

never have needed to do vengeance. Hot and bitter in Stewart's heart was hatred for the defamer, dead though the defamer now was ; had he himself heard the defamation he would himself have attacked the wretch, he knew. Consolata's father *had* done justice, and Consolata must be saved from the terrible trouble which would otherwise fall upon her by her father's arrest and the unjust vengeance of the Law. "It isn't equity!" he thought,—"*she* will be the sufferer!" Thus he reflected, and then he decided and spoke. He hated to have to do it; it would sound theatrical, he knew; it would be a lie, and that mattered something; it would mean prison and public odium, and that mattered rather more; but that the girl he loved should be disgraced by the arrest of her father, and be broken in heart and spirit by the knowledge that her father had done murder, mattered more than all. So he answered the detective's question in a way the detective least of all expected. "Who did it, do you say? . . . I did it myself!"

The Abbé turned round hastily; he had been kneeling beside the corpse again, examining it anew, and testing his first opinion.

"Stewart, Stewart!" he cried, "why do you say that! It is very noble of you, but . . . you needn't, Stewart,—I'm quite certain he died of——"

"I tell you *I* did it!" Dick Stewart said stubbornly. "M. de Grandemaison never touched him. . . . Of course I didn't mean to strangle him, quite, but. . . . Oh, confound you, Shott,—get out, get out!" For before the Abbé could remonstrate further, another voice had become audible; through the window Mr. Robert Shott had come into the room.

Mr. Shott was very red in the face; apparently Mr. Shott had been holding himself in as long as he could, and had not liked it. "'Tisn't ekity, blowed if it is!" said Mr. Shott. "You tole me not to let the old gent see me, sir!" said Mr. Shott. "Which I've been hiding in them bushes all the time. Begging your pardon, sir, it's a lie what you said! I see it all myself. I was waiting by apintment, as you knows, sir, and I see with my very own