

FIRST INSTALLMENT

"SANFORD QUEST, CRIMINOLO-GIST."

The young man from the West had arrived in New York only that afterarrived in New York only that after-noon, and his cousin, town born and bred, had already embarked upon the task of showing him the grea' city. They occupied a table in a somewhat insignificant corner of one of New York's most famous roof garden restaurants. The place was crowded with diners. There were many notabilities to be pointed out. The town

"Tell me," the country cousin in-quired, "who is the man at a table by himself? The waiters speak to him as though he were a little god. Is he millionaire, or a judge, or what?"
"You're in luck, Alfred," the New Yorker declared. "That's the most interesting man in New York—one of the most interesting in the world."
That's Sanford Quest."

'Sanford Quest is the greatest master in criminology the world has ever known. He is a magician, a scientist, the Pierpont Morgan of his profes-

Say, do you mean that he is a de-

'Yes," he said simply, "you can call him that—just in the same way that you could call Napoleon a soldier or Lincoln a statesman. He is a detective, if you like to call him that, the master detective in the world." When Sanford Quest entered his

house an hour later he glanced into two of the rooms on the ground soor in which telegraph and telephone operators sat at their instruments. Then, by means of a small lift, he ascended to the top story and entered a large apartment wrapped in gloom until, as he crossed the threshold, he touched the switches of the electric lights. One realized then that this was a man of taste. Quest drew up an easy chair to the wide-flung win-dow, touching a bell as he crossed the room. In a few moments the door was opened and closed noiselessly. A young woman entered with a bundle

The criminologist glanced through the papers quickly. "No further in-

quiries, Laura?"

She left the room almost noiselessly

"THE TENEMENT HOUSE MYS

CHAPTER I. "This habit of becoming late for as she sat down the coffee pot, "is growing upon your father. Any news

Ella glanced up from a pile of cor respondence through which she had been looking a little negligently. "None at all, mother. My correspondence is just the usual sort of rul sish-invitations and gossip. Such a lot of invitations, by the bye."
"At your age," Lady Ashleigh de-

clared, "that is the sort of correspondence which you should find interest

You know I am not like that, mother," she protested. "My music is really the only part of life which absolutely appeals to me. Oh, why doesn't Dela-rey make up his mind and let father

ment to raise the covers from the dishes upon a side table. Afterwards he seated himself at the table.
"I heard this morning." he said, "from your friend Delarey, Ella. He

went into the matter very fully. The substance of it is that for the first year of your musical training he ad-

ses New York. he went on, drawing a little lip of blue paper from his pocket, was brought to me this morning—" He smoothed it out before him and

To Lord Ashleigh, Hamblin House, Dorset, England: I find a magnificent program arranged for at Metropolitan Opera house this year. Have taken box for your daughter, engaged the best professor in the world, and secured an apartment at the Leland, our most select and comfortable residential hotel. Understand your brother is still in South America, returning early spring, but will do our best to make your daughter's year of study as pleasant as possible. Advise her sail on Saturday by Mauretania.

"On Saturday?" Ella almost

"I shall now," Lord Ashleigh said, "leave you to talk over and discuss this matter for the rest of the day. At dinner time tonight you can tell me your decision, or rather we will dis-cuss it together."

CHAPTER IL

"I am to take it, I believe," Lord Ashleigh began after dinner that evening, "that you have finally decided, Ella, to embrace our friend Delarey's estion and to leave us Saturday?"
you please," Ella murmured, with glowing eyes.

you, of course," Lord Ashleigh continued. "Lenora is a good girl and I am sure she will look after you quite well, but I have decided to supplement Lenora's surveillance over your comfort by sending with you, also, a sort of

two servants who were standing turned at once to the sitting

less face of the man who during the last few years had enjoyed her fa-ther's confidence.

For a moment a queer sense of approfension troubled her. Was it true, she wondered, that she did not like the man? She bankshe are the cruelly strangled within the last form man? She banished the thought almost as soon as it was conceived.

"You are spoiling me, daddy," Ella ination of the roo

ighed.
"If you think so now," he remarked "I do not know what you will say to me presently."

He laid upon the table a very fa-

country. Allow me!"

He leaned forward. With long, capable fingers he fastened the necklace

around his daughter's neck.
"It is our farewell present to you," Lord Ashleigh declared.

