

I had to come out — again — to-night — that's all, boys —”

The door flung open and through it came Phillips and Castle. McCluskey and Roberts followed. The train had stopped unnoticed, so tense was the interest within the hut in the dying man's recital.

“Quick, take him up,” said Lanagan. They stooped to lift him.

“Here, what's all this?” It was Phillips.

“Stand aside!” came Marshall's blunt command. It was obeyed. Enright's eyes had closed. He was made as comfortable as possible with cushions on the train, as that ancient rattle-trap strained and tugged to make the greatest speed of its history. Enright's eyes did not open on the trip in.

They never opened again.

Lanagan filled in for me the details of the story. The bit of red paper, crinkled inside the paper with the Chinese characters, meant but one thing: opium. Here was where his wide acquaintance with the underworld and Chinatown, the customs service and the water front, aided him.

Puzzling over the presence of an opium wrapping in that isolated hut Lanagan had seated himself upon the salt grass hummock to smoke. Into his field of vision steamed the Pacific Mail liner — and his “hunch” came with it. His examination of the shore followed to locate a cove that would give a