The BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ture drama of the same name produced by the turing Company. Illustrated with

"This morning I decided to make an

attempt to clear up the mystery of Macdougal's disappearance. I sent on my secretary, Miss Laura, to make

friends with the section boss, and Lenora and I went out by automobile

a little later. We instituted a search on a new principle, and before very long we found Macdougal's body.

That's one up against you, I think, in-

"Very likely," the inspector ob-

"I left the two young ladies, at Miss

bile was waiting, started for the city and was attacked by two thugs near the section house. I got away from

them, ran to the tower house to try and stop the freight, was followed by

the thugs, and jumped out on to the

ast car from the signal arm."

"Where is your automobile?"

"No idea," Quest replied, "I left it in the road. When I jumped from the

freight car I took a taxicab to the pro-

"I shall have to ask you to excuse me for a moment." he said, "while I ring up number ten signal tower. If

Quest's story receives corrobora tion the matter is at an end."

The inspector left the room alm

When he returned he was looking

has been found murdered at the back

the vicinity," the inspector continued, "nor any news of it. I think it will be

Quest drew the keys of the safe

notionless. Then he turned slowly

ment. If Mr. Quest can clear himself.

no one will be more glad than I."

Quest shrugged his shoulders.

Tombs, one of you."
The ambulance men came and de

"'Justice Thorpe has refused to consider bail!' He's a guy, that Justice

Thorpe, and so's the idiot who wrote

this stuff!" Laura exclaimed, thrus ing the paper away from her.

the whole show."
Lenora nodded thoughtfully.

his servant-that man Craig?

Laura demanded

about Mr. Quest!"

admitted.
"Twice," Lenora continued, "I

thought he was going to faint. I tell

you he was scared the whole of the

time."
"What are you getting at, kid?"

"At Craig, if I can," Lenora replied,

Laura adjusted the mirror to the in-strument and Lenora rang up. The professor himself answered the call.

"Have you seen the three o'clock dition, professor," Lenora asked.

"I never read newspapers, young lady," the professor replied. "Let me tell you what they say

Lenora commenced a rambling ac

count of what she had read in the newspaper. All the time the eyes of the two girls were fixed upon the mir-

or. They could see the professoreated in his chair with two huge vo

umes by his side, a pile of manuscript, and a pen in his hand. They could even catch the look of sympathy on his face as he listened attentively. Sud-denly Lenors almost broke off. She

oth pored over it.

'Quest." he announced. "your alibi

sor's and called for him, as

The inspector nodded.

ranged.'

mediately.

graver than ever.

Quest started.

Mrs. Rheinholdt?'

(Continued) dest gianced at nimself. mis collar had given way, his tie was torn, a button and some of the cloth had been wrenched from his coat, his trousers were torn and he was covered with

"I'll tell you about my trouble a little later on," he replied. "Say, can't we keep those girls out?" They were too late. Laura and Len-

ora were already upon the threshold.

Quest swung round toward them.
"Girls," he said, "there has been Lenora's wish, to superintend the re-moval of the body. I myself had an some trouble here. Go and wait up stairs, Lenora, or sit in the hall. engagement to deliver over her jew-els to Mrs. Rheinholdt here at mid-day I returned to where my automo-



He Set His Teeth and Jumped. Laura, you had better telephone to the police station and for a doctor.

That's right, isn't it, inspector?"
"Yes!" the latter assented thoughtfully.

Lenora, white to the lips, staggered

Laura

a few feet back into the hall. Laura "Is that Ross?" she asked.

"It's his body," Quest replied. "He's een murdered here, he and the Salvation Army girl who was to come this morning for her check. Laura turned away half dazed.

Laura turned away half dazed.

"I'd have trusted Ross with my life,"

Quest continued, "but he must have been alone in the house when the girl phoned for is outside."

