

## THE MAN WITH THE FLASHLIGHT 307

. . . Tell them Cunny Smeeks is murdering me. . . .  
Hurry! . . . Quick! . . . For God's——"

The man allowed the telephone and the unhooked receiver to crash abruptly to the floor. The cord, catching the flashlight, carried the flashlight with it, and the light went out.

And then Dave Henderson moved. With a spring, he was half-way across the room—and his own flashlight stabbed a lane of light through the blackness, and struck, as the other whirled with a startled cry, full on the man's face.

It was Bookie Skarvan.