The Black Box

See Motion Mictures of This Story at the HER DREAMS IDEAL Theatre, Monday and Tuesday



Same Name. Produced by the Universal

with the bunch.

an hour's time."

he added.

ourselves."

quarter of an hour.

deep in thought.

hurry away, dear!"

fessor's lamp.

Laura."

peated scornfully.

bassed from his manner.

shed. Quest turned to French.

cisco. We don't want to lodge two

charges, and we should have to put

him in fail tonight. Why don't you

take him on right away? There's a

limited goes by the southern route in

"That suits me," he agreed. "You'll

be glad to get rid of the fellow, too,"

They drove straight to the depot,

found two vacant seats in the train,

and Quest, with a little sigh of relief,

"Now for a little holiday," Quest de-

clared, passing Lenora's arm through

his. "We'll just have a look around

the city and then get down to San

tion there. No responsibilities, no one

to look after, nothing to do but enjoy

Quest and Lenora turned away from

the window of the hotel, out of which

they had been gazing for the last

"It's too beautiful," Lenora sighed.

Quest stood for a moment shaking

sitting in an armchair at the farther

end of the apartment, was apparently

"Say, you two are no sort of people

for a holiday," Quest declared. "As

for you, Laura, I can't think what's

your mouth at dinner time, and you sit

"Look here," he explained, "this is

the first night of our holiday. I'm go-

ing to run the party and I'm going to

make the rules. No more newspapers

understand? No reading, nothing but

frivolity. And no lovesickness Miss

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Lovesickness, indeed!"

tained something startling.

our bargain, professor?"

"Nor I," Laura echoed

or, wait; I'll read it aloud:

"I've never even seen one," Lenora

"I made a mistake," Quest con

fessed. "Something has happened

which we ought to have known about.

You had better read this message-

ited. Recovered consciousness today.

FRENCH.

Samaritan Hospital, Allguez.

"Say, when can we start?" Laure

Laura led the way to the lift. She

"To think that all the time we've

think you had better come on.

"Absolutely!"

declared.

"And you, girls?"

"What is it?" she asked.

come over you. You never opened

French assented gloomily.

handed over his charge.

Film Manufacturing Company. slips us again. I'm going to stay here SYNOPSIS.

Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdougal, the murderer of Lord Ash-leigh'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 ape skeleton and a living creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his rooms have appeared black boxes containing notes, signed by a pair of armless hands. Laura and Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig, the professor's servant, of tinue to appear in uncanny fashion. Craig is trapped, but escapes to England, where Quest, Lenora and the professor follow him. Lord Ashleigh is murdered by the Hands. Craig is captured and escapes to Port Said, where Quest and his party also go, and beyond into the desert. They are captured by Mongars, among whom Craig seems to be in authority, escape with Craig as their captive and are rescued by

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT.

CHAPTER XXV.

NEATH IRON WHEELS. Side by side they leaned over the rail of the steamer and gazed shorewards at the slowly unfolding scene before them. For some time they had all preserved an almost ecstatic si-

"Say, but it's good to see home again!" Laura sighed at last.

"I'm with you," Quest agreed emphatically. "It's the wrong side_of the continent, perhaps, but I'm aching to set my foot on American soil again."

"This the wrong side of the continent! I should say not!" Laura exclaimed, pointing to where in the distance the buildings of the exposition gleamed almost snow white in the dazzling sunshine. "Why, I have never seen anything so beautiful in my life." "I guess there's one of us here."

Quest observed, "who is none too pleased to see America again." Lenora shivered a little. They were all grave.

Quest moved slowly down the deck towards Craig's side, and touched him on the arm.

"Give me your left wrist, Craig," he

said quietly. The man slunk away. There was a sudden look of horror in his white face. He started back, but Quest was too quick for him. In a moment there was the click of a handcuff, the mate of which was concealed under the criminologist's cuff.

They stepped along the deck towards the rest of the party. Lenora handed ner glasses to Quest.

