

“ ‘Monsieur Otto,’ he cried, ‘we have signed this treaty upon a false understanding. Egypt is in our hands.’

“ ‘What!’ cried Monsieur Otto. “ ‘Impossible!’

“ ‘It is certain. It fell to Abercrombie last month.’

“ ‘In that case,’ said Monsieur Otto, ‘it is very fortunate that the treaty is signed.’

“ ‘Very fortunate for you, sir,’ cried Milord Hawkesbury, and he turned back to the house.

“ ‘Next day, monsieur, what they call the Bow Street runners were after me, but they could not run across salt water, and Alphonse Lacour was receiving the congratulations of Monsieur Talleyrand and the first Consul before ever his pursuers had got as far as Dover.’”

THE END.