He stopped the cab and they got

scarcely rung the bell before a slightly

parted curtain in the front room fell

Almost immediately he was con-

ous of a woman standing in the hall

sique of a prize-fighter.

ered there for a moment.

ou in the drawing room."

Quest, as though stumbling against

the front door, had it now wide open,

and in a mement the hall seemed full

The woman shrieked. The butler sud-

denly sprang upon the last man to en-

Once more the shriek rang through

house. Quest rushed to the door

ran back a little way and charged it.

From inside he could hear a turmoil of voices. White with rage and passion,

he pushed and kicked madly. There was a shot from inside, a bullet came

through the door within an inch of his

head, then the crash of broken crock

ery and a man's groan. With a final

This place is all right, eh?"

loorway.

quietly.

her lips.

The man glanced around.

get in all right.



there.

slow triumph.

last he spoke

"That is your work," the criminolo-

police arrive," Quest suggested.

earth could escape from.'

suppose there is a safe place some where?"

"This place has been used before

now, in the old days, for malefactors, the professor remarked. "He'll be

safe there. Craig," he added, his voice trembling, "Craig—I—I can't

CHAPTER XXI

Quest stood, frowning, upon the

Mrs. Willet.

157 Elsmere Road,

woman, who had been watching

"Can you tell me," he inquired

'She's moved." was the uncompro

"Do you know where to?" Quest

asked, eagerly.
"West Kensington-No. 17 Prince

Court road. There was a young lady here yesterday afternoon inquiring for

Quest raised his hat. It was a relief.

t any rate, to have news of Lenora.
"I am very much obliged to you,

"You're welcome!" was the terse re

taxi driver and was scarcely able to

restrain his impatience during the long drive. They pulled up at last before

a somewhat dingy-looking house. He

rang the bell, which was answered by a trim-looking little maidservant.
"Is Mrs. Willet in?" he inquired.

moment the door of the front room opened and a pleasant-looking elder-

"I had a telegram from her from Plymouth to say that she was coming,

noment's reflection.
"I wrote and told her." Mrs. Willet

"what has become of the lady who used to live at 157—Mrs. Willet?"

him from the front room, answered the

voice trembling, "Craig-I-I speak to you. How could you!"

him there and turned the key.

of any mistake:

(Continued) SYNOPSIS.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to Justice Macdougal, the murderer of Lord the Macdougal, the murderer of Lord to Macdougal, the find the second of the secon

NINTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XX.

LOST IN LONDON.

Quest, notwithstanding the unusual nature of his surroundings, slept that night as only a tired and healthy man can. He was awakened the next morning by the quiet movements of a man-servant who had brought back his clothes carefully brushed and pressed. Breakfast is served at nine o'clock,

sir. It is now half-past eight." Til be right there.'

The man withdrew and Quest made brisk toilet. The nameless fears of the previous night had altogether disappeared. At the last moment he stretched out his hand to take a handkerchief from his satchel. A sudden exclamation broke from his lips. He stood for a moment as though turned Before him, on the top of the little pile of white cambric, was all black box! With a movement of the fingers which was almost me chanical, he removed the lid and drew out the customary little scrap of pa-per. He smoothed it out before him the dressing case and read the mes-

You will fail here as you have gist said, firmly failed before. Better go back. There is more danger for you in this country

His teeth came fiercely together and his hands were clenched. His thoughts had gone like a flash to Lenora. Was t possible that harm was intended for her? He put the idea away from him almost as soon as conceived. They thing was unimaginable. Craig was here, must be here, in the close vi-

The atmosph se et the pleasant breakfast rouns to which in due course he descended, was cheerful enough. Lady Ashleigh had aircady taken her place at the head of the table. She touched an electric bell under

her foot and a moment or two later

the butler appeared.

"Go up and see how long your master will be?" Lady Ashleigh directed.

"Very good, your ladyship." The man was backing through the orway in his usual dignified manner when he was suddenly pushed on one side. The valet who had waited upon Quest, and who was Lord Ashleigh's own servant, rushed into the room. He almost shouted to Lady Ashleigh: thing has happened! He won't move!

