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**The Street of Tombs**  
One of Its Mysteries Revealed

By **CLARISSA MACKIE**

Tom Newell pointed down the dark, tortuous street of the old Chinese city. "That? My dear boy, you don't want to stroll through the Street of Tombs, do you?"

"Why not?" demanded Rex Forbes. "It looks promising as Chinese streets go."

"Promising? Ye gods!" groaned Newell, with disgust.

"Fascinating, then," laughed the other. "Has all the earmarks of oriental mystery; smells to heaven; is filthy, dark; has a name that bespeaks murder lurking around every corner, and all that, you know."

While Newell hesitated Rex laughed again and clapped a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Not afraid of it, are you?" he asked. "After living in China for five years—"

"I have a decent respect for a few of her unexplained mysteries," finished Newell quickly, "and, believe me, Rex, this is one of them."

"Tell me about it."

"I'll tell you after dinner. Then if you still want to walk through the Street of Tombs I'll swallow my objections and go with you," replied Newell.

"Done," agreed Forbes. And, returning to the city gate, they entered rickshaws that had been waiting there and were soon bowling along the bund toward the modern city of Shanghai.

It was after dinner at the club that Forbes claimed the promised story.

Tom Newell lit a cigar and puffed thoughtfully before he spoke.

"Two years ago I had a friend, Enderby. You may remember that I frequently mentioned his name in my letters to you. He was the agent for a well known American invention, and he was well liked by the American colony here. Only one thing was against him. He was fond of prowling around the native city yonder, and you know that it is not considered good form here in the model settlement."

"What happened?" asked Forbes curiously.

"Nobody knows—at least none of his friends in Shanghai nor anywhere else. One day he asked me to go into the old city with him to see some porcelain in a dim shop that looked like a thieves' den, and I discovered that they were all dummy counterfeits. I broke the news to Enderby, and he laughed and said, 'Better luck next time.'

"On our way back to the city gate—the very gate through which we emerged today, Rex—Enderby paused on that corner of the Street of Tombs and asked me to wait for him, as he had a little errand to do down there. I asked him if he knew how the street had gained its name—that it was said that hundreds of men had entered it never to emerge at the other end or to return. They vanished completely, and because of their vanishing and the mystery surrounding their disappearance the street was known as the Street of Tombs."

Unwary foreigners, attracted by the wonderful sight of the large rock crystal ball, had gazed upon it to become hypnotized and thus rendered themselves easy victims to robbery and murder. The slimy creeks that bounded the walls of the old city and the rushing river into which they flowed would hide the evidences of crime.

Suddenly a whisper floated down to them from the closed balcony above.

"Beware, Newell! Beat it! Beat it, man!" And with the warning words there sounded a cry as if the speaker had been attacked; then shutters broke open, the frail balcony tottered under the weight of a man's heavy body, the carved railing snapped and precipitated into Newell's outstretched arms.

Tom Newell was a giant in stature and strength. One glance in the man's face convinced him that it was the missing Enderby, his once ruddy face ravaged by pain and privation. Then he held Enderby close to his breast, and, dragging at Forbes' hand, he cried fiercely:

"Come, Rex, come! Come with me for your life! The Street of Tombs

is opening her arms to you!"

Forbes, partly roused from his slumber, ran on obediently, and after he felt the fresh air in his face he recovered some of his wits. Many doorways behind them belched forth wild eyed natives, who followed them as far as they dared, for the Street of Tombs bears an evil reputation in its own city and has no wish to air its secrets.

A few scattering shots followed them, but their chain armor was proof against bullets, and soon they came out into the broad street, where a great crowd silently watched them, as if they were witnessing a resurrection from the dead.

Said a peddler of sweetmeats to his neighbor:

"Behold, they entered the Street of Tombs and came forth alive. They bear charmed lives, these foreign devils."

"Some of them do," said his neighbor dryly, for he knew that the Street of Tombs rarely gave up its victims.

When they reached the model settlement with the wounded Enderby, Newell and Forbes listened to a strange story—how Enderby, attracted by the revolving crystal, became hypnotized and was easily captured and set to work in an evil smelling underground room with countless other slaves like himself. It was an opium den, and in connection with it was a silk weaving factory, and it was here that Enderby had labored, trying in vain to escape from his slavery. In time he had proved so faithful that he had been entrusted in the stock room above the shop over the crystal ball, and it was from this vantage point that he had whispered a warning to Newell. Almost instantly he had been stabbed from behind by some secret spy, but he had retained strength to fall crashing through the window to the ground. One day when he had been nursed back to health and was bidding farewell to his rescuers Enderby turned suddenly grave.

"Keep away from the Street of Tombs," he warned them.

"But," protested Forbes, "we have discovered the mystery, and there is no danger now."

Enderby laughed ruefully.

"My dear boy, the crystal ball is an innocent diversion compared with the real horrors of the trap in the Street of Tombs! Believe me, that is the least harmful of its mysteries."

And they understood that Enderby knew much more than he had told them—more perhaps than he dared to tell, for their safety and his own.

**Dad's Dope**

International greetings: London to Washington, "Anything stirring in Mexico?" Washington to London, "What's new in Hester?"

Vienna women have petitioned parliament for protection against male flirts. In regard to the coquettes of the other sex the mere men will continue to suffer in silence.

A Doubtful Thomas of the Royal Geographical Society insinuates if the colonel has discovered a new river it must run up hill. A little stunt like that would not feaze the chief of the Bull Moose.

Now that oil has been discovered in Alberta you are liable to hear of some "Coal Oil Johnny" chartering a special train for New York and spending his money in a way that will make "Death Valley Scotty" look like a piker.

A woman who died in Ohio the other day confessed to having started the Chicago fire in 1871. This is taking a mean advantage of Mrs. Riley's cow which had long been credited with kicking over the lantern that set fire to the house that burnt the town that Field and Leiter built.

It is proposed to prohibit the Canadian Indians from leaving their reserves to engage in public exhibitions of their war and sun dances. Since the introduction of that tango, maxixe, grizzly bear and other modern dances, the salutary exercises of the natives seem tame and listless.

The underwear manufacturers held a convention in Philadelphia this week. This is an industry that gets closer to the people than any that we know of.

Huerta's delegates to the peace conference are said to be interested in the Mexican oil business. They ought to have the material to throw on the troubled waters.

Opium smokers in Chengtu, China, do not get off with the regulation \$25 fine. Orders have been issued to shoot all persons under 40 found indulging in pipe dreams.

Some men would never amount to anything anyway—and others marry illustrious women.

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