

## THE WIRE TAPPERS

lamented Durkin, indignantly. But his hopes had risen. After all, he felt, it might be only some old, unhappy far-off thing.

"Who the devil was it, then?"

"'Twas MacNutt!" said O'Reilly, watching him. "MacNutt's turned nice and good. He's a stool-pigeon now!"

"MacNutt!" echoed Durkin, and as before, a great rage burned through him at the sound of the very name.

Hope withered out of him, but he gave no sign. He wondered what, or just how much, MacNutt dare reveal, even though he did stand in with the Central Office.

It was a dark minute or two for him, as his mind still leaped and groped at the old blind wall. Then suddenly into the depths of his despair swayed and stretched a single slender thread of hope.

It was Custom House Charley's saloon. There the second bartender was Eddie Crawford — the same Eddie Crawford who had worked with him on the Aqueduct pool-room plot, and had been discharged with him from the Postal Union.

It seemed eons and eons ago, that poor little ill-fated plot with Eddie Crawford!

Eddie had struggled forlornly on as an inspector of saloon stock-tickers, had presided over a lunch counter, and had even polished rails and wiped