They all trooped out of the ro and up the stairs, the professor leading the way. They pushed open the door of Lord Ashleigh's bedchamber. In the far corner of the large room was the four-poster, and underneath the clothes a silent figure. The professor turned down the sheets. Then he held out his hand. His face, too,

"Julia, don't come," he begged "I must know," she almost shricked. I must know!

"George is dead," the professor said

There was a moment's awful silence

broken by a piercing scream from Lady Ashleigh. She sank down upon the sofa, and the professor leaned over her. Quest turned to the little group of frightened servants who were gathered round the doorway.

"Telephone for a doctor," he ordered; "also to the local police sta-

"He, too, approached the bed and reverently lifted the covering. Lord Ashleigh was lying there, his body a little doubled up, his arms wide ou stretched. On his throat were two black marks.

They had led Lady Ashleigh from the room. The professor and Quest stood face to face. The former's ex-pression, however, had lost all his amiable serenity. His face was white

'Quest! Quest!" he almost sobbed. brother!—George, whom I loved The maidservant stood on one side nobody else on earth! Is he real to let him pass. Almost at the same

"Absolutely!" The professor gripped the oak pillar of the bedstead. He seemed on the ly lady appeared.

point of collapse.
"The mark of the Hands is upo

his throat," Quest pointed out.
"The Hands! Oh, my God!" the "Then perhaps you can tell me what has become of her?" Mrs. Willet obprofessor groaned. served.
"Isn't she here?"
Mrs. Willet shook her head.

"We must not eat or drink or sleep," Quest declared, flercely, "until we have brought this matter to an end. Craig must be found. This is the suprem horror of all." but I've seen nothing of her as yet."
! "You've changed your address, you know." Quest reminded her, after a

The butler made an apologetic ap-You are wanted downstairs, gentle-

on thoughtfully. "I am not sure whether she could have had the letter. But if she went up to Hampstead, anyone would tell her where I had moved to. There's no secret about me."
"Lenora old go up to 157 Eismere

road yesterday." Quest told her. "The gave her your address here, as they have just given it to me."

"Then what's become of the child?" Mrs. Willet demanded.

Quest, whose brain was working quickly, scribbled upon one of his cards the address of the hotel where he had taken rooms and passed it

Why Lenera didn't come on to you here I can't imagine," he said. "How ever, I'll go back to the hotel where men. Middleton, the head keeper, is here."

As though inspired with a common dea, both Quest and the professor hurder. That's my address, Mrs. Willet. As though inspired with a common idea, both Quest and the professor hurided out of the room and down the broad stairs. Their inspiration was broad stairs. The gamekeeper wel.

broad stairs. Their inspiration was a true one. The gamekeeper welcomed them with a smile or triumph. By his side, the picture of abject misery, his clothes torn and muddy, was considered the foot door for himself and passed out. He sprang into the taxi, which he had

"I've imagined this little job, sir," kept waiting.

Middleton announced, with a smile of slow triumph.

"Clifford's hotel in Payne street," he told the man.

"How did you get him?" Quest deanded.
"Little idea of my own," the game"Little idea of my own," the game-Recept continued. "I guessed pretty well what he'd be up to. He'd tumbled to it that the usual way off the moor was pretty well guarded, and he'd doubled back through the thin line of woods close to the house. I dug one of my poachers' pits, sir, and covered it over with a lot of losse stuff. The verman shook her head.

ered it over with a lot of loose stuff. The weman shook her head.

That got him all right. When I went to look this morning I saw where he'd night before last." she said, "and her fallen through, and there he was, walk-luggage is waiting for orders. She left ing round and round at the bottom like here yesterday afternoon to go to her a caged animal. Your servants have aunt's, and promised to send for her telephoned for the police, Mr. Ashleigh."

a caged animal. Your servants have aunt's, and promised to send for her things later on during the day. There they stand, all ready for her." Quest suddenly whispered to the pro- "What time did she go?"

Then he turned to the keeper. "Directly after an early lunch. It "Bring him upstairs, Middleton, for a moment." he directed. "Follow us, please."

They passed into the bedchamber. Quest hurried away. So after all there was some foundation for this queer signed to the keeper to bring Craig to the side of the four-poster. Then he drew down the sheet.