For once she saw something besides



Ashleigh Diamonds!' stead of being fixed at the back of his master's chain were simply riveted upon the stones. A queer little feeling of uneasiness disturbed Ella for the moment. It passed, however, as in glancing away her attention was once more attracted by the sparkle of the iewels upon her hosom

CHAPTER III. The streets of New York were cov ered with a thin, powdery snow as the very luxuricus car of Mrs. Delarey drew up outside the front of the Leland hotel, a little after midnight, Ella

"Thank you, dear, ever so much, for your delightful dinner," she exclaimed, "and for bringing me home. As for the music, well, I can't talk

into my room to sit and think."

The car rolled off. Ella, a large umbrella held over her head by the warmed hall of the Leland. Behind her came her maid, Lenora, and Mac-dougal, who had been riding on the box with the chauffeur. He paused for a moment to wipe the snow from his clothes as Ella crossed the hall to the left. Lenora turned toward him. He whispered something in her ear. For a moment she shook. Then she turned away and followed her mis-

tress upstairs.

Arrived in her apartment, Ella threw herself with a little sigh of content into a big easy-chair before the fire and gave herself up for a few moments to reverie.

A log stirred upon the fire. She saned forward lazily to replace it and then stopped short. Exactly opposite to her was a door which opened on to a back hall. It was used only by the servants. Just as she was in the act of leaning forward Ella be conscious of a curious hallucination.

"Lenora, come here at once."
The maid hurried in from the next om. Ella pointed to the door. "Lenora, look outside. See if anyone is on that landing. I fancied that

Lenora crossed the room and tried

the handle. Then she turned towards the mistress in triumph.
"It is locked, my lady," she re-

"Go down and ask Macdougal to come up. I am going to have this thing explained."

Something of her mistress' agita-tion seemed to have become commu-

nicated to Lenora. She walked quickly to the back part of the hotel and ascended to the wing in which the servants' quarters were situated. Here she made her way along a corridor until she reached Macdougal's room. She knocked, and don't have decided to supplement Lequora's surveillance over your comfort by sending with you, also, a sort of courier and general attendant—whom do you think? Well, Macdougal. He has lived in New York for some years, and you will doubtless find this a great advantage, Ella."

Ella glanced over her shoulder at the suite without knock!

in your brain! Look!'

For a single second the smooth surface of the mirror was obscured. A room crept dimly like a picture into being, a fire upon the hearth, a girl leaning back in her chair. A door

Then she storped short. The intropy, who had had a little trouble with his starting apparatus and had not as yet descended, heard the scream which broke from her lips, and a fireman in an adjacent corridor came running up almost at the same moment.

Learn opened her eyes. She was man in an adjacent corridor came run-ning up almost at the same moment. Lenora was on her knees by her mis-

tress' side. Ella was still lying in the easy-chair in which she had been seated, but her head was thrown back "Mr. Quest!" she faltered. He looked up from some letter which he had been studying.

in an unnatural fashion. There was a red mark just across her throat. Lenora shrieked, "She's fainted!

And the diamonds—the diamonds have

just completed a hasty examination when a police inspector, followed by a The inspector made a careful exam-

ination of the room.
"Tell me." he inquired, "is this the with immense relief.

Quest escorted the girl downstairs, young lady who owned the wonderful Ashleigh diamonds?" "They've gone!" Lenora shrieked.

"They've been stolen! She was wearing them when I left the room!"

The inspector turned to the telemiliar morocco case, coronet.

"Our diamonds!" Ella exclaimed.

"The Ashleigh diamonds!"

The necklace lay exposed to view, the wonderful stones flashing in the subdued light.

"In New York," Lord Ashleigh continued. "it is the custom to wear jew-tinued. "it is the custom to wear jew-tinued." The inspect.

"Mr. Marsham," he said, "I am afraid this will be a difficult affair. I am going to take the liberty of calling in an expert. That you, exchange? I want number one, New York city—tinued. "it is the custom to wear jew-tinued." the car disappear around the corner. Then he turned slowly and made prep-

CHAPTER IV.

detective, entered

There seemed to be nothing at all original in the methods pursued by the great criminologist when confronted with this tableau of death and Fila, impelled by some curious impulse which she could not quite understand, glanced quickly around to where the manservant was standing. Macdougal and Lenora, who were

ummoned to his presence.

Macdougal then turned to leave the room. Lenora was about to follow,

but Quest signed to her to remain.

