

majestic sweep of the arm, "and hear am I, your accuser, and the witness against you. Men," she said, in a voice that must have been distinctly heard to the utmost verge of the circle, "I went to Koros in order to meet with my enemy, and to bring him into my power. I heard he frequented a certain garden; there I went, and there he was pointed out to me. I dropped a purse, giving Mannocho orders to lift it in his sight, so that he might rescue it, and return it to me. Mannocho went beyond his orders, for which he will be punished when his turn comes. Never, for one moment, was this man out of my sight till he was safe in the charge of one who could excite no suspicion, and who, knowing nothing, could tell him nothing. He nearly died of Mannocho's knife. I strove, I prayed that he might not escape what I had vowed. In his fever, he did nothing but rave of his trade—of necks and swords of justice. You, his judges, is he the man? Yes, or no?"

A sullen murmur rose from the circle.

"They say yes. But I will give you one chance more. Mannocho! You saw Sándor die. . . Is this the man?"

My enemy had come forward.

"That is he," he said, with a flash of the eyes that I could not misread.

"You swear it?"

"I swear that this is the man who beheaded Erdélyi Sándor," he answered.

"You hear," said she. "Oh why, why," she suddenly burst out, "did you not take the liberty I gave you when I left Koros? Why did you