

deposit vault where you keep your securities. I'll be content with that, Mr. Wilkinson."

"What securities?" Wilkinson paled.

"All of them—everything," answered Beekman.

Wilkinson started, glared at Leslie, then he sank into a chair, for he saw that she knew and had judged him, condemned him.

"You see, what you got for your pains," Wilkinson said presently to Flomerfelt, sneeringly.

Flomerfelt nodded; but as the two men stared at each other, they registered a silent pact; Flomerfelt agreed with Wilkinson, and Wilkinson agreed with Flomerfelt, that there should be a truce.

This Beekman was a common enemy, and there must be no disclosures now: to give the game away would be to rob them both of everything.

"You may as well answer, Mr. Wilkinson," continued Beekman, "for I'm determined on cleaning you up from top to toe. I'm your enemy and I shall make it my business to represent every other enemy you have. I've begun with Ilingworth. I'm going to clear his name, put him where he belongs; I'm going to clear up mysteries and let daylight into the hidden places,—every mystery from the giving of your million-dollar bail-bond to the secret of your pardon. Nothing shall escape me, I'll even ferret out the mystery