

In a minute more Arthur knew that he could rise and steal away bound-lessity through the sand-away around the building at his left-down the beach again anywhere, just so if anknown man. At that very instant, however, the rea bir of the pipe described an art in the gloom, indicating that the owner. Then haven heres the minute of the pipe had removed it from his-mouth.

mouth. Then, havsh above the murmur of the surf upon the beach, hearse, raw and repellent, a voice came through the night to him: "Hey, there! Who the devil are you? An' what are you doin' round

you? here?" CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXVIII. Struck mononces by tais direct chaitenge, aftaur remaned where ne was unable to speak or move. O terrible anguish assailed nim. At one blow his pans had all been shattered, sow in the very hour of probable success he was contronted oy faiture, ruin and destruction. The moment was bitter with the gail of defeat. Again the harsh voice sounded: "Come along out o' that, you! Come along or I'l bring yuh!" Arthur realized that evasion or at-tompted flight would now te worse than useless. He must face this un-known man and bluff or brioe nis way through. Wita quick whe and a fat walte he might still travel far, despite everythag. And at the last resort he had the automatic.

automatic. On the instant all the softening, refining and ennobing influences of freedom, of night, of memories and hopes had once more vanised. All thoughts of Enid had taken ewift flight. Now the cunning and the wiles of the hunted prisoner animal had dominantly surged back. At that hail, good had quitted the boy, and evil had once more laid its blighting, withering clutch upon him.

clutch upon him. Arthur stood up, faced the unseen man with the pipe, and advanced to ward him through the iccse stad. "Who are you anyhow?" he de-mandes boidly. The other ripped off a string of outlis. "Say you carfully got some perve

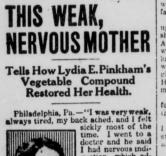
oaths. "Sny, you cert'nly got some nerve, you," he retorted, "to be askin' me who I am! Come on out o' that, now! I won't have no smelt thieves nor rummies hangin' round my place this

time o' the mornin !" "Who's a thist and a rummy?" de-manded Arthur, angrily. "You be

manded Arthur, angrily. "You be cursuit!" The smoker laughed brutally. "Come here! Come here!" he reit-erated. "Come and let's have a squint at you." He rose from where he was sitting, advanced to Arthur and suddeniy flashed an electric beam in bis face. Startled, the fugitive blinked and stepped back a pace. The other laughed again. "Got your gost: hey, kid?" he

"Got your goat; hey, kid?" he sted, clumsily, "Well, who are you ' what you doin' here?' fested.

By the vague reflection of the beam Arthur sensed that the fellow was a



BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH -Will Easy not use

old boat. And some clothes, too. It's going to be some chilly sailing, bo. No: come in and we'll have a what you got. Eay!"

what you got. Eay!" "What?" "Didn't I hear some firin' off there somewhere half an hour ago, or may-be fifteen minutes?" "Firing?" Arthur parried. "M-m-m-m-huh! I just now hap-pened to think of it. This surf here makes some noise. I didn't know for sure. Was there some gatts going', kid? Good play with the old pepper-pots, or how?" "Search me!" denied Arthur. "I didn't hear anything."

sure. Was there some gatts going', kid? Good play with the old pepper-pots, or how?" "Search me!" denied Arthur. "I didn't hear anything." "Didn't ch?" asked the other, sus-piciously. "Well, maybe not. I kind of thought perhaps you was in on it. None o' my funeral, of course; but.-" "Forget it and let's get busy with that boat!" exclaimed the fugitive. standing up and waiting for the other to light the way in. "Nothing that's past amounts to a cuss now. I want your boat and FII cough right up for it. So go to fit?" The rufflanly fellow grumbled a moment to himself iscoherently, then turned and fill gopen a rickety door. The flash of the electric beam flicked white light on rough walls and disor-der. Arthur, none too well pleased by this turn of affairs, yet in his des-paration forced to chance it, followed. Inside the door he paused, peering about him with the wise caution that had come to birth in nim through his prison experience. At his right, a mulling fie of aritwood knots snow-ed a fireplace of rough brick. The duil glow of it lighted a squalld room, sin-gularly disordered. Arthur nad vart-ly time to note more than this general impression when his host struck a match and lighted a tin lamp on the table.

table. The unshaded light of this revealed a wretched interior—a rough begarded room with a few nets hung on nails along the walls: a stove on three legs and a brick: a tumbied iron cot; dirty cooking-things; miscellaneous odds and ends of iron and ship-chandlery in one corner, gleaned from the beach; a barrel nearly full of corks near the door.