"Do look, Mr. Quest," she begged "There is Inspector French standing in the front row on the dock, with two normous bunches of flowers carna tions for me, I expect, and poinsettias for Laura. They're the larger bunch." Quest took the glasses and nodded

Slowly the great steamer drifted nearer and nearer to the docks, hats were waved from the little line of spectators, ropes were drawn taut. The inspector was standing at the bottom of the gangway as they all passed down. He shook hands with everyone vigorously. Then he presented Lenora with her carnations and Laura with the poinsettias. Lenors was enthusiastic. Even Laura murmured a few words of thanks. "Some flowers, those poinsettias,"

the inspector agreed Quest gripped him by the arm.

"French," he said, "I tell you I shall make your hair curl when you hear all that we've been through. Do you feel like having me start in right away. on our way to the cars?" French withdrew his arm

"Nothing doing," he replied. "I want to talk to Miss Laura. You can stow that criminal stuff. It'll wait all right. You've got the fellow-that's what matters!"

Quest exchanged an amused glance with Lenora. The inspector and Laura fell a little behind. The former took off his hat for a moment and fanned himself.

Miss Laura," he began, "I'm a plain man, and a poor hand at speeches. I've been saying a few nice things over to myself on the dock here for the last hour, but everything's gone right out of my head. Look here, it sums up like this: How do you feel about quitting this bunch right away and coming with me to New York."

"What do I want to go to New York for?" Laura demanded.

exclaimed excitedly. "Oh, come on, Miss Laura, you know Lenora clutched at Quest's arm. what I mean," French replied. "We'll "I knew it," she declared simply. slip off and get married here and then felt perfectly certain, when they left take this man Craig to New York. San Francisco, that something would Once get him safely in the Tombs and happen. We haven't see the end of we'll go off on a honeymoon anywhere Craig yet." you say." Quest, who had been studying a time-table, glanced once more at the

Laura was on the point of laughing at him. Then the unwonted serious- dispatch. ness of his expression appealed suddenly to her sympathy. She patted so far out of the way if we take the him kindly on the shoulder. southern route to New York. Let's

"You're a good sort, inspector, but get a move on tonight." you've picked the wrong girl, I've run along on my own hook ever since I was in a state of rare discomposure. was born, I guess, and I can't switch my ideas over to this married stuff. | been giddying round, she muttered, You better get a move on and get | "that poor man has been lying in hos-Craig back to New York before he pital! Makes one feel like a brute."

"He's been unconscious all the time, Quest reminded her. "Might have expected to find us there when he came to, anyway," Laura insisted

Lenora smiled faintly as she caught glance from Quest. "Laura's got a heart somewhere," she muttered, "only-it takes an awful

They found French, already convalescent, comfortably installed in the private ward of a small hospital in the picturesque New Mexico town. Laura almost at oneo established herself by

lot of getting at!"

"Can you remember anything about the wreck, French?" Quest inquired. The inspector passed his hand wearily over his forehead.

'It seems more like a dream-or The inspector sighed. His face had rather a nightmare—than anything," grown long and the buoyancy had he admitted. "I was sitting opposite Craig when the crash came. I was They found the others waiting for unconscious for a time. When I came them at the end of the great wooden to, I was simply pinned down by the side of the car. I could see a man "Look here, French," he said, "you working hard to release me, tugging know I don't want to hurry you off, and straining with all his might. Every but I don't know what we're going to now and then I got a glimpse of his face. It seemed queer, but I could have sworn it was Craig. Then other people passed by. I heard the shriek of a locomotive. I could see a doctor bending over some bodies. Then it all faded away and came back again. The second time I was nearly free The man who had been working so hard was just smashing the last bit of timber away, and again I saw his face and that time I was sure that it was Craig. Anyway, he finished the job. I suddenly felt I could move my limbs. The man stood up as though exhausted, looked at me, called to the doctor, and then he seemed to fade away. It might have been because was unconscious myself, for I don't remember anything else until I found myself in bed."

Diego and take a look at the exposi-"It would indeed," the professor re marked, "be an interesting circumstance-an inferesting psychological circumstance, if I might put it that way-if Craig, the arch-criminal, the man who has seemed to us so utterly devoid of all human feeling, should really have toiled in this manner to set free his captor."

