The Black Box

"In just the same way," he ex-

plained, "that I am sending her this

message at the present moment-a

message which she will receive and

understand wherever she is hidden

Would you like to know what I am

The man shivered. His eyes, as

though fasefnated, watched the little

"I am saying this, Craig," Quest

continued. "Craig is here and in my

power. He is sitting within a few

feet of me and will not leave this

room until he has told me your where

abouts. Keep up your courage, Le-

nora. You shall be free in an hour.'

the instrument into Quest's face

something that might have passed for

"Mr. Quest," he said, "you are

wonderful man, but there are limits to

your power. You can tear my tongue

Quest leaned a little farther for

ward in his chair, his gaze became

"That is where you are wrong

Craig. That is where you make a mis-

be telling me all the secrets of your

in his chair, tried to rise and fell

"My God!" he cried. "Leave me

"When you have told me the truth."

Quest answered swiftly, "and you will

tell me all I want to know in a few

sist. Something which is like sleep !

coming over you. You see my will

ment at the corners of his lips.

Craig shook his head. A very weak

"Your torture chamber trick won't

work on me!" he exclaimed. - "You

seemed already to have spent them-

selves in the man's face, but at that

moment there was a new element, an

element of terrified curiosity in the

expression of his eyes as he stared

of smoke. There was a queer sense

multaneously conscious. Down

ing shouts, increasing momentarily in

has yours by the throat."

can never-"

towards the door.

muttered.

courage in his tone.

force me to speak."

more concentrated.

back again helpless.

The trapped man looked away from

Sea Motion Pictures of This Story at the IDEAL Theatre, Monday and Tuesday

The BLACK BOX By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," "The Vanished Mess-

enger," "The Lighted Way," etc.

Novelized from the motion picture drama of the same name produced by Universal tilm Manufacturing Company. Illustrated with photographs from the motion picture production

telling her?"

SYNOPSIS.

the world, finds that in bringing to jus-tice Macdougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just be-gun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden but in Professor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an anthropoid 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 both with sarcastic, threatening notes signed by the incrutable hands. Of his r turn 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 rooms. Laura and Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig the professor's valet, trap Craig and, rescue Quest from the Tombs to hypnotize Craig into confession, but when Quest arrives he finds that Craig and Lenora have both disappeared. He dodges Police Inspector French, who There was a momentary flicker

SIXTH INSTALLMENT THE UNSEEN TERROR.

CHAPTER XIV.

With a little gesture of despair Quest turned away from the instaument which seemed suddenly to have become so terribly unresponsive, and locked 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 only of Lenora. He paused once more 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. 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 seized from behind. The 'Hands' held me. I was unconscious until I found myself here. I am now in an 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 Food is pushed through a door, which is locked again immediately. The nouse seems empty, yet I fancy that I am being watched all the time. I am of heat of which both men were si-

Quest drew the instrument towards the street arose a chorus of warn-

"I have your message," he signaled. 'Be brave! I am watching for Craig. Through him I shall reach you before ong. Send me a mesage every now and then."

Quest again took up his vigil in front of the window. Once more his eyes swept the narrow street with its constant stream of passers-by. Then suddenly he found himself gripping the window sill in a momentary thrill of rare excitement. His vigil was rewarded at last. The man for whom he was waiting was there! Quest 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. "Be brave."

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

"Turn round and mount those stairs. Craig," Quest ordered.

Craig turned slowly round and He mounted the steps with reluctant footsteps, followed by Quest. "Through the door to your right," the latter directed. "That's right! Now sit down in that chair facing

closed the door carefully. Craig sat where he had been ordered, is fingers gripping the arms of the ir. In his eyes shone the furtive, rifled light of the trapped crim-

What do you want with me?" Craig

First of all," Quest replied, nt to know what you have done th my assistant, the girl whom you We shall have all we can ried off from the professor's gar- out of this."

Craig shook his head. "I know nothing about her."

She locked you in the garage

ment with blank terror in Craig's ex- rope attached.

Quest smiled, stretched out his right | Yard by yard, swinging a little

ly with the pocket wireless.

hundred willing hands to release him. Quest drew up the rope quickly, warned by a roar of anxlous voices. Then he commenced to descend, letting himself down hand over hand, always with one eye upon that length of rope that swung below. Suddenly, as he reached the second floor a little cry from the crowd warned him of what had happened. Tongues of flame curling out from the blazing building had caught the rope, which i was being burned through not a dozen feet away from him. He descended a little farther and paused in mid-

A shout from the crowd reached

"The cables! Try the cables!" He glanced round. Seven or eight feet away, and almost level with him, was a double row of telegraph wires. Almost as he saw them the rope below him burned through and fell to the ground. He swung a little towards the side of the house, pushed himself vigorously away from it with his feet, and at the farthest point of the outward swing jumped. His hands grappied the telegraph wires safely. Even in that tense moment he heard a little sob of relief from the people below.

to the nearest pole and slipped easily to the ground. The crowd immediately surged around him.

