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T56

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ALIAS THE LONE WOLF .. .... BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The reformed cracksman, Michael Lanyard, knowns to the police as the Lone Wolf, is attempting to recover the stolen jewels of Eve de Montalais, the woman he loves. Lanyard, who met Eve in southern France, where he rescued her from robbery at the hands of the brutal Parisian Apache, Dupont, suspects a motoring party consisting of the American, Whitaker Monk; his secretary, Phinuit; the latter's brother, Jules, and the Count and Countess de Lorgnes. De Lorgnes is murdered by Dupont. Lanyard, searching Paris, finds the countess. He learns her real name is Liane Delorme and believes she has the jewels. He enters her house to discover the jewels, and finds her being throttled to death by Dupont, whom he routs after a terrific fight in which he is slightly hurt. Liane insists he stay for the night.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHAMPAGNE BOMBARDMENT.

The next morning Lanyard lay luxuriously bedded and with a single problem to nurse.

What had her pillow advised Liane Delorme?

Liane was amply able to surprise him, and did.

It was without ceremony that she walked in on him at length.

"Well, my dear friend!" she said gravely, halting by the bedside, "do you feel able to travel?"

"Travel?" Lanyard made a face of rismay. "Are you then in such haste to be rid of me, Liane?"

"Not at all."

Liane found herself a chair and accepted a cigaret.

"And where do we go, mademoiselle?"

"To Cherbourg, there to take a steamer for New York."

Fortunately it was Lanyard's clue to register shock.

"But, my dear friend, why America?"

"You gave me credit for having some little influence in this world of Paris. I have used it. What I have learned enables me to assure you that the Montalais jewels are on their way to America."

"But if I am to sail for America to-day?"

"To-morrow, from Cherbourg, at eight in the morning."

"How am I to get my passport vised?"

"I have seen to that. You are no longer Paul Martin alias Andre Duchemin, but Paul Delorme, my invalid brother, still suffering from honorable wounds susptained in the Great War."

Liane Delorme threw away her cigaret and rose. "You understand, we leave as soon as you are dressed?"

"Perfectly. By what train?"

"By no train. We motor to Cherbourg."

She was at the door when Lanyard stayed her with, "One moment, Liane! What about Dupont?"

Simple mention of the man was enough to make the woman wince and lose color.

"Well, what of him?"

"Have you reflected that, since Dupont got in after you came home, his accomplice in your household is most probably one of those who were up at that hour. Who were they?"

"Only two. The footman, Leon, and Marthe, my maid."

Lanyard said, "Open that door!" in a tone sharp with such authority that Liane Delorme instinctively obeyed. The woman whom Lanyard had seen that morning coming down the stairs with the lighted candle entered rather precipitately.

"Pardon, madame," she murmured, and paused. "I was about to knock."

Marthe hinted at rather than executed a courtesy and withdrew. Liane shut the door behind her, and reapproached the bed, trembling with anger.

"You mean to take her with you?"

"I did, until this happened."

"And now will you tell me that Dupont knows nothing of your intention to motor to Cherbourg to-day?"

"No . . ." Disconsolate, Liane sank down into the chair. "Now I dare not go," she mused aloud. "Yet I must! . . . What am I to do?"

"Courage, little sister! It is I who have an idea." Liane lifted a gaze of mute inquiry.

"What automobile are you using for our trip this afternoon?"

"My limousine for you and me."

"And Marthe: how is she to make the journey?"

"In the touring car, which follows is with our luggage."

"Who drives the limousine?"

The woman hesitated, looked aside, bit her lip.

"As a matter of fact, monsieur," she said hastily, "it is the boy who drove us through the Cevennes. Monsieur Monk asked me to keep him pending his return to France."

"Do you feel able to travel?"

Lanyard had the grace to keep a straight face. He nodded gravely.

"You make it all perfectly clear, little sister."

"Here is the plan. At the last moment you will decide to take Leon with you.

"Toward evening we will let the touring car catch up. We will exchange cars with Marthe and Leon, leaving the latter to bring on the limousine while Jules drives for us. Whatever happens then, we may feel sure the touring car will get off lightly."

* * * *

It was four o'clock when the expedition for Cherbourg left the door of Liane's town-house. The limousine was leading with Jules at its wheel; the touring car trailing, with the footman, Leon, as driver.

In St. Germain-en-Laye Lanyard first noticed the gray touring car. It stood incongruously round the corner, at the door of a wine shop; the fat-faced man of Lyons was lounging in the door, sucking at a cigaret and watching the traffic.

Lanyard said nothing at the time, but later, when a long stretch of striaght road gave him the chance, verified his suspicions by looking back to see the gray car lurking not less than a mile and a half astern; the Delorme touring car driven by Leon keeping a quarter of a mile in the rear of the limousine.

These relative positions remained approximately unchanged during most of the light hours of that long evening, despite the terrific pace which Jules set in the open country.

At about seven they dined from the hamper which, with Liane's jewel case in its leather disguise of a simple travelling bag, constituted all the limousine's load of luggage. Lanyard passed sandwiches through the front window to Jules, who munched them while driving like a speed maniac, and with the same appalling nonchalance washed them down with a tumbler of champagne.

A luminous lilac twilight view with the street lamps of Caen when the limousine rolled through the city. Lanyard conferred with Jules through the window.

"Beyond the town," he said, "you will stop. I think it would be advisable to have a little engine trouble."

"Very good, sir," said Jules without looking round. Then he added in a voice of complete respect: "Quite so, sir. What's the idea?"

"I presume you set some value on your skin?"

"Plumb crazy about it."

