

was a little disappointed at finding only two constables ; but he was relieved a moment later by the sight of the inspector to whom he had spoken, hurrying through the archway, leading from the Foreign Office.

"Where are you going to?" called out the inspector to Tippitt, taking no notice of Bindle.

Tippitt jerked his thumb in the direction of Bindle, who came forward at that moment.

"Number 110, Downing Street, sir," responded Bindle. "Some furniture for Mr. Llewellyn John."

"Right!" said the inspector loudly; "but you'll have to wait a few minutes until that motor-car has gone."

Bindle winked as a sign of his acceptance of the mythical motor-car and, drawing the key of the pantechnicon from his pocket, showed it to the inspector, who, by closing his eyes and slightly bending his head, indicated that he understood.

Tippitt had decided that everybody was mad this morning. The police inspector's reference to a motor-car outside Number 110, whereas his eyes told him that there was nothing there but roadway and dust, had seriously undermined his respect for the Metropolitan Police Force. However, it was not his business. He was there to drive the horses, who in turn drew a van to a given spot; there his responsibility ended.

After a wait of nearly ten minutes, the inspector