

Noveliaed from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

In the second set of the second second

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

AN OLD GRUDGE.

CHAPTER X.

Sanford Quest was smoking his after-breakfast cigar with a relish omewhat affected by the measure of his perplexities. Early though it was, Lenora was already in her place, bending over her deak, and Laura, who had just arrived, was busy divesting herself of her coat and hat. Quest watched the latter impatiently. "Well?" he asked.

Laura came forward, straightening

her hair with her hands. "No go," she answered. "I spent the evening in the club, and I talked with two men who knew Craig, but /I couldn't get on to anything. From all I could hear of the man, respectabliity is his middle name."

"That's the professor's own idea," Quest remarked grimly.

"We're fairly up against it, boss," Laura sighed. "The best thing we can do is to get on to another job. The Rheinholdt woman has got her fewels back, or will have at noon today. I bet she won't worry about the thief. Then the professor's moldy old skeleton was returned to him, even if it was burned up afterwards. I should take on something fresh."

"Can't be done," Quest replied short-"Look here, girls, your average 15. intellects are often apt to hit upon the truth, when a man who sees too far ahead goes wrong. Rule Craig Any other possible person occur out. to you? Speak out, Lenora. You've something on your mind, I can see."

began tentatively. "Won't hurt you if I do," Quest replied.

"I can't help thinking of Macdougal," Lenora continued falteringly. "He

bile was brought to a standstill at a point where it akirted the main railway line, and close to the section house which he had appointed for his rendervous with Laura. She had

apparently seen their approach, and she came out to meet them at once, accompanied by a abort, thick-set man whom she introduced as Mr. Horan. "This is Mr. Horan, the section

boss," she explained.

Mr. Horan shook hands. "Say, I've heard of you, Mr. Quest," he announced. "The young lady tells me you are some interested in that prisoner they lost off the cars near here.'

"That's so," Quest admitted. "We'd like to go to the spot if we could." "That's dead easy," the boss replied. "Til take you along on the handcar."

The section bess turned round and whistled. From a little side track two men jumped on to a handcar, and brought it around to where they were standing. A few yards away the man who was propelling it-a great, redheaded Irishman-suddenly ceased his efforts. Leaning over his pole, he

gazed at Quest. A sudden ferocity darkened his coarse face. He gripped his mate by the arm

"See that bloke there?" he saked, pointing at Quest. "The guy with the linen collar !" the

other answered. "I see him." "That's Quest, they detective," the

Irishman went on hoarsely. "That's the man who got me five years in the pen, the beast! That's the man I've been looking for. You're my mate, Jim, eh?"

"I guess so," the other grunted. "Are you going to try and do him in ?" "Now then, you fellows," Horan shouted. "What are you hanging about there for, Hed Gallagher? Bring the carriage up. You fellows can have a smoke for an hour. I'm going to take her down the line for a bit."

The two men obeyed and disappeared in the direction of the section house. Quest looked after them curiously.

"That's a big fellow," he remarked. "What did you call him? Red Gallagher? I seem to have seen him before.

"He was the most troublesome fellow on the line once, although he was the biggest worker." the boss replied. "He got five years in the penitentiary and that seems to have taken the spirit out of him."

"I believe I was in the case," Quest observed carelessly, "That's so! Now then, young la-

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me," she dies," Mr. Horan advised, "hold tight. and here goes!"

They ambled down the line for about half a mile. Then Horan brought them to standstill. "This is the spot," he declared.

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you a hand."

He stoopped down to unfasten the straps which fastened the spare wheel. It was one of his rare lapses, realized a moment too late. Almost in his care came the hearse cry: "Hands up, guynorf Hands up this

second or I'll blow you to hell!" Quest glanced over his shoulder and looked into the face of Red Gallagher, raised a little above the level of the road. A very ugly little revolver was

pointed directly at Quest's heart. "My mate's got you covered on the other side of the road, too. Hands up, both of you, or we'll make a quick job of it."

Quest shrugged his shoulders, threw his revolver into the road and obeyed. As he did so, the other man stole out from behind a bush and sprang for the chanffeur, who under cover of the car was stealing off. There was a brief struggle, then the dull thud of the railway man's rifle falling on the chauffeur's head. He rolled over and lay in the road.

"Pitch him off amongst the hushes," Red Gallagher ordered. "You don't want anyone who comes by to see. Now lend me a hand with this chap.

