

not a single word—or death! Now, go to your cabin, and never pry into my affairs again.’

“I went back to my cabin as I was bid, and sat speechless in abject horror. The fiendish actions of the man who was my guardian frightened me. And yet I was utterly helpless. What could I do? Who in holy Russia would hear me? Oberg was a power in the Empire; the Czar himself trusted him. If I spoke, who would believe me; who would heed the words of a defenceless girl whom he would at once declare to be hysterical? Thus I waited alone in the darkness, watching the lights of the port gleaming across the placid waters until nearly one o’clock, when the gay party returned, and the Baron greeted them merrily as though nothing had happened. But my heart was frozen within me by the recollection of the awful crime that had been committed.”

“Why! Now I remember!” cried Muriel, amazed. “I remember that night quite well, how white she was when she came to my cabin and asked to be allowed to sleep in my spare berth. She would tell me nothing, and only said she was ill. None of us had any idea that such a terrible tragedy had been enacted. But of course the Baron had arranged it all, for it was at his instigation, I recollect, that the crew had been given shore-leave. Macintosh suggested that only half the crew should go, but he declared that if Wilson alone were left it would be sufficient.”