



INSTALMENT XXXIX.

"It is an exceptional occasion," he declared. "One can scarcely refuse two very distinguished men who are foreigners. Besides, Mr. Malakoff has promised to give a large dinner party here tomorrow night. His doings are always reported in the newspapers. It will be a great advertisement."

Paul shook his head.

"It does not seem to me wise," he said, "to take such a risk when everything is going on so nicely. However, it is not my affair."

"Better let me send you a bottle," the other suggested, "and make up your little difference with Mr. Bretskopf afterward."

"Thank you," Paul replied coldly. "That would be impossible."

The manager walked off to welcome some newly arrived clients. It was certainly a fact that the atmosphere of the place had become very much gayer since the arrival of the gold-folled bottles. Conversation grew louder, laughter more frequent, the popping of corks continuous. Every one danced, familiarities increased every

moment. In the midst of it all a small boy in livery rushed into the room from downstairs. Before he could open his mouth however, he was swung on one side. A sergeant of police had entered followed by half a dozen plain-clothes men. The hubbub died away as though by magic. The sergeant's voice was heard distinctly.

"Stand by the door, Johnson," he ordered. "Don't allow any one to pass out. You come with me, Harrison, and take down the names and addresses. Where's the manager?"

Mr. Maturan hurried forward, his face pale with apprehension. The usual little crowd tried to slip out quietly but were turned back. The manager talked impressively but without effect, to the sergeant. The latter's expression remained unmoved. He crossed the room toward Bretskopf's table, just as the latter was endeavoring to secrete some of the bottles under the table.

"You will take down the names and addresses of every one here," he ordered his subordinate.

"I claim privilege, inspector," Bretskopf declared harshly. "I and my two companions are in this country on a political mission."

The sergeant listened respectfully.

"I have heard of your mission, sir," he said. "It is not for me to comment upon it, but I should scarcely think that it is one which would entitle you to any special consideration. However, you will be able to explain to the magistrate in the morning. Take down the names and addresses, Harrison."

There was a further hubbub of expostulation of which the officer took not the slightest notice. As

soon as he had completed his tour of the room, he called to the manager.

"I am leaving a man here," he said, "to see that there is no further infringement of the law. Have all the wines and spirits removed at once."

Bretskopf, whom the others had been doing their best to restrain, suddenly left his place and advanced unsteadily across the floor.

"A word with you, inspector," he demanded. "Will this affair get into the newspapers?"

"Without a doubt, sir. You'll be summoned to appear at Bow Street tomorrow morning."

"But it is an outrage," Bretskopf blustered. "Look here," he went on, pushing the manager on one side, "if it costs a matter of a hundred pounds my name must not appear—political mission, you understand, and that sort of thing, eh?"

The sergeant looked at him steadfastly. Bretskopf's eyes seemed to grow smaller and smaller, but his color heightened.

"If you'll take my advice sir," he said, "you'll go back to your table and sit down."

"Who wants your advice," Bretskopf shouted, aiming a clumsy blow at him.

It was all over in a moment. The sergeant held him firmly by the collar. Two of the plain-clothes men had him on either side.

"Let me go!" the captured man screamed. "There'll be trouble about this, I can tell you! Let me go!"

His eyes were blazing. He made wild efforts to free himself.

"Take him to Bow street," the officer ordered.

Malakoff came hurrying up, breathless.

"Look here, sergeant," he began, "this mustn't go on."

"Mr. Malakoff—I know who you are, sir," the other rejoined, "please don't attempt to interfere with the course of the law. I should advise you to take a taxi to Bow street and be there in case the inspector in charge is willing to accept your recognizance for the man's appearance."

The police departed. The orchestra struck up, but no one seemed inclined to dance. The wine had been removed from the tables. Every one was paying their bills and departing. Miss Brown struggled into her new evening coat with a little smile upon her face. She understood now the meaning of a telephone message, which, in very guarded terms, she had transmitted that afternoon to X.Y.O., Scotland Yard.

BACK AT XYO

"So you frequent night clubs, do you, Miss Brown?" Dessiter inquired suddenly, turning around from his desk after a somewhat curt good morning.

"I've never visited one before," was the apologetic reply.

"Hope you enjoyed it," he grunted. "I see your name was taken—address, Shepherd's Market."

"Ought I to have given a wrong address? I'm sorry. I've had no experience."

"It's just as well that while you are engaged upon this sort of work your name is out of the newspapers as much as possible. However, you were with my dear young friends, I see, which counts for something."

"He had an engagement there, as dancer," Miss Brown confided. "I was he who invited my friend and me."

"The matter of your presence there is of no particular consequence," Dessiter said, aware of a suspicious dimness in Miss Brown's blue eyes. "The nuisance is that I could have given you a tip to stay away if I had known about it."

"I wonder," Miss Brown mused, "how you got Bretskopf there?"

Dessiter finished the letter he had been writing, rose to his feet and strolled across the room. He sat on the corner of Miss Brown's table—an attitude which was becoming a habit of his.

"Are you insinuating that XYO had anything to do with this raid?"

"I think that you planned it," Miss Brown replied. "You see, I sent that telephone message to Scotland Yard."

"I had forgotten that," he admitted. "As for getting Bretskopf there, it was a chance, of course. We sent cards of invitation in the manager's name, and Mademoiselle Loia earned fifty pounds by insisting on wine. We scarcely dared hope for the brawl, though. That was an amazing stroke of luck. By the bye, wasn't there some trouble between Bretskopf and Paul?"

Miss Brown nodded.

Bretskopf tried to engage Mr. Paul to dance with his young lady friend," she confided. "I think he did it with the idea of humiliating him. Mr. Paul refused and the manager dismissed him."

Dessiter frowned.

"Quite right, too," he pronounced. "The most difficult lad in the world, that, Miss Brown. I was indebted before the war to his people for a great deal of hospitality and kindness, but do you think that they will accept help from me now? Not one penny. I've offered it in the most delicate manner I can think of time after time. All that I can get out of your young friend is that he'll come to me if he's really hard up against it. Does he want to marry either of you two?"

Miss Brown was surprised at the sudden searching gaze he bent upon her. She felt her eyes caught and held, realized, as she had done before, the impossibility of telling a lie to this man.

"My friend and he get on very well," she said. "I believe Mr. Paul is fond of him but then they haven't seen a great deal of one another yet."

Dessiter had the air of a man who has discovered all that he wanted to know. He went back to his desk, lit a cigarette and began a lazy perambulation of the room. A messenger arrived with some reports—two from the War Office and one from Scotland Yard. He glanced them through, initialed them and handed them to Miss Brown to file.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

SURVEY OF NAAS SLOPE

Supplies Taken In By Aiyansh Men to Last Power Corporation Party Three Months

In a message received over the Government Telegraphs from Aiyansh on the Naas River, it is learned that James Smythe and Michael Bright have returned to Aiyansh with their pack train of six horses after having packed in to the Meziaden Lake district winter supplies for the party of E. S. Holloway, Power Corporation of Canada exploration engineer. The pack train started from Stewart some time ago and, after delivering the supplies, crossed overland to Aiyansh, the distance of the trip being close to 200 miles.

Mr. Holloway, who has been spending the entire summer with his party in that isolated part of the north country, is making a general survey of water conditions on the Naas slope with a view to future power development in the Stewart area. Supplies have been delivered sufficient to last the party for three months should they be snowed in this winter.

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