What do you propose to do with me?" Quest asked. "You'll know soon enough," Red Gallagher answered. "A matter of five minutes' talk, to start with. You see

that handcar house?" "Perfectly well," Quest assented. "My eyesight is quite normal." "Get there then. I'm a yard behind

you and my revolver's pointing for the middle of your back." Quest sprang lightly down from the road, crossed the few intervening

neath.

the

own back first."

yards and stepped into the handcar Gallagher and his mate followed close behind. Quest paused on the threshold.

"It's a filthy dirty hole," he re marked. "Can't we have our little chat out here? Is it money you want?"

Gallagher glanced around. Then with an ugly push of the shoulder he us, Red, he's cooked!" sent Quest reeling into the shed. His great form blocked up the doorway. Already the horror of the murderer

"No." he cried flercely, "It's not money I want this time. Quest, you brute, you dirty bloodhoand? You ly around. sent me to the pen for five years-you



"Hands Up, Guvnor!"

na oh? Red Callaphor?



"You Don't-You Don't Suspect Me of This?" struck him full in the face. Notwith-

"Hello! Anyone there !" There was no reply. He opened the standing his huge size and strength, Gallagher reeled. The operator who doors of the two rooms on the righthad just begun to realise what was hand side, where Quest, when he was happening flung himself bodily against engaged in any widespread affair, kept the two thugs. A shot from the tana stenographer and a telegraph opergled mass of struggling limbs whisator. Both rooms were empty. Then tled past Quest's head as he sprang he turned towards Quest's study on to the window which overlooked the the left-hand side. French was a man track. The freight had already almost of iron nerve. No power on earth passed. Quest steadled himself for a could have kept back the cry which supreme effort, crawled out on the litbroke from his lips. tle steel bridge and poised himself for A few feet away from the door was

a moment. The last car was just bestretched the body of the secretary-The gap between it and the valet. On the other side of the room, lying as though she had slipped from previous one was allpping by. He set his teeth and jumped on the smooth the sofa, her head fallen on one side in hideous fashion, was the body of Back behind the tower Red Galla-Miss Quigg, the Salvation Army young gher and his mate bent with borrifled WOIDAD. French set his teeth and faces over the body of the signalman. drew back the curtains. In the clear-"What the hell did you want to plug er light the disorder of the room was him for" the latter muttered. "He fully revealed. There had been a terain't in the show at all. You've done rible struggle. Between whom? How?

There was suddenly a piercing shrick. The inspector turned quickly around. Mrs. Rheinholdt, who had disregarded his advice, was standing on the threshold.

"Inspector!" she cried. "What has muttered. "I got mad at seeing Quest happened? Oh, my God!"

She covered her face with her hands. French gripped her by the arm. At that moment there was the sound of an automobile stopping out-

"There's the auto," Gallagher shout-"Come on, old man! I can fix zide. wheel. If we've got to swing for this job, we'll have something of our They crawled to the side of the road. Gallagher's rough, hairy fingers

were still trembling, but they knew their job. In a few minutes the wheel was fixed. Clumsily but successfully, the great Irishman turned the car around away from the city. "She's a hummer," he muttered. "I'll

make her go when we get the hang of it. Sit tight."

Red Gallagher staggered to his feet,

was in his face as he glanced furtive-

"I never meant to drop him," he

"What are we going to do?" the

get off. That man's a devil."

other demanded hoarsely.

They drove clumsly off, gathering speed at every yard. Behind, in the shadow of the tower, the signalman lay dead. Quest, half way to New York, stretched flat on his stomach, was struggling for life with knees and hands and feet.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs Rheinholdt welcomed the inspector with a beaming smile as he stepped out of his office and approached her automobile

"How nice of you to be so punctual, has never been recaptured. I don't "Now, if you want my impressions you with your cursed prying into other Mr. French." she exclaimed, making know whether he's dead or alive. He are welcome to them. All the search people's affairs. Don't you remember room for him by her side. "Will you tell the man to drive to Mr. Quest's

Quest a wonderful man?"

hands on the thief."

mending Mr. Quest."

your point of view."

spot."

grave.

there has been some trouble here. I

car until I send out for you."

been stolen again?" she gasped.

lock. The door swung open. Once

more they were both conscious of that

pecullar silence, which seemed to have

wranched from his coat, his trousers "Come round and see me wers turn and he was covered with Tumbs, one of you." The ambulance men came and de

dust. "I'll tell you about my troffbin a litthe later on," he replied. "Hay, can't room on the ground floor was locked we keep those girls out?"

