

behind the two men who entered the room to place himself and his companion under arrest, were three other persons. One was a naval officer in uniform, evidently from the Admiralty Intelligence Department, while the other two were men well-known to him—namely, Sir Houston Bird and Charles Trustram.

"Your clever game is up, Mr. Rodwell!" exclaimed Trustram, entering the room with the naval captain, whose gaze fell at once upon the telegraph instruments mounted on the old sewing-machine in the corner.

"Yes," exclaimed the officer. "And a pretty big game it seems to have been—eh? So you've been working a cable across to Germany, have you? We've had suspicion that the cable laid to Wangeroog might have had a second shore-end, and, indeed, we started dredging for it off the Spurn only two days ago."

"Mr. Rodwell," said Trustram, addressing him, as the two detectives were searching him for firearms: "You thought you were very clever. You betrayed me once, but I took very good care that all the information I gave you afterwards should be such as you would work for England's advantage, and not for yours. In one case last week, when your masters acted upon my information, we were able to bag six of your submarines in the Straits of Dover within forty-eight hours. So you see my game was a double one," he added, with a smile of satisfaction.