

odd doctor is truly mad? His reason has been upset—and no wonder!" he hissed with a sardonic grin.

"Why have you addressed him as Antonio Viacava?" asked Mr. Snellgrove, disregarding Bletsoe's interruption.

"Because," I answered, "he told me he was known abroad by that name. He seemed to take quite a pride in it."

A furious oath came from Bletsoe's lips as I spoke. Mr. Snellgrove turned towards him and said, "Quiet, man! Do you think I don't recognise a madman when I see one?" Then, addressing the servant who was standing near him in open-mouthed bewilderment, Mr. Snellgrove continued, "Will you oblige me by closing the hall door, my man? The draught strikes in bitterly." The servant obeyed in silence, and stood with his back against the door, evidently stupefied.

"Now, Mr. Bletsoe," said Mr. Snellgrove, "things look pretty snug. We shall be better acquainted by and by. When I have satisfied myself that one of my prizes is beyond my reach," pointing upwards with his forefinger, "I will, with your kind permission, Mr. Bletsoe, do myself the pleasure of claiming another and a more valuable prize. Anthony Bletsoe, *alias* Antonio Viacava, will you oblige a friend by permitting him to slip this little bracelet round your wrist?"

The gentleman from Scotland Yard, who had now assumed an air quite theatrical, quickly approached Bletsoe holding in his hand a pair of handcuffs.