They were too late. Laura and Lenira were already upon the threshold. Quest swung round toward them. "Girls," he said, "there has been

some trouble here. Go and wait upstairs, Lenors, or sit in the ball. Laura, you had better telephone to the police station and for a doctor. That's right, ian't it, inspector?" "Yes!" the latter assented thought-

fully: Lenora, white to the lips, staggered

set her teeth and lingered.

"Is that Ross?" she asked. "It's his body," Quest replied. "Ho's

een murdered here, he and the Balvation Army girl who was to come this morning for her check." Laura turned away half dazed.

"I'd have trusted Ross with my life," Quest continued, "but he must have been alone in the house when the girl

came. Do you suppose it was the usual sort of trouble?" Inspector French stooped down and picked up the paper-weight. Across it

was stamped the name of Sanford Quest.

"This yours, Quest?" "Of course it is," Quest answered.

"Everything in the room is mine." "The girl would fight to defend herself." the inspector remarked slowly, professor himself answered the call. "but she could never strike a man such a blow as your valet died from."

French stooped and picked up a small clock. It had stopped at eleven- lady," the professor replied. fifteen. He looked at it thoughtfully.

about Mr. Quest!" "Quest," he went on, "I'll have to ask you a question. count of what she had read in the "Why not?" Quest replied looking newspaper. All the time the eves of

quickly up. "Where were you at eleven-fifteen ?" "On tower No. 10 of the New York | ror. They could see the professor Central, scrapping for my life," Quest seated in his chair with two huge volanswered grimly. "I've reason to re- umes by his side, a pile of manuscript, member it."

Something in the inspector's steady gaze seemed to inspire the criminologist with a new idea. He came a step denly Lenora almost broke off. She forward, a little frown upon his fore gripped Laura by the arm. The door head.

"Say, French," he exclaimed, "you don't-you don't suspect me of this?" French was unmoved. He looked guest in the eyes.

Quest in the eyes. "I don't know." he maid. CHAPTER XII. For the moment a new element had

been introduced into the horror of the The relief on his face, as he stood up. "Keep quiet for a moment," the inlittle tableau. All eyes were fixed upon spector whispered in her car. "Pull Quest, who listened to the inspector's yourself tegether, madam. Go to the dubious words with a supercilious lady, I will," the professor promised. other end of the room. Don't look. smile upon his lips. Stay there for a few moments and "Perhaps," he suggested, "you would then get home as quick as you can." like to ask me a few questions?" She obeyed him mutely, pressing "Perhaps I may feel it my duty to her hands to her eyes, shivering in do so," the inspector replied gravely.

every limb. French, stood back inside "In the first place, then, Mr. Quest, the room. He heard the front door will you kindly explain the condition open, he heard Quest's voice outside. of your clothes!" Quest shrunged his shoulders.

"Where the devil are you, Ross?" There was no reply.

The door was pushed open. Quest "This morning I decided to make an entered, followed by the professor and attempt to clear up the mystery of Craig. The inspector stood watching Macdougal's disappearance. I sent on their faces. Quest came to a standmy secretary, Miss Laura, to make

still before he had passed the thresh. friends with the section boss, and old. He looked upon the floor and he looked across to the sofa. Then he looked at French.

"My God!" he muttered.

The professor pushed past. He had looked around the room, and gazed at

the two bodies with an expression of blank and absolute terror. Then he fell back into Craig's arms.

"The poor girl!" he cried. "Horrible! Horrible! Horrible!"

served. "Go on, please."

spector."

Lenora's wish, to superintend the removal of the body. I myself had an

"I left the two young ladies, at Miss

"Here you are, then," he replied.

Lenora and I went out by automobile

a little later. We instituted a search

on a new principle, and before very

long we found Macdougal's body.

That's one up against you. I think, in-

"Very likely," the inspector ob-

"Justice Thorps has refused to consider bail!' He's a guy, that Justice Thorpe, and so's the idiot who wrote this stuff!" Laura exclaimed, thrusting the paper away from her. guess the professor was dead right when he told French he was locking a few feet back into the hall. Laura up the one man who could clear up

parted with their grim burden, the

and scaled, and the house was soon

empty eacopt for the two girls. To-

ward three o'clock Lenors went out

and returned with a newspaper. Bhe

opened it out upon the table and they

the whole show."

both pored over it.