"I should like to have a little conversation with you about your mis-tress," he said to her pleasantly. "If you don't mind, I will ask you to accompany me in my car. I will send the man back with you."

They descended in the lift together and Quest handed the girl into his car. They drove quickly through the silent

In a few minutes Lenora was in-

the letters which he had been pre-tending to read. His eyes were fixed upon her. There was a queer new in them, a strange new feeling creeping through her veins. Quest's voice broke an unnatural

"You are anxious to telephone some one," he said. "You looked at both the booths as we came through the hotel. Then you remembered, I think, that he would not be there yet. Tele-

phone now. The telephone is at your right hand. You know the number."
She obeyed almost at once.
"Number 700, New York city."

"You will ask," Quest continued, whether he is all right whether the ewels are safe. There was a brief silence then the girl's voice.

You are sure that you are safe?

No, nothing fresh has happened."

"You are at the hetel," Quest said softly. "You are gol 3 to him."

"I cannot sleep," she continued. "I

She set down the receiver. Quest

eaned a little more closely over her.
"You know where the jewels are hidden," he said. "Tell me where?" Her lips quivered. She made no an-"Very good," Quest concluded. "You

"Very good," Quest concluded, "You need not tell me, Only remember this: At nine o'clock tomorrow morning you will bring those jewels to this apartment. . . . Rest quietly now. I want you to go to sleep."

She obeyed without hesitation, Quest watshed, for a moment, her regular breathing. Then he touched a bell by his side. Laura entered almost at once.

Together they carried the sleeping gir) out of the room into a larger apartment. A single electric light was burning on the top of a square mirror fixed upon an easel. Towards this they carried the girl and laid her in an

easy chair almost opposite to it.
"The battery is just on the left,"

Laura whispered.
Quest nodded.
"Give me the band." She turned away for a moment and disappeared in the shadows. When she returned, she carried a curved band of flexible steel. Quest took it from her, attached it by means of a coll of wire to the battery, and with firm, soft fingers slipped it on to Lenora's forehead. Then he stepped

of it! Now for our great experiment!"
They watched Lenora intently.
"Lenora," Quest said, slowly and firmly, "your mind is full of one subwith her diamonds. Look again. She lies there dead! Who was it entered the room, Lenora? Look! Look! Gaze into that mirror. What do you

The girl's eyes had opened. They were fixed now upon the mirror—diten led, full of unholy things.

Lenora opened her eyes. She wa still in the easy-chair before the fire.

"I am so sorry," he said politely. "I really had forgotten that you were here. But you know-that you have

"Can I go now?" she asked. "Certainly," Quest replied. "To tell you the truth, I find that I shall not need to ask you those questions, after all. A messenger from the police sta-tion has been here. He says they have come to the conclusion that a very well-known gang of New York criminals are in this thing. We know how to track them down all right." "I may go now, then?" she repeated,

opened the front door, blew his whis-tle and his car pulled up at the door. "Take this young lady," he ordered, "wherever she wishes. Good-night!" The girl drove off. Quest watched

arations for his adventure. . . .
"Number 700, New York," he muttered, half an hour later, as he left his house. "Beyond Fourteenth street —a tough neighborhood."

He hesitated for a moment, feeling the articles in his overcoat pocket—a revolver in one, a small piece of hard substance in the other. Then he stepped into his car, which had just turned.
"Where did you leave the young

lady?" he asked the chauffeur "In Broadway, sir. She left me and boarded a cross-town car."

Quest nodded approvingly.
"No finesse," he sighed.

Sanford Quest was naturally a person unaffected by presentiments or nervous fears of any sort, yet, having advanced a couple of yards along the hallway of the house which he had just entered without difficulty, he came to a standstill, oppressed with the sense of impending danger. "Anyone here?" he asked, raising

There was no direct response. In a few minutes Lenora was installed in an easy chair in Quest's sitting-room.

"Lean back and make yourself comfortable," Quest invited, as he took a chair opposite to her. "I must just look through these papers."

The girl did as she was told. She opened her coat. The room was delightfully warm, almost overheated. A

lightfully warm, almost overheated. A sense of rest crept over her. She was conscious that Quest had laid down tle. Suddenly a gleam of light shone down. A trap-door above his head was slid a few inches back. The flare ot an electric torch shone upon his face, a man's voice addressed him.
"Not the great Sanford Quest? This

asked laconically.

"None!" was the bitter reply, "You've done enough mischief. You're there to rot!"

