

her answer. He looked at his watch. Then he looked back at the woman. A nervous tug-of-war was taking place between her right and left hand, with a twisted-up pair of ecru gloves for the cable.

"You know me," he began again in his deliberate and abdominal bass. "And I know you. I've got 'o get this man Binhart. I've got 'o! He's been out for seven months, now, and they're going to put it up to me, to *me*, personally. Copeland tried to get him without me. He fell down on it. They all fell down on it. And now they're going to throw the case back on me. They think it'll be my Waterloo."

He laughed. His laugh was as mirthless as the cackle of a guinea hen. "But I'm going to die hard, believe me! And if I go down, if they think they can throw me on that, I'm going to take a few of my friends along with me."

"Is that a threat?" was the woman's quick inquiry. Her eyes narrowed again, for she had long since learned, and learned it to her