"Interesting or not," Quest obhis head. The professor, with a pile served, "I'd like to know whether it of newspapers stretched out before was Craig or not. I understand there him, was completely engrossed in were about a dozen unrecognizable their perusal. Laura, who had been bodies found."

The nurse, who had left the room for a few minutes, returned with a small package in her hand, which she handed to French. He looked at it in a puzzled manner.

"Say, what can that be?" he muttered, turning it over. "Addressed to me all right, but there isn't a soul there now looking like nothing on knows I'm here except you folks. Will you open it, Miss Laura?"

"I am beginning to suspect her," Le-She took it from him and untied the nora chimed in. "Too bad he had to strings. A little breathless cry escaped from her lips as she tore open Laura's indignation was not altothe paper. A small black box was disgether convincing. Quest and Lenora closed. She opened the lid with tremexchanged amused glances. The forbling fingers and drew out a scrap of mer picked up the newspaper from the paper. They all leaned over and read floor and calmly turned out the pro-

give up? You can never win.

"THE HANDS." Lenora was perhaps the calmest. She simply nodded with the meiancholy air of satisfaction of one who

"I knew it!" she exclaimed softly. "I knew it at the depot. Craig's time has not come yet. He may be somewhere near us, even now,"

She glanced uneasily around the ward. Quest, who had been examin-



Craig reported burned in wreck but Craig Assisted in Dragging People From the Burning Car.

ing the postmarks on the package threw the paper down. "The postmark's all blurred out." he remarked. "There's no doubt about it, that fellow Craig has the devil's own luck, but we'll get him-we'll get | time. Say you're a miracle!" him yet. I'll just take a stroll up to police headquarters and make a few inquiries. You might come with me. her amateur nursing."

the local museum. There should be you're a white boy. You'll do. We're peared, carrying a piece of paper in interesting relics hereabouts of the going to like you here."

prehistoric Indians."

Craig watched them

CHAPTER XXVII.

cook wagon, crouching as far back as behind the wagon and looked across the Mexican border," she explained.

"We Ain't Powerful Civilized at This Camp, but You Don't Get Our Cook Till You Show & Warrant,"

shelter from the burning sun. He There was no one in sight. Softly, held before him a newspaper, a cer- almost stealthily, he crept up to the tain paragraph of which he was eagerly devouring. In the distance the mail boy was already disappearing in a cloud of dust ...

FAMOUS CRIMINOLOGIST IN ALL-GUEZ.

Sanford Quest and his assistants, accompanied by Prof. Lord Ashleigh, arrived in Allguez a few days ago to look for John Craig, formerly servant to the scientist. Craig has not been seen since the accident to the limited, | look so scared. You ain't done notha fortnight ago, and by many is supposed to have perished in the wreck. He was in the charge of inspector French, and was on his way to New York to stand his trial for homicide. French was taken to the hospital, suffering from concussion of the brain, but is now convalescent.

The man read the paragraph twice. Then he set down the paper and looked steadily across the rolling prairie land. There was a queer, bit- there at last himself, still playing. ter little smile upon his lips.

"So it begins again!" he muttered. There was a cloud of dust in the distance. The man rose to his feet, shaded his eyes with his hand and shambled round to the back of the wagon, where a long table was set out with knives and forks, hunches of bread and tincups. He walked a little farther away to the fire, and slowly stirred a pot of stew. The little party of cowboys came thundering up. There was a chorus of shouts and exclamations, whistlings and good-natured chaff, as they threw themselves from their horses. Long Jim stood slowly cracking his whip and looking down the table.

"Say, boys, I think he's fixed things You have all lost again. Why not up all right," he remarked. "Come on with the grub, cookie."

Silently the man filled each dish with the stew and laid it in its place. his horse. By his side was the pro-Then he retired to the background and fessor; just behind, Lenora and Laura the cowboys commenced their meal. finds her preconceived ideas con- Long Jim winked at the others as he picked up a biscuit.