"Why this animus against me, my friend Macdougal?" Quest demanded. "You and I have never come up against one another before. I didn't house in Georgia square and looked like the life you led in New York ten years ago, or your friends, but you've suffered nothing through me."

"If I let you go," once more came the man's voice, "I know very well in what chair I shall be sitting before a month has passed, i am James Macdougal, Mr. Sanford Quest, and I have got the Ashleigh diamonds, and I have settled an old grudge, if not of my own, of one greater than you. That's all. A pleasant night to you!"

The door went down with a bang. "A perfect oubliette," he remarked siday, "Quest replied. "Take a cigar, and so long, inspector. They want me to talk to Chicago on another leftore of business.".

"Mostly lucky," Quest replied. "Take a cigar, and so long, inspector. They want me to talk to Chicago on another leftore mid the cities of business.".

It was a few minutes before mid-night when Quest parted the curtains of a room on the ground floor of his liself."

A light broke in upon the criminologist.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "For the moment, professor, I couldn't follow you. You are talking about the skeleton of the ape which you have presented to the museum here?"

"He left the room. For a few moments there was a profound silence. Then a white face was pressed against the window. There was a crash of glass. A man covered with snow syrang into the apartment. He moved swiftly to the agar and something dubiously.

"Of my anthropoid ape which I have just sent to the museum. You know my claim? But perhaps you would prefer to postpone your final decision until after you have examined the skele-ton itself."

A light broke in upon the criminologist.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "For the moment, professor, I couldn't follow you. You are talking about the skeleton of the ape which I have just sent to the museum. You have present

"A perfect oubliette," he remarked himself, as he held a match over black and ugly swayed in his hand. his head a moment or two later, "built for the purpose. It must be the house we failed to find which Bill Taylor chucked me, and given me the double used to keep before he was shot.
Smooth brick walls, smooth brick floor, only exit twelve feet above one's head.

cross! Anything to say?"
Macdougal leaned forward, white face distorted with passion. only exit twelve feet above one's nead.

Human means, apparently, are useless.

Science, you have been my mistress all my days. You must save my life now or lose an earnest disciple."

white face distorted with passion. The life-preserver bent and quivered behind him, cut the air with a swish and crashed full upon the head.

The man staggered back. The

flung the black pebble against the sliding door. The explosion which followed shook the very ground under his feet. For minutes afterwards everything around him seemed to horror turned almost to hysterical rock. Then Sanford Quest emerged, dusty but unhurt, and touched a con-

stable on his arm.

"Arrest me," he ordered. "I am San"Hands up, Macdougal. Your number's ford Quest. I must be taken at once

The handcuffs we fore he could move. ficulty. It was five o'clock when they reached the central police station.

Inspector French happened to be just

Lenora stood in a

"Got your man to bring me here,"

Quest explained "so as to get away from the moh."

Her hands were outstretched. It was as though she were expecting the from the moh." "Say, you've been in trouble!" the

inspector remarked, leading the way nto his room. into his room.

"Bit of an explosion, that's all,"
Quest replied. "I shall be all right
when you've lent me a clothesbrush." "The Ashleigh diamonds, eh?" the

inspector asked eagerly. "I shall have them at nine o'clock this morning," Sanford Quest prom

ten led, full of unholy things.

"Try harder, Lenora," he muttered, his own breath laboring. "It is there in your brain! Look!"

Quest slept for a couple of hours, had a bath and made a leisurely follet. At a quarter to nine he sat down to breakfast in his rooms.

"At nine o'clock," he told his servant, "a young lady will call. Bring her up."

The door was suddenly opened. Lenora walked in. Quest glanced in surprise at the cleck.

a few weeks."

"You interest me," Quest murmured. "Tell me some more about this great master?"

"I shall tell you nothing," Macdeugair replied. "You will be a replied. "You will be a replied."

'My fault!" he exclaimed. "We are

Slow. Good-morning, Miss Lenora!"

She came straight to the table. She laid a little packet typon the table. Quest opened it coolly. The Ashleigh diamonds flashed up at him. He led Lenora to a chair and rang a bell. "Prepare a bedroom upstairs," he ordered. "Ask Miss Roche to come here. . . Laura," he added, as his secretary entered, "will you look after this young lady?"

secretary entered, "will you look after this young lady?"