Tou will kindly consider yourself under arrest, Quest. Ladles and gentlemen, will you clear the room now, if you please. The ambulance I telephoned for is outside." came. Do you suppose it was the usual sort of trouble?" Inspector French stoeped down and vened.

picked up the paper-weight. Across it was stamped the name of Sanford

"Of course it is," Quest answered.
"Everything in the room is mine."
"The girl would fight to defend hera blow as your valet died from."

French stooped and picked up a small clock. It had stopped at elevenfifteen. He looked at it thoughtfully "Quest," he went on, "I'll have to

ask you a question. not?" Quest replied looking quickly up.

"Where were you at eleven-fifteen?" "On tower No. 10 of the New York Central, scrapping for my life," Quest answered grimly. "I've reason to re-

parted with their grim burden, the room on the ground floor was locked and sealed, and the house was soon Something in the inspector's steady seemed to inspire the criminole gist with a new idea. He came a step and returned with a newspaper. She opened it out upon the table and they forward, a little frown upon his for

"Say, French," he exclaimed, "you lon't—you don't suspect me of this?" French was unmoved. He looked

Quest in the eyes.
"I don't know," he said.

SYNOPSIS.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT ON THE RACK.

CHAPTER XII.

For the moment a new element had been introduced into the horror of the little tableau. All eyes were fixed upon Quest, who listened to the inspector's dubious words with a supercilious

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you would "Perhaps," he suggested, you would like to ask me a few questions?"

"Perhaps I may feel it my duty to do so," the inspector replied gravely. In the first place, then, Mr. Quest, will you kindly explain the condition of your clothes?"

Quest shrugged his shoulders.

"Hara you are then?" he replied.

of the study had been opened slowly, and Craig, carrying a bundle, paused for a moment on the threshold. He glanced nervously toward the profesor, who seemed unaware of his entrance. Then he moved stealthily to-ward the fireplace, stooped down and committed something to the flames. The relief on his face, as he stood up. vas obvious "All I can do for Mr. Quest, young the professor promised.

He laid the receiver down and the



"The Jewels Have Been Stolen!"

reflection on the mirror faded away. Lenora started up and hastily put on her coat and hat, which were still lying on the chair. "I am going right down to the pro-

fessor's." she announced. "What do you think you can do here?" Laura asked.

"I am going to see if I can find out what that man burned," she replied.

"I will be back in an hour."

Laura walked with her as far as the street car, and very soon afterward Lenora found herself knocking at the professor's front door. Craig admitted her almost at once. For a moment he seemed to shiver as he recognized her. "Well, young lady," the professor said, "have you thought of something is useless—in fact, a little worse than useless. The operator at number ten

I can do? She took no notice of the chair to which he pointed, and rested her hand upon his shoulder.

"I ought not to have left him to hose thugs," he murmured regretfully.

"I ought not to have left him to "Professor," she begged, "go and see Mr. Quest! He is in the Tombs prison. It would be the kindest thing anyone fully.
"There is no automobile of yours in ould possibly do."

The professor glanced regretfully at his manuscrapt, but he did not hesi-

"nor any news of it. I think it will be as well now, Quest, for this matter to take its obvious course. Will you, first of all, hand over her jewels to Mrs. Rheinholdt?"

Mrs. Rheinholdt?"

Mrs. Rheinholdt?"

Her face shone with gratitude.

"That is really kind of you, profes from his pocket, crossed the room and swung open the safe door. For a mo-ment afterwards he stood transfixed. sor," she declared. "I will send for my coat and we will

o together, if you like," he suggested. She smiled. His arm, half outstretched, remained "I am going the other way, back to

Georgia square," she explained. "No, please don't ring. I can find my own She hurried from the room. Outside

"The jewels have been stolen," he announced with unnatural calm.
The inspector laid his hand heavily upon Quest's shoulder.
"You will kindly consider yourself In the hall she paused for a moment, listening with beating heart. By the side wall was a hat rack with branching pegs, from which several coats were hanging. She slipped quietly be-hind their shelter. The professor, who had been look-

The professor, who had been looking as though dazed, suddenly intervened.

"Mr. French," he said earnestly, "I am convinced that you are making a great mistake. In arresting and taking away Mr. Quest you are removing from us the one man who is likely to be able to clear up this mystery."

