

CHAPTER XXXIV

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

THEY never caught Jack the Chemist—he escaped them. Within a few minutes of the discovery of what had been hidden in that Wandsworth house, the whole police of England was on the look-out for him. His whereabouts were easily and quickly ascertained. They learned that he had gone to church to be married; in church they found him. At that dramatic moment in the marriage service, when the ring was about to be adjusted on the bride's finger, some one was heard to enter the building with somewhat unusual haste. The bridegroom looked round. He saw who was coming. Agnes Capparoni was one, Professor Ehrenberg was another; behind were Van der Gucht, the two Quannells—father and son—and Mr. Johnson; while in front strode certain men who, in spite of their civilian costume, were obviously policemen. He waited for them to come no further—he understood. Without a word of warning to Miss Bradley, who a moment before had been one of the happiest women in the world, slipping away from her side, he darted into the vestry, thence into the open air beyond, to find himself confronted by two more constables in uniform.