A few minutes later Inspector French was announced. Quest nodded in a friendly manner.
"Some coffee, inspector?"
"I'd rather have those diamonds!"
Quest threw them lightly across the

The inspector whistled.

"And now, French, will you be here, please, at midnight, with three men,

"Here?" the inspector repeated. Quest nodded.

Quest nodded.
"Our friend," he said, "is going to be mad enough to walk into heli, even, when he finds out what he thinks has happened."
"It wasn't any of Jimmy's lot?" Sanford Quest shook his head.
"French," he said, "keep mum, but it was the elderly family retainer, Macdougal. I felt restless about him. He has lost the girl—he was married to her, by the bye—and the jewels. No fear of his slipping away. I shall



"You've Had a Rough Time, Lenora."

have him here at the time I told surely cannot be the greatest detective in the world walking so easily in-

tive in the world walking so easily into the spider's web!"

"Any chance of getting out?" Quest asked laconically.

"None!" was the bitter reply, "You've done enough mischief. You're there to rot!"

"Why this animus against me my the second of the second

"So you've deceived me, have you? panted. "Handed over the jewel!

or lose an earnest disciple."

Quest felt in his overcoat pocket and drew out the small, hard pellet. He gripped it in his fingers, stood as nearly as possible underneath the spot from which he had been projected, coolly swung his arm back, and gung the head, nearly as a sagingt the head against the head republic against the detection in the man staggered back. The weapon fell from his fingers. For a moment he was paralyzed. There was no blood upon his hand, no cry—silence inhuman, unnatural! He spot from which he had been projected. volvers covering him-Sanford Quest rage. He had wasted his fury upon a

"Take him, men." Quest ordered. The handcuffs were upon him be

"What about the young woman? Lenora stood in an attitude of de going off duty. He recognized Quest spair, her head downcast. She had with a little exclamation.

"You can let her alone," Sanford Quest said quietly. "A wife cannot give evidence against her husband, and besides, I need her. She is going to work for me."

Macdougal was already at the door between the two detectives. He swuns around. His voice was calm, almost clear—calm with concentration of hatred.

"You are a wonderful man, Mr Sanford Quest," he said. "Make the most of your triumph. Your time nearly up, there is one coming who wit and cunning, science and skill are all-conquering. He will brus away, Sanford Quest, like a fly.

will find yourself o osed. You will struggle—and then ... end. It is cer-

remained, sobbing. Quest went up

tr her.
"You've had a rough time, Lenora," he said, with strange gentleness "Perhaps the brighter days are come ing."

CHAPTER VI.

Sanford Quest and Lenora stood side by side upon the steps of the courthouse, waiting for the automobile, which had become momentarily entangled in a string of vehicles. A little great in a string of vehicles. A little crowd of people were elbowing their way out on to the sidewalk. The faces of most of them were still shadowed by the three hours of tense drama from which they had just emerged. Quest, who had lit a cigar, watched them environment.

them curiously.

"No need to go into court," he remarked. "I could have told you, from the look of these people, that Macdougal had escaped the death sentence. They have paid their money—or rather their time, and they have been cheated of the one supreme thrill."

"Imprisonment for hie seems terrible enough," Lenora whispered, shuddering. them curiously.

"Can't see the sense of keeping such a man alive myself," Quest declared, with purposeful brutality. "It was a cruel murder, fiendishly committed."

They were on the point of crossing the pavement toward the automobile when Quest felt a touch upon his shoul-der. He turned and found Lord Ash-leigh standing by his side. Quest glanced towards Lenora. "Run and get in the car," he whis-pered. "I will be there in a moment."

"I would not have stopped you just now, Mr. Quest," said Lord Ashleigh. "but my brother is very anxious to re-new his acquaintance with you. I think you met years ago."

Sanford Quest held out his hand to the man who had been standing a lit-tle in the background. Lord Ashleigh turned towards him. "This is Mr. Quest, Edgar. You may remember my brother—Professor Ash-leigh—as a man of science, Quest? He has just returned from South Ameri-

The two shook hands, curiously verse in type, in expression, in all the appurtenances of manhood. "I am very proud to make your ac-quaintance again, professor," Quest said. "Glad to know, too, that you

hadn't forgotten me." "My dear sir," the professor de-clared, as he released the other's hand with seeming reluctance, "I have thought about you many times. Your doings have always been of interest

our first meeting here should be un-der such distressing circumstances!" The professor nodded gravely. "If you'll excuse me, professor," said Quest, "I think I must be getting along.

