

stamp of the Embassy was plainly visible. Lord Donal's eyes opened to their widest capacity, and his breath seemed to stop.

"Great heavens!" he gasped at last, "do you mean to say *you* have it?"

"Yes," she said, buttoning up her jacket again. "I robbed the robbers. Listen, and I will tell you all that happened. But, first, are you armed?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have a trumpery revolver in my pocket; little good it did me last night."

"Very well, we shall be across the frontier by noon to-day. If the Russian authorities find before that time how they have been checkmated, and if they have any suspicion that I am the cause of it, is it not likely they will have me stopped and searched on some pretence or other?"

Lord Donal pondered for a moment. "They are quite capable of it," he said; "but Jennie, I will fight for you against the whole Russian Empire, and somebody will get hurt if you are meddled with. The police will hesitate, however, before interfering with a messenger from the Embassy, or anyone in his charge in broad day-light on a crowded train. We will not go back into that car but stay here, where some of our fellow-countrymen are."