By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM Author of "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," "The Vanished Mess

SEE THE MOVING PICTURES CORRES-PONDING WITH THIS INSTALLMENT IN PALACE THEATRE, FRIDAY AND SATUR-DAY, THIS WEEK.

SYNOPSIS.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's Gaughter, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden hat in Professor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an anthropoid ape skeleton and a living inhuman creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his room have appeared from nowhere black boxes, one containing diamonds torn from a lovely throat by a pair of armiess, threatening hands, both with sarcastic, threatening notes signed by the incrutable hands. On his return from finding the body of Macdougal, who had escaped on his way to prison, he is arrested for the murder of his valet, Ross Brown, and a Miss Quigg, in his rocms. Laura and Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig the professor's valet, trap Craig and rescue Quest from the Tombs to hypnotize Craig into confession, but when Quest arrives he finds that Craig and Lenora have both disappeared. He dodges Police Inspector French, who has discovered his escape.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

THE UNSEEN TERROR.

CHAPTER XIV.

With a little gesture of despair Quest turned away from the instrument which seemed suddenly to have become so terribly unresponsive, and looked across the vista of square roofs and tangled masses of telephone wires to where the lights of larger New York flared up against the sky. From his attic chamber the roar of the city a few blocks away was always in his ears. He had forgotten in those hours of frenzied solitude to fear for his own safety. He thought only of Lenora. He paused once more before the little instrument.

"Lenora, where are you?" he signaled. "I have taken a lodging in the Servants' club. I am still in hiding, am very anxious about you."

Still no reply! Quest drew a chair up to the window and sat there with folded arms looking down into the street. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. The instrument quivered—there was a message at last! He took it down with a little choke of relief.

"I don't know where I am. I am terrified. I was outside the garage when I was seized from behind. The 'Hands' held me. I was unconscious until I skylight, which I cannot reach. I can see nothing—hear nothing. No one has hurt me, no one comes near me. Food is pushed through a door, which is locked again immediately. The house seems empty, yet I fancy that I am being watched all the time. I am terrified!

Quest drew the instrument towards "I have your message," he signaled

"Be brave! I am watching for Craig. Through him I shall reach you before long. Send me a mesage every now and then."

Quest again took up his vigil in eyes swept the narrow street with its suddenly he found himself gripping the window sill in a momentary thrill of rare excitement. His vigil was rewarded at last. The man for whom he was waiting was there! Quest watched him cross the street, glance furtively to the right and to the left, then enter the club. He turned back to the little wireless and his fingers worked as though inspired.

"I am on Craig's track," he signaled.

He waited for no reply, but opened the door and, stealing softly out of the room, suddenly confronted Craig in the deserted hallway. Before he could utter a cry Quest's left hand was over his mouth and the cold muzzle of an automatic pistol was pressed to his

"Turn round and mount those stairs, Craig," Quest ordered.

Craig turned slowly round and obeyed. He mounted the steps with reluctant footsteps, followed by Quest. "Through the door to your right," the latter directed. "That's right! Now sit down in that chair facing

Craig sat where he had been ordered. his fingers gripping the arms of the chair. In his eyes shone the furtive, terrified light of the trapped crim-

"What do you want with me?" Craig asked doggedly.

"First of all," Quest replied, want to know what you have done with my assistant, the girl whom you carried off from the professor's gar-

Craig shook his head.

"I know nothing about her. "She locked you in the garage," Quest continued, "and sent for me, When I arrived I found the garage and closed it again at once.

Bewilderment struggled for a moment with blank terror in Craig's em

me in the garage?" arm and his long fingers played soft ly with the pocket wireless.

"In just the same way," he explained, "that I am sending her this message at the present moment-a message which she will receive and understand wherever she is hidden. Would you like to know what I am telling her?"

