

paper at the Foreign Office, Sir James would not have snubbed me."

"If the Foreign Office dared to do such a thing, it would hear of something not to its advantage from the Diplomatic Service ; and so, good-night my dear." And, with additions, the nephew repeated the benediction of his uncle.

Jennie drove directly to the office of the *Daily Bugle*, and, for the last time, mounting the stairs, entered the editorial rooms. She found Mr. Hardwick at his desk, and he sprang up quickly on seeing who his visitor was.

"Ah, you have returned," he cried. "You didn't telegraph to me, so I suppose that means failure."

"I don't know, Mr. Hardwick. It all depends on whether or not your object was exactly what you told me it was."

"And what was that? I think I told you that my desire was to get possession of the document which was being transmitted from St. Petersburg to London."

"No ; you said the object was the mollifying of old Sir James Cardiff, of the Foreign Office."

"Exactly ; that was the ultimate object, of course."

"Very well. Read this card. Sir James gave it