

of the death of Pallister, for," and his finger pointed straight toward Wilkinson, "for all I know you're at the bottom of that thing yourself."

"Fidelity Deposit vaults," came gasping from the throat of Mrs. Peter V. from the other side of the room; and holding out her hands pleadingly toward Beekman, she added:

"I had nothing, nothing whatever, to do with the murder of Roy. I am innocent, I can prove my innocence. I'll tell all I know. The Fidelity Deposit vaults—that's where. . . ." She sank cowering into a chair.

Flomerfelt realised now that he had made an egregious blunder in his method of the past: this wholesome fear that he had instilled in her had been his own undoing, a boomerang. But he was not yet through; he saw another loophole open for him.

"Peter," he cried, "come to my terms and I'll help you to fight. If you don't——"

Beekman stood by with folded arms. He had come there in a sort of frenzy, to give vent to his pent-up sense of injury. He had regretted his coming, it is true, the instant he stepped inside of the room. Yet it was this same frenzy, this determined air of his, this sweeping into the open and offering fight, they had really done the trick, struck terror to the hearts of all three.