The man shivered. His eyes, as though fascinated, watched the little

"I am saying this, Craig," Quest continued. "Craig is here and in my power. He is sitting within a few feet of me and will not leave this room until he has told me your whereabouts. Keep up your courage, Lenora. You shall be free in an hour."

The trapped man looked away from the instrument into Quest's face. There was a momentary flicker of something that might have passed for courage in his tone. "Mr. Quest," he said, "you are a

wonderful man, but there are limits to your power. You can tear my tongue out from my mouth, but you cannot force me to speak."

Quest leaned a little farther forward in his chair, his gaze became more concentrated.

"That is where you are wrong, Craig. That is where you make a mistake. In a very few minutes you will be telling me all the secrets of your heart."

back again helpless. "My God!" he cried. "Leave me

alone!'

"When you have told me the truth." Quest answered swiftly, "and you will tell me all I want to know in a few minutes. . . Your eyelids are getting a little heavy, Craig. Don't resist. Something which is like sleep is, coming over you. You see my will

found myself here. I am now in an smile of triumph flickered for a mo-Craig shook his head. A very weak ment at the corners of his lips.

"Your torture chamber trick won't work on me!" he exclaimed. can never-'

The whole gamut of emotions seemed already to have spent themselves in the man's face, but at that moment there was a new element, an element of terrifled curiosity in the expression of his eyes as he stared

towards the door. "Is this another trick of yours?" he muttered

Quest, too, turned his head and sprang instantly to his feet. From underneath the door came a little puff of smoke. There was a queer sense vishly. front of the window. Once more his of heat of which both men were simultaneously conscious. Down in constant stream of passers-by. Then the street arose a chorus of warning shouts, increasing momentarily in



volume. Quest threw open the door

"The place is on are," as announced riefly. "Pull yourself together, man We shall have all we can do to gel

Craig turned to the door, but stag-

"The stairs are going!" he shricked. "It is the kitchen that is on fire. We are cut off! We cannot get down!' Quest was on his hands and knees. fumbling under his trucklebed. He pulled out a crude form of fire escape, a rough sort of cradle with a rope attached

"Know how to use this?" he asked Craig quickly. "Here, catch hold. Put your arms inside this strap."

Yard by yard, swinging a little in the air, Craig made his descent. When he arrived in the street there were a

hundred willing hands to release him. Quest drew up the rope quickly, warned by a roar of anxious voices. Then he commenced to descend, let ting himself down hand over hand, always with one eye upon that length of rope that swung below. Suddenly, as he reached the second floor a little cry from the crowd warned him of what had happened. Tongues of flame curling out from the blazing building had caught the rope, which "How do you know that she locked was being burned through not a dozen Quest smiled, stretched out his right a little farther and paused in mid-

A shout from the crowd reached

"The cables! Try the cables!" He glanced round. Seven or eight feet away, and almost level with him. was a double row of telegraph wires. Almost as he saw them the rope below him burned through and fell to the ground. He swung a little towards the side of the house, pushed himself vigorously away from it with his feet, and at the farthest point of the outward swing jumped. His hands grappled the telegraph wires safely. Even in that tense moment he heard a little sob of relief from the people below.

Hand over hand he made his way to the nearest pole and slipped easily to the ground. The crowd immediately surged around him.

"Where is the man who came down before me?" he asked a bystander. "Talking to the police in the car over yonder," was the hoarse reply. "Say, guv'nor, you only just made that!

Craig pushed his way through the crowd to where Craig was speaking eagerly to French. He stopped short and stooped down. He was near enough to hear the former's words.

"Mr. French, you saw the man come down the ropes and swing on the cables? That was Quest, Sanford Quest, the man who escaped from the Tombs prison. He can't have got away yet."

hoping that Craig may come here. I have shivered, drew back a little Quest drew off his coat, turned it in his chair, tried to rise and fell side out and replaced it swiftly. He Quest drew off his coat, turned it incoolly picked up a hat someone had lost in the crowd and pulled it over his eyes. He passed within a few feet of where Craig and the inspector were talking. "Say, boys, Sanford Quest is in the

crowd somewhere. He's the man who jumped on the cable lines. A hundred dollars for his arrest!"