We shall meet again, I trust."
"One moment," the professor begged, eagerly. "Tell me, Mr. Quest—I want your honest opinion. What do you think of my ape?" "Of your what?" Quest inquired

dubiously.

truth. My claim is incontestible. My skeleton will prove to the world, with out a doubt, the absolute truth of Dar

win's great theory." "That so?"
"You must go and see it," the pro fessor insisted. "You shall be permit

"Very kind of you," Quest mur We shall meet again soon, I hope, the professor concluded cordially.
"Good-morning, Mr. Quest!"
The two men shook hands and Quest took his seat by Lenora's side in the automobile. The professor rejoined

his brother. They entered the taxicab and were driven almost in silence to the professor's home—a large, rambling old house, situated in somewhat extensive but ill-kept grounds on the outskirts of New York. The Englishman glanced round him, as they passed up the drive, with an expression of disap-

"A more untidy looking place than yours, Edgar, I never saw," he declared.
"Your grounds have become a jungle.
Don't you keep any gardeners?"

"There is something in my garden which would terrify your nice Scotch gardeners into fits if they found their way here to do a little tidying up. Come into the library and I'll give you one of my choice cigars. Here's Craig waiting to let us in. Any news Craig?"

"Nothing has happened, sir," he re plied. "The telephone is ringing in the study now, though." "I will answer it myself," the profes

sor declared, bustling off. The professor took up the receiver from the telephone. His "Hello!" was mild and inquiring. He had no doubt that the call was from some admiring disciple. The change in his face as "George," he gasped, "the greatest tragedy in the world has happened!

My ape is stolen!"

His brother looked at him blankly. "Your ape is stolen?" he repeated.
"The skeleton of my anthropoid ape," the professor continued, his voice growing alike in sadness and firmness. "It is the curator of the museum who speaking. They have just opened

an antercom. It is empty!"

They led him away. Only Lenora thing a little vague. The theft of a skeleton scarcely appeared to his unscientific mind to be a realizable thing. The professor turned back to

talk to you. I can say nothing. I shall come to you at once. I am on the point of starting. Your news has overwhelmed me."

He laid down the receiver. ooked around him like a man in a

"The taxicab is waiting, sir," Craig

That is most fortunate," the professor pronounced. "I remember now that I had no change with which to pay him. I must go back. Look after my brother. And, Craig, telephone at once to Mr. Sanford Quest. Ask him to meet me at the museum in twenty minutes. Tell him that nothing must stand in the way. Do you hear?".

The taxicab man drove off, glad enough to have a return fare. In about half an hour's time the profes-sor strode up the steps of the museum and hurried into the office. There was a little crowd of officials there, whom the curator at once dismissed. He rose slowly to his feet. His manner

"Professor," he said, "we will waste no time in words. Look here!" He threw open the door of an anteroom behind his office. The apartnent was unfurnished except for one



Measuring the Footprints.

or two chairs. In the middle of the uncarpeted floor was a long wooden box from which the lid had just been

note," the curator proceeded, "I was away. I gave orders that your case should be placed here that I myself should enjoy the distinction of opening it. An hour ago I commenced the task. That is what I found."

The professor gazed blankly at the empty box. "Nothing left except the smell." a voice from the open doorway

They glanced around. Quest was standing there, and behind him Lenora. The professor welcomed them "This is Mr. Quest the great criminologist," he explained to the curator.

Quest strolled thoughtfully around the room, glancing out of each of the windows in turn. He kept close to windows in turn. He kept close to the wall, and when he had bushed his pocket and made a brief examina tion of the box. Then he asked a few questions of the curator, pointed out one of the windows to Lenora whispered a few directions to She at once produced what seemed to be a foot rule from the bag which she was carrying, and hurried into the

"A little invention of my own for measuring footprints," Quest explained. "Net much use here, I am afraid."

ment or two and looked once more out of the window. Presently Le-nora returned. She carried in her hand a small object, which she brought silently to Quest. He glanced at it in perplexity. The professor peered over his shoulder. "It is the little finger!" he cried—

"the little finger of my ape!"

Quest held it away from him criti-"From which hand?" he asked. "The right hand." Quest examined the fastenings of the window before which he paused during his previous examination. turned away with a shrug of the

> "See you later, Mr. Ashleigh," he oncluded laconically. (To be continued)

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