

It appeared that Mrs. Rooney was desirous of shining as a social leader in the society which she graced, and the pay of a patrolman plus the amount monthly received from "legitimate protection" sources was too small to meet the necessary bills; therefore, couldn't Denny make him "the friendly loan of a couple hundred dollars."

Denny at first demurred, but when Rooney reminded him of the immense necessity of having the policeman on the district friendly to one's interests, he finally agreed to make the required loan, taking in exchange a note at three months.

Whether the couple of hundred dollars gained for Mrs. Rooney her heart's desire history sayeth not. Certainly it didn't bring peace to her lord and master, for at the end of the three months he found himself utterly unable to meet the note. Sullivan extended the note for him several times, but payment seemed as far off as ever unless Mrs. Rooney, gave up her "benefits" and parties, which she didn't seem inclined to do, and which her husband hadn't the heart (they had been married only about a year) to insist upon her doing.

About this time there occurred a series of robberies, which in their design and execution showed remarkable skill. The police had been baffled time and again in their endeavors to find the criminals. A prominent member of the detective force had been put on the case, and after almost giving up hope he struck a clew which ended in the confession of one of the members of the gang. The news of his capture and confession were kept a profound secret, from the fact that the gang was to make a raid that night on the house of a couple of wealthy old maids, who were supposed to have a valuable quantity of plate in their home, and it was hoped to capture them all at one swoop. A squad of policemen, among whom was Rooney, was detailed to assist at the capture.

According to the information received the attempt was to be made about midnight, so at eleven o'clock Lieutenant Mouroe posted his men around the house. Rooney found himself stationed in a coal shed which commanded a view of the rear of the house and the approaches to it. His first work on taking his position had been to familiarize himself with the surroundings, and then he set himself down to wait. Time dragged along slowly. Rooney watched the moon go sailing calmly through the sky shedding its pale light over the house-tops. He could hear some sounds from