

Otherwise her suicide remains wholly inexplicable. Numerous arrests have been made in the quarter of the sectaries. Trade and communications are entirely paralyzed.'

With the paper grasped tight in her trembling fingers, Ioné rushed round, all on fire, to Owen's office. She had no doubt as to the truth in her own mind now. Mr. Hayward was dead; but he had died nobly fighting; and he had protected Owen to the last—for the envelope was missing. Murderer indeed! Murderer! The lie! The insult! Dare they speak so of the dead? Ioné's face burned red at it.

She reached the shop, quivering hot with shame and indignation. As she entered, she thrust the paper into Owen's hands. He read it, and sank into a chair, as pale as death.

'And I brought this on him!' he cried, wringing his hands in his agony. 'Ioné, Ioné, it was for me he did it!'

'No, no!' Ioné cried hotly. 'He brought it upon himself. You were only the occasion, not in any sense the cause. He did what was just. And his life hasn't gone for nothing, either. He has died a martyr. It was the end he would have wished. In Russia—at Moscow—by his father's home—waging open war against the tools of the tyranny!'

Two days later Madame Mireff's letter arrived. It bore the Berlin post-mark. Owen read it with Ioné in breathless silence. When he had finished, the strong man clasped his hands like a child, and cried aloud and bitterly over that simple narrative. He had lost a father. But for Ioné it was natural she should think most of Owen's safety. Her heart came up into her mouth with sudden joy at those words. 'No one else had seen it.' Then, Owen was free at last! No living soul on earth save themselves and Sacha now knew the secret of his true name and ancestry.

She said nothing at the time. She only held Owen's hand clasped tight in hers, and smoothed it tenderly. But that evening, as they sat alone in the drawing-room at the flat—Trevor and Sacha had left them together for