

smoke of his cigarette. He was thin, lank, with introspective, pale, blue eyes—one of those men whose strength both of mind and of body is hidden from the careless observer; men who look indolent, impractical, and yet are to be found, somehow, always where the world's work is toughest and its dangers most subtle and deadly.

A suit of well-worn khaki suggested at first some sort of military service, but the absence of braid, to say nothing of the comfortable slouch of his shoulders, showed him to be civilian. He had, with it all, an air of being at one and the same time lost and perfectly and unutterably at home.

Ross Purdy would, in fact, have felt at home anywhere. And yet for the moment he did wonder why he happened to be in that particular spot. There was absolutely nothing to do. The war was over; German intrigue in the far quarters of the earth a thing of an unbelievable past. Why, then,