



"Has Monsieur le Baron any trunks to be examined? This is the Hesse-Weimar Customs."

These words, spoken in a respectful but guttural voice, startled Juve from the deep sleep into which he had fallen after a very unpleasant night. The detective opened his eyes and stretched himself.

The pale light of dawn struggled through the windows of the sleeping car, the curtains of which had been carefully drawn. Outside nothing was to be seen, for besides the mud which covered the windows a heavy fog lay over the country. The train came to a standstill, and before Juve stood an individual dressed in an elegant blue and yellow uniform plentifully covered with gold braid. Juve looked around to see the man who was being addressed by the title of Monsieur le Baron and finally came to the

conclusion that it was himself to whom the man was speaking. "Why do you call me Monsieur le Baron?" The man touched his hat deferentially and seemed very surprised at the question. "Why, Monsieur ... it's the custom. No one but the nobility travel first class." Juve smiled and replied: "That's all right, my friend, but in the future call me simply, 'Marquis.'" The official again saluted and seizing Juve's valise traced on it the cabalistic chalk mark which allowed it to pass the frontier.

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