PAGE FOUR



have just offered me a baronetcy.

grant which I do not need, Miss

Marabels



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INSTALMENT XLIV.

"Frances," she said firmly, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Whether he can afford to marry you just now or not there are millions of girls in your position who would give anything in the world to have a man like Paul care for

jised, "as soon as all these troubles. are over." "That will be very pleasant."

A GREAT SURPRISE the second shock of the day, and preparations."

imposible."

cwaying figure of defiance.

but on a mission to the people. I personal staff in ligu of any pen-decline to leave the country, I sion. My staff consists of you." speak for myself and my friends "Five thousand pounds!" Miss -we are here and we stay here. Brown gasped. Tomorrow I shall make public "It will bring you in about £250 this visit of yours, and you shall a year," he continued. "Not an imsee then what will happen.", nense sum, but enough to make "The law docs not permit such you independent." an outrage." Frankland declared. "It is very wonderful." she murshall bring the matter up in mured a little wistfully, "but I'd the House tomorrow." rather go on working."

"You will have every opportun- Dessiter smiled. ity," Marabels assured him. "so "There comes a time," he said. long as you do not abuse your "when one reaches the natural position. As for you, gentlemen. I end of one's task. It is the opinion beg you, however, to accept the of the Home Office, and my own. inevitable. You have half an hour too, that in these days of vastly That night Malakoff received in which to make any necessary better understanding between the

lisposal. After that your move- "All to be forgotten," he inter-

Malakoff rose to his feet, a thin, which I have refused, and a money

"This is my answer to you and Brown, though." he went on, "that

your government," he declared. "I they are allotting

men whem we used to consider

THE EMPRESS HOTEL, VICTORIA The Empress Hotel, Victoria, complete with its new wing giving an additional 250 rooms and probably the greatest of his life. Malakoff sat down and poured firebrands and the government, making in all a total of 550 rooms. This construction recently completed, makes the hotel one of the



because there is nothing more to gan, "that a steamship from a door noiselessly behind him. Malaeat."

"I fear that you came off rather badly tonight," he regretted.

scoffed. "I was almost afraid that I should have to leave some of Maiesty's Government." that delicious veal."

ettes. Miss Brown sipped her cof- blustered. fee with an air of content.

Paul," she confided, during pause in the conversation between the other two. "There is something so homelike about it. But laughter and not much conversaghosts."

classes, to the people who are still sirable activities in an English might be coming. dazed with their misfortunes. Yet military centre. sometimes it is different. I have a "The Home Secretary, therefore, "XYO is on its last legs." cousin, Alexis, who every now and has decided, under a special or- "I was afraid it might be so," then has morey. He sells motor dinance, to dispense with the she replied sadly. cars for an American who treats usual procedure in such cases and "Don't forget," Dessiter enjoinhim very well. When he has made has issued deportation orders for ed, "that ours has been a wondera sale he sometimes brings every you, Serge Malakoff, Ivan Brets- ful page in departmental history. one connected with it in to din- kopf and Paul Krasset, and Mr. We pass away in triumph and not ner. He always lets me know be- Digby Homes here, who represents to oblivion. No one will ever know forehand, for they like to drink a the Home Office, will see you off the details of our work, but we great deal of wine, and they like at Liverpool Street Station at 10 helped, Miss Brown—we helped a

think that any one else will come Bretskopf glared across the table. toward the delegates. in tonight. To tell you the truth," "It has come to the knowledge of "You'll have to go," he decided he added simply, "we hope not, the Home Office," Marabels be- Marabels departed, closing the

Baltic port is lying off the coast of koff, Bretskopf and Krasset, each "That is our fault," Frances de- Ireland with a large cargo of arms standing, watched his disappearclared. "We were hungry and we and ammunition of which Lopez ance, silent, with murderous faces. have eaten everything. We have and Samuel are the nominal con- Frankland, too, had risen and was too good appetites really to be at-signees. Evidence is forthcoming walking restlessly up and down tractive customers at any res- that these arms are a gift from the the room. Pennington with his taurant. You'll have to charge us nation which you represent, Mr. hands thrust deep in his trousers more money, Mr. Paul, or else give Malakoff. to be landed and dis- pockets, his chin lowered, sat startributed here among the disaffec- ing on to the disordered tablecloth. tion of our population. This cir- Mr. Digby Holmes, his eyes fixed cumstance, in the unsettled con- upon the clock, waited patiently. "Don't be absurd!" Miss Brown dition prevailing just at present. In the background his escort stood is not regarded with favor by His at attention.

In three weeks there were 17 "We are not here to please His commissions sitting, four of whom Frances and Paul smoked cigar- Majesty's Government," Malakoff had already had their decision ac-

cepted and their recommendations "Furthermore," Marabels contin- being carried into effect. Every day

"I like your little restaurant, Mr. ued, "it has been pointed out to Miss Brown on her arrival in a the authorities that you, Malakoff, Whitehall found her pile of work were present in the house of Lady diminishing.

Hannerton at Camberley one night There came a time when Desa short time ago when an English siter, who had been travelling up your people-your clients-are very ex-sergeant shot himself rather and down the country upon silent. There is scarcely any than be arrested for the dissemin- pecial mission, came in from an ation of seditious literature eman- interview with Marabels, threw tion. They come and go like ating from sources over which you himself into an easy chair and sat have control. You were the guests there for some time in deep that evening of Lady Hannerton, thought. Miss Brown knew better, "They belong, all of them," Paul who has been asked to leave the than to disturb him, but her heart reminded her, "to the suffering country on account of her unde- sank a little at the idea of what

"Miss Brown." he said at last

Wherein a Girl Helps to Trap an International Spy.

who sang his composition. Williams is buried at Balsall and a stone marking his resting place bears the following inscription: "Author of 'It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," followed by the words: 'Give me the making of the songs of a nation, and let who will make

The

By Agatha Christic

A Detective

Story with a

Thrill in Every

Chapter

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