

THE WIRE TAPPERS

to know why he ought not to be satisfied with himself. In those earlier days he used to eat his dinner out of a tin pail, carried each morning from his bald and squalid boarding-house. Today, he remembered, he was to take luncheon with Frances at the Casa Napoleon, with its exquisite Franco-Spanish cookery, its tubbed palms, and its general air of exotic well-being.

His luncheon with Frances, however, was not what he had looked for. He met her in front of the West Ninth Street restaurant as she was stepping out of her motor-cab. She seemed unusually pale and worried, though an honestly happy smile flitted across her lightly veiled face as she caught sight of him.

In a moment again her manner changed.

"We are being watched," she said, in a low voice.

"Watched! By whom?"

Their eyes met and he could see the alarm that had taken possession of her.

"By MacNutt!"

Durkin grew a little paler as he looked down at her.

"He has shadowed us for two days," she went on in her tense, low, quick tones. "He followed me out of our own building, and I got away from him only by leaving my hansom and slipping through a department store."