

The Red Seal

lice court and to bring some amyl nitrite capsules with him."

"And the note, Sylvester, which you saw Miss McIntyre give me in court," concluded Rochester, as Helen paused, "told me to hand the capsules to the burglar and to defend him in court. I did both, although badly puzzled by the request." Rochester hesitated. "I carried out your wishes, Helen, without question; but when the burglar's identity was revealed, I jumped to the conclusion that you had used me as an instrument to kill him, for I knew something of the effects of amyl nitrite."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Helen, aghast.

Rochester looked at her and bit his lip; he knew of her affection for Jimmie and her attachment to his memory, but he could not kill the hope that when Time had healed the loss, his devotion might some day win her for his own.

"I did you great injustice," he admitted humbly. "But I was fearfully shocked by the scene. I strove to divert suspicion by insisting that Jimmie died from angina pectoris, and then you came, Helen, and demanded an autopsy —"

"I had to," Helen broke in. "I could not believe that Jimmie's death was due to natural