Lenora nodded thoughtfully.

time."

Laura demanded.

"The professor spoke up like a man," she agreed, "but Laura, I want to ask you something. Did you notice his servant-that man Craig?"

"Can't say I did particularly." Laura admitted. "Twice," Lenora continued, "I thought he was going to faint. I tell

you he was scared the whole of the

"What are you getting at, kid?"

"At Craig, if I can," Lenora replied,

moving toward the telephone. "Please

give me the phototeleame. I am

Laura adjusted the mirror to the in-

"Have you seen the three o'clock

"I never read newspapers, young

"Let me tell you what they say

Lenora commenced a rambling ac-

the two girls were fixed upon the mir-

and a pen in his hand. They could

even catch the look of sympathy on

his face as he listened attentively. Bud-

of the study had been opened slowly,

and Craig, carrying a bundle, paused

for a moment on the threshold. He

trance. Then he moved stealthily to-

ward the fireplace, stooped down and,

"All I can do for Mr. Quest, young

He laid the receiver down and the

committed something to the flames.

was obvious.

strument and Lenors rang up. The

dition, professor," Lenora asked.

going to talk to the professor."

had a perfect passion for jewels. If would attempt anything."

Quest smoked in silence for a moment.

"I guess the return of the lewels squelched the Macdougal theory," he remarked. "He wouldn't be likely to part with the stuff when he'd once got his hands on it. However, I always meant, when we had a moment's spare time, to look into that fellow's whereabouts. We'll take it on straight away. Can't do any harm."

"I know the section boss on the railway at the spot where he disappeared," Laura announced.

"Then just take the train down to Mountways-that's the nearest spotand get busy with him," Quest directed. "Try and persuade him to loan us the gang's handcar to go down the line. Lenora and I will come on in the automobile."

"Take you longer," Lenora remarked as she moved off to put on her jacket. "The cars do it in a quarter of an hour."

"Can't help that," Quest replied. "Mrs. Reinholdt's coming here to Ideatify her jewels at twelve o'clock, and I can't run any risk of there being no train back. You'd better be making good with the section boss. Take plenty of bills with you."

"Sure! That's easy enough," Laura promised him. "I'll be waiting for you."

She hurried off and Quest commenced his own preparations. From his safe he took one of the small black lumps of explosive to which he had once before owed his life, and fitted it carefully in a small case with a coil of wire and an electric lighter. He looked at his revolver and recharged it. Finally he rang the bell for his confidential valet.

"Ross," he asked, "who else is there here today besides you?"

"No one today, sir." "Just as well, perhaps," Quest ob-

served. "Listen, Ross, I am going out | and looked at the back tire. now for an hour or two, but I shall be back at midday. Remember that. Mrs. Rheinholdt and Inspector French are to be here at twelve o'clock. If by any chance I should be a few minutes late, ask them to walt. And, Ross, a young woman from the Salvation Army will call too. You can give her this check."

Ross Brown, who was Quest's secretary-valet and general factotum, accepted the slip of paper and placed it in an envelope.

"There are no other instructions, sir?" he inquired.

"None," Quest replied. "You'll look out for the wireless, and you had better switch the through cable and telegraph communication on to headquarters. Come on, Lenora."

They left the house, entered the waiting automobile, and drove rapidly towards the confines of the city. By Quest's directions the automo-

has been made on the right-hand side he is alive, he would be desperate and here and in New York. I've had my eye on that hill for a long time. My impression is that he hid there."

> "I'll take your advice," Quest decided. "We'll spread out and take a little exercise in hill climbing." "Good luck to you!" the boss ex-

claimed. They searched carefully and deliberately for more than half an hour. Then Laura suddenly called out. They looked around to find only her head visible. She scrambled up, muddy and

with wet leaves clinging to her skirt. Say, that guy of a section bosa told me to look out for caves. I've been in one, sure enough! Only just saved myself."

They hurried to where she was. Quest peered into the declivity down which she had slipped. Suddenly he gave vent to a little exclamation. At the same time Laura called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vis-

ible through the strewn leaves. Quest, flat on his stomach, crawled a little way down, took out his electric torch from his pocket and brushed the stuff away. Then he clambered to his feet. "Our search is over," he declared gravely, "and your troubles, Lenora.