Where is the man who came down before me?" he asked a bystander. "Talking to the police in the car over yonder," was the hoarse reply. "Say, guv'nor, you only just made

out from my mouth, but you cannot that!" Craig pushed his way through the crowd to where Craig was speaking eagerly to French. He stopped short and stooped down. He was near

down the ropes and swing on the catake. In a very few minutes you will bles? That was Quest, Sanford Quest, the man who escaped from the Tombs prison. He can't have got away yet." Crafg shivered, drew back a little

> side out and replaced it swiftly. He coolly picked up a hat someone had lost in the crowd and pulled it over his eyes. He passed within a few feet of where Craig and the inspector were talking.

dred dollars for his arrest!"

Quest turned reluctantly away. Men were rushing about in all directions smile of triumph flickered for a mo- for him.

CHAPTER XV.

The professor swung round in his chair and greeted Quest with some surprise, but also a little disappoint-

"No news of Craig?" he asked. "I got Craig, all right," he replied. "He came to the Servants' club, where I was waiting for him. My luck's out, "Is this another trick of yours?" he though. The place was burned to the ground last night. I saved his Quest, too, turned his head and life and then the brute gave me away sprang instantly to his feet. From un-, to the police. I had to make my es-

The professor tapped the table pee

of the notes I made upon the sub Quest smoked in silence for a mo-

asked abruptly. handed him a telegram.

"Only this!" Quest opened it and read it through It was from the sheriff of a small

"The men you inquired for are both here. They have sold an automobile and seem to be spending the proceeds Shall I arrest?"

Quest studied the message for

"Say, this is rather interesting, proclear myself, and then go tooth and

turn of my man Craig!" "I cannot promise you that you will

ever have Craig here again," Que bserved grimly. "I rather fancy Sing ing will be his pext home." THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE

Quest stepped off the cars at Bethe a little before moon that morning. The sheriff met him at the depot and greeted him cordially but with obvious sur-

they turned away. "I know these me -you'll excuse me for sayin

day. The moment my car is identi led and Red Gallagher and his mate arrested every scrap of evidence ainst me goes."



er it can be identified."

"That's mine, right enough," he declared. "Now for the men."

"These two are real thugs. They ain't | wrote a few words: going to take it lying down." "Where are they?" Quest de-

"In the worst saloon here," the sher-; ball has fallen. Help! I am going iff replied. "They've been there pret- | mad!" ty well all night, drinking, and they're there again this morning, hard at it. They've got firearms, and though I ain't exactly a nervous man, Mr.

rupted. "This is my job and I want; first time she was not successful and to take the men myself."

let you and your men go in, there will be a free fight, and as likely as not you will kill one, if not both of most stopped beating. Had it rested the men. I want them alive."

"Well, it's your show," the sheriff admitted, stopping before a disreputable looking building. "This is the

can bring your men in later, if I call for help or if you hear any shoot-

"You're asking for trouble," the sheriff warned him. "I've got to do this my own way," Quest insisted. "Stand by now."

He pushed open the door of the saoon. There were a dozen men drinking around the bar and in the center of them Red Gallagher and his threshold. mate. Quest walked right up to the two men.

"Gallagher," he said, "you're my God!" prisoner. Are you coming quietly?" Gallagher's mate, who was half drunk, swung round and fired a wild shot in Quest's direction. The result was a general stampede. Red Gallagher alone remained motionless. Grim and dangerously silent, he held a pistol within a few inches of Quest's

"If my number's up," he exclaimed feroclously, "it won't be you to take "I think it will," Quest answered. and in no condition for interrogations.

ence over him was indomitable.

y. "You know you daren't use it. and I will be getting on Your account's pretty full up, as it tear yourself away." Gallagher's hand wavered. From out-

side came the shouts of the sheriff and lounging in Quest's most comfortable his men, struggling to fight their way easy chair and smoking one of his in through the little crowd who were best cigars, suddenly laid down his rushing for safety. Suddenly Quest | paper. He moved to the window. A right elbow, and with almost the same street outside, from which the occumovement struck Red Gallagher un- pants had presumably just descendder the jaw. The man went over ed. He hastened towards the door with a crash. His mate, who had which was opened, however, before he been staggering about, cursing victous- was halfway across the noom. The ly, fired another wild shot at Quest, cigar slipped from his fingers. It was who swayed and fell forward.

