

knew that I had matriculated as an agent of the Government.

"Shall we finish the game, your Excellency?"

"Which?" he asked laconically, a twinkle in the hard eyes.

"It is of course for your Excellency to decide."

"You are a good player, Miss Gilmore. Where did you learn?"

"I have always been fond of problems."

"And good at guessing?"

"It is not all guessing—at chess," I replied, meaningly. "One has to see two or three moves ahead and to anticipate your opponent's moves."

A short laugh slipped out. "Let us play this out. You may have made a miscalculation," he said, and bent over the board.

"Not in this game, your Excellency."

"You are very confident."

"Because I am sure of winning."

He grunted another laugh and after studying the position, made a move.

"I foresaw your Excellency's move. It is my chance. Check now, of course, and mate, next move."

"I know when I am outplayed," he said, with a glance. "I resign. And now we will talk. You play a good game and a bold one, Miss Gilmore, but chess is not politics."

"True. Politics require less brains, the stakes