

bottom of a river; but it is not so. The man who stands beside you—an even more consummate villain than yourself—deceived you. Adept, as you were, in the arts of cunning and deceit, you were not cunning enough for him. He deluded you with the mere statement that Wallace Buston had met an untimely death by the hand of an assassin, and obtained a large sum of money from you on the strength of your belief in that statement. You viewed, in the supposed body of your murdered nephew, the body of his would-be assassin, who met his death by an avenging hand while attempting the execution of his dastardly deed."

With a countenance purple with rage, Frederick Buston started up, and clutching the lawyer by the throat, would have choked that worthy gentleman to death, had not the detective interfered, and prevented him. When order was restored, Marston resumed his discourse—addressed to Frederick Buston.

"Being an imposter yourself did not prevent your being deceived by a still more accomplished deceiver. You failed to recognize in the supposed "Scottie" the person of your humble servant, Marston, upon the day you paid your worthy legal friend a large sum of money, for having—as you believed—executed an important job for you. But you were mistaken. The dastardly deed was