

of our visit, and we have now been here nine minutes point five!"

"A most extraordinary coincidence," said Mr. Gully-Swinburne in his second-best voice, "and one which we might turn to immediate account by giving Mr. Logan some idea of what lies under his finger."

"All right," said Rupert Grant. "Mr. Swinburne, at my request, is collecting materials for a biography of my brother Basil Grant, of whom you may have heard."

"Mr. Justice Grant?" said Logan with interest. "Of course I have heard of him; and perhaps to his brother I may say that we happen to belong to the same club."

"Oh yes," said Rupert with quick impatience, "the C.Q.T.—I know all about that. I'm a detective myself, and in the exercise of my profession I have come pretty constantly across its members—always in disreputable circumstances too," he added grimly.

Logan laughed gaily. "'Queer' is not a word in the dictionary of respectability. But I am delighted to hear that such is Mr. Swinburne's project. How can I help you?"

"My friend, Mr. Cosmo Burden, told me that your firm was of the greatest assistance to him in his genealogical researches concerning the origin of his family, and that you established its identity with that of the noble family of the same name through the coat of arms borne by both. Now, as it happens, my brother has always passed as 'of Chesterton,' and it has been accepted as an unquestionable fact that he is closely related to the gentleman from whom he received that modest and respectable estate. My brother's personality is such as to swamp an abortive question as to his origin. You might as well question the existence of the Deity." Rupert's voice took an awed tone and his face paled with excitement as he talked of this brother, who always seemed to him a mysterious cross between a Winchester schoolboy, a Red Indian medicine-man, and the editor of a Liberal Review.