

looks rather more at ease, and his manner becomes more confident.

"Then you would naturally be familiar with Lucien di Spada's secrets, if he had any. Did he give you his full confidence?"

"He caused me to think that he did."

Mr. Chrisenbury pauses. He seems to be considering grave matters. When he looks at his witness again his manner is persuasive and inviting.

"Now, will you act on his lordship's suggestion, and tell us plainly what you know of this affair? You have admitted that you know something about the murder of Marco Graffi. Do you?"

"I believe I know everything about it—and about the murder of the man called Carlo Cafferata, in Soho, also."

There is no repressing the murmur, no keeping down the thrill which follows this. But his lordship's voice is heard quite plainly as he turns to the witness.

"Tell your story in your own way;"

The nun braces herself. Her voice trembles. But the silence in court is so deep that everything she says is clearly heard in the furthest corners.

"It was after I had been eighteen months in London that I came to know the Graffis. I became very fond of Gemma. She was unhappy—she wished to return to Italy; she disliked London. I, too, wished to leave London. I found that Lucien was not—not what I had believed him to be. And Gemma and I began to plan our escape. She was not aware of my relationship to Lucien. She did not even know that we were cousins. I had some light work in Soho. She believed that I supported myself. Our idea was to escape to the Continent, and to earn our living by singing. We both possessed good voices. We used to meet and talk it over.