That is Macdougal's body." Lenora's face sank into her hands for a moment. Quest stood on one side while Laura passed her arm around the other girl's waist.

Quest glanced at his watch. "I'll have to get," he said, "but I'll

send someone along. Cheer up, Lenora," he added kindly. "Look after her, Laura." Quest hastened along the road to

the spot where he had left the car. The chauffeur, who saw him coming. started up and climbed to his seat. Quest took his place.

"Drive to the office," he ordered. The man slipped in his clutch. They were in the act of gliding off when there was a tremendous report. They stopped short. The man jumped down "Blowout," he remarked laconically. Quest frowned. "How long will it take?"

"Four minutes," the man replied. 'I've got another wheel ready. That's | into bits," he shouled. the queerest blowout I ever saw, though. The two men leaned over the tire.

Suddenly Quest's expression changed. His hand stole into his hip pocket. "Tom," he explained, "that wasn't a blowout at all. Look here!" He pointed to the small leve hole. Almost at once he stood back and the sunshine flashed upon the revolver clutched in his right hand.

"That was a bullet." he continued. Someone fired at that tire. Tom, there's trouble about." The man looked nervously around. "That's a rifle bullet, sure," he mut-

tered. "Get on the wheel as quick as you

can," Quest directed. "Here, I'll give

"Of course I do," Quest replied house in Georgia square?" coolly. "You garfoted and robbed an The inspector obeyed and took his old man and had the spree of your life. place in the luxurious limousine.

The old man happened to be a friend of mine, so I took the trouble to see that you paid for it. Well?"

"Five years of hell, that's what I had," the man continued, his eyes flashing, his face twitching with anger. "Well, you're going to have a little bit more than five years. This shed's been burnt down twice, sparks from passing engines. It's going to be burnt down for the third time."

"Sounds remarkably unpleasant," Quest admitted. "You'd better hurry or the boss will be back." Gallagher finally slammed the door.

Quest heard the heavy footsteps of the two men as they turned toward the section house. He drew a little she was becoming a little tactless. case from his pocket. He opened what seemed to be a

little mahogany box, looked at the ball of black substance inside, closed it up, I suppose you must find the interferplaced it against the far wall, untwisted the coil, stood back near the little troublesome sometimes. He gets door and then pressed the button. The result was extraordinary. The whole of the far wall was blown out and for some distance in front the ground was furrowed up by the explosion.

Quest replaced the instrument in his pocket, sprang through the opening and ran for the tower house. Behind him on its way to New York he could | Here we are on the stroke of time!" see a freight train coming along. He could hear, too, Red Gallagher's roar of anger. It was less than fifty yards, yet as soon as he reached the shelter

of the tower the thunder of the freight sounded in Quest's cars. He glanced around. Red Gallagher and his mate were racing almost side by side towards him. He rushed up the narrow stairs into the signal room, tearing open his coat to show his official badge.

"Stop the freight," he shouted to the operator. "Quick. I'm Sanford Quest, detective-special powers from the chief commissioner." The man moved to the signal. Another voice thundered in his ears. He

turned swiftly around. The Irishman's red head had appeared at the top of the staircase. "Drop that signal or I'll blow you

The operator hesitated, dazed "Walk towards me," Gallagher

shouted. "Look here, you guy, this will show you whether I'm in earnest or not!" A bullet passed within a few inches of the operator's head. He came slow-

ly across the room. Below they could hear the roar of the freight. "This ain't your job," the Irishman

continued savagely. "We want the cop, and we're going to have him." Quest had stolen a yard or two nearer during this brief colloquy. Gallagher's mate from behind shouted out a warning just a second too late. With

in it some unnamable quality. He a sudden kick. Quest sent the removed to the foot of the stairs and volver flying across the room and beshouted: fore the Irishman could recover he ---

"Know anything about this?" asked quickly.

"Not a thing," the inspector replied. "We arrived, Mrs. Rheinholdt and I, "How beautifully punctual we are!" at five minutes past twelve. There she continued, glancing at the clock. was no answer to our ring. I used "Inspector, I am so excited at the idea my pass key and entered. This is of getting my jewels back. Isn't Mr. what I found."