Quest turned reluctantly away. Men were rushing about in all directions for him.

CHAPTER XV.

The professor swung round in his chair and greeted Quest with some surprise, but also a little disappointment. "No news of Craig?" he asked

"I got Craig, all right," he replied.

"He came to the Servants' club, where I was waiting for him. My luck's out, though. The place was burned to the ground last night. I saved his life and then the brute gave me away to the police. I had to make my escape as best I could. The professor tapped the table pee-

"This is insufferable," he declared,

"I have had no shaving water; my coffee was undrinkable: I can find nothing. I have a most important lecture to prepare and I cannot find any of the notes I made upon the sub-

Quest smoked in silence for a moment. "Any mail for me, professor?" he asked abruptly.

The professor opened a drawer and handed him a telegram. "Only this!"

Quest opened it and read it through. It was from the sheriff of a small town in Connecticut: "The men you inquired for are both

here. They have sold an automobile and seem to be spending the proceeds. Shall I arrest?

Quest studied the message for a

"Say, this is rather interesting, professor," he remarked. "These are the two thugs who set upon me at the section house. They killed the signal man, who could have been my alibi, and swiped my car, in which, as it cannot be found, French supposes that I returned to New York. With their arrest the case against me collapses. I tell you frankly, professor." Quest continued frowning. "I hate to leave the city without having found that girl; but I am not sure that the quickest way to set things right would not be to go down, arrest these men and bring them back here. clear myself, and then go tooth and

nail for Craig." "I agree with you most heartily," the professor declared. "I recommend any course which will insure the re turn of my man Craig!"

"I cannot promise you that you will ever have Craig here again." Quest observed grimly. "I rather fancy Sing Sing will be his next home."



"Put It Away; You Know You Daren't Use It."

Quest stepped off the cars at Bethel Successful more ner weary ingers spen a little before noon that morning. The sheriff met him at the depot and greeted him cordially but with obvious sur

"Say, Mr. Quest," he exclaimed, as they turned away, "I know these men are wanted on your charge, but I thought-you'll excuse me for saying so-that you were in some trouble

Quest nodded. "I'm out of that-came out yesterday. The moment my car is identifled and Red Gallagher and his mate arrested every scrap of evidence against me goes."

"Well, here's the garage and the man who bought the car," the sheriff remarked, "and there's the car itself

in the road. It's for you to say wheth er it can be identified. Quest drew a sigh of relief.

"That's mine, right enough," he de clared. "Now for the men." "Say, I want to tell you something," the sheriff began dubiously. pocket. With trembling fingers she

"These two are real thugs. They ain't going to take it lying down." "Where are they?" Quest manded.

"In the worst saloon here," the sheriff replied. "They've been there pret- mad!" ty well all night, drinking, and they're there again this morning, hard at it. around the room vainly for string, and They've got firearms, and though I ain't exactly a nervous man, Mr. from her bosom. She tied the mes-Quest-

"You leave it to me," Quest inter rupted. "This is my job and I want first time she was not successful and to take the men myself." "You'll never do it," the sheriff de-

clared. "Look here." Quest explained. "if I let you and your men go in, there the men. I want them alive."

"Well, it's your show," the sheriff admitted, stopping before a disrepu- voice: table looking building. "This is the

"Well," Quest decided, "I'm going for help or if you hear any shooting.

sheriff warned him.

