**************** THE DOUBLE

By VARICK VANARDY. uthor of "Missing-\$81,500."

DEALER

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CHAPTER XI. Delicate Hand of Crewe

The following night was a busy one for Crewe; also for officers Baxter and Marline; likewise for some oth-ers in whom we are more or less in-

terested. The "business" part of it, so far as we are concerned, began a few minutes before twelve, when the front door at Crewe's opened just a little and the sinister visage of Sindahr, the miracle worker, appeared in the aperture, his black eyes scanning the face of every person in the place. Then he glided swiftly to the bar be-hind which Crewe was standing. "I don't want those two cops to come in and find me here," he said rapidly and uneasily.

come in and find me here," he said rapidly and uneasily. "Go into the back room and wait there," Crewe replied. "I will bring your cordial to you presently." "I brought those stick-pins and things to you last night. You weren't here. I gave them to Christy. Did he tell you?" "Yes." Sindahr glided into the back room and closed the door after him.

Crewe selected a glass larger than the one from which Sindahr usually drank his native cordial. Into the bot-Grank his native cordinal, into the boo-tom of it his dropped two small white pellets. Then he filled the glass to the brim with the cordial, placed the bot-tile itself upon a tray with the filled glass, and carried it into the back

"I shall be busy for a time, Sin-

rom. "I shall be busy for a time, Sindah," he said as he put the tray down on the table, "but I brought the bottle of cordial, in case you should want more before I return. You will be entirely safe in here." He went out again—but at the end of twenty minutes he returned to the worker soundly asleep with his head secting on his arms upon the table. The end out again—but at the end of twenty minutes he returned to the worker soundly asleep with his head secting on his arms upon the table. There opened the door into the nall. Then he timed about, liked Sin-dahr from the chair and threw him workes his shoulders as he might lave does with a bag of meal. Fire and and the bed in a room above the saloor, and having arranged him in a confortable position, want out, lock-ing the door after him. The key he gave to Christy, with a fix entirely harmless, Christy. He will wake up tomorrow noon without the least ions attor him been doped. I had to do it in order to carry out minutes."

my plans:". "Pincher just telephoned again," Christy remarked.

"Barter and Marline have just one into Bobcat Rickett's hide out, in bourth Street."

urth Street." "Good. It is working all right." "He and Cracker are both on the 'Good again."

"Good again." Oyer, at Bicksti's, "hide-eut," as Christy had called it, the yegs had been waiting since the early after-non of the preceding day. His nerrounness and trepidation had increased with each hour he wait-ed, because of the letter he had wait-ten and posted wills on his way there from Crewe's, because of the certainty that Barter, to whom the letter had peen adressed, would appear there to been him. because Barter had been such a long time in replying to it in person as had been requested, and

lightes: tools with us when we go "Didn't he let drop nothin' else?"

Baxier demanded. "No; so help me, he didn't. Just that. But you have promised me, Fax, and you, too, Marl, that if ever I could frame it so's to get anything on Crewe, you'd let up on me. Well,

on Crewe, you'd let up on me. Well, here is your chanst. "Crewe's goin' to do something to-night, 'r he wouldn't have made that date with me, would he? If you two bulls can't trail along and find out what is it, after what I've told you-that ain't MY fault." "What do, you think of it Marl?"

that ain't MY fault." "What do you think of it, Marl?" Baxter asked his partner. "It looks good to me, Bax," was the reply. "It's workin' out fine. We'll get Crewe tonight, and get him right. Say, Rickett, can't you stow one of us away somewhere? I'd like to hear what Crewe's got to say when he gets here "

tere." The stool-pigeon's eyes dilated with

"I wouldn't dast," he replied in-stantiy, "I'd rather chuck the hull thing right now than do that. And anyhow Crewe won't say any more to me here than he said in his own bar-

me here than he said in his own bar-room. "I won't know where we're goin' till we get there. That's a cinch. And fr the love of Pete, get out now! He's likely to be here any minute. He's always ahead of time; that is his long suit. And say! if he should find you two bulls here with me—" Words utterly failed the stool-pigeon. Terror at the very thought of such a climax appalled him. The two officers could see that he was trembling and they grinned in ap-preciation of the fact. A policeman despises a stool-pigeon almost as in-tensely as a fellow crook hates one.

"Don't do that," he whispered, for-getting the order not to speak unless spoken to; but Crewe seemed not to hear. He passed quickly on into an adjoining room and snapped on more adjoin lights.

lights. It was the dressing-room of a young woman; a glance revealed that fact; but Crewe did not so much as glance toward the articles it contained, al-though Rickett found time to slip sev-eral gold-backed toilet articles into his capacious pockets. Crewe led the way through a gener-ous bath-room into a bedroom beyond it, where he snapped on more lights. Then he pointed to a small, square door, breast high in the wall at that side of the room nearest the bath

to get. side of the room nearest the bath

"Tackle that, Bobcat," he "Tackle that, Boocat," he said shortly. "It is made of steel, although the veneering is wood. It is fastened with a double-key lock; and it won't be easy. Tackle it, and be quick about it, too." The Bobcat "tackled" it, and he

The Bobcat "tackled" it, and he was an expert at his profession. It was surprising, even to Crewe, how swiftly and how deftly he worked. We need not describe the process nor his methods. In a marvelously short time, considering the difficulties, the small steel door gave way before his efforts and fell ajar, mutilated, but not beyond repair. He turned with an expression of pride in his eyes, but Crewe shoved

ed to represent. It was easily and readily adjustable, and even more easily removed. He rolled it into a small compass and tucked it into a pocket of his

waistcoat.