The inspector pushed him gently to one side.

The professor, who had been looking thind their shelter.

A moment or two later she heard the professor leave the house. Very cautiously she stole out from her hiding place. The hall was empty. She crossed it with noiseless footsteps, slipped into the study and moved stealthly to the fireplace. There was a little heap of ashes in one distinct spot. She gathered them up in her handkerchief and secreted it in her dress and guletly left the house.

self." the inspector remarked slowly, "but she could never strike a man such a blow as your valet died from."

to one side.

"You will excuse me, professor," he said, "but this is no matter for argu-waiting for her, and a few r inutes afthe ashes with the aid of quest's miers.
his little croscope. Among the little pile was one fragment at the sight of which they both exclaimed. It was distinctly "The inspector will have his little ke," he observed dryly. "It's all right, girls. Keep cool," he went on, a shred of charred muslin embroidery. as he saw the tears in Lenora's eyes.

ed. "Let's ring up Inspector French! Laura shook her head doubtfully. "Not so fast," she advised. "Frenc

is a good sort in his way, but he's prejudiced just now against the boss. I'm not sure that this evidence would empty except for the two girls. To-ward three o'clock Lenora went out go far by itself." "It's evidence enough for us to go t

Craig, though! What we have got to do is to get a confession out of him, Laura studied her companion, for a

noment, curiously. "Taking some interest in Mr. Quest, guess the professor was dead right when he told French he was locking Taking some interest in Mr. Quest, kid, ain't you?"

Lenora looked up. Then her head suddenly sank into her hands. She knew quite well that her secret had escaped her. Laura patted her shoulup the one man who could clear up

"The professor spoke up like a man," she agreed, "but Laura, I want to ask you something. Did you notice "That's all right, child," she said soothingly. "We'll see him through this, somehow or other." "Laura," exclaimed Lenora, "we will "Can't say I did particularly," Laura

CHAPTER XIII.

Craig's surprise was real enough as he opened the back door of the pro-fessor's house on the following morning and found Lenora standing on the

moving toward the telephone. "Please give me the phototelesme. I am going to talk to the professor." Lenora smiled pleasantly. "I came to this door," she said, "be ause I wanted a little talk with you." Craig's attitude was perfect. He was mystified but he remained respectful. "Will you come inside?" he invited. She shook her head.

"I am afraid," she confided, "of what am going to say being overheard. He opened the doors of the garage

eaving the keys in the lock, and they both passed inside. both passed inside.

"You can say what you please here without the slightest fear of being overheard, miss." Craig remarked.

Lenora nodded, and breathed a prayer to herself. She was nearer the door than Craig by about half a dozen pages. Her hand groups in the

little bag she was carrying and gripped something hard. She clenched her teeth for a moment. Then the automatic pistol flashed out through naturedly toward them.

Quest looked at him steadfastly through the bars.

"I want you to come inside for a

the gloom.
"Craig," she threatened, "if you move I shall shoot you."
It seemed as though the man were a coward. He began to tremble, his lips twitched, his eyes grew larger

and rounder. "What is it?" he faltered. "What do you want?"
"Just this," Lenora said firmly. "I suspect you to be guilty of the crime for which Sanford Quest is in prison. I am going to have you questioned. If you are innocent you have nothing

to fear. If you are guilty there will be someone here before long who will extract the truth from you." The man's face was an epitome of terror. Even his knees shook. Lenora felt herself grow calmer with every

sage," she told him. "I shall return

'Don't leave me! I am innocent. I window.'

ously. "Not a word."

noment upon his face. Lenora point-

He obeyed without a word. She left the place, locked the door securely, and made her way round to the other side of the garage—the side hidden from the house. Here, at the far corner, she drew a little pocket wireless from her bag and set it on the window sill. Very slowly she sent her message:

I have Craig here in the professor's louse. He walked swiftly up the drive and turned toward the garage, hoping every moment to see something of Lenora. The door of the place stood open. He entered and walked several three stood open.

