

face of the arm there was a blurred blue marking, which on careless inspection appeared to be a bruise, but which a close examination proved to be the tattooed markings, T. G. R. I went to work to search the registers of the principal hotels (for according to my theory the murdered man was a stranger in the city), and at last came across the name 'Thomas G. Raeburn.' A brilliant flash of lightning lit up the face of Tisdale, distorted with agony, still gazing at the face on the mantel.

"I made enquiries about this name, and also of the name that was written below it, James Brodie. I found that the first belonged to a refined foreign gentleman who appeared to be very wealthy, the other to his travelling companion or valet. I found that they had left the hotel three days before the murdered body was found."

While Bolton was speaking, the storm was raging more and more fiercely. The thunder and lightning seemed to come at the same moment.

"Now this is exactly in accordance with my theory. You remember I told you that I believed the murdered man to have been some wealthy foreign bachelor, who, being independent of home connections was wandering about the world at will. He had a

travelling companion who was his secretary. That secretary is the murderer. Now the question is, *where is that man?*" At this moment there was a blinding blaze of lightning followed by a peal of thunder that shook the rafters of the room. As if in answer to the question, *where is that man?* the arm of the subject on the mantel, which had been inclined to the head, fell down, and the finger with awful significance pointed straight at Tisdale. We all jumped to our feet in horror, and a shriek of terror burst from Tisdale's lips.

"I knew it," he cried, "I knew he would find me out. I confess it all. I am the man. I am *accused by the dead!*" and with a despairing and agonizing cry he fell on the floor.

Bolton and I looked into each other's pale faces, and read each what the other felt. Then, as if words had failed him, Bolton pointed to the face on the mantel. My heart stood still. Never before was such expression seen on the face of Death! Contempt, bitterness, and the cold, cruel smile of triumph were there. While we looked, there was another fearful blast of thunder, and, like a thing that had discharged its function and was no more, the subject seemed to collapse, and fell from the shelf.

