

CONCLUSION

NEARLY a year has now passed. I saw Whatton at the bank at Winehester a week after the truth was revealed, and told him the real story of the death of his friend.

But the final lines of this curious record of the under-world of Society, I am writing beneath an ancient twisted olive, in a sloping garden, where, through the grey greenery, shows the placid bright blue Ionian sea. Away upon the horizon before me rises a long range of mountains growing purple in the fiery Eastern sunset, the mystic land of wild Albania, that country where life is still medieval.

In the small white villa with the green sunshutters, on beautiful Corfu—the paradise of the Ionian Islands, and one of the few places on the face of the globe where there is no extradition treaty, and where consequently the foreign evildoer is immune from arrest—I am again the guest of Jim Almond and his pretty daughter, who, though Miller has given up the chase, are compelled to live there for the future, owing to the warrants still out for them.

Ralph Rushton, betrayed by his false friend