"Is that your work?" he asked.
"Scotland Yard," he told the taxi

"Is that your work?" he asked, driver. He thrust another cigar between his



Craig Escapes From the Cellar.

amazed at his own sensations, conscious of fears and emotions of which he would never have believed himself There was no answer. Craig's face capable. He gave in his card, and was buried in his hands. They left after a few moments' delay he was hiefs of the detective department, the greeted him warmly.

"My name is Hardaway." the latter nonunced. shown into the presence of one of the chiefs of the detective department, who greeted him warmly.

pavement, gazing at the obviously empty house. He looked once more at the slip of paper which Lenora had given him. There was no possibility "My assistant, a young lady, Miss Lenora Macdougal, has disappeared! She and I and Professor Ashleigh left the steamer at Plymouth and traveled up in the boat train. It was stopped at Hamblin road for the professor and myself, and Miss Macdougal came on to London. She was staying at Clifford's hotel in Payne street for the night, and then going on to the aunt. Well, I've found that aunt. She was empty. After a moment's hesitation he rang the bell at the adjoining door. expecting the girl, but the girl never

"Where did this aunt live?" Harda-

way inquired. "No. 17, Princess Court road, West Kensington," Quest replied. "She had just moved there from Elsmere road, Hampstead. I went first to Hampstead. Lenora had been there and learned her aunt's correct address in West Kensington. I followed on to West, Kensington and found that the aunt was still awaiting her.

A new interest seemed suddenly to have crept into Hardaway's manner. "Let me see," he said, "if she left Clifford's hotel about two, she would have been at Hampstead about halfutes in making inquiries, then she probably left Hampstead for West Kensington, say, at a quarter to three. Give me at once a description of the young lady," he demanded.

Quest drew a photograph from his cocket and passed it silently over.

exceedingly opportune one."
"Come along with me," he continued. "We'll talk as we go." They entered a taxi and drove off broke in.

"I am Mrs. Willet," she announced "Mr. Quest," he went on, "for "I am Mr. Quest," the criminologis months we have been on the track of a man and a woman whom we strong-ly suspect of having decoyed half a dozen perfectly respectable young women, and shipped them out to South told her quickly. "You may have heard your niece, Lenora, speak of

"The white slave traffic!" Quest

gasped.
"Something of the sort," Hardaway admitted. "Well, we've been closing the net around this interesting couple, and last night I had information brought to me upon which we are acting this afternoon. We've had them watched and it seems that they were

sitting in a tea piace about three o'clock yesterday afternoon when a young woman entered who was obviously a stranger to London. You see, the time fits in exactly, if your assistant decided to stop on her way to Kensington and get some tea. She asked the woman at the desk the best there was a bandage around her foremeans of getting to West Kensington head. She walked too with the helen means of getting to West Kensington head. She walked, too, with the help without taking a taxicab. Her description tallies exactly with the phoonce and waved it gayly. tograph you have shown me. The wom-an whom my men were watching ad-dressed her and offered to show her

the way. They left the place together. My men followed them. The house has been watched ever since and we are raiding it this afternoon. You and I will just be in time."

"I left three days after you, on the Kaiser Frederic," she replied. "There was some trouble at Plymouth, and

out. A man who seemed to be strolling aimlessly along reading a newspaper suddenly joined them. we came into Southampton early his morning, and here I am. Say, before "Well, Dixon?" his chief exclaimed we go any further, tell me abou "I've got three men round at the back, Mr. Hardaway," he said. "It's

"We've had him." Quest confessed impossible for anyone to leave the "and lost him again. He escaped las

Hardaway paused to consider a mo "Where from?" Laura asked. "Look here." Ouest suggested. "they "Say, is that anywhere near the never let you in until they're forced

citedly. I'm a stranger. Let me go. I'll "It's not far away." Quest replied "Why? "All right," he assented. "We shall

"I'll tell you why," Laura explained follow you up pretty closely, though.' "I was as sure of it as anyone could be. Craig passed me in Southampton Quest stepped back into the taxi and gave the driver a direction. When he emerged in front of the handsome gray stone house he seemed to have become completely transformed. There water this morning, being rowed ou recognized me. I saw him draw back and hide his face, but somehow I couldn't believe that it was really he. was a fatuous smile upon his lips. He crossed the pavement with difficulty, I was just coming down the gangway and I nearly fell into the sea, I was stumbling up the steps, and held on the knocker with one hand while he consulted a slip of paper. He had so surprised. Quest was already turning over the

pages of the timetable. What was the steamer?" he

together and a moment later the door was opened by a man in the livery of "I found out," Laura told him. a butler, but with the face and phytell you, I was so sure of it's being Craig that I made no end of inquir-"Lady of the house," Quest demand ies. It was the Barton bound for India, first stop Port Said."
"When does she sail?" Quest asked "Want to see the lady of the

