

have dealings with the same office. I have had many. The organization there is perfect—not a soul in the Censor's department suspects. Truly, one must admire such perfect organization as that established by 'Number Seventy.'"

"I do. My husband always declared the arrangements in Holland to be perfect—and they are perfect, even to-day, while we are at war in England—the great Ruler of the Seas, as she calls herself, has already fallen from her height. Britannia's trident is broken; her rulers know, and quite appreciate the fact. That is why they establish a censorship in order to keep the truth regarding our submarines from what they term the man-in-the-street. As soon as he knows the truth—if he ever will—then Heaven help Great Britain!"

"Meanwhile we are all working towards one end, my dear Molly—victory for our Fatherland!"

"Certainly. We shall conquer. The great Russian steam-roller—as the English journalists once called it—is already rusty at its joints. The rust has eaten into it, and soon its engineers will fail to make it move—except in its reverse-gear," and the woman laughed. "But tell me," she added: "of what does the evidence against Sainsbury exactly consist?"

Lewin Rodwell reflected seriously for a few moments. Then he slowly replied:

"Well, there are several things—things which he will have great difficulty in explaining away. I've taken good care of that. First, there is the letter from the Dutch Insurance Company sending him a ten-pound note. Secondly, there is a letter from a certain Carl Stefansen, living at Waxholm, on the Baltic, not far from Stockholm, asking for details regarding the movements of certain regiments of Kitchener's Army, and thanking him for previous reports regarding the camps at Watford, Bramshott and elsewhere. Thirdly, there is an acknowledgment of a report sent to a lock-box address in Sayville, in the United States, on the second of last month, and promising to send, by next post, a remittance of five pounds in payment for it. A letter from Halifax, Nova Scotia, also requests certain information as to whether the line of forts from Guildford to Redhill—part of the ring-defences of London—are yet occupied."

"Forts? What do you mean?"

"Those forts established years ago along the Surrey hills as part of the scheme for the defence of the Metropolis, but never manned or equipped with guns. They cost very many thousands to construct—but were never fully equipped."

"And they are still in existence?"

"CERTAINLY. And they could be occupied and turned to valuable account at any moment."

"A fact which I can see they fully appreciate at Whitehall, and which will lend much colour to the charge against this inquisitive young fellow—who—well—who knows just a little too much. Ah! my dear Lewin, I never met a man quite like you. You can see through a brick wall."

"No, further than you can see, my dear Molly," laughed the crafty man. "We are both of us trained in the same excellent school—that school which is the eyes and ears of the great and invincible Imperial Army of the Fatherland. Where would be that army, with

our Kaiser at its head, if it had no eyes and no ears? Every report we send to Berlin is noted; every report, however small and vague, is one step towards our great goal and final victory. The Allies may beat themselves against our steel and concrete ring, but they will never win. We sit tight. Our men sit in their comfortable dug-outs, lie beat themselves out in sheer exhaustion. Our great invincible nation must win in this island, for one reason—because the German eagle has already gripped in her talons the very official heart of Great Britain herself. Our Kaiser Wilhelm is only William of Normandy over again. In Berlin we hold no apprehensions. We know we must win. If not to-day—well, we sit safe in our trenches in Flanders, or give the gallant Russians a run just to exercise them—knowing well that victory must be ours when we will it!"

"THEN, the correspondence found in Sainsbury's ledger is entirely conclusive, you think?" asked his companion after a pause.

"Absolutely. There is no question. The letter shows him guilty of espionage."

"They were actual letters, then?"

"Certainly. One of them was in an envelope addressed to him at the office, and posted at Norwich. I managed to find that envelope in his desk on the day before he was discharged. It came in extremely useful, as I expected it might."

"So the charge against him cannot fail?" asked the handsome woman, puffing slowly at her cigarette. "Remember, he may suspect you—knowing all that he does!"

"Bah! The charge cannot fail. Of course I've had nothing to do with the matter as far as the authorities are concerned. I have simply slipped the noose over his head, and shall let the Intelligence Department do the rest. They will do their work well—never fear."

"But you told the Intelligence Department about that Dr. Jerrold?"

"Boyle did. I was most careful to

keep out of it," replied Rodwell, with a cunning look. "Boyle happens to be a friend of Heaton-Smith, who is in the Intelligence Department, and to him he gave information which cast a very deep suspicion that while Jerrold was pretending to hunt out spies, he was also engaged in collecting information. Indeed, we sent our friend Klost to consult him as a patient in order to further colour the idea that, in the doctor's consulting room, he was receiving German spies. Heaton-Smith, who has a perfect mania regarding espionage, took it up at once, and had Jerome watched, while we, on our part, manufactured just a little thread of evidence, as we have done in the present case. By it we succeeded in a warrant being issued for his arrest. It would have been executed that night if—well, if he had not committed suicide."

"Perhaps he knew a warrant was out against him?"

"I think he did," said Rodwell, with an evil smile.

"What causes you to think so?"

"Well, by the fact that Boyle, to whom he was unknown, rang him up that evening at half-past seven and, posing as an anonymous friend, warned him that there was a warrant out for him and that, as a friend, he gave him an opportunity to escape."

"What did he reply to Sir Boyle?"

"He hardly replied anything, except to thank the speaker for his timely information, and to ask who it was who spoke. Boyle pretended to be a certain Mr. Long, speaking from the National Liberal Club, and added, 'If you wish to write to me, my name is J. S. Long.' The doctor said he would write, but could not understand the charge against him. Boyle replied that it was one of war-treason, and added that the authorities had got hold of some documents or other which incriminated him on a charge of spying."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he declared that it was an infernal lie, of course," laughed Rodwell.

The woman was again silent for a few moments.

"Its truth was plainly shown by his suicide," she remarked at last. "By Jove, my dear Lewin, his death was most fortunate for you—wasn't it?"

"Yes. We had to play a trump card then—just as we now have to play another against young Sainsbury," replied the man, his eyes narrowing.

"I must congratulate you both," said Mrs. Kirby. "You've played your cards well—if you're certain that he'll be convicted."

"My dear Molly, they can't help convicting him. The acknowledgment and payment for reports, the request for more information, and the vague references to certain matters in which our friends in Holland are so keenly interested, all are there—addressed to him. Besides, he is known to have been an intimate friend and assistant of the man Jerrold—the man who committed suicide rather than face arrest and trial for treason. No," Rodwell added confidently; "the whole affair is quite plain, and conviction must most certainly follow."

"And serve him well right!" added the handsome woman. "Serve him right for being too inquisitive. But," she added in a rather apprehensive voice, "I suppose there's no chance of him making any allegations against you—is there?"

"What do I care if he did!" asked the man, with a laugh of defiance. Then, lowering his voice, he added: "First, there is no evidence whatsoever to connect me with any matters of espionage, and secondly, nobody would believe a word he said. The world would never credit that Lewin Rodwell was a spy!"

"No," she laughed; "you are far too clever and cunning for them all. Really your sang-froid is truly marvellous."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Catspaw.

SOME weeks had passed.

Jack Sainsbury had not reappeared at Bow street, the authorities having decided, so serious was the



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