

a bad moment when the first bobby rolled back to say that there was nobody at home here. I kept smiling, though, because I felt sure dear old Eynsham wouldn't let me down—until he did. That fairly bowled me over—the way the Inspector read out that His Highness was in bed and, no doubt, asleep; on my honour, from the time when Armitage told me twelve hours before outside here, I'd entirely forgotten that the real man could be in England. Cold feet! You blighters don't know the meaning of the term! I was in for a night in the cells, I was in for God-knows-what for using the Prince's name, and I was in for seeing Henley and that forsaken Special Constable marching out arm in arm. I *did* raise a feeble sort of protest, but the Inspector fellow said that, if I wanted to bring a counter-charge, I must sign the sheet. I drew the line at that. You see, when I wrote the letters, I said Prince Christoforo would be obliged and so forth, and, if he's a fellow of common humanity, he *would* be obliged by anybody who saved me a night on a plank bed. It seemed different, somehow, signing in his name, and I was beginning to get a bit rattled. That's all. The next thing I knew was I was being remanded in custody for a week because Henley hadn't turned up to give evidence, and the next thing was Legrange shaking me by the hand and saying everything had been squared. Where's Nap giving us this dinner?"

"I . . ."