"I've got to do this my own way, Quest insisted. "Stand by now." He pushed open the door of the saloon. There were a dozen men drink- and Inspector French, with a policeing around the bar and in the center of them Red Gallagher and his threshold. mate. Quest walked right up to the

"Gallagher," he said, "you're my prisoner. Are you coming quietly?" Gallagher's mate, who was half drunk, swung round and fired a wild shot in Quest's direction. The result was a general stampede. Red Gallagher alone remained motionless. Grim and dangerously silent, he held a pis-

tol within a few inches of Quest's forehead. "If my number's up." he exclaimed ferociously, "it won't be you to take

me. "Put that away."

ence over him was indomitable. Your account's pretty full up, as it tear yourself away."

Gallagher's hand wavered. From outside came the shouts of the sheriff and lounging in Quest's most comfortable his men, struggling to fight their way easy chair and smoking one of his in through the little crowd who were best cigars, suddenly laid down his rushing for safety. Suddenly Quest paper. He moved to the window. A backed, jerked the pistol up with his large, empty automobile stood in the right elbow, and with almost the same street outside, from which the occumovement struck Red Gallagher und pants had presumably just descendder the jaw. The man went over ed. He hastened towards the door, with a crash. His mate, who had which was opened, however, before he been staggering about, cursing vicious- was halfway across the room. The lude, as you perceive, Mr. est, to

who swayed and fell forward, "Get up, Red! I've done him, all country policemen and Red Gallagher marked thoughtfully, "someone who is right! Finish your drink. We'll get and his mate, heavily handcuffed. still at large committed those murders

denly the latter sprang up, seized him by the leg and sent him sprawling. The gun fell from his hand. Quest picked it up and held it firmly out, covering both men. Gallagher was on his knees, groping for his own weapon. "Get the handcuffs on them." Questdirected the sheriff, who with his men

had at last succeeded in forcing his

way into the saloon. .

Crouching in her chair, her pale, the phototelesme. terror-stricken face supported between her hands, Lenora, her eyes passing. Her little friend was silent | . . . All right I'm through, am I? eagerly.

out a final, despairing message. "What has happened to you? I am

waiting to hear all the time. Has Craig told you where I am? I am afraid!" There was still no reply. Her head sank a little lower on her folded arms. Even the luxury of tears seemed denied her. Fear, the fear which dwelt with her day and night, had her in its grip. Suddenly she leaped, screaming, from her place. Splinters of glass fell all around her. Her first wild thought was of release; she gazed upwards at the broken pane. Then very faintly from the street below she heard the shout of a boy's

angry voice: "You've done it now, Jimmy! You're a fine pitcher, ain't you? Lost it, that's what you've gone and done!" The thoughts formed themselves mechanically in her mind. Her eyes sought the ball which had come crashing into the room. There was life once more in her pulses. She found a scrap of paper and a pencil in her

wrote a few words: "Police headquarters. I am Sanford Quest's assistant, abducted and imprisoned here in the room where the ball has fallen. Help! I am going

She twisted the paper, looked finally tore a thin piece of ribbon sage round the ball, set her teeth and threw it at the empty skylight. The the ball came back. The second time it passed through the center of the opening. She heard it strike the sound portion of the glass outside, heard it rumble down the roof. A few seconds will be a free fight, and as likely as of breathless silence! Her heart alnot you will kill one, if not both of most stopped beating. Had it rested in some ledge or fallen into the street below? Then she heard the boy's

"Gee! Here's the ball come back

again!" A new light shone into the room. in, and I'm going in unarmed. You She seemed to be breathing a different can bring your men in later, if I call stmosphere—the atmosphere of hope. She listened no longer with horror for a creaking upon the stairs. She valked backwards and forwards until she was exhausted. . . . Curiously enough, when the end came she was asleep, crouched upon the bed and dreaming wildly. She sprang up to man behind him, standing upon the

"Inspector!" she cried, rushing towards him. "Mr. French! Oh, thank

God! Her feelings carried her away. She threw herself at his feet. She was laughing and crying and talking incoherently, all at the same time. The inspector assisted her to a chair. "Say, what's all this mean?" he de-

manded. She told him her story, incoherently, in broken phrases. French listened with puzzled frown.

