

to me at Charing Cross Station less than half an hour ago."

The editor took the card, turned it over in his hand once or twice, and read the cordial message which the old man had scribbled on the back of it.

"Then you have succeeded," cried Hardwick. "You got the document; but, why did you give it to Sir James yourself, instead of letting me hand it to him?"

"That is a long story. To put it briefly, it was because the messenger carrying the document was Lord Donal Stirling, who is—who is—an old friend of mine. Sir James is his uncle, and Lord Donal promised that he would persuade the old man to let other newspapers have no advantages which he refused to the *Daily Bugle*. I did not give the document to Sir James, I gave it back to Lord Donal."

"Lord Donal Stirling—Lord Donal Stirling," mused the editor. "Where have I heard that name before?"

"He is a member of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, so you may have seen his name in the despatches."

"No. He is not so celebrated as all that comes to. Ah, I remember now. I met the detective the