

The foreman laughed.

"Do you remember," said Brand, incisively, "one night you found me out there in the passage, wounded?"

"Eh?"

"I'd just found Gault in the Frailty office, disguised as Clewston. He stabbed me."

"But this is incredible."

"It is, that you, a member of the Reformers' Club, should belong to the Frailty-Avcngcr machine, which is Tammany, which runs the Irish murder gang for the drowning of women and children, which is turning New York into a crime-farm in the name of philanthropy. Remember your oath at the Club. What about your screeching at us over the 'King' steamers, and Gault's speculations in blood?"

"Mr. Haraldson," the man had lost all self-control, but still clung manfully to the one shred left him of certainty; "whatever you say of the man who employs us both, while I am in his service I obey his orders."

"The Devil's orders. I mistook you for a man, for a member of the Reformers' Club, sworn to smash Dr. Clewston—Dr. Clewston-Gault. Come, will you use these moulds, or will you not?"

"But suppose I were to—what would happen?"

"Why this, you ring the bell for your boy, and send word to the moulder's table that certain pages," Brand gave the numbers of them, "are to be brought to you here when they're ready."

The foreman looked doubtfully at Brand, who could be so cool, so competent, so masterful, while he proposed a seemingly enormous crime.

"And then?"

"You examine the moulds for an error, then take each set of them—I'll give you the right ones—and carry them out to the casting boxes."