"You've got me right. How about

## noke; an evil eye, if ever man pos-

seed one; the eye of a numan beast of prey. Arianr surveyed this personality, chad in a reefer, a torn black sweater, and a neckerchief, supplemented by cerduroy trousers, and sea-boots. So violently unpleasant was his impro-sion that he could not entirely sup-press is effect in his look. The beach-comber observed this and grinned malifolously, showing broken and yel-lowed teeth. "I rin't such a much in the benuty line, cm 17" he ejaculted. "No, strike me dead I ain't no Venus de Medicine and that's a fact. But what dyou expect? We can't all pin a high grade of work like you. Some of us has to pull the rough stuff. So what you kickin about?" "The not kicking," replied Arthur. "Cut it, cut it, and get bury! Get your things on cop the gas, and I'll split even with you, whatever I've go! Go to it, now!" For a moment the man seemed about to obey. He nonded, turned and shuffled toward the fireplace, the iron bar citll in his hand. Then he stopped and once again faced Artnur. "Suppose you make 'that two-thirds?" ne suggested. "The price of livin' is dognation high down here. 'specially gas; and what little J can pick up on the beach don't amount to a hoot. Corks used to bring." "Oh, forget it!" interrupted Ar-thur, his temper rising. "Pifty-fifty, I said, and that goes!" "Nothin' on!" "Nothin' on!" "Nothin' wy ow, dig!" No mistaking the look in that one glowesing eye. Arthur feit his temper gitting the other hand. The man ob-viously had determined to ving him dry or hold him up allogether. The drag of the pistol in his pock glad-dened him. A little more now, and-"Well, how about it?" demanded the hug. "Are you goin' to cough, or ain tyou?" "The other moded. "When I say I'll do a thing I do it' me growled. He pereviced. He pereviced. He pereviced.

Where d'you get that hair-cut?"

"Where d'you get that har-cut: "None of your business!" "Up the river-eh, kld?" "What of it? You've been there yourself, I bet a million!" "Maybe I have, maybe I have! Soma place, ain't it? Sirike me bilnd, but it's some place! A con would tome across with everything be's got, wouldn't he, to beat a dump like thet?"

that"" With a quick gesture of his left hand he knocked Arthur's hat off. Ar-thur flung up his arm, but too late.



The hat—Slayton's black felt—spiral-ed away and fell upon the dirty table. "Some hair-cut: That's right" gibed the ruffian. "I got your num-ber, bo. That an' your white-paper face would give you a free pass back



to cure a skin disease, ulcer or fore permanently is to get to the troot' of the disease. That's what an.Buk does. The second sector of the second to reach and destroy all germs in form destroying properties enable it to reach and destroy all germs in to the sector of the second second to reach and destroy all germs in the words. Zam-Buk cures from the "word" upward, so that no trace of the second second second to show the second second second to second second second second second second second second second to second second second second second second second second second to second sec



died the pocketbook. Then a change came over his face. His mouth dropped open. The yellow teeth showed. He stared at Arthur in amaze. "Say, strike me blind!" he ejacu-lated. "If it ain't Slayton's leather!" "What-what d'you mean?" gasped Arthur. "You -know him?" "Kow him! Do --I --know him?" bellowed the other in a passion. "He asks me if I know him! Me, hired to watch an 'keep him from -from.-" "What?" The they made a quick step, selzed Arthur's overcoat: and flung it back. "His voercoat! His suit! You got his suit on!" He turned, snatched up the hat from the table, and peered inside it. There appeared three little gold-paper let-ters: W. H. S.

