

An Imperial Banquet

Easton threw down the copy of the 'Obscurer' and scrambled hastily to his feet.

The boy crammed the 'Chronicles of Crime' into his trousers pocket.

Crass rushed over to the bucket and began stirring up the stale white-wash it contained, although the stench which it gave forth was simply appalling.

Consternation reigned.

They looked like a gang of malefactors suddenly interrupted in the commission of a crime.

The door opened. It was only Bundy returning from his mission to the Bookie.