

The BLACK BOY

E. PHILIPS OPPENHEIM

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

(Continued)

"Will you..." The interruption was so unexpected that Craig lost his nerve...

"In that case," the professor said gravely, "let me recommend you to push on as fast as possible..."

They were beginning to whistle around them now. All of a sudden she threw up her arms...

He was on his knees, begging over the body of Feerda, half supported in Craig's arms...

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice MacDougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter...

CHAPTER XXV. NEATH IRON WHEELS. Side by side they leaned over the rail of the steamer...

"I'm with you," Quest agreed emphatically. "It's the wrong side of the continent, perhaps, but I'm aching to get my foot on American soil again..."

Quest moved slowly down the deck towards Laura's side, and touched him on the arm.

"Give me your left wrist, Craig," he said quietly. The man slunk away. There was a sudden look of horror in his white face...

French gripped him by the arm. "French," he said, "I tell you I shall make your hair curl when you hear all that we've been through..."

"Hold your fire, men. Close in to the left there, steady!" The cloud suddenly rolled away from the moon...

sups up again. I'm going to stay here with the bunch. The inspector sighed. His face had grown long and the buoyancy had faded from his manner...

Quest and Lenora turned away from the window of the hotel, out of which they had been gazing for the last quarter of an hour.

"It's too beautiful," Lenora sighed. Quest stood for a moment shaking his head. The professor, with a pile of newspapers stretched out before him, was completely engrossed in their perusal...

CHAPTER XXVI. "I am beginning to suspect her," Lenora chimed in. "Too bad he had to hurry away, dear!"

Quest took the dispatch which the hotel clerk handed to him one afternoon a fortnight later, and read it through without change of expression...

Samaritan Hospital, Aliguez. "Say, when can we start?" Laura exclaimed excitedly. Lenora clutched at Quest's arm...

CHAPTER XXVII. A man sat on the steps of the range cook wagon, crouching as far back as possible to take advantage of its slight shelter from the burning sun...

Sanford Quest and his assistants, accompanied by Prof. Lord Ashleigh, arrived in Aliguez a few days ago to look for Craig Craig, formerly servant to the scientist...

of a locomotive. I could see a doctor bending over some bodies. Then it all faded away and came back again. The second time I was working free. The man who had been working so hard was just smashing the last bit of timber away, and again I saw his face and that time I was sure that it was Craig...

Quest observed that the professor remarked, "An interesting psychological circumstance, I might put it that way—I Craig, the arch-criminal, the man who has seemed to us so utterly devoid of all human feeling, should really have tolerated in this manner to see free his captor..."

Lenora was perhaps the calmest. She simply nodded with the melancholy air of satisfaction of one who finds her preconceived ideas confirmed...



Craig Assisted in Dragging People From the Burning Car.

Quest pointed to the postmarks on the package, threw the paper down. "The postmark's blurred out," he remarked. "There's no doubt about it, that fellow Craig has the devil's own luck, but we'll get him—we'll get him yet. I'll just take a stroll up to police headquarters and make a few inquiries. You might come with me, Lenora, and Laura can get busy with her amateur nursing..."

CHAPTER XXVIII. A man sat on the steps of the range cook wagon, crouching as far back as possible to take advantage of its slight shelter from the burning sun. He held before him a newspaper, a certain paragraph of which he was eagerly devouring. In the distance the man's body was already disappearing in a cloud of dust.

Sanford Quest and his assistants, accompanied by Prof. Lord Ashleigh, arrived in Aliguez a few days ago to look for Craig Craig, formerly servant to the scientist. Craig has not been seen since the accident to the limited, a fortnight ago, and by many is supposed to have perished in the wreck...

"So it begins again!" he muttered. There was a cloud of dust in the distance. The man rose to his feet, shaded his eyes with his hand and shuffled round to the back of the wagon, where a long table was set out with knives and forks...

"Don't seem to cotten to us, these boys," Laura remarked. "They don't like us," Lenora replied, "because they think we are after Craig. I wonder what Long Jim has been whispering to him, and what that paper is he has been showing Craig. Do you know how far we are from the Mexican border?"

"That line's the river that marks the Mexican border," she explained. "You see where Long Jim's put the cross? That's where the bridge is. That other cross is the camp."

"I'm afraid they'd try something of the sort," he muttered. "Tell the others where I've gone, Laura." He halloped off into the darkness. Behind there were some growls from the little group of cowboys, none of whom, however, attempted to interfere with him...

The inspector, with the two deputies, rode suddenly into the camp. The inspector panted to speak to Laura. Long Jim's eyes sparkled as he saw their approach.

"That's old Harris and fat Andy," he whispered. "We'll have some fun with them." The older of the two deputies approached them, frowning. "Been at your games again, Long Jim?" he began. "I hear you declined to hand over a criminal who'd been sheltering on your ranch? You'll get into trouble before you're finished..."

The hunted man turned round with a little start. Before him was the rude mountain bridge, and on the other side—freedom. Scarcely a dozen lengths away was Lenora, and close behind her came Quest. He slackened speed as he walked his horse cautiously on to the planked bridge. Suddenly he gave a little cry. The frail structure, unexpectedly insecure, seemed to sway beneath his weight...

"I don't know," he cried. "You've hounded me all around this world, I am innocent. I won't come." Quest shrugged his shoulders. He took a step forward, but Long Jim as though by accident, sauntered in the way.

After the Wreck Another Warning. He flung himself from his horse and plunged into the stream. It was several moments before he was able to reach Lenora. From the opposite bank Craig watched them, glancing once or twice at the bridge. One of the wooden pillars had been sawn completely through. "Are you hurt, dear?" Quest gasped, as he drew Lenora to the bank.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice MacDougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden hut in Professor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an ape skeleton and a living creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his rooms have appeared black boxes containing notes, signed by a pair of armless hands. Laura and Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig the professor's servant, of a double murder. The black boxes continue to appear in uncanny fashion, where Quest, Lenora and the professor search. Lord Ashleigh's murder is committed by the Hands. Craig captured, escapes to Port Said. Quest and his party follow, and beyond into the desert. They are captured by Mongers, escape with Craig as their captive and turn him over to Inspector French in San Francisco. He escapes from French in a train wreck and is chased by the party across the Mexican line.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT. TONGUES OF FLAME. CHAPTER XXVIII. From the shadows of the trees on the farther side of the river, Craig with strained eyes watched Quest's struggle. He saw him reach Lenora, watched him struggle to the bank with her, waited until he had lifted her on to his horse. Then he turned, slowly around and faced the one country in the world where freedom was still possible for him.

"Don't get off," Laura continued quickly. "Craig has escaped, riding towards the Mexican frontier. Lenora is following him. He's gone in that direction," she added pointing. "When you come to the river you'll have to hunt for the bridge."

Quest frowned as he gathered up his reins. "I was afraid they'd try something of the sort," he muttered. "Tell the others where I've gone, Laura." He halloped off into the darkness. Behind there were some growls from the little group of cowboys, none of whom, however, attempted to interfere with him...

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