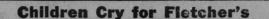
Waistcoat. He listened again at the door for an instant, then crossed the room and disposed of the blouse behind the frame of a large painting that hung against the wall; first, however, hav-ing removed from its "swag" pocket the crush hat that it contained and the little book that he had gone there to set

The cap that he had been wearing went behind the frame with the

blouse. From his mouth he removed a deliand appearance of his teeth; which had appearance of his teeth; which had made them appear as if they were about half of gold and the rest goldfilled

Then he opened the door again to listen. The men, all of them appar-ently, had passed inside of that other room. The gallery, for the moment, vas des as deserted. All that he had accomplished had

All that he had accomplished had occupied hardly a moment. He could hear the officers rapping against the dressing-room door. Here was his opportuni held out to him.





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tion. Down's regulate o troubles are s a box at all stores. weaken the

tegether. And Bobçat felt certain that Grewe would show up that night, since he had not done so the proceeding one. Baxter made his appearance shortly after midnight, and Marline was with

They ascended the stairs softly. Raxter scratched against the door in a peculiar manner with his thurabnail, it opened instantly, and they passed inside into utter darkness. Nobedy uttered a sound. Baxter struck a match and lighted the gran it revealed Bobcat Rickett

barrer struck a match and lighted the gas. If revealed Bobcat Rickett standing with his back against the door, half-crouching, white and frightened.

"What time is it?" he demanded before either of the officers could speak. "It's a quarter past twelve, .or

"It's a quarter past twelve, or maybe a little more, Bobcat," Marline replied. "We've got time enough. We'll get out before he comes. Say, you're the yellowest stool-pigeon I erece brow." ever knew.

ever knew." "I ain't either. I'm only dead Beared of Crewe. So are you, and so is Baxter, if anybody should ask you,"

ALT

person as had been requested, and because of the dire consequences that yould follow if Crewe should arrive while Barter was there and ind them. Their destination we already know. Likewise the fact that the owner of the house was attending a banquet and so was not at home.

demanded: "What the blazes did-you want of me an' my tools for, when you've got the keys?" Crewe put his lips cless to the yegg's ear and whispered: "If you utter another sound unless you've asked, I'll choke you into si-lence and leave you here."

lence and leave you here." There was a dim light in the foyer. Crewe led the way up the wide stairway, going forward, Rickett thought, is if he were familiar with his surroundings and so came pres-ently to a door which opened at his touch Passing inside the room Grewe

"Well, drop that. Bax got your letter only about an hour ago, 'r we'd have been here last night. Where's this play goin' to be made? What's "The vers accustomed to obscurity"

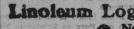
doin'?" The yegg, accustomed to obscurity "I dunno what it is only that Grewa's comin' here as soon as he closes up, an' I'm to take my best and dismay, cowering.

and for which he had planned. But for the absolute necessity of securing the small, silver-bound book from the safety compartment in Lor-ha Delorme's bedroom, he might not have undertaken it. But the book was necessary, and only an expert yegg could have forced the small door be-hind which it was hidden. While passing through the rooms after he left Rickett, he tore off the blouse he had been wearing. The act disclosed a Tuxedo cont and

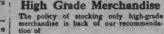
The act disclosed a Tuxedo coat and a wide expanse of immaculate shift front. While he listened at the door that gave upon the gallery he plcked, with a shapely ingernall, at the up-per edge of the blemish that so dis-

"Helle! What's up, elsent" the attist inquired of the one neares to, him. "Burglars inside—or just a scare, maybe. Sky, where did you come from?" "Burglars" Morean esclaimed. "You don't say! Why, it's Delorme's house! By Jove! I believe I'll go in." He hurrled around the corner to the scale By Jove! I believe I'll go in." He hurrled around the corner to the scale By Jove! I believe I'll go in." He hurrled around the corner to the scale By Jove! I believe I'll go in." He harrled around the corner to the scale By Jove! I believe I'll go in." He harrled around the corner to the scale By Jove! I believe I'll go in." He harrled around the corner to the scale of the bulker who admitted him. Every servant in the house had been aroused by that time. "Burglars, sh? was the calm reply. Comiske would have said murderers in the same tone. "Burglars, ch? I say, Comiskie— so into the libary to the telephone and tell Central that Mr, Moreaux wants Mr. Bunting at once, Do it now. Central will do the rest. Two sentiemen will arrive together. Ad-mit them, and tell them to go quiety upstairs. Do not forget my instruc-tions." Then he ascended the stairs to the sallery, arriving at the top just at the moment when Baxter Marline, two

with a shapely finger-nail, at the up per edge of the blemish that so dis-figured one side of his face. It came loose at once, and he pulled it away altogether; for the blemish was a meanifactured saw, reary thin and col-ored with great delicacy, in eract thin tation of the birthmark it was beams







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