

life preserver. He had another plan in his mind of "doing down" his enemy. When he had succeeded in pushing him sufficiently near he meant to leap with him into the canal. He knew that Rookson could not swim, whereas he, himself, was quite at home in the water.

Close by a barge was moored, the towing rope, tied to the rudder post, stretching some four yards along the ground to a hook in the stonework of the bank. Just as Douglas was nerving himself for the final effort he was suddenly precipitated into the canal carrying Rookson with him. Accident had hastened the execution of his design—accident had frustrated it. He had caught his foot in the taut rope but this would not have mattered had he not on plunging into the water struck his head against the rudder. Vague confused movements of a dark shapeless mass, violent splashings, smothered gurgling sounds, ghastly in their significance, followed, and then all was still and the only evidence of that terrible death struggle that remained was in the slowly widening circles on the black oily surface.

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Standing near the entrance to the Pavilion, just out of the line of the jostling crowd, Jenny was looking to the right and left for Douglas. It was now nearly a quarter to twelve and the public-houses, the cafés, the supper restaurants, were packing all the life and business they could into the short time left them by the law. Under other circumstances Jenny would have taken her share of the feverish, short-lived gaiety. But not to-night. She was not in the mood