"Cookie, you're no good," he called out. "The stew's rotten. Here, take

He flicked the biscuit, which caught the cook on the side of the head. For a moment the man started. With his hand upon his temple he flashed a look of hatred towards his assailant. Long Jim laughed carelessfy.

we'll have to tame you a bit." The meal was soon over, and Jim strolled across to where the others were saddling up. He passed his left | the way.

arm through the reins of his horse and turned onge more to look at Craig. "Say, you mind you do better tonight, young fellow. He stopped short with a cry of pain. The horse had suddenly started. wrenching at the reins. Jim's arm

hung helplessly down from the shoul-"Gee, boys, he's broken it!" groaned. "Say, this is hell!" The cook suddenly pushed his way through the fittle crowd. He took Jim's shoulder firmly in one hand and

his arm in the other. The cowboy howled with pain "Let go my arm!" he shouted. "Kill

him boys! My God, I'll make holes

in you for this!" He snatched at his gun with his other hand and the cowboys scattered a little. The cook stepped back, the gun flashed out, only to be suddenly lowered. Jim looked incredulously to wards his left arm, which hung no longer helplessly by his side. swung it backwards and forwards, an a broad grin slowly lit up his lean. brown face. He thrust the gun in his holster and held out his hand.

"Cookle, you're all right!" he ex claimed. "You've done the trick this The cook smiled. "Your arm was just out of joint

he remarked. "It was rather a hard pull, but it's all right now," Jim looked around at the others. "I shall make inquiries," the professor announced briskly, "concerning killed him!" he exclaimed, "Cookie, wagon. In a few moments she reap-

Craig watched them ride off. The bitterness had passed from his face. pered. "Look what he dropped." tion of his labors. When everything was traced a roughly drawn map. A man sat on the steps of the range | was ready to serve, he stepped from

wagon, fetched out from its wooden case a small violin, sat down with his back to the wheel and began to play. Suddenly the bow rested motionless. A look of fear came into his face. He sprang up. The cowboys were all stealing from the other side of the wagon. They had arrived and dismounted without his hearing them. He sprang to his feet and began to stammer apologies. Long Jim's hand

was laid firmly upon his shoulders. "Say, cookie, you don't need to ing wrong. Me and the boys, we like your music. Sing us another tune

on that fiddle!" The cook looked at him for a mo- them.' ment incredulously. Then he real ized that the cowboy was in earnest. He picked up the bow and commenced wondering, absolutely absorbed. food. It was Craig who led them

Long Jim threw his arm almost caressingly around his shoulder. "Say, cookie," he began, "there ain't never no questions asked concerning the past history of the men who find their way out here, just so long as they don't play the game yellow. Maybe you've fitted up a nice little hell for yourself somewhere, but we ain't none of us hankering to know the address. You're white and you're one of us and any time any guy wants to charge you rent for the little hell where you got the furniture of your conscience stored, why, you just let us settle with him, that's all."

The interruption which came was from outside. "More of these d-d tourists," Long

Jim muttered. "Women, too!" Craig turned his head slowly. Quest was in the act of dismounting from Long Jim greeted them with rough

"Say, what are you folks looking for?" he demanded

Quest pointed to Craig. "We want that man," he announced "This is Inspector French from New York. I am Sanford Quest."

There was a tense silence. Crais covered his face with his hands, then suddenly looked up. "I won't come," he cried flercely.

"Say, cookie," the latter went on, "You've hounded me all around the "where did you get them eyes? Guess | world. I am innocent. I won't come." Quest shrugged his shoulders. took a step forward, but Long Jim as though by accident, sauntered in

"Got a warrant?" he asked tersely. "We don't need it," Quest replied. "He's our man, right enough."

"Right this minute he's our cook." drawled Long Jim, "and we ain't exactly particular about going hungry just to please a bunch of strangers. Cut it short, mister. If you ain't got a warrant, you ain't got this man." "All right," Quest agreed. "The

spector here and I will soon see to that. We'll ride back to the township. With your permission, the ladies and our elderly friend will remain for a rest. "You're welcome to anything we've

got except our cook," Jim replied, turning away. Darkness came early and the little company grew closer and closer to the taken up his violin. The professor

camp fire, where Craig had once more had wandered off somewhere into the darkness and the girls were seated a little apart. They had been treated "Don't seem to cotton to us, these boys," Laura remarked

"They don't like us," Lenora replied, After the Wreck Another Warning. "because they think we are after Craig. I wonder what Long Jim has Craig. Do you know how far we are from the Mexican border?"