I have Craig here in the professor's garage, locked up. If our plan has succeeded, come at once. I am waiting for you.

There was no reply. She sent the

beating heart:
O. K. Coming.

as she could to Quest.

"Look here," she said, "Lenora's crary with the idea that Craig has done these jobs—Craig, the professor's servant, you know. We used the phototelesme yesterday afternoon and saw him burn something in the prophototelesme yesterday afternoon and saw him burn something in the professor's study. Lenora went up straight away and got hold of the ashes."

"It is not Craig," Quest replied quietly. "It is I, professor—Sanford Quest."

The professor swung round in his chair and eyed his visitor in blank

ashes."

"Smart girl." Quest murmured, nodding approvingly. "Well?"

"There are distinct fragments."

Laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued, and a standard laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff laura continued," of embroidered stuff laura continued, "of embroidered stuff l



"If You Move I Shall Shoot You!" have been wearing. We put them or one side, but they ain't enough evi-Lenora's idea is that you should get hold of Craig and hypnotize

save Mr. Quest and we will get hold of Craig! I have a plan. Listen!" "That's all right," Quest replied, but how am I to get hold of him?" Laura glanced once more carelessly

around to where the guard stood. "Lenora's gone up to the professor's again this afternoon. She is going to try and get hold of Craig and lock him the garage. If she succeeds, she will send a message by wireless at three o'clock. It is half-past two now."

"Well?" Quest exclaimed. "Well?" "You can work this guard, if you want to," Lenora went on. "I have seen you tackle worse cases. He seems dead easy. Then let me in the cell, take my clothes and leave me here."

Quest followed the scheme in his
mind quickly.

"It is all right," he decided, "but I am not at all sure that they can really hold me on the evidence they have got. If they can't, I shall be doing myself more harm than good in this me for the best part of twenty years.

way."
"It's no use unless you can get hold

of Craig quickly," Laura said. "He is getting the scares, as it is."
"Til do it," Quest decided. "Call the

moment," Quest repeated softly. "Un-

your bunch and come inside."

The man hestlated, but all the time his fingers were fumbling with the keys. Quest's lips continued to move.

The warder opened the door and entered the control of the con tered. A few minutes later Quest passed the key through the window to Laura, who was standing on guard.

Without a word and with marvelou Without a word, and with marvelous rapidity, the change was effected. Laura produced from her handbag a wig, which she pinned inside her hat and passed over to Quest. Then she flung herself on to the bed and drew

The man's face was an epitome of error. Even his knees shook. Lenora elt herself grow calmer with every noment.

"I am going outside to send a mesage," she told him. "I shall return resently."

"Don't go," he begged suddenly.
Don't leave me! I am innocent. I

"Don't leave me! I am innocent. I have done nothing wrong. If you keep me here, you will do more harm than you can dream of."

"It is for other people to decide about your innocence," Lenora said calmly. "I have nothing to do with that. If you are wise you will stop here quietly."

"Have you said anything to Mr. Ashleigh, miss?" the man asked piteously.

"Window."

Quest reached Georgia square at five minutes to three. A glance up and down assured him that the house was unwatched. He let himself in clothes off, and, after a few moment of best atting and lapels. Just as he was tying his tie, the little wireless which he had laid on the table at his side

he had laid on the table at his side began to record a message. He glanced A expression of relief shone for a at the clock. It was exactly three. Quest's eyes shone for a moment ed to a stool.

"Sit down there and wait quietly," his answering message, put on a duster and slouch hat, and left the house the side entrance. In a few mo-

message again and again. Suddenly, during a pause, there was a little flash place. Close to the corner from which upon the plate. A message was coming to her. She transcribed it with heating heart:

place. Close to the collection of the wireless message to him, he stooped and picked up a handkerchief, which from the marking he recognized at once. A few feet away the gravel was disturbed as

The guard swung open the wicket though by the trampling of several The guard swung open the wicket in front of Quest's cell.

