

Copyright, 1901, by Dodd, Mead & Co. CHAPTER XXII.

The Conclusion of the Business. It was Oliver's design to deal with the man of revenge, so that he might enjoy four and twenty hours, at least, of the king's bench prison, with the full delights of the poor side—those delights with which he was himself familiar. The time of year was still summer, but late summer, when the nights are cold. Mr. Fulton would therefore be able to anticipate some of the joys of winter, with no bed to lie upon, except the hard, bare, unwashed boards; no blanket to cover him, no change of clothes, a crowded room with close confined air; no food, unless he was so lucky as to share in some of the miserable doles of the prison; and no drink. Four and twenty hours, Oliver thought, of the poor side would be quite enough to quench that burning desire for revenge.

He left his man therefore, alone for the moment. There was, however, one more source of danger, hitherto unsuspected; that, namely, from the person who had conducted the ceremony in Newgate. Like all his brethren, he kept a register, in which he entered the names of the couples who were married. Now Oliver had entered in that register under the name of the man and to ascertain the truth. The mere name in the register without any qualifying description would be of no importance, because in such cases a name may be easily assumed. A maid servant, an apprentice, a milliner's girl, or a woman who had been in the army, might assume a name. He had, however, to find out the man and to ascertain the truth. The mere name in the register without any qualifying description would be of no importance, because in such cases a name may be easily assumed. A maid servant, an apprentice, a milliner's girl, or a woman who had been in the army, might assume a name. He had, however, to find out the man and to ascertain the truth.

At this moment the man of whom they were speaking appeared at his window, that of a first floor front. He threw open the casement and stood before them all, looking like a bull at bay he was a man proper. His rough waistcoat was thrown open, he had no coat, his broad, square shoulders and his deep chest were exposed; it was surely impossible for a man to look stronger or more terrible; he had a wound of some kind in the face and the blood was trickling down; his fierce eyes flashed like those of a wild beast in wrath; he belloved, with rage inarticulate. There was no longer any touch of terror in the man; face to face with the danger, all the brute surged upward with the lust of fight. Such he must have looked when, to procure his freedom, he fought and slew the overseers in the plantation of Virginia. Oliver regarded him with admiration as he made his escape and the last fight for escape.

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He did not think it necessary to communicate the intelligence to the captain of the ship. That officer had lost his passenger, but was the richer by his passenger's purse. Oliver went back to Drury lane and put off his disguise. "I shall not want it any more," he said. "My business is ended."

CHAPTER XXIII. Showing How the Best-Laid Plan May Go Wrong. "We have now," said Oliver, "settled the whole business. The two principals, if we may so call them, are safe; one of them is locked up for life in a debtor's prison. The other will tomorrow be dropping down the river on his way to the gold coast, where, let us hope, he will remain for the rest of his natural term."

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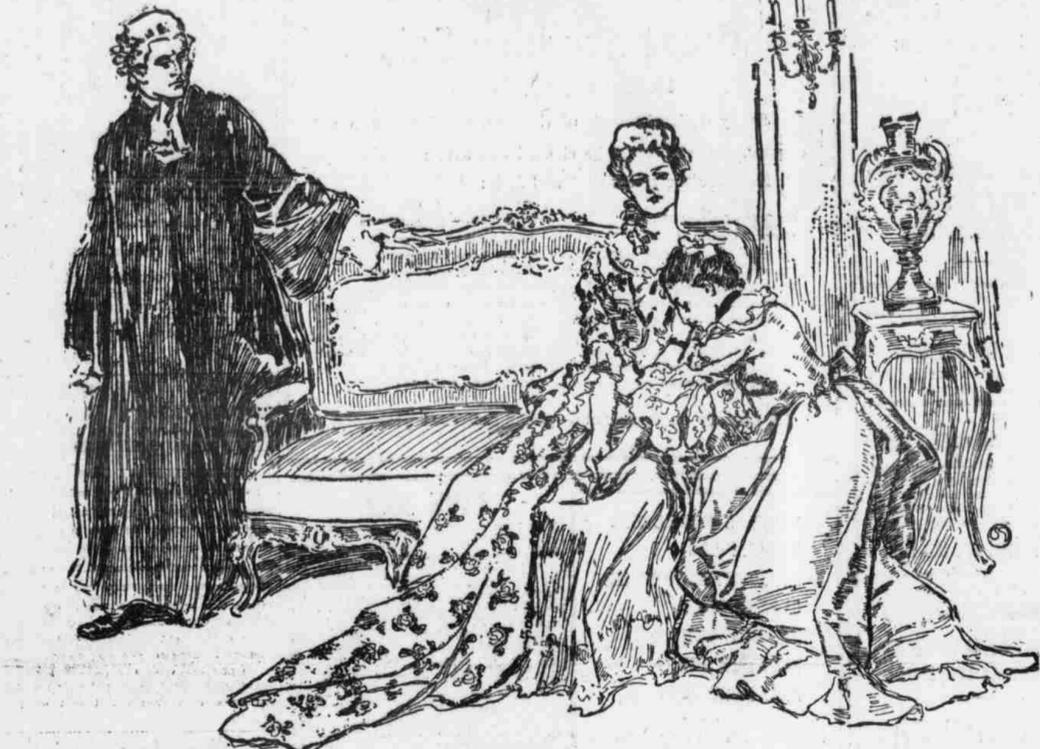
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