

from a nap. I questioned Wilkins about the cab driver that brought him up here, and he couldn't describe him, because it was a cold night and the man had his face muffled and his hat low over his eyes. But he remembered the fellow got down from his seat, opened the door, and helped him in. He couldn't recall anything after that until he was turning out of the street your apartment's on, feeling queer. It was easy enough for Mike to have a cab handy there. There's no stand near and Wilkins would be sure to pick it up. Of course he drove him around until the effect of the stuff wore off. And it nearly worked. If I hadn't been able to go to Wilkins and tell him what we were up against there would have been no revival of 'Coward's Fare.' He'd had enough. He was ready to take the warning and quit. As it was, he was scared enough afterward, but it was a matter of physical courage then, and he knew I'd keep my word and do a lot for him in the profession. Besides, he'd had that shot and hadn't died. I told him what I really thought, that after that experience I didn't believe he'd get any nearer death last night."

"But," Barbara said, "there would have been more effect from the use of a drug."

Quaile nodded.

"Certainly from a drug strong enough to kill one man and put another out twice."

McHugh knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"That's all you know. That's all I knew. I tell