

THE WIRE TAPPERS

"Five — hundred — dollars — spot — cash — for — a — knock — out — to — each — of — these — two!"

"Too — expensive!" answered the sugar-spoon on the tumbler, as it stirred the mixture. I — would — have — to — migrate."

"Then — make — it — a — thousand," answered the mahogany. "I'm — pinched."

"Done," said the spoon, as the silver fizz was put down on the bar. Then came the gin rickey and the highball.

"They'll — get — it — strong!" drummed the idle bartender on the faucet of a beer-pump.

A moment later the three glasses that stood before Durkin and his guardians were taken up in three waiting hands.

"Well, here's to you," cried the prisoner, as he gulped down his drink — for that melodramatic little silence had weighed on his nerves a bit. Then he wiped his mouth, slowly and thoughtfully, and waited.

"But here's a table in the corner," he said at last, meaningly. "Suppose I count out that race money that's coming to you two?"

O'Reilly nodded, the other said "Sure!" and the three men moved over to the table, and sat down.

Durkin had never seen chloral hydrate take effect; and Eddie Crawford realized that his friend was foolishly preparing to kill time.