

A CHANCE MEETING

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rett and his sister, Margaret. They were to have come out with me on their way to Turkey, but had been prevented at the last moment. I picked mine out and handed it to him. "It's properly viséd, you'll see."

He assumed a very profound air as he read it. "You speak Polish very well for an Englishman," he said.

"I speak also German and French, and some Russian."

"You have no trace of the vile English accent."

"Is that meant for a compliment?" I asked lightly. It was no use to get angry again.

"And you are a friend of Count Ladislas Tule-ski? You are, no doubt, aware that he is a suspect."

I smiled as I thought of my friend's airy impulsiveness and almost butterfly repudiation of responsibility. "I am surprised he should be suspected of doing anything seriously."

"He is," was the snappy reply. "And his friends are naturally objects of interest just now. Where is he?"

"I don't know. I heard of him last in London."

"And you are from London? It is at least a coincidence. Do you know Count Peter Valde-mar?"

"I believe I met him once." I remembered that I had seen him at my friend's hotel in London.

"Another coincidence," he returned drily. There was a pause during which he regarded me fixedly, pretty much as though I were a criminal. "You