

that, if ever discovered, it might be taken for the remains of some ancient warrior."

"Did your brother have any children?"

"One son."

"Who is, of course, the rightful earl of Ormsby. By what name is this son known?"

"Idris Breakspear."

Lorelie put no more questions. She had discovered what she wished. Light had been cast on dark places and all was clear. She had made her atonement to Idris: and, with a significant glance at the balcony where he sat, she waved her hand, and at that signal the curtain descended.

Ere the amazed audience had time to exchange remarks the earl's voice was again heard, proceeding from the other side of the curtain.

"What do you say, Ivar?" he cried, in wild staccato utterances. "I have accused myself . . . of murder? . . . That my title . . . and yours . . . are invalid? It is false! . . . Gentlemen, I am not responsible . . . for my utterances . . . This woman hates me . . . She is a hypnotiser . . . has taken my mind captive . . . made me say . . . whatever suits her purpose . . . Pay no heed to anything I have said . . . in this state . . . of——"

His utterance was checked by a fit of coughing, followed by a strange gasp, and then all was still.

The next moment one of the amateur actors appeared at the side of the stage-curtain and beckoned to Godfrey, who, his part having ceased with the first act, had taken his place amongst the audience. The surgeon passed behind the curtain, then quickly reappeared.

"Get the company away as quickly as can be managed," he whispered to the steward of Raven-hall; "the earl is dead!"