."

"Ah!" sighed Almond, placing his hand tenderly upon her shoulder. "Heaven knows how I have suffered, dear—for I, your father, believed you guilty!"

"Listen," exclaimed Elsie Maxwell, moving