

"The man who murdered my father!" he cried. "Not quite. It is a murder, then?" "No, a gross misdeed, and a most inexorable one. On the very moment when my father was kneeling at the door of the house he pulled at the rope between his fingers and stabbed it painfully with a sharp instrument. Then he was gone, for had he worn a mask he would never again be there. There was no sign of his presence, no sign of his murder, nothing of it. He was always at home, always ready to give her- ever so humb