"Tonight-somewhere about seven, Laura replied. Quest glanced at the clock and

"You had better come in." she inthrew down the timetable. He turned toward the door. They all followed "Please do not stand in the Quest, however, who had heard the otsteps of the others behind him, loi-

nounced. "I'm going to try to get on board that steamer before she sails. Lenora, you'd better go upstairs and "You're the lady whose name is on this piece of paper?" he demanded. lie down. They'll give you a room here. Don't you stir out till I come "I really do not know what you back. Professor, what about you? mean," the woman replied coldly; "but if you will come inside I will talk with "I shall accompany you," the pro-

fessor declared. "would keep me away." "I'll telephone to Scotland Yard, in case they care to send a man down,"

Quest decided. They caught a train to Southamp-

ter and sent him spinning down the steps. Almost at that instant there was a scream from upstairs. Quest took a running jump and went up the stairs four at a time. The butler, who had so far defied arrest, suddenly snatched the revolver from Hard-away's hand and fired blindly in front from?" Quest asked the piermaster.

The man pointed out a little way down the water.

declares that she saw Craig board the steamer, is quite immovable."

"Brown," said the captain, turning

him, missing Quest only by an inch "Don't be a fool, Karl!" the woman called out. "The game's up. Take it glancing at the clock.

"Look here," Quest cried, raising ing for themselves?" of the room from whence it came, tried the handle, and found it locked. He

The little party were almost thrown into a tug, and in a few minutes they were skimming across the smooth water. Just as they reached the steamer, however, she began to move.

"You hear, gentlemen?" the captain containued. "I really can do no more.

with the pilot "Keep away from the side there," he shouted. "Who are you?"

"We are in search of a desperate criminal whom we believe to be on the carpet-sweeper.

"Mr. Quest!" she screamed. "Don't go near him—I've got him covered. I'm all right." Quest drew a long breath. The man who stood glaring at him was well dressed and still young. He was un-

armed, however, and Quest secured him in a moment.

"The girl's mad!" he said sullenly. "No one wanted to do her any harm." Hardaway and his men came troop

ing up the stairs. Quest relinquished is prisoner and went over to Lenora
"I've been so frightened," she sobbed. "They got me in here—they told me that this was the street in which my aunt lived—and they wouldn't let me go. The woman was horrible. And this afternoon this man came The brute! Quest turned to Hardaway.

"I'll take the young lady away," he said. "You know where to find us." Lenora had almost recovered when and down they found the professor "My friend!" he exclaimed—"Mr Quest! It is the devil incarnate against whom we fight!"
"What do you mean?" Quest de

manded. "I put him in our James II pris-on," he declared. "Why should I think of the secret passage? No "Mr. Quest," he said, "it is just pos-think of the secret passage? No sible that your visit here has been an one has used it for a hundred years.

He found it, learned the trick— "You mean," Quest cried--"He has escaped!" the professor broke in. "Craig has escaped again! They are searching for him high and

low, but he has gone!"
Quest's arm tightened for a in Lenora's. It was curious how he seemed to have lost at that moment all sense of proportion. Lenora was safe . . . the relief of that one safe . . . the relief of that one thought overshadowed everything else in the world.

"Who knows?" the professor re

They looked at one another a little

The professor, however, beamed "I have always understood," he said, "that Port Said is a most interesting place CHAPTER XXII. THE SHIP OF HORROR.

Quest leaned a little forward and gazed down the line of steamer chairs. once and waved it gayly.

"Hullo, you people!" she cried.
"Soon run you to earth, eh?"

They were for a moment dumfounded. Lenora was the first to find words. "But when did you start, Laura?" she asked. "I thought you were too ill to move for weeks."