"Not more than five or six mile I believe," Laura replie Lenora rose softly to her feet and

her hand. She stooped down. "Craig's saddling up," she whis-Evening came and with it a repeti- She held out the paper, on which

"That line's the river that marks possible to take advantage of its slight the rolling stretch of open country. "You see where Long Jim's put the cross? That's where the bridge is That other cross is the camp." She pointed away southwards.

"That's the line, she continued. 'Laura, where's the professor?" "I don't know," Laura replied "He rode off some time ago; and he was go ing to meet Mr. Quest.

"If only he were here!" Lenora muttered. "I feel sure Craig means to escape. There he goes." They saw him ride off into the dark-

ness. Lenora ran to where her horse was tethered. "I'm going after him," she ar nounced. "Listen, Laura. If they ar-

rive soon, send them after me." She galloped off while Laura was still undecided. Almost at that moment she heard from behind the wel come sound of horses' feet in the opposite direction and Quest galloped up. Laura laid her hand upon his rein. "Don't get off," Laura continued

quickly. "Craig has escaped, riding towards the Mexican frontier. Lenora is following him. He's gone in that direction." she added pointing. "When you come to the river you'll have to hunt for the bridge." Quest frowned as he gathered up

of the sort," he muttered. "Tell the

others where I've gone, Laura. He galloped off into the darkness. Behind, there were some growls from the little group of cowboys, none of whom, however, attempted to interfere with him. Long Jim stood Alp and gazed sullenly southwards. "Cookie'll make the bridge all night."

he remarked. "If the girl catches him. she can't do anything. And that guy'll never make it. Whoop! Here comes the rest of them." The inspector, with the two deputies, rode suddenly into the camp. The

inspector paused to speak to Laura. Long Jim's eyes sparkled as he saw them approach. "It's old Harris and fat Andy,' he whispered. "We'll have some fun with

The older of the two deputies approached them, frowning. "Been at your games again, Long

to play again. They sat around him, | Jim?" he began. "I hear you declined to hand over a criminal who'd been one even made a move towards the sheltering on your ranch? You'li get into trouble before you've finished."

"Got the warrant?" Jim asked. The deputy produced it. Long Jim looked at it curiously and handed it

"Guess the only thing you want "Better produce him quickly," the deputy advised.

Jim turned away. "Can't do it. He's beat it." "You mean that you've let him go!

"Let him go?" Jim repeated. ain't got no right to keep him. He took the job on a moment's notice and he left at a moment's notice. There's some of your party after him, al

The hunted man turned round with a little gasp. Before him was the rude mountain bridge, and on the other side-freedom. Scarcely a dozen lengths away was Lenora, and close behind her came Quest. slackened speed as he walked his horse cautiously on to the planked bridge. Suddenly he gave a little cry. The frail structure, unexpectedly insecure, seemed to sway beneath his weight. Lenora, who was riding fast, was unable to stop herself. She came on to the bridge at a half canter. Craig, who had reached the other

side in safety, threw up his hands. "Look out!" he cried. "My God!" The bridge suddenly collapsed as though it had been made of paper. Lenora, grasping her horse, wa thrown into the stream. Quest, gal loping up, was only able to check him-



been whispering to him, and what from his horse and plunged into the would be wet. I tried other medicine that paper is he has been showing stream. It was several moments be- but got no relief. After taking one botfore he was able to reach Lenora. the of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable From the opposite bank Craig watched | Compound I began to improve and I them, glancing once or twice at the continued its use for six months. The bridge. One of the wooden pillars pains left me, the night-sweats and hot had been sawn completely through.

as he drew Lenora to the bank. She shook her head. "Just my side. Did Craig get Manston, Wis.

"Craig's in Mexico, right enough," he answered savagely. "but I'm be ming to feel that I could fetch his

ack out of hell!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)



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flashes grew less, and in one year I was "Are you hurt, dear?" Quest gasped, a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since," - Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Quest looked gloomily across the Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled in such cases. If you want special advice write to

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