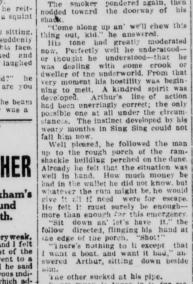
"His lid!" W. H. S.

appeared three little gold-paper let-ters: W. H. S. "His Hd!" Arthur faced him. livid "What's the matter with you, may-how? the demanded hotly. "Crazy. or what?" "You've cleaned out Siayton?" roared the beach-comber. his face a study of wicked rage. "You've maybe croaked him, hey? You've croaked my meal-lick, have you?" "Can that and get busy with the boal" cried Arthur, shaking with rage. "You've got the wad; niw go to it? Gried Arthur, shaking with rage. You've got the wad; niw go to it? Gried Arthur, shaking with rage. You've got the wad; niw go to it? Gried Arthur, shaking with rage. You've got the wad; niw go to it? Gried Arthur, shaking with rage. You've got the wad; niw go to it? Gried Arthur, shaking with rage. You've got the wad; niw go to it? Gried Arthur, shaking with rage. You've got the wad; niw go to it? Gried Arthur, shaking with rage. You've got the wad; niw go to it? Gried you'l get will be the Biack Maria. The boat you, all right, all right-strike me dead if I don't?" Wheeling, he reached for the tele-phone. Arthur staggered back, hor-rorastiften. "You --won't do that! Not that?" "Won't? You just wit an' so?!" Arthur's eye measured the distance to the door. The ruffian stood between him and it with the iren bar in hand. A suddin nadness possessed the fug-tive. Something like a red haze segmed to swine before his eyes. Now,' just at the very moment of escape. Its hidoous, vicious, degraded c-reature for some unknown reason was about to deliver him to the bolte. Arthur's hand slid is.'' wits postel. It closed over the buit of the auto-wagon whipped up into the air. With a beastike cry to a thur sprang and struck. The iron bar smashed on Arthur's forearm just as hupded trigger. The report crashed through the room; splinters flew from the left. ebow; skull. His brain obok the full shock of the savage bust. Reeling, he crashed against the table and fell. Black obscurity morefully

Blow. Reeling, he crashed against the table and fell. Black obscurity morefally enwrapped him in its pall. (To be continued.)

Chronic Skin Disorders ow Overcome Quickiy

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no doubt. But he restrained himset. Even though this man stood squarely in his path to liberty he would not kill -yet. "Who are you?" once more de-manded the beach-comber, "Strike me blind! Split tout!" Swiftly Arthur thought. To frame any kind of passable story, he knew. would be totally impossible. This type of man, shrewd and evil, would father any lie that he could tell. The only possible course must be the frontal attack of bribery. "What's that to you who I am?" Arthur therefore partied. "What's that to me? A lot! This here's my property; see?" He jerked his thumb at the shack behind him. "I won't have no..." "Oh, forget it!" interrupted Ar-thur, "Your whole place isn't worth a minute of my time. I could buy out the whole string of dumps nore and then some, and never feel it. If a män happene to have businets out here and hen places a moment. The electric beam went out, and the pipe glowed strongly. The man was pondering. "Say! What you glvin' us, any-how?" he suddenly demanded. But though the words were bowdie. Arthur sensed the change in tone. A! ready he had succeded in establishing a line of communication. "What's nothing to you what I mean," Arthur replied, lowering his voice, "Anybody rubbering?" "Nope. Why?". "Dyou want a bundle of kale?" The question, pointblank, struck the ruffian a heavy blow. The blow went thome right enough. "Kale?" he demanded, eagerly. "Kale?" he demanded, eagerly. "Kale?" he demanded, eagerly. home right enough. "Kale?" he demanded, eagerly. "Kale is right. I've got enough for us both." both."
"What for?"
"What do you mean, what for?"
"What do you want o' me?"
"A boat, hey? Getaway? Is that

The smoker pondered again, then nodded toward the doorway of his shack.