

he mind? I'll have no more of your fooling. I've got you in the hollow of my hand and you know it. Ah! twice over. There's the will and—there's the 15th of July. Supposing when I go to the lawyer I let out about the first? Suppose I go to Scotland Yard and let out about the second?"

"That'll do," breathed Douglas hoarsely. "What do you want? Let's have it out fair and square."

"That!"

"And *that*!"

Rookson's arm had gone up and a life preserver he had until now concealed up his sleeve came down. Douglas ducked and the weapon missing his head hit his shoulder a smashing blow at the very moment his clenched hand had shot out at Rookson's face. The hand reached its mark but there was no force in the delivery. Before Rookson could use the life preserver a second time Douglas had closed with him and was trying to possess himself of the weapon.

Not a word escaped their lips. Death was in the thoughts of both. The light of insanity shone in Rookson's eyes, grim tenacity of purpose in those of Douglas. Madness had stiffened Jim's flabby muscles, otherwise he could hardly have resisted his wiry, muscular antagonist. Moreover, the blow of the life preserver had deprived Douglas's right arm of half its normal strength. Unable to wrest the life preserver from Rookson's grasp he edged him back inch by inch towards the canal. The two silent, writhing men gradually neared the line of black water, Rookson clinging to his opponent like a wild cat.

Douglas had ceased to trouble himself about the