"Mademoiselle Delorme and I are afflicted with the same idiosyncrasy. We want to save our lives, and we don't mind saving yours at the same time. In a gray car which has been following us ever since we left St. Germain, is the man who—I believe—murdered Monsieur le Momte de Lorgnes on the Lyons express, and who—I know—tried last night to murder Mademoiselle Delorme."

"And I suppose that, in his big-hearted, wholesaler's way, he wouldn't mind making a bag of the lot of us to-night."

"I'm afraid you are right. Our plan is to change cars with Leon and Marthe; the gray car will pass and go on ahead before we make the shift; then you, mademoiselle and I follow in the touring car, the others in the limousine."

"Ah-h!" Jules used the tone of one who perceives enlightenment as a blinding flash. "Marthe and Leon are in on the dirty work, too, eh? I shan't shed a solitary tear if something sad happens to them in this bus to-night."

The plan was carried out in a suburb of Caen; the gray touring car tore by in a cloud of dust as Lanyard and Liane shifted to the touring car with Jules as driver.

Lanyard established himself in the tonneau.

"How long, Jules, will Leon need—?"

"Five minutes, madame, if he takes his time about it."

They drew away from the limousine so quickly that in thirty seconds its headlights were all that marked its stand.

A bend in the road blotted out these lights. There was no toil-light visible on the road before them. Lanyard touched Jules on the shoulder.

"Switch off your lights," he said—"all of them. Then find a place where we can turn off and wait till Leon and Marthe pass us."

Jules picked out the mouth of a narrow lane, stopped, and backed into it.

In four minutes by Lanyard's watch, a blue-white glare leapt quivering past the bend, and lay horizontal with the road as the car bored past.

"Shoot, Jules—follow his rear lamp," cried Lanyard.

The car swung out into the main highway. Far ahead the red sardonic eye in the rear of the limousine leered as if mocking their hopes of keeping it in sight.

They were swooping down a long grade with a sharp turn at the bottom, when somewhere on ahead, there sounded a grinding crash, the noise of a stout fabric rent and crushed with the clash and clatter of shivered glass.

"Easy," Lanyard cautioned—"and ready with the lights!"

Below, at the foot of the hill, the headlights of another car, standing at some distance and to the right of the road, furnished lurid illumination to the theatre of disaster.

Something its nature just then mysterious, had apparently caused Leon to lose control of the heavy car, so that it had skidded into a ditch and capsized. Four men were swarming round the wreck. Two were helping the driver out, two others having their gallantry in performing like service for the maid rewarded by a torrent of vituperative denunciation, half hysterical and wholly infuriated.

By the freedom of her gestures, which was rivalled only by that of her language, the dishevelled, storming figure of Marthe was manifestly uninjured. And in another moment Leon found his feet and limped toward the others.

Lanyard drew attention to a dark serpentine line that lay like a dead snake upon the lighted surface of the road. Liane Delorme breathlessly demanded: "What is it?"

"An old trick," Lanyard explained: "A wire cable stretched across the road, about as high as the middle of the windshield."

He fondled the pistol which Jules had handed him: "Now before they wake up, Jules—give her all she's git!"

Jules released the brakes. They were making forty miles an hour when they struck the level and thundered past the group.

(To be continued.)

ISSUE No. 21—'27.

CHINA POT BOILS ACTIVITIES RESUME

Honanese-armed Farmers Reported to Have Captured Nationalists Train.

Shainghai, China.—Fighting in China's civil war is being resumed on several fronts after a long lull.

General Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Nanking Nationalists, is in contact with northern forces in Anhwei Province along a lane from Puchowfu, north of Lake Chaohu, to Hochowan, on the north bank of the Yangtse River below Wuhu.

Fighting has also been resumed in Honan Province, where the Northerners have occupied Chumatien, 150 miles north of Hankow on the Peking-Hankow Railway.

A large body of Honanese-armed peasantry known as the Red Spears, acting in sympathy with the Northerners, have reached a point on the Peking-Hankow Railway on the border of Hupeh Province, in which Hankow is situated. They are reported to have captured a train belonging to the Hankow Nationalists, killing some of those aboard.

Many Nationalists are reported to be cut off between Chumatien and Sinyangchow.

The Hankow party's headquarters has been withdrawn to Siaokan, a few miles north of Hankow.

Canton, China.—Many secret radical organizations were unearthed by the Government to-day. The leaders were arrested. The Government announced also that its forces had inflicted severe defeats on the "Reds" in important outlying districts. The city is quiet.

London.—The British Government will gladly co-operate with the United States and other nations in negotiating a treaty abrogating the extraterritorial rights in China, the House of Commons was told Friday by Godfrey Locker-Lampson, parliamentary secretary for the Foreign Office.

Mr. Locker-Lampson's statement was made in reply to a member who asked if the Foreign Secretary's attention had been called to the assertion that the United States was willing to negotiate such a treaty whenever China was prepared to protect American property and citizens.

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Killing the Goose

London Daily News (Lib.): At a conference of the Independent Labor Party it was proposed that a surtax of 2c in the £1 should be placed on all unearned incomes over £500 a year. What is needed quite as much as a redistribution of wealth is a re-creation of wealth, and yet that is the one thing which Labor Party resolutions, with uncanny ingenuity, seek to wipe off the slate of possibility.

Not by lamentations and mournful chants ought we to celebrate the funeral of a good man, but by hymns, for in ceasing to be numbered with mortals he enters upon the heritage of a diviner life.—Plutarch.

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We should be scrupulously courteous to children. As they are treated, so they will treat others.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—J. R. Lowell.

City Chap—I say, is that bull safe? Farmer—Well, he's a dang sight safer than you are right now.

"You didn't take a vacation this year, did you?" "No, I thought I needed a rest."

Virtue is its own reward, but vice gets more publicity.

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