

way towards the prisoner and shook a bony finger in front of his nose. "You miserable scoundrel!" he exploded. "Old fool, eh? Putty, eh? You hand me taffy and pat me into any shape you like, eh? You confounded thief! You—you—!"

"Aw, you shut up!" snarled Nickleby, who had sat through it all with that cynical sneer of his. He knew when he was beaten. With no further word he followed the detectives from the room.

They crowded about the Honorable Milton Waring and Blatchford Ferguson with congratulations. Nathaniel Lawson could not say much; but his grip was tight when he shook hands and his gratitude was evident. McAllister was not given to expressions of sentiment, but as he bade adieu there was an unaccustomed enthusiasm in his keen eyes. His editorial in the morning paper would be strong, very strong; he would call it "The Mantle of Disraeli," or something like that.

Ben Wade stood to one side, watching them take their leave, and his tanned face was alight with satisfaction. There would be a tremendous sensation when the *Recorder* came out. It would be a bully spread—not one of graft charges, as originally planned by Mac, but even a better story of the fight which an honest politician had been forced to put up in order to remain honest, of the Honorable Milt's investigations and his announcement regarding a royal commission to probe conditions, the escape of the Interprovin-