

Pontifex, who quarrelled with him over the division of the proceeds of the Hildesheim robbery, is at this moment undergoing a long term of imprisonment in Germany, while Pontifex himself is believed to have been arrested and sentenced under another name in France, for nothing has been heard of him for many months—not, indeed, since a fortnight after that memorable evening at Wilsford, when the truth of Paul's death was revealed, and when Miller so generously allowed my perhaps rather undesirable friends, as he had termed them, two hours' respite.

The gang has been effectively broken up. The body of Charles Denham, alias Jules Bérand, was found in the well at Fulmer, and Iris's deadliest rival has now become her warmest friend. Jim Almond, lithe and active, has returned to Corsica to become a respectable member of the small English colony under his old name, James Jellicoe, while his sweet-faced daughter is declared to be a great acquisition to the small circle of those who speak English and drink tea in the afternoons, in that sun-blanchéd little town where the Kaiser has his winter quarters.

I have already been their guest on three occasions at the Villa Lillah—as they have named their comfortable flower-embowered little home—and have many times crossed to Albania, and shot woodcock with my host.