"Get up. Red! I've done him, all country policemen and Red Gallaghe right! Finish your drink. We'll get and his mate, heavily handcuffed

He bent unsteadily over Quest. Sud-The gun fell from his hand. ering both men. Gallagher was on his "Get the handcuffs on them," Quest

firected the sheriff, who with his men way into the saloon.

ing. Her little friend was silent. Once more her weary fingers spell

ting to hear all the time. Has Craig old you where I am? I am afraid!" There was still no reply. Her he

that's what you've gone and done!" here. He's been lying in a farmhou

The thoughts formed themselves mechanically in her mind. Her eyes

"Police headquarters. I am Sanford Quest's assistant, abducted and imprisoned here in the room where the

A new light shone into the room She seemed to be breathing a different atmosphere—the atmosphere of hope She listened no longer with horror for a creaking upon the stairs. She walked backwards and forwards until she was exhausted. enough, when the end came she was asleep, crouched upon the bed and dreaming wildly. She sprang up to find Inspector French, with a policeman behind him, standing upon the

Her feelings carried her away. She inspector assisted her to a chair.

"Say, what's all this mean?" he de-She told him her story, incoherent-

Then he realized that she was on the point of a nervous breakdown "That'll do," he said. "I'll take care ! Gallagher hesitated. Quest's influ- of you for a time, young lady, and I'll ask you a few questions later on. My "Put it away," Quest repeated firm- men are searching the bouse. You

The plain-clothes man, who was

"Say, aren't you wanted down you "That's all right now," Quest told "I guess Mr. Quest is all right," th told. Quest took up the receiver from

went off with my auto and sold it open the right-hand drawer. He turned

unconscious, since that scrap. He can tell you what time he saw me last. Bring the girls along, French-Quest hung up the receiver.

Inspector French was as good, even better than his word. In a surprisingly short time he entered the room, followed by Laura and Lenora. Quest gave them a hand each, but it was into Lenora's eyes that he looked. "I mustn't stop to hear your story, Lenora," Quest said. "You're safe-

that's the great thing." "Found her in an empty house," French reported, "out Grayson avenue way. Now, Mr. Quest, I don't want to come the official over you too much. but if you'll kindly remember you're

an escaped prisoner-" There was a knock at the door. A young man entered in chauffeur's livery, with his head still bandaged. Quest motioned him to come in.

"I'll just repeat my story of that morning, Mr. French," Quest said. "We went out to find Macdougal, and succeeded, as you know. Just as I was starting for home those two thugs set upon me. You know how I made my escape. They went off in my automobile and sold it in Bethel. I arrested them there myself this morning. Here's the sheriff who will bear out what I say, also that they arrived at the place in my automobile."

Inspector French held out his han "Mr. Quest," he said, "I reckon we'll have to withdraw the case against you. No hard feelings, I hope?"

"None at all," Quest replied prompt ly, taking his hand. Quest stood upon the threshold watching the sheriff and his prisoners leave the house. The forme turned round to wave his adjeux. "There's an elderly guy out here,"

"My dear Quest," he exclaimed, as he wrung his hand, "my heartiest congratulations! As you know, I always believed your innocence. I am delighted that it has been proved." The professor sank wearily into an

easy chair. "I will take a little whisky and one of your excellent cigars, Quest," he said. "I must ask you to bear with me if I seem upset. After more than twenty years' service from one whom I have always treated as a friend this

sudden separation, to a man of my

"Inspector!" She Cried, Rushing To-

wards Him.

age, is somewhat trying. I do not al-

"All the same." the inspector re-

"I haven't had time to frame one

acing him, in the spot where the jew-

He brought it to the table and re-

aper, which he quickly unfol-

Underneath appeared the signatu

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

They all three read the few lines to

yet," the criminologist replied. "You've

marked thoughtfully, "someone who is

still at large committed those murders

and stole those jewels. What is your

theory about the jewels, Mr. Quest?"

"it's time something was done."

probably wore gloves."

lude, as you perceive, Mr. Quest, to

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pain and irregulari ties. The pains in my sides were in or standing on my feelings, was de-

cary relief. I decided to give Lydia E attitude attracted the inspector's at-tention. and cannot express my thanks for what

them." - Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455

"Pitted against the inherited cun-ing of the ages, you have no chance, most successful remedy for female ills I will take compassion upon you we know of, and thousands of volu-Look in the right-hand drawer of your testimonials on file in the Pin laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-ble Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. of the "Hands." Quest moved like one

been keeping me too busy looking after myself. However," he added, He took a magnifying glass from his pocket and examined very closely the whole of the front of the safe. "No sign of finger prints," he muttered. "The person who opened it He fitted the combination and swur open the door. He stood there for a moment speechless. Something in his

"What is it, Mr. Quest?" he asked | now used the remedies for four month Quest drew a little breath. Exactly | they have done for me. "If these lines will be of any benef

James Street, Elkhart, Indiana Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound, made from native roots and herbs,

in a dream to his cabinet and pulled (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

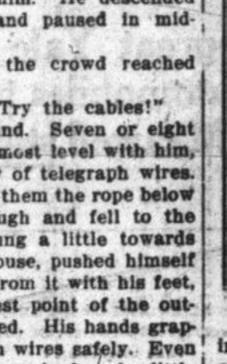


"Mount Those Stairs, Craig."

dume. Quest threw open the do and closed it again at once "The place is on fire," he and briefly. "Pull yourself together, !

