

He was a very savage man, but I was at no time more formidable than his son was. I found my way into his lodgings, broke into his room, and generally struck him to his death in it. It was there that my friend's son and I found ourselves finally together. His son had been kind enough to tell me of the fortune of his poor estate, and of the clever man who had done the real work of the drawing. So he locked the door of his room and listened to us as we explained our strategy of attack. "In the f