

practically completed for the delivery of the jewels into the custody of the French Embassy at Washington, through whose intervention they were to be allowed to leave the United States without the formalities usually observed in cases of suspected smuggling. Upon the arrival in America of trusted messengers from Paris, headed by no less a personage than the ambassador himself, the imperial treasure was to pass into hands that would carry it safely to France. Prince Sebastian, still in Halifax, had been apprised by telegraph of the recovery of the jewels, and was expected to sail for England by the earliest steamer.

And while the visitors at the Courtney house were lifting their glasses to toast the prince they loved, and, in turn, the beautiful cousin who had braved so much and fared so luckily, and the tall wayfarer who had come into her life, a small man was stooping over a rifled knapsack in a room far down-town, glumly regarding the result of an unusually hazardous undertaking, even for one who could perform such miracles as he. Scratching his chin, he grinned,—for he was the kind who bears disappointment with a grin,—and sat himself down at the big library table in the centre of the room. Carefully selecting a pen-point, he wrote:

“It will be quite obvious to you that I called unexpectedly to-night. The week was up, you see. I take the liberty of leaving under the paperweight at my elbow a two dollar bill. It ought