

was the chagrin that my uncle Jimmy would have felt, had I failed, that put the final drop of bitterness in my cup of sorrow when I came to my senses after my encounter with the Russian police. That would have been a stunning blow to Sir James Cardiff. We shall reach Charing Cross about 7:30 to-night, and Sir James will be there with his brougham to take charge of me when I arrive. Now, what do you say to our settling all this under the canopy of Charing Cross Station? If you telegraph Mr. Hardwick to meet us there, I will introduce him to Sir James, and he will never have any more trouble in that quarter."

"I think," said the girl, looking down at the tablecloth, "that I'd rather not have Mr. Hardwick meet us."

"Of course not," answered the young man quickly. "What was I thinking about? It will be a family gathering; and we don't want any outsiders about, do we?"

Jennie laughed, but made no reply.