Then he realized that she was on the point of a nervous breakdown "I think it will," Quest answered, and in no condition for interrogations. "That'll do," he said. "I'll take care Gallagher hesitated. Quest's influ- of you for a time, young lady, and I'll ask you a few questions later on. My "Put it away." Quest repeated firm- men are searching the house. You "You know you daren't use it. and I will be getting on, if you can

The plain-clothes man, who was ly, fired another wild shot at Quest, cigar slipped from his fingers. It was the horrible suspicion you seem to Sanford Quest, who stood there, fol- have formed of Craig. "I've done him!" the man shouted. lowed by the sheriff of Bethel, two

"Say, aren't you wanted down yon- and stole those jewels. What is your He bent unsteadily over Quest. Sud- der, Mr. Quest?" the man inquired. | theory about the jewels, Mr. Quest?" "That's all right now." Quest told him. "I'm ringing up Inspector French | yet," the criminologist replied. "You've myself. You'd better stand by the been keeping me too busy looking disfiguring skin blemishes until the other fellows there and keep your after myself. However," he added, eye on Red Gallagher and his mate." "it's time something was done." "I guess Mr. Quest is all right," the He took a magnifying glass from

sheriff intervened. "We're ringing up his pocket and examined very closely headquarters ourselves, anyway." the whole of the front of the safe. The plain-clothes man did as he was "No sign of finger prints," he muttold. Quest took up the receiver from tered. "The person who opened it his telephone instrument and arranged probably wore gloves." He fitted the combination and swung

"Police station No. 1. central," be said—"through to Mr. French's of moment speechless. Something in his filled with hopeless misery, gazed at fice, if you please. Mr. Quest attitude attracted the inspector's atthe dumb instrument upon the table, wants to speak to him. Yes, San-tention. Her last gleam of hope seemed to be ford Quest. No need to get excited!

A rare expression of joy suddenly transfigured Quest's face. He was gazing downward into the little mir

"You've found Lenora, then, in spector?" he exclaimed. "Bully for What do I mean? Wha I say! You forget that I am a sc. entific man, French. No end of appliances here you haven't had time to look at. I can see you sitting there and Lenora and Laura looking as though you had them on the rack. You can drop that, French. I've got Red Gallagher and his mate, got them here with the sheriff of Bethel. They went off with my auto and sold it We've got that. Also, in less than it has done me a lot of good. All the five minutes my chauffeur will be here. He's been lying in a farmhouse unconscious, since that scrap. He can tell you what time he saw me last. Bring the girls along, Frenchand hurry!

Quest hung up the receiver. Inspector French was as good, even better than his word. In a surprisingly short time he entered the room, followed by Laura and Lenora. Quest gave them a hand each, but it was

into Lenora's eyes that he looked. "I mustn't stop to hear your story, Lenora," Quest said. "You're safe-

that's the great thing." "Found her in an empty house," French reported, "out Grayson avenua way. Now, Mr. Quest, I don't want to come the official over you too much, but if you'll kindly remember you're an escaped prisoner-"

There was a knock at the door. A young man entered in chauffeur's livery, with his head still bandaged. Quest motioned him to come in.

"I'll just repeat my story of that morning, Mr. French," Quest said. "We went out to find Macdougal, and succeeded, as you know. Just as I was starting for home those two thugs set upon me. You know how I made my escape. They went off in my automobile and sold it in Bethel. I arrested them there myself this morn ing. Here's the sheriff who will bear out what I say, also that they arrived at the place in my automobile."