The girl smiled contemptuously.
"I left three days after you. The professor, in a borrowed overcoat and cap, was reclining at full length, studying a book on seagulls which he had found in the library. Laura and Lenora were both dozing tranquilly. Mr. Harris of Scotland Yard was deep

in a volume of detective stories "As a pleasure cruise." Quest re-marked grimly, "this little excursion

"Trying to get my goat again, eh?" she retorted. "I suppose that's what you're after. Going to tell me, I supse, that it wasn't Craig I saw aboard

We are all liable to make mis takes," Quest observed, "and I am in-clined to believe that this is one of Laura's expression was a little dog-

"If he's too clever for you and Mr. Harris," she said, "I can't help that. I only know that he came on board. My eyes are the one thing in life I do

Laura." Harris ventured, leming deferentially towards her, "there isn't a passenger on board this ship, or a servant, or one of the crew, whom we stateroom, and we've even searched the hold. We've been over the ship, backwards and forwards. The captain's own steward has been our guide and we've conducted an extra search on our own account. Personally, I must say I have come to the same ion as Mr. Quest. At the pres ent moment there is no such person as the man we are looking for on

board this steamer."

"Then he either changed into another one," Laura declared obstinate ly, "or else he jumped overboard." "Come on, Harris, you and I promised to report to the captain this morning. I den't suppose he'll be any too pleased with us. Let's get through with it

The two men walked down the deck together. They found the captain alone in his room, with a chart spread out in front of him and a pair of com passes in his hand. He turned round and greeted them.

"No luck, sir," Quest announced "Your steward has given us every as fessor declared.
"And nothing," Lenora declared.
firmly, as she caught at Quest's arm.

sistance possible and we have searched the ship thoroughly. Unless he has found a hiding place unknown to your steward, and not apparent to us, the man is not on board.

The captain frowned slightly.
"You are not suggesting that this is

They caught a train to Southamp ton, where they were joined by a man from Scotland Yard. The little party drove as quickly as possible to the drove as quickly as possible to the drove as quickly as possible to the large lady of our party, however, who young lady of our party, however, who declares that she saw Craig board the

"She's not in dock, sir," he said.
"She's lying out yonder. You'll barely catch her, I'm afraid," he added, men into every corner of the ship, that lancing at the clock.

They hurried to the edge of the hiding place, that you have given them

"Look here," Quest crieu, his voice, "I'll give a ten-pound note to anyone who gets me out to the to anyone who gets me out to the acknowledged.
"You agree with me that it is im-

"Run up alongside," Quest ordered. The captain came down from the bridge, where he had been conferring to the steward, who was standing by

with a carpet-sweeper in his hand.
"Room wants cleaning out badly,

The captain glanced distastefully at "Do it when I am at dinner, then," he ordered, "and take that damned

thing away.' The steward obeyed promptly. Quest and Harris followed him down the

"Queer-looking fellow, that," the latter remarked. "Doesn't seem quite at

"Seemed a trifle overanxious, I thought, when he was showing us thought, when he was showing us round the ship," Quest agreed. "Mem.," Harris murmured, softly, "as the gentleman who wrote the vol-ume of detective stories I am reading

outs it, to keep our eye on The captain, who was down to dinner unusually early, rose to welcome Quest's little party, and himself ar-

anyway.' anged the seats arranged for them. elderly lady, dressed in some what oppressive black, with a big cameo brooch at her throat and a black satin bag in her hand, was being

Quest's side. She acknowledged the captain's greeting acidly. "Good evening, captain," she said. "I understood from the second steward that the seat on your right hand would be reserved for me. I am Mrs. Fos-

shown by the steward to a seat by

The captain received the announce nent calmly.
"Very pleased to have you at the

table, m dam," he replied. "As to the seating, I leave that entirely to the steward. I never interfere myself."

Laura pinched his arm, and Lenora glanced away to hide a smile. Mrs. Foston Rowe studied the menu disap-

provingly.

"Hors d'oeuvres," she declared, "I never touch. No one knows how long they've been opened. Bouillon—I will have some bouillon, steward." "In one moment, mada

"In one moment, madam."
The professor came ambling along owards the table.
"I fear that I am a few me

b late." he remarked, as he took the chair next to Mrs. Foston Rowe. I offer you my apologies, captain. I configratulate you upon your library. I have discovered a most interesting book upon the habits of seasulfs. It kept me

engrossed until the very last n and I am hungry." "Well, you'll have to stay hungry a

long time at this table then," Mrs. Foston Rowe snapped. "Seems to me that the service is going to be abomin-

The steward, who had just arrived. presented a cup of bouillon to Quest. The others had all been served. Quest

stirred it thoughtfully. "And as to the custom," Mrs. Foston Rowe continued, "of serving gentle-men before ladies, it is, I suppose, peculiar to this steamer."

