

curved Turkish knife strapped to my waist. My hand was on the hilt of it when the carriage which had alarmed me so rattled safely past me.

"But another might come. I must be prepared. Above all, I must not compromise the embassy. I ordered our carriage to move on, and I engaged what you call a hackney coach. Then I spoke to the driver, and gave him a guinea. He understood that it was a special service."

"You shall have another guinea if you do what you are told," said I.

"All right, master," said he, turning his slow eyes upon me without a trace of excitement or curiosity.

"If I enter your coach with another gentleman, you will drive up and down Harley street and take no orders from anyone but me. When I get out, you will carry the other gentleman to Watier's club in Bruton street."

"All right, master," said he again.

"So I stood outside Milord Hawkesbury's house, and you can think how often my eyes went up to that window in the hope of seeing the candle twinkle in it. Five minutes passed, and another five, Oh, how slowly they crept along. It was a true October night, raw and cold, with a white fog crawling over the wet, shining cobblestones, and blurring the dim oil-lamps. I could not see 50 paces in either direction, but my eyes were straining, straining, to catch the rattle of hoofs or the rumble of wheels. It is not a cheering place, monsieur, that street of Harley, even upon a sunny day. The houses are solid and very respectable over yonder, but there is nothing of the feminine about them. It is a city to be