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"Dere you am, sah," cried Tom, lifting his prisoner by the arm as if he were a toy. "Dis am de scum dat cause all de trouble, dat dare to capture missie."

For a full minute the Major regarded Jaime; then he spoke quietly.

"Jim," he said, "it's you who should have the post of police superintendent, for this is a most important capture. Tom, too, has done finely; finely, I say. But in capturing this man you give us the opportunity of bringing him to his deserts, and so making absolutely sure that no other people shall be victimized. More than that, perhaps, you give the Commissioners a chance through him to recover the money he has stolen."

Jim signalled to Ching, and at once the Chinaman approached the party, his pigtail swinging out behind him. On his broad shoulders two black bundles were supported, and these he dumped upon the ground at the Major's feet without the smallest ceremony. Indeed he might have been handling merely a parcel of clothing.

"Why! What are these? Where's that description?"

The police officer dived into an inner pocket, but Jim saved him the trouble of referring to the description of the missing property. "See here, Major," he said, "Ching and I had a bit of fine fortune. When we crept into Jaime's camp to rescue my sister we brought away at the same moment these two packages. We knew the dollars stolen were wrapped in black waterproof paper, and we guessed clean off that these were they. Since then I have opened both in