Quest hastily laid down his spoon

raised the cup of bouillon and pre sented it with a little bow to his neigh-

"Pray allow me, madam," he begged. "The steward was to blame. Mrs. Foston Rowe did not hesitate for a moment. She broke up some toast in the bouillon and commenced

to sip it. from her fingers. She caught at the sides of the table, there was a strange



"A Message From the Hands! Look!" look in her face. With scarcely a murmur she fell back in her seat. Quest leaned hurriedly forward.

There was a slight commotion. The

doctor came hurrying up from the othof the saloon. He bent over: her and his face grew grave. "What is it?" the captain demanded.

The doctor glanced at him mean ingly.
"She had better be carried out," he whispered.

"Was it a faint?" Lenora asked.
"We shall know directly," the captain replied. "Better keep your places usual.'

The man held out his hand to with draw the cup of bouillon, but Quest drew it towards him.

He glanced at the captain, who nodded back. In a few moments the doctor reappeared. He leaned down and

whispered to the captain. Quest turned around.

"Doctor," he said, "I happen to have my chemical chest with me, and some special testing tubes. If you'll allow me, I'd like to examine this cup of bouillon. You might come round, too,

The captain nodded "I'd better stay here for a time," he ecided. "I'll follow you presently." The service of dinner was resumed Laura, however, sent plate after plate away. The captain watched her anx-

"I can't help it," she explained. "I

don't know whether you've had any talk with Mr. Quest, but we've been through some queer times lately. guess this death business is getting on my nerves. The captain was startled.

Mrs. Foston Rowe's death with criminal you are in search of?" he Laura sat quite still for a moment.

"The bouilion was offered first to
Mr. Quest," she murmured.

The captain called his steward. "Where did you get the bouillon from you served—that last cup, especially?" he asked

From the pantry just as usual, sir," the man answered. "It was all served out from the same caldro "Any chance of anyone getting at "Quite impossible, sir."

In Quest's stateroom the doctor, the professor, Quest and Lenora were all gathered around two little tubes. which the criminologist was examin-ing with an electric torch. 'No reaction at all," the latter mut

ing on one side, suddenly gave vent to a soft exclamation.
"Wait!" he whispered. "Wait! I have an idea. He hurried off to his stateroom. The doctor was poring over a volu

The professor, who had been stand-

of tabulated poisons. Quest was still watching his tubes. Lenora sat upon the couch. Suddenly the professor reappeared. He was carrying a small notebook in his hand, his manner betrayed some excitement. He closed the door carefully behind him. "I want you all," he begged, "to listen very carefully to me. You will discover the application of what I am

going to read when I am finished. Now, if you please."
"This," he began, "is the diary of a tour made by Craig and myself in northern Egypt some fourteen years ago. Here is the first entry of im-port:

MONDAY-Twenty-nine miles southeast of Port Said. We have stayed for two days at a little Mongar village. I have today come to the definite conclusion that anthropoid apes were at one time denisens of this country.

(To be continued)

Lovely sheer summer weaves hav-

ing ecru ground are high in favor for they give a softer, more artistic effect than grounds of frank white.



Quest Secures Him In a Moment poard your steamer," Quest explaine

Please take us on board

The captain shook his head.
"Are you from Scotland Yard?" ked. "Have you got your warrant?" "We are from America," Quest at swered, "but we've got a Scotland Yard man with us and a warrant right enough. The captain shook his head

"I am over an hour late," he "and it's costing me fifty pounds minute. If I take you on board, you have to come right along with me, un left your tub behind.' Quest turned around.
"Will you risk it?" he asked.

"Yes!" they all replied. We're coming, captain," Quest de "The fellow can't get far," he mut A rope ladder was let down. The teamer began to slow down.

The captain spoke once more pilet and came down from the "I'm forced to go full speed ahead to cross the bar," he told Quest. "I'm sorry, but the tide's just on the tur