

And now he actually smiled. Flomerfelt's game suddenly became clear, and Beekman knew that they were playing right into his hands. So he waited in silence.

"Wilkinson," cried Flomerfelt, with quick, incisive tones, like dagger thrusts they were, "which shall it be?"

"Neither!" exclaimed Wilkinson, his clenched hand crashing down upon the table, and then going over to his son-in-law, he laid his chubby hand upon his shoulder and said: "Eliot, my boy, you've got me beat—but I'm going to surrender, and—" he leered at Flomerfelt and Mrs. Peter V.; then added: "and not to be given up."

A moment later Flomerfelt started softly for the door, followed by Mrs. Peter V. But Beekman barred the way.

"Hold on there!" he cried. "Peter V. Wilkinson possibly is immune from further criminal prosecution, but I don't know about you two. But whatever part you've had in the conspiracy you may be sure that I'll find out. There's no escape for you."

THE END