

"Yes, father, I've made my choice," she repeated, placing her hand in Beekman's.

It was indeed an odd-looking pair that Wilkinson looked upon: the girl all smiles and gladness, happy in the love that she had at last won; the man, a scarecrow, almost, his ragged coat revealing a ragged flannel shirt and clothes worn threadbare. He frowned. For an instant he seemed vengeance personified.

"You——" faltered her father.

"Mr. Wilkinson," cried Beekman, advancing to that individual, "I've come back to strip you naked as the day you were born, and I'm going to do it, too."

"You'll have a good time doing it," Wilkinson answered with bravado, although a growing fear was upon him.

"I expect to, I assure you," returned the other, "for I represent the depositors in your rotten banks. Once they sought your life, Mr. Wilkinson,"—for even he didn't know the truth,—“and now they're after money—the money that belongs to them and not to you. I've started in to get it, I've come to get possession of it, to find out where it is."

"You'll have a good time doing it," was all that Peter V. could find, apparently, to say.

"All I want to know is the name of the safe