

heard of these things just in time, for the U-boat was waiting outside in the bay."

"You didn't part with the stuff?" Richard exclaimed eagerly.

Sir Denis shook his head.

"I burnt the papers upon my hearth," he told them. "Crawshay ran me to ground there, but his coming wasn't necessary. A great deal besides the ashes of those documents went up in smoke that night."

Richard Beverley had risen to his feet and was pacing up and down the room. He found some vent for his feelings by wringing his friend's hand.

"If this doesn't beat the band!" he exclaimed. "My head isn't strong enough to take it all in. So Crawshay found you out?"

"He arrived," Sir Denis replied, "to find the papers burning upon the hearth. As a matter of fact, he took the ashes with him."

"He didn't arrest you, then, after all? There was no charge made?"

"None whatever. He was perfectly satisfied. He stayed until the next morning and we parted friends. A few days ago I had his wedding cards. You know whom he married?"

"Saw them together down-stairs," Richard declared. "I'm off in a moment to see if I can get hold of Crawshay and shake his hand.—So you're Sir Denis Cathley, eh, and you've chucked that other game altogether?"

"Naturally," the other replied—"Sir Denis Jocelyn Cathley. As a matter of fact, I am up in town to arrange for some one else to take my place