

about in a van perhaps you have come across it. A place called Château Royal, I mean—do you know the way to Château Royal?"

"Château Roy——! . . . My aunt!" The boy swung his legs off the stone heap and sat up. "Château *Royal*!" The boy stood up and stared. Then he began to edge away from Stewart, as if in fear. "Yes, he did—he *did* say it!" he exclaimed to himself . . . "He *did* say Château Roy— . . . Dad! *Dad!*" The boy had begun to run.

"Here, you touch-and-go young rascal, come back with you, come back! You know something—come back!"

But the boy was scurrying across the quarry, stumbling into its shallow hollows and leaping out of them, hotly and excitedly making for the copse beyond, and "Dad! *Dad!*" he was shouting as he ran.

"Come back, you imp!" But, for all answer, the lad, pausing a moment to do it, put his thumb to the end of his nose, extended his fingers with the pipe in them, and made that inclegant and insulting gesture which in French is called a *pied-de-nez*. Then he vanished into brushwood and trees.

"The brat! The tantalizing brat!" Dick Stewart picked up his stick and resumed the road again. "Knows a thing or two, that boy! Knows something about Château Royal! I ought to have held him, of course. Confound my slowness!"

"Very remarkable affair though! And his father an agent. Agent of police, of course—he mentioned Joseph Leroux . . . *By Jove!*"

Dick Stewart stopped short and stood motionless in the middle of the road. Then he began to whistle. He whistled the four notes of the common chord, slowly, prolonging the upper C, and looking out over his protruded lips with meditative eyes. He was reflecting that no sooner had he come upon something like a trace of Château Royal than he had found a hint of connection between Château Royal and the police. . . . A mighty unpleasant suggestion, that; and the worst of it was that it confirmed, no matter how vaguely, a vague presentiment