"Young woman to see you, Quest," he announced. "Ten minutes, and no loud talking, please."

"I've got to find that girl," he muttered. "Craig can go to h—1!"

He turned away and approached the

loud talking, please."

Quest moved to the bars. It was Laura who stood there. She wasted very little time in preliminaries. Having satisfied herself that the guard was out of hearing, she leaned as close as she could to Quest.

He turned away and approached the house. The front door stood open and he made his way at once to the library. The professor, who was sitting at his desk surrounded by a pile of books and papers, addressed him, as he entered, without looking up.

"Where on earth have you been,

end of the street. A police automobile drew up outside the gate. Inspec "Quest?" he exclaimed. "God bless

oment, will you?"
"You came out?" the professor repeated, looking a little dazed. "You nean you escaped?" Quest nodded.

'Perhaps I made a mistake," he adnitted, "but here I am. Now listen, professor." And he told the story of the last few hours. ful in its blank amazement. His

mouth was wide open like a child's, words seemed absolutely denied to him. He rose to his feet, obviously a tremendous effort to adjust his "Craig locked up in my garage?" he murmured. "Craig guilty of those murders? Why, my dear Mr. Quest,

a more harmless, a more inoffensive peace-loving and devoted servant than John Craig never trod this earth!" "Maybe," Quest replied, "but where The professor could do nothing but

"I am going back," Quest announced "My only chance is the wireless. If Lenora is alive or at liberty, she will ommunicate with me."
"May I come, too?" the professor

asked timidly. "Come by all means," Quest assent-I. "I will drive you down in your ear, if you like."

The professor hurried away to get his coat and hat, and a few minutes later they started off. In Broadway they left the car at a garage and made their way up a back street which enabled them to enter the house at the side entrance. They passed upstairs into the sitting-room. Quest fetched the pocket wireless and laid it down on the table. The professor ex-

amined it with interest.

"You are marvelous, my friend," he declared. "With all these resourcs of science at your command it seems incredible that you should be in the osition you are."

Quest nodded coolly.

"Just one moment, professor, while send off a message, he said, opening the little instrument. "Where are you, Lenora?" he signaled. "Send me word and L will fetch you. I am in my own house for the present. Let me know that you are safe."

The professor leaned back, smoking one of Quest's excellent cigars. He was beginning to show signs of the liveliest interest.

"Quest," he said, "I wish I could in duce you to dismiss this extraordinary He saved my life in South America; we have traveled in all parts of the world. He has proved himself to be exemplary, a faithful and devoted servant." entrance, half an hour ago. One he described exactly as the professor here. The other, without a doubt, was Quest."

"Then perhaps you will tell me."

quest suggested, "where he is now, and why he has gone away? That does not look like complete innocence

The professor sighed. "I cannot stay here much longer, un-less I mean to go back to the Tombs," Quest declared.

"Surely," the professor suggested, your innocence will very soon be established?"

"There is one thing which will hap-pen, without a doubt," Quest replied. My auto and the chauffeur will be discovered. I have insisted upon inquir-les being sent out throughout the state of Connecticut. They tell me, too, that the police are hard on the scent of Red Gallagher and the other man. or Red Gallagher and the other man. Unless they get wind of this and sell me purposely, their arrest will be the end of my troubles. To tell you the truth, professor," Quest concluded, "it is not of myself I am thinking at all just now. It is Lenora."

The professor nodded sympathet-

"The young lady who shut Craig up in the garage, you mean? A plucky young woman she must be." "She has a great many other good

qualities besides courage," Quest de-clared. "Women have not counted for much with me, professor, up till now, any more than they have done, I should think, with you, but I tell you frankly, if anyone has hurt a hair of that girl's head I will have their lives. whatever the penalty may be! It is for her sake-to find her-that I broke keep free. The wisest thing to do, from my own point of view, would be to give myself up. I can't bring my-self to do that without knowing what

has become of her."

The professor nodded again. "A charming and well-bred young woman she seems," he admitted. "I fear that I should only be a bungler in your profession, Mr. Quest, but if there is anything I can do depend upon me. 'Personally, I am convinced that Craig will return to me with some plausible explanation as to what has happened."

