

fellow happened to come home in the nick of time to help us out of such a very awkward predicament. We may thank our stars the thing was all hushed up as cleverly as it was, between him and Mrs. Tristram. It'd have been a precious fishy business for you and me, I can tell you, my friend, if the girl had gone and died after all, and we'd been mixed up in the hocus-pocus. Kalee wouldn't have gone far, I fancy, to help us out of it with a coroner's jury."

"But how about her brother?" Sir Donald once objected, with a grim smile of conclusive logicity.

"What do you make of the murder of her brother—found in his cradle strangled, you know, as I told you that day, with a blue line right round his throat? Who on earth but that girl could possibly have murdered him?"

The mesmerist shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"My dear Mackinnon," he said with some asperity, "how should I know how everything has always happened everywhere? Am I an Indian detective, for example? Surely the fanatic, whoever it was, who dedicated the girl herself in the first place to Kalee (as her eyes bore witness), would have been quite capable of throttling her