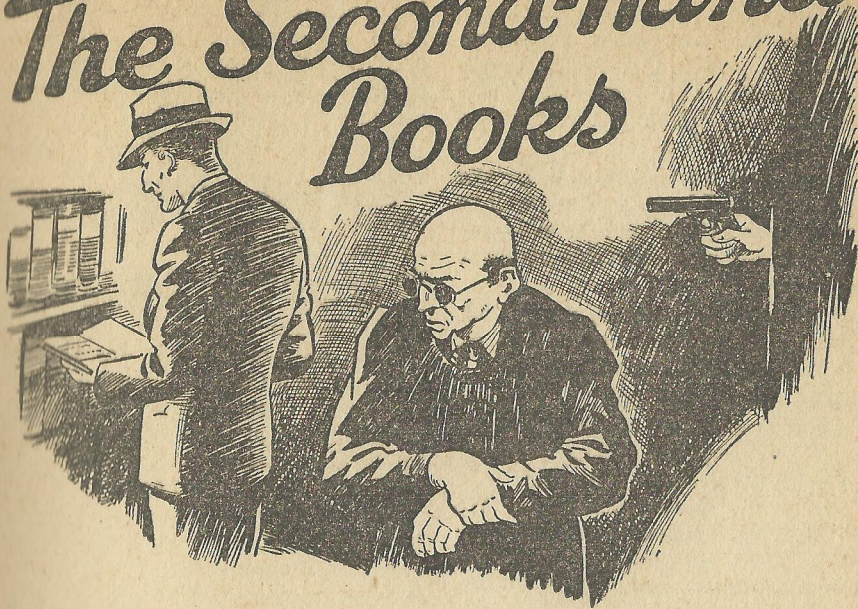


# THE CASE OF *The Second-Hand Books*



**I**NSPECTOR JEAN DUMOULIN, of the Sureté, the Scotland Yard of France, chirped like a cheerful little sparrow as he greeted the tall Englishman who had just stepped off the Golden Arrow express at the Gare du Nord. He pumped his hand vigorously.

"Awke, mon vieux!" he said. "It is good again for the eyes to behold you. Oui! It is more than good. With you at my side, this mystery—well, I snap my fingers at mystery!"

"You always were a flatterer, Dumoulin!"

Dixon Hawke laughed as he walked with his old friend to the waiting car. The case which had brought him to Paris was one in which the British and French police were equally interested. It concerned an international gang of dope-peddlers, and in particular a Mr Samuel Carr, who was suspected of being the head of the ring.

The famous criminologist had been working on this mystery for some time.

It was due to his efforts that the order for Carr's arrest had been finally sent out. In some way Carr had guessed at this, and left for France, but, although he was seen boarding the train at Calais, he had failed to arrive in Paris.

"Pouf! He vanished like that!" said Dumoulin. "It is impossible. There is only one stop, at Amiens, and there we were waiting for him to come out—but he did not leave the train. I am disgraced! I shall resign!"

"There never was a crook so slippery as Samuel Carr. But he must have been on the train at Paris," Hawke insisted.

"He was not! I myself was there to make the apprehendage. They do not trick Jean Dumoulin, mon vieux. I say he has gone—pouf!"

The little inspector went on to explain how every passenger leaving the train had been carefully scrutinised. They had even found a man who had travelled in the same compartment as Carr, but he was unable to give them much help.