

## ONE KIND OF WIRELESS

trying ordeal. A dozen times he was sure the crackling straw had betrayed him. But pluckily he kept on, inch by inch, and finally was almost within touch of the unsuspecting prisoner.

Then very softly he hissed. Sharply, as he had feared, the foreman twisted about. But at the moment, by great good luck, the foreigner at the door turned to knock his pipe against the door-post, and hurriedly Alex whispered, "Don't move, Mr. Hennessy! It's Alex Ward! I was in the old house, and saw them bring you up.

"And, Mr. Hennessy, they plan to run Twenty into the river to-night. Tony told them there were strike-breakers aboard her to take their places."

In spite of himself the foreman uttered a low exclamation. At once the man in the door turned. But with quick presence of mind the prisoner changed the exclamation to a loud cough, and after a moment, while Alex lay holding his breath, the Italian turned his attention again to his pipe.

"Now I am going to cut your cords," Alex went on softly. "Be careful not to let your arms seem to be free."

The foreman nodded.

"There," announced Alex as the twine dropped from the prisoner's wrists.

"Now, what shall we do? There is a door behind you into the cow-stable — the one I came in by. Suppose you work back towards it as far as you dare, then make a dash for it?"