Inspector French held out his hand. "Mr. Quest," he said, "I reckon we'll have to withdraw the case against you. No hard feelings, I hope?" "None at all," Quest replied prompt-

ly, taking his hand. Quest stood upon the threshold watching the sheriff and his prisoners leave the house. The former turned round to wave his adjeux. "There's an elderly guy out here." he shouted, "seems to want to come

Quest leaned forward and saw the professor. "My dear Quest," he exclaimed, as

he wrung his hand, "my heartiest congratulations! As you know, I always believed your innocence. I am delighted that it has been proved." The professor sank wearily into an easy chair.

asy chair.
"I will take a little whisky and one FATE OF SERCT. of your excellent cigars, Quest," he said. "I must ask you to bear with me if I seem upset. After more than twenty years' service from one whom I have always treated as a friend this sudden separation, to a man of my

wards Him.

age, is somewhat trying. I do not al-

"All the same," the inspector re-

"I haven't had time to frame one

open the door. He stood there for a

"What is it, Mr. Quest?" he asked



What Lydia E. Pinkham's Veg. etable Compound Did For Their Health-Their own Statements Follow.

Haliburton, P.E.I.;-"I had a doctor examine me and he said I had falling of the womb, so I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and bearing-down pains have vanished have gained ten pounds in weight, the discharge is all gone, and I feel better than I have for a long time. I think any woman is toolish to suffer as I did for the sake of a few dollars.

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Read What This Woman Says: New Moorefield, Ohio. - "I take great pleasure in thanking you for what your egetable Compound as done for me. had bearing down pains, was dizzy and weak, had pains in 3-0°

lower back and could not be upon my feet long enough to get a neal. As long as laid on my back would feel better but when I would get up those bearing down pains would come back, and the doctor said I had female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was

I commenced to take it. I hope it will help other suffering women as it has me. You can use this letter."—Mrs. Cassie LLOYD, New Moorefield, Clark Co., Ohio. wiest drew & nittle preatn. Little facing him, in the spot where els had been, was a small black box. He brought it to the table and removed the lid. Inside was a sheet of

the only medicine that helped me and I

have been growing stronger ever since

They all three read the few lines together: "Pitted against the inherited cunning of the ages, you have no chance will take compassion upon you Look in the right-hand drawer of your

paper, which he quickly unfolded.

desk." Underneath appeared the signature of the "Hands." Quest moved like one in a dream to his cabinet and pulled open the right-hand drawer. He turned around and faced the other two men In his hand was Mrs. Rheinholdt's mecklace!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THOS. MAHONEY

London and Ottawa Know Nothing of Him Except as Wounded and Missing

Mr. Thos. Mahoney of this city cently received communications from Ottawa and London stating his son Thomas Mahoney, formerly of the 49th Regiment, has been reported woineded and missing. No other formation has been received and war office and departments know nothing of the report that he was killed, atlhough a Belleville officer writing tome from France said be

was among the fallen. The family have now some reason able grounds to believe that he may and unable to communicate with his parents

Exhibit of War Trophies

The free exhibit of war trophie the Canadian National Exhibition ronto, is expected to be one of most popular features of the big Fa this year. nI addition to the guis and other armament captured on field of battle and loaned by British Government there will be large number of articles on view fr private collections throughout Ca da made by citizens who have frie at the front and by officers and go ernment officials. Major Leonard of St. Catherines, has contributed a very interesting collection, while Surgeon General Ryerson just lately returned on leave, has also turned over "Inspector!" She Cried, Rushing To- his extensive collection of souveni Brigadier General Hodgens has man. relics captured in past wars and present conflict, and these, too, v be shown in this unique exhibit which will be located in the Governme

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ESTABI

Kescued

The Alexa steamer was o will be about ! off the foot of t east of Toront the Canada S treal to Toron waves twelve f up within a fe 18 had been maining four before daybrea eastern gap, der direction of ashore.

The Alexa

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Lawlor, R. Law

Others of clude: First ! Second Mate Engineer Will gineer William Elgin Post, Be gler, Rocheste ville; Lookou Wheelsman Fr ver, Picton; 7 J. Riley, Mont

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Climbing t

any rescues.

moned D. E. M of the cliff, ar farmers living to the wreck. and after maki