

THE WIRE TAPPERS

of voices held him motionless, with his hand still on the knob.

It was Frank herself speaking.

"Oh, Mack, don't come between him and me now! It's all I've got to live for — his love! I need it — I need him!"

"The devil you do!" said a muttered growl.

"Oh, I do! I always wanted the love of an honest man."

"An honest man!" again scoffed the deep bass of the other's voice, with a short little laugh. It was MacNutt who spoke. "An honest man! Then what were you hanging round Sunset Bryan for?"

"Yes, an honest man," went on the woman's voice impetuously; "he is honest in his love for me, and that is all I care! Leave him to me, and I'll give you everything. If it's money you want, I'll get you anything — anything in reason! I can still cheat and lie and steal for you, if you like — it was you who *taught* me how to do that!"

Durkin felt that he could stand no more of it; but still he listened, spellbound, incapable of action or thought.

"I've got to have money!" agreed MacNutt quietly. "That's true enough!" Then he added insolently, "But I almost feel I'd rather have you!"

"No, no!" moaned the woman, seemingly in mingled horror and fear of him. "Only wait and