Quest, for the third or fourth time moved cautiously toward the window. His expression suddenly changed. He glanced suddenly downward, frowned

slightly "They're after me!" he exclaimed.

"Sit still, professor."

He darted into his room and reappeared again almost immediately. The peared again almost immediately. The professor gave a gasp of astonishment at his altered appearance. His tweed suit seemed to have been turned inside out. There were no lapels now, and it was buttoned up to his neck. He wore a long white apron; a peaked cap and a chinpiece of astonishing naturalness had transformed him into the semblance of a Dutch green's how

the semblance of a Dutch grocer's boy.
"I'm off, professor," Quest whispered. "You shall hear from me soon.
I have not been here, remember!"
He ran lightly down the steps and into the kitchen, picked up a basket, filled it haphazard with vegetables and threw a cloth over the top. Then he made his way to the front door, peered out for a moment, swung through it on to the step, and, turning round, commenced to belabor it with his fist. Two plain-clothes men stood at the

tor French, attended by a policeman stepped out. The former looked search ingly at Quest.

"Well, my boy, what are you doing here?" he asked. "I cannot answer yet," Quest re-plied, in broken English. "Ten min-uts already have I wasted. I have knocked at all the doors."

French smiled. "You run along home," he said, "and tell your master that he had better leave off delivering goods here for the

the last few hours.

Opened the door with a master key constant stream of passers-by. Then and secured it carefully, leaving one of suddenly he found himself gripping his men to guard it. He searched the rooms on the ground floor and final: ascended to Quest's study. The professor was still enjoying his cigar.
"Say, where's Quest?" the inspecto

asked promptly "Have you let him out already?" the professor replied, in a tone of mild surprise. "I thought he was in the

The inspector pressed on without answering. Every room in the house was ransacked. Presently he came back to the room where the professo



With Marvelous Rapidity, the Change Was Effected.

was still sitting. His usually good "Professor," he began- "What's the natter, Miles?"

had come hurrying into the room.
"Say, Mr. French," he reported, "our fellows have got hold of a newsie down in the street, who was coming along 'way round the back and saw two men enter this house by the side

French turned swiftly toward the

"You hear what this man says?" he exclaimed. Mr. Ashleigh, you're fooling me! You entered this house with Sanford Quest. You will have to tell us where he is hiding."

The professor knocked the ash from his eigar and replaced it in his mouth. His clasped hands rested in front of him. There was a twinkle of something like mirth in his eyes as he

glanced up at the inspector.

"Mr. French," he said, "Mr. Sanford
Quest is my friend. I am here in
charge of his house. Believing as I
do that his arrest was an egregious blunder, I shall say or do nothing likely to afford you any information."

French turned impatiently away. Suddenly a light broke in upon him

he rushed toward the door.
"That d—d Dutchie!" he exclaimed. The professor smiled benignly. SYNOPSIS.

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 anthropold 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 armless, 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 associated the complex of the contestion, 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 before the little instrument.

"Lenora, where are you?" he signaled. "I have taken a lodging in the Servants' club. I am still in hiding, hoping that Craig may come here. I

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 selzed from behind. The 'Hands' held me. I was unconscious until I attic room with no window except the skylight, which I cannot reach. I can see nothing—hear nothing. No one has hurt me, no one comes near me. is locked again immediately. 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 Send me a mesage every now and then.'

Quest again took up his vigil in front of the window. Once more his Quest went off, grumbling. French eyes swept the narrow street with its constant stream of passers-by. Then the window sill in a m of rare excitement. His vigil was rewarded at last. The man for wh he was waiting was there! 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

Craig," Quest ordered. Craig turned slowly round and beyed. He mounted the steps with obeyed. 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

Quest closed the door carefully.

(To be continued) TAKES OFF DANDRUFF.

asked doggedly

HAIR STOPS FALLING Save your Hair! Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowiton's Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Save your hair! Try iti