

## Dixon Hawke's Case Book—No. 3

"Whoever yer are, you've got a nerve, chum," he said. "I reckon you 'olds the trumps. It's true; I did the job in Crayleigh Gardens."

"Dead cert yer did," was the answer. "And yer made a nice fat 'aul."

"Best I ever made," Bolton agreed.

"Then yer can spare a bit and not miss it, I reckon. A word from me, and they'd give yer a bit o' rope and a seven-foot drop. You'd best be sensible, mate. We're partners in this job, and my share's half the swag."

"Seems you're right," Bolton grunted. "Ow do I know you won't blow the gaff on me afterwards?"

"You'll 'ave to risk it," the other retorted. "Where's the swag?"

"I've got it 'ere all right," was the answer. "We'll split it fifty-fifty, as you say."

Perhaps Jake Bolton's manner changed too quickly, or perhaps there was something he could not conceal in his grey-blue eyes. Whatever the reason the other man seemed suddenly to sense danger.

"'Urry up with the divvy, then," he growled. "Where's the stuff?"

"In a mighty 'urry, ain't yer? It's under that there board; help me lift it, won't yer? Wait till I get my tools from this 'ere drawer."

### The Tables Turned.

**B**OLTON, a grim look on his face, stepped across to the rickety table and pulled out a drawer.

The fingers of his right hand were just curling round the handle of a revolver when his wrist was gripped his legs cut from under him, and as he lay on the floor his wrists were encircled with a pair of handcuffs.

"What the——"

"Don't use profane language, Bolton," smiled the stranger as he rose to his feet and dusted his trouser-knees. His voice had taken on a different note, and the stooping figure was now straight and military like.

Turning to the door, he cried, "You can come in, Tommy. The stage is set for the final act."

"Some stage and some act, Mr Hawke!" chuckled Tommy Burke as he entered the room, a notebook and pencil in his hand.

"Dixon 'Awke!" growled Bolton. "Well, I'm blowed! I say, guv'nor, how did yer tumble to it that I had the swag?"

### Hawke Explains.

**W**ELL, Bolton, it was a bit unfortunate for you that The Bat left several fingerprints, which were recognised by the police. I happened to be at the police station when he was brought in. He got the wind up properly, and almost on his knees he appealed to me to do something for him. He told me how he had tracked you down here, and I hit on this role to extract a confession of your guilt. Tommy Burke was outside the door taking a shorthand note of our conversation."

"Curse the luck!" snarled the crest-fallen Bolton. His manacled hands were trembling violently, and he raised them in the air.

"Come on! You're under arrest," said Hawke.

But the detective got no further. With incredible swiftness and dexterity, the crook twisted out of his grasp and made a dash for the window.

Tommy Burke, however, was before him, and grasped him tightly round the waist.

A cloud of bewilderment drifted across the impotent anger blazing on the crook's face.

"I'm done out," he snorted furiously. "Done by a blasted amateur hactor, and knocked out by a bloomin' kid. I'll answer the charge all right. Take me to the police, blast you!"

"Leave it to us," said Hawke. "We'll make no mistake in the address."