

had sat so long without moving that his legs bore under him. There was a pail of water with a dipper in it on a bench. He caught up a dipper-full of water, drank it empty, and let it fall in the pail again with a clatter.

"Dan," he said abstractedly, "Dan, you're safe now."

Then he seemed to wake, as from a dream, and looked at the man at the table. Busby was leaning over it with both hands, and staring at Rawley like some animal jaded and beaten from pursuit. Rawley walked back to the table and laid down two thousand dollars.

"I only wanted two thousand," he said, and put the other two thousand in his pocket.

The evil eyes gloated, the long fingers clutched the pile, and swept it into a great inside pocket. Then the shaggy head bent forward.

"You said it was for Dan," he said—"Dan Weldon?"

Rawley hesitated. "What is that to you?" he replied at last.

With a sudden impulse the old impostor lurched round, opened a box, drew out a roll, and threw it on the table.

"It's got to be known sometime," he said, "and you'll be my lawyer when I'm put into the ground—you're clever. They call me a quack. Malpractice—bah! There's my diploma—James Clifton Weldon. Right enough, isn't it?"

Rawley was petrified. He knew the forgotten story of James Clifton Weldon, the specialist, turned gambler, who had almost ruined his own brother—the father of Dan and Diana—at cards and dice, and had then ruined himself and disappeared. Here, where