Craig turned to the door, but "The stairs are going!" he shri pulled out a crude form of fire esnewliderment struggled for a mo cape, a rough sort of cradle with a

"How do you know that she locked Craig quickly. "Here, catch hold. Put your arms inside this strap." arm and his long fingers played soft | the air, Craig made his descent. When he arrived in the street there were



Hand over hand he made his way

enough to hear the former's words. "Mr. French, you saw the man come

Quest drew off his coat, turned it in-

"Say, boys, Sanford Quest is in the minutes. . . . Your eyelids are getting a little heavy, Craig. Don't recrowd somewhere. He's the man who jumped on the cable lines. A hun-

derneath the door came a little puff cape as best I could."

"This is insufferable," he declared. "I have had no shaving water: my coffee was undrinkable; I can find nothing. I have a most important lecture to prepare and I cannot find any

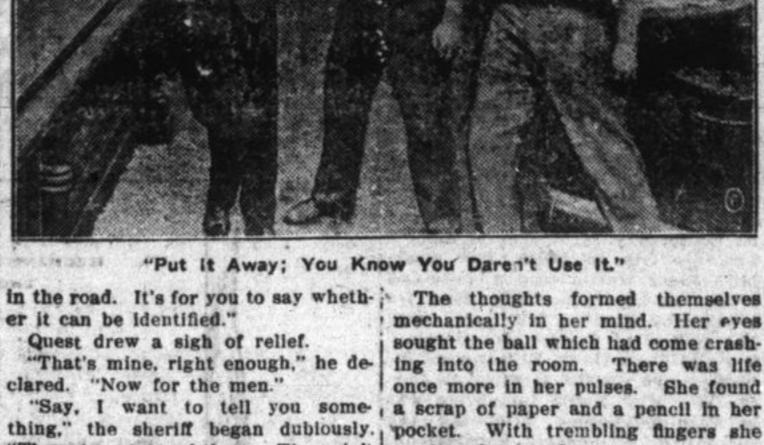
"Any mail for me, professor?" he The professor opened a drawer and

town in Connecticut:

fessor," he remarked. "These are the two thugs who set upon me at the section house. They killed the signal man, who could have been my alibi, and swiped my car, in which, as it cannot be found, French supposes that I returned to New York. With their arrest the case against me collapses. I tell you frankly, pro fessor," Quest continued frowning. " hate to leave the city without having found that girl; but I am not sur that the quickest way to set things right would not be to go down, arrest these men and bring them back here

nail for Craig." "I agree with you most heartily," the professor declared. "I recommen any course which will insure the re

"Well, here's the garage and the man who bought the car," the sheriff remarked, "and there's the car itself



She twisted the paper, looked around the room vainly for string, and finally tore a thin piece of ribbon from her bosom. She tied the message round the ball, set her teeth and "You leave it to me," Quest inter- threw it at the empty skylight. The

the ball came back. The second time "You'll never do it," the sheriff de it passed through the center of the opening. She heard it strike the sound portion of the glass outside, heard it rumble down the roof. A few seconds of breathless silence! Her heart alin some ledge or fallen into the street below? Then she heard the boy's

"Inspector!" she cried, rushing to wards him. "Mr. French! Oh. thank

threw herself at his feet. She was laughing and crying and talking incoherently, all at the same time. The

ly, in broken phrases. French listened with puzzled frown.

backed, jerked the pistol up with his large, empty automobile stood in the Sanford Quest, who stood there, fo "I've done him!" the man shouted. lowed by the sheriff of Bethel, two have formed of Craig."

der, Mr. Quest?" the man inquired. by the leg and sent him sprawling. him. "I'm ringing up Inspector French myself. You'd better stand by th other fellows there and keep yo eye on Red Gallagher and his ma sheriff intervened. "We're ringing headquarters ourselves, anyway."

The plain-clothes man did as he wi

wants to speak to him. Yes.

ng, from her place. Splinters of to look at. I can see you sitting there ass fell all around her. Her first and Lenora and Laura looking wild thought was of release; she though you had them on the rack. You azed upwards at the broken pane. can drop that, French. I've got Re Then very faintly from the street be- Gallagher and his mate, got then low she heard the shout of a boy's here with the sheriff of Bethel. The "You've done it now, Jimmy! You're | We've got that. Also, in less than around and faced the other two men. a fine pitcher, ain't you? Lost it, five minutes my chauffeur will b

and hurry!"

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