

and went out into the hall, where Eve was already waiting. Mr. Bundercombe was a little unnerved, but he pulled himself together.

"Word of honor, Paul!" he declared; "I never saw the old rat take a thing! I simply landed him with the brooch. It was not until he was going out that I caught a glimpse of those other things in his pocket."

We drove off ten minutes later. I looked out of the motor as we swung round into the main thoroughfare. Behind the window of the little sitting room I saw the pale, almost ghastly face of Lord Porthoning. He caught my eye and waved his hand weakly.

On the pavement in front of the striped awning stood Mr. Bundercombe — large, beaming, both hands outstretched. Eve waved her handkerchief. As we finally disappeared she glanced toward me.

"Has dad been up to anything, Paul?" she asked. "He has just that kind of satisfied expression that always used to terrify me."

"Like a cat licking its whiskers after a stolen saucer of milk!" I suggested.

She laughed.

"You mustn't make fun of dad," she begged. "He's such a dear!"

"I shall never attempt to make fun of your