

The man, whom I shall call Frank, resigned and took the paraphernalia of a lower rank without much ado, as I advised him to.

My plans were not however in the shape I wished them to be, and I made no comment whatever, save only I ran a cut of Frank in the paper and called him the most efficient man on the force.

This was done more to spite his jealous fellow officers, than to give him a boost.

Things went on this way for a long time, and still I was at R——. Every once in a while I got hold of some article, through the indomitable Frank, which Bailey desired to keep out of the Fusilade.

One day I got some names of the better class of men, who were roped in by the "coppers" for gambling. The men paid their fines, tipped the officers and the city reporters, to keep their names from publication.

I did not receive any of the "swag," nor did I know of the men's arrest until my informant, Frank, enlightened me. This raised my blood somewhat, and the next issue of the Fusilade came out in big scare heads; telling all about the gamblers' hell, etc., with the names of all in full. This one issue, the circulation of the Fusilade was increased two hundred per cent. Two weeks after this my friend was indefinitely suspended for no cause whatever.

Upon this Frank surrendered his tools, came to my office, and there unfolded the rascally doings of old Bailey in detail; and I found it was much worse than he had ever hinted before; having had some scruples before as to his betraying his superiors.

I now wrote to the publishers to have a man in readiness to relieve me the following week and to prepare an edition treble the number formerly sent me.

They knew what this meant, for I kept them posted from time to time as to the progress I was making.