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"Where is Captain Hermann?" she asked.
"I know not, lady. I did not hear him enter the house."

"Thou sleepest very heavily for so young a woman. He was here but a little while since, and said he would wait whilst I walked to the beach to see if the boat had returned. Didst thou not hear the sound of a gun?"

"Nay, lady," said the girl sleepily.

Shortly after nine Restiaux returned. Lida met him at the door. She was very pale, and her voice trembled.

"Is Captain Hermann on board?" she asked.

"No, he is on shore."

"He was an hour ago, and was waiting for you. I went to the beach to see if you were coming. When I returned he was gone. What frightens me is that while I was sitting on the beach I heard a shot."

They waited till ten o'clock, and then Restiaux summoned a number of natives, who, with lighted torches, set out to search for the missing man. Lida remained in the house—waiting and listening.

An hour passed, and then came the sound of many naked feet, and the glare of torches, and eight or ten natives headed by Restiaux, and carrying the body of a man, came slowly through the garden, and placed their burden on the verandah.

Lida stepped out—"What is the matter, Harry? Is that Captain Hermann? Is he hurt?"

"He is dead! He has shot himself through the heart. We found him lying on the path. That was the shot you heard. His pistol was lying near him. It