

### *The Man with the Mandate*

ganization commanding great resources," he whispered. "Your life wouldn't be worth five minutes' purchase if you deserted us after you had been entrusted with the details. Now, will you have them on those conditions, or shall we say 'Good-night' to each other?"

Hanbury stretched out his hand impatiently for the notes. "Pray satisfy my curiosity, and let me have them on those conditions," he said. "My life is of no earthly value to me. Besides, with all my faults, I'm not one to turn back after putting my hand to the plough. If I do, by all means give me my quietus as mercifully as may be."

"Then here goes," whispered Jevons, mouth to ear. "The game is the planting of faked United States Treasury Bonds on the Bank of England to the tune of three million sterling—pounds, not dollars, you know. You will proceed to England by the *St. Paul*, sailing for Southampton the day after to-morrow, and on arrival in London you will at once call on Mr. Clinton Ziegler, at the Hotel Cecil. He is our chief, and will give you final instructions as to your part in the campaign. You'll find him a handsome paymaster."

"I look forward to making Mr. Ziegler's ac-