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the blood of our valorous warriors, faithful sons of Britain and Russia—in these days you, our British brothers in the vast domain of art and thought, have addressed to us touching and perspicacious words of warm greeting, which have deeply penetrated our hearts and will never be forgotten.

You have told us how highly you esteem the work of our masters—Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Tourgheneff—and how their spirit is near and dear to you. We are proud of this your acknowledgment and appreciation, for their fire is the holy fire of our family hearth. But you have expressed more than your respect for their personal deeds; in their genius you have discerned features of our national character. You have penetrated the very substance of their creative force, which we, too, look upon as a criterion of our faithfulness to the great and living tradition. As essential properties or tendencies of the Russian soul, you have noted the deeply human feeling, the searching of the whole truth and equity, the neglecting of lower material values for the sake of spiritual values. We, indeed, believe that

never shall Russia recognize as her own anything in the sphere of art and thought which does not bear witness to this spiritual thirst.

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But now how are we in our turn to express our gratitude for all that we have received from the soul of your nation? How shall we gather up this gratitude, which is widely dispersed among us and keenly felt, even though not yet uttered—this feeling of affectionate recognition in which many Russian generations have grown up? The genius of your people revealed to us, with ardent force and audacity, the infinite heights and depths of human nature, and all the secrets of the human heart through many representative spirits and, above all, through him, the great searcher of hearts, Shakespeare.

Your country, one of the oldest centres of European civilization, your people, who have taught freedom to all the world, have always been the object of our admiration. Accept this testimony of our gratitude and true friendship.

SHEER PROFIT

(Concluded from page 7.)

mine is an officer in the service of your husband's company, and therefore I felt it my duty to see you in secret, and warn you of what is intended."

"But how can you help me? I must see this man, Horton?"

"By all means, Lady Pattenden. And, if I may presume to advise you, I should purchase his silence, for without doubt Sir Herbert would be quite ready to pay him for his dastardly espionage."

"My husband is not that kind of man," she replied bravely.

"Ah! you do not know men. They become peculiar creatures when they suspect a woman."

She was again silent. What he had said was, alas! the truth. She saw that, at all hazards, she must be prepared to buy the silence of the eaves-dropper. Those nights at Strath eagles she had hoped were forgotten, as she had already forgotten, yet her foolish indiscretion had arisen against her and might very easily wreck her happiness.

With the man Mausell she discussed a plan of action, admitting that she was ready to pay. Then he at last made a suggestion. He would prepare a document, which Horton should sign on receiving money, declaring that there was no truth in the allegations he had made, and further that he had spoken untruths concerning Lady Pattenden and Mr. Jerningham. Horton and he were to call at Upper Grosvenor Street on the following day at noon, and she would see them, her husband being absent at his offices in Liverpool.

NEXT day, punctually at twelve, two well-dressed men were shown into her ladyship's drawing-room by the smart man-servant, one of them being Mausell, and the other, younger and more smartly dressed, was Richard Horton, alias Grayson. The latter was introduced when her ladyship, looking a pale, wan, little figure in black—for she had spent a sleepless night—entered the room.

Without any preliminaries business was discussed.

"Her ladyship is prepared to deal with you fairly," Mausell said in a cold, business-like tone. "I have shown you the document. What do you want for your signature to it?"

"I'm prepared to remain silent, but I'll sign no document," replied the crook. "My intention has been to deal with Sir Herbert. I thought you said I was to see him?"

"No. I wish to come to terms with you," her ladyship said, looking him straight in the face. "There's surely no reason why my husband should be disturbed by this small affair."

"Not if you like to pay me."

"How much?"

"Five thousand pounds. It's surely worth it—especially as that man Jer-

ningham is a well-known thief."

"A thief!" cried her ladyship amazed.

"Yes," Mausell exclaimed. "I have discovered that he is unfortunately well-known to the police and only came out of prison last year."

Ethel Pattenden saw the terrible scandal which might result if the truth leaked out. Both men observed how she wavered, and how eager she was to end the whole business.

For a few moments the discussion grew heated, and Horton made many threats, until at last, pressed hard by Mausell—while the clever scoundrel Horton stood aloof—Lady Pattenden went across to the little writing-table, and there scribbled a cheque for five thousand pounds, while Horton, on his part, appended his signature to the precious paper.

A few moments later the pair in high spirits were hurrying in the direction of Grosvenor Square where they found a taxi, and drove down to the Carlton, where Jimmy Jerningham was awaiting them in the smoking-room.

The trio gleefully drank her ladyship's health, and then drove to Barclay's Bank in Vere Street, where Horton presented the cheque.

As they did so, two men entered the Bank. One was Sir Herbert Pattenden—whom Horton, of course, did not know.

The cashier handed over notes to Horton, in exchange for the cheque, when Sir Herbert's companion suddenly stepped up to Horton, and arrested him on a charge of blackmail, while outside three other detectives arrested the pair seated unconscious in the taxi.

At the police-station it was made plain that Sir Herbert, having his suspicions aroused that his wife's newly-made friend was not exactly what he had represented himself to be, had returned secretly to Stratheagles and kept watch. He had seen his wife with Jerningham, and also seen the man Horton, whom he had followed to London, and eventually discovered to be a well-known "crook."

Observation had been kept upon his movements, and both Sir Herbert and the detective-inspector had been concealed behind a curtain in the drawing-room at Upper Grosvenor Street, and had listened to the scoundrel's threat of exposure, and had seen the poor, frantic woman draw her cheque to secure his silence.

An hour later, Sir Herbert, assuring Ethel of his complete confidence in her, revealed what he had done, whereupon she at once drove in her car to the police-station, and regardless of scandal, formally charged all three with conspiracy to blackmail, for which crime they were eventually sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to five years' penal servitude, which well-deserved penalty they are still undergoing.