

## THE TRAITOR

curiously at M. Tourville, who leaned suddenly over the counter, and said, furiously, to the teller: "You are mad, sir; hand me my cheque. I will see Monsieur de Tonancourt, the bank manager, at once, and report to him your outrageous conduct."

The threatening tone seemed to restore the teller's presence of mind. Hastily opening a small drawer he drew from it the first cheque for two hundred thousand francs, and with trembling hands laid it before the irate merchant. "There is the cheque you cashed not more than a few minutes ago, the money for which must at this moment be in your satchel."

As though unable to control himself any longer, M. Tourville raised his hand as though he would brush the offending cheque to the floor, when his eyes fell on the signature and date, and then he caught it up and examined it closely.

"Who presented this?" he asked, gravely.

"Monsieur cannot have forgotten that he did."

"And you mean to say you cashed it?"

"Monsieur knows I did, and if he will but open his satchel he—"

His words were cut short by the noise the satchel made as it fell violently on the counter and slid toward him.

He picked it up and opened it eagerly: it was empty.

As he looked up blankly M. Tourville took the satchel from his hands and throwing the cheque, that had just been cashed, into the wicket, said: "That is a forgery, and the bank has lost two hundred thousand francs."