

BOOKIE PAYS HIS ACCOUNT

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"Yes, and you, too! *Con Amore!*" gurgled Dago George. "You, too!"

The man was on his knees now, lurching there, the revolver swaying weakly, trying to draw its bead now on him, Dave Henderson. He moved with a spring to one side toward the door. The revolver, as though jerked desperately in the weak hand, followed him. He flung himself to the floor. A shot rang out. And then, as though through the flash again, another picture lived: The revolver dropping from a hand that could no longer hold it, a graying face that swayed on shoulders which in turn rocked to and fro—and then a lurch—a thud—and the face was hidden between out-sprawled arms—and Dago George did not move any more.