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And you and I have to do it while he is leaving the country."

"But what *can* this mean?" cried Flambeau. "He can't be afraid of that little Hirsch! Confound it!" he cried, in a kind of rational rage, nobody *could* be afraid of Hirsch!"

"I believe it's some plot!" snapped Valognes—"some plot of the Jews and freemasons. It's meant to work up glory for Hirsch . . ."

The face of Father Brown was commonplace, but curiously contented; it could shine with ignorance as well as with knowledge. But there was always one flash when the foolish mask fell, and the wise mask fitted itself in its place; and Flambeau, who knew his friend, knew that his friend had suddenly understood. Brown said nothing, but finished his plate of fish.

"Where did you last see our precious Colonel?" asked Flambeau irritably.

"He's round at the Hotel Saint Louis by the Élysée, where we drove with him. He's packing up, I tell you."

"Will he be there st'll, do y asked Flambeau, frowning tabl

"I don't think h t a Duke; "he's pack a

"No," said denly stand For

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