

For this time being, Henry was drawing towards a close. I was not sorry. The police were after him in no uncertain manner, and it seemed impossible for him to ultimately escape them. While the flying squad had surrounded the house, the locals were thronging the underground passage, and Wellington Crisp, with his assistant and his bulldog, was pouring through the concealed panel in the bathroom. Instead of adding one more to his crimson list, he preferred to trust himself to a limping blimp : almost, it seemed, a certain suicide. But he might return. One never knew. At least my end was reached, and in some comfort. Murders were funny things. If he who so tragically killed his King, ever reached here at all, which is historically more than doubtful (alas, poor Richard! Alas, poor Thomas!) it was certainly not in such ease or such good time as I. I collected myself and mine, and went out to sniff the new air.

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