

finger of the hand that held the flashlight, and unceremoniously jerked the other's weapon out from the pocket and tossed it to the far end of the desk. The flashlight lifted then, and circled the walls of the room. Bookie Skarvan's complaint had not gone unheeded. Bookie Skarvan would have ample opportunity to see whose face it was! The flashlight found and held on the electric-light switch. It was on the opposite wall behind Bookie Skarvan. Dave Henderson shoved the man roughly out of the way, stepped quickly forward to the wall, switched on the light—and swung around to face Bookie Skarvan.

For an instant Bookie Skarvan stood there without movement, the little eyes dilating, the white face turning ashen and gray, and then great beads of sweat sprang out upon the forehead—and a scream of abject terror pealed through the room.

"Go away!" screamed Bookie Skarvan. "You're dead! Go away! Go back to hell where you belong!" His hands clawed out in front of him. "Do you hear? You're dead—dead! Go away! Curse you, damn you—go away!"

Dave Henderson spoke through closed teeth:

"You ought to be satisfied then—Bookie. You've wanted me dead for quite a while—for *five years*, haven't you?"

There was no answer.

Dave Henderson's eyes automatically swept around the now lighted room. Yes, that was Dago George there on the floor near the bed, lying on the side of his face, with a hideous gash across his head. The man was dead, of course; he couldn't be anything else. But anyway, Dago George was as something apart, an extraneous thing. There was only *one* thing in the world, *one* thing that held mind and soul and body in a thrall