

THE LANTERN OF LUCK

and he — he especially — would have fared much worse on the *Olive Branch* than they had. He did not admit, as he might since Saleh had told him so, that she had befriended him and his daughter because his daughter had first helped her at a pinch.

He was still holding forth in her praise when a stout, shabby-looking man, very much out of place in an atmosphere where shabbiness has no part, came shuffling across the crowded room, and, ignoring the frowns of the waiters hovering near, approached the ex-President, who received him with a stony stare.

"If you don't go away at once, my good Waples," Casado said quietly in answer to a low-toned speech on the newcomer's part, "I shall send out for a gendarme to escort you. You seem to think you have some hold over me, but, believe me, once and for all, you have none whatever. You aren't the sort of man who can blackmail me. Listen! If I ever see you or hear of you again, you shall spend the rest of your life in an English prison. You know I don't use idle threats. I have real'ly been too good to you in the past.

"Now go — and work for your living, as I have done."

He looked across at Eileen, his hostess, with an apologetic shrug of the shoulders. The stout man was slinking away, cowed for the time being.

"One of my former parasites," he explained,