

"A buyer and seller of books named Paul Doriet," Dumoulin said. "He has a small business in the Rue des Saints-Peres, a step from the river. He remembers this Carr. They were alone in the compartment, but Carr went out into the corridor after Amiens and was not seen again. His luggage, she was left on the rack!"

"Luggage is an 'it,' Jean," Hawke smiled. "Well, I know you too well to doubt you did a thorough job. We must try to find Carr by discovering his Paris headquarters."

"I am at your service, my friend. Speak, and I will arrange a raid on every division in the city."

Hawke shook his head. He was anxious to work alone on the case until he hit the trail of the missing crook.

"I want a free hand," he said.

"That is dangerous, mon vieux. We have lost three agents on this case already. They were found in the river. It is that I cannot permit you to be free with the hand."

"I insist!"

The little inspector shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject. He knew it was useless to argue with Hawke, and after he had seen him to his hotel he left him, promising to appear with all the police in Paris at a moment's notice.

The Bearded Professor.

HAWKE, while unpacking, considered how he should begin his investigations. He had a thorough knowledge of the city, and went out for a stroll, crossing the river by the Pont Neuf and wandering along the quays. He maintained the appearance of a casual visitor enjoying a stroll. It was necessary to be cautious, for he had no illusions about the gang. They were clever and ruthless. Again and again they had tricked the police, proving that they were in possession of an excellent spy service. And once already an attempt had been made on

the life of Dixon Hawke by London agents of the dope-ring.

He puzzled over what could have happened to Carr between Amiens and Paris. The train made a good speed, and it was impossible for anybody to jump off. In spite of Dumoulin, he was certain the man must have slipped through the watchers at the Gare du Nord.

Hawke reached the end of a narrow street in the heart of the old quarter. It was lined with antique shops, some dealing in furniture and others in books. As he went along, the name of Paul Doriet caught his eye.

This, he remembered, was the man who had seen Carr on the train. Hawke hesitated, considering whether he should question the dealer, but finally he decided against it, and crossed the road to sit at a small café.

He watched the people as they went by. There were women carrying long loaves of French bread. Students from the art college round the corner. Soldiers in uniform, and an occasional beggar. A man who looked like a professor entered the café and sat near him, stroking his black beard and peering around through thick-lensed glasses. Hawke gave him a second glance, for there was something familiar about the fellow.

Then he began to watch the occasional callers at the bookshop over the way. They were of all ages, and Doriet appeared to do a good business. Very few of the customers failed to buy books.

It was nearly an hour before Hawke rose abruptly to his feet and left the café. He walked rapidly up the Saints-Peres, and there was an unusually grim expression on his face.

He had noticed something queer about Paul Doriet's customers.

"Either that or I'm letting my imagination run away with me," he thought. "I'll pay a call there to-morrow—but not as Dixon Hawke, of London!"

When he reached his hotel on the

other side of the river, something made him halt and swing round. He was just in time to see a man hobbling swiftly through the crowd on the pavement.

The bearded professor who had followed him into the café!

Strange Behaviour.

HAWKE saw Dumoulin that evening, but was careful to say nothing about his suspicions. He knew the excitable little Frenchman might take immediate action and spoil things. If his own plan went through, he would be able to supply him with some interesting information.

Fortunately, Dumoulin appeared to have given up the idea of preventing Hawke from investigating on his own. They talked over many points of the case, and it was quite late when the inspector left.

In the morning Hawke put on a suit of rather crumpled clothes. He was careless about his shaving and his toilet, but spent some time working with a box of theatrical make-up before leaving the hotel. He toned down the healthy colour of his cheeks, and in various other subtle ways gave himself the appearance of a man who was far from well.

Taking a taxi across the river, he paid off the driver at the Pont Neuf, and walked towards the book-shop of Paul Doriet. A nervous jerking occasionally distorted his face, and his hand trembled as he lit one cigarette after another.

Several times he stopped and looked back. He passed the top of the Saints-Peres, and then turned back. Three times he walked up and down before entering the narrow old street.

Stopping to gaze in the windows of various antique shops, he finally reached the establishment of Doriet, and began to study the books in the rack outside. There was a curtain over the window, and he could not see much of the interior, which was gloomy and over-

crowded with the stock of the merchant.

The criminologist's behaviour was more than peculiar. Several times he dropped books, and when a gendarme passed he hastily moved away. He waited until the officer was out of sight before he returned and entered the shop.

Behind the counter was an old fellow who wore a long black smock reaching below his knees. He was bald except for tufts of hair at either side of his head. The face was clean-shaven, and the skin yellowish, like old parchment. He wore tinted glasses, but the eyes behind them were sharp and keen.

He was busy dusting some books which he took from a packing-case marked with the label of a well-known London book-dealer. Sometimes he smiled as he examined one of the purchases he had made on his recent visit to London.

Behind Monsieur Doriet was a curtained doorway, leading probably to a storeroom. Hawke took this all in with a quick glance as he coughed to draw the attention of the proprietor.

"You speak English?" he asked, his voice high and unusually shrill.

"A little. What can I do for you?"

"I want a book—a valuable book."

"I have many valuable books. What kind do you seek?"

"A friend of mine who came from London once bought one from you. I, too, am ready to pay well."

Trapped!

AS Hawke spoke the side of his face began to twitch, and he sank into a chair, his fingers drumming on the counter. He looked like a man very sick, but Monsieur Doriet showed little interest.

"I have an early folio of the works of Shakespeare," he said. "There are also others. You will find them in the case at the back of the shop."

Hawke was about to speak again when the door opened and a customer