

eyes, I did! You couldn't ha' done it, not if you wanted to ever so much! I see it done with my very own eyes! Only I only thought it was a bit of a scrap, and didn't suppose as the poor chap was getting it dead!"

"Confound you! Hold your tongue!" Dick Stewart had shouted twice, while this long speech of Mr. Shott's was going on, but he had shouted in vain. Now, however, running at Mr. Shott, and pushing the packet of banknotes into Mr. Shott's hand, "Be off, can't you?" he whispered. "Cnt away at once, and hide! There's your money—Confound you, can't you see I *like* to say I did it?" he whispered; both of them in English all the while.

Meantime the Abbé was explaining to the detective. "Mr. Stewart thinks he is saving M. de Grandemaison. There is no need. Neither of them did it. The Comte died of cardiac epilepsy—paralysis of the cardiac centre. I am a doctor, and I swear to it. As a surgeon I will prove it. . . . Stewart, we shall not forget this, it is very noble of you, but there was no need. The Comte wasn't killed by anybody. He died of his disease."

"Maybe, maybe," said Joseph Leronx. "We shall see. We shall see what the doctor says when he comes. Meanwhile, if you please, sir. . . ." He had stepped up to Dick Stewart, there was an adroit movement and a click; and, looking down, Dick Stewart saw his wrists braceleted by a thin chain of steel. . . .