

and if you require to leave the country you must apply personally for a passport. Now you can go."

A warder, who stood beside the door, swung round and led the way to the debouchure of the penitentiary, where the porter rose sleepily and unlocked the wicket gate. As he swung it open, with an accompanying yawn, there came a rush of damp wind, a flicker of moonlight, and the echo of the world. Cheerless as was the prospect, it appeared a veritable Garden of Eden to the free man.

"Solong," said the warder. "See you soon."

With which stock jest the little gate was slammed into place within the larger, a well-oiled key turned softly, and convict four-thirty became suddenly metamorphosed into Leonard Munro.