Quest stood over the body of his "He's a clever chap, all right," the inspector admitted. "All the same, valet for a moment. The man was obviously dead. The inspector took his I'm rather sorry he wasn't able to lay handkerchief and covered up the head. A few feet away was a heavy paper-"That's your point of view, of weight.

course," Mrs. Rheinholdt remarked. "I "Killed by a blow from behind," can think of nothing but having my French remarked grimly, "with that diamonds back. I feel I ought to go little affair. Look here!" and thank the professor for recom-

They glanced down at the girl Quest's eyebrows came together quick-The inspector made no reply. Mrs. ly. There were two blue marks upon Rheinholdt was suddenly aware that her throat where a man's thumbs might have been.

"Of course," she sighed, "it is dis-"The hands again," he muttered. appointing not to be able to lay your The inspector nodded. hands upon the thief. That is where "Can you make anything of it?"

"Not yet," Quest confessed. "I must ence of an amateur like Mr. Quest a think.'

The inspector glanced at him curiback the property, which is what the ously. private individual wants, but he

"Where on earth have you been to?" doesn't secure the thief, which is, of he demanded. course, the real end of the case from

"Been to?" Quest repeated. "Look in the mirror!" French sug-

"It's a queer affair about these jewgested. els," the inspector remarked. "Quest Quest glanced at himself. His colhasn't told me the whole story yet. lar had given way, his tie was torn, a button and some of the cloth had beer The car drew up outside Quest's



He Set His Teeth and Jumped.

Quest els to Mrs. Rheinholdt here at midday. I returned to where my automo-

bile was waiting, started for the city and was attacked by two thugs near the section house. I got away from them, ran to the tower house to try and stop the freight, was followed by the thugs, and jumped out on to the

last car from the signal arm." "Where is your automobile?" "No idea," Quest replied. "I left it in the road. When I jumped from the

freight car I took a taxicab to the professor's and called for him, as arranged."

The inspector nodded.

"I shall have to ask you to excuse me for a moment," he said, "while I ring up number ten signal tower. If Mr. Quest's story receives corroboration the matter is at an end."

> The inspect r left the room almost immediately.

When he returned he was looking graver than ever. "Quest," he announced, "your alibi

is useless-in fact, a little worse than useless. The operator at number ten has been found murdered at the back of the tower!"

Quest started. "I ought not to have left him to those thugs," he murmured regret-

fully. "There is no automobile of yours in the vicinity," the inspector continued. "nor any news of it. I think it will be as well now, Quest, for this matter to take its obvious course. Will you, first of all, hand over her jewels to

Mrs. Rheinholdt?" Quest drew the keys of the safe from his pocket, crossed the room and swung open the safe door. For a moment afterwards he stood transfixed. His arm, half outstretched, remained motionless. Then he turned slowly around.

"The jewels have been stolen," he announced with unnatural calm. The tor laid his hand heavily

upon .est's shoulder. "You will kindly consider yourself under arrest, Quest. Ladies and gentlemen, will you clear the room now, if you please. The ambulance I telephoned for is outside."

The professor, who had been looking as though dazed, suddenly intervened.

"Mr. French," he said earnestly, "I am convinced that you are making a great mistake. In arresting and taking away Mr. Quest you are removing from us the one man who is likely to be able to clear up this mystery.

The inspector pushed him gently to one aide. "You will excuse me, professor," he

said, "but this is no matter for argument. If Mr. Quest can clear himself, no one will be more glad than I." Quest shrugged his shoulders.

The inspector will have his little joke," he observed dryly. "It's all right, girls. Keep cool," he went on, gs he saw the tears in Lenora's eyes



"The Jewels Have Been Stolen1"

reflection on the mirror faded away. Lenora started up and hastily put on her coat and hat, which were still lying on the chair.

"I am going right down to the professor's," she announced.

"What do you think you can do there?" Laura asked.

"I am going to see if I can find out what that man burned," she replied. "I will be back in an hour."

Laura walked with her as far as the street car, and very soon afterward Lenora found herself knocking at the professor's front door. Craig admitted her almost at once. For a moment he seemed to shiver as he recognized her. "Well, young lady," the professor said, "have you thought of something I can do?"

She took no notice of the chair to which he pointed, and rested her hand, upon his shoulder.

"Professor," she begged, "go and see Mr. Ouest! He is in the Tombs prison. It would be the kindest thing anyone could possibly do."

The professor glanced regretfully at his manuscrapt, but he did not hesitate. He rose promptly to his feet.

"If you think he would appreciate it, I will go at once," he decided.

Her face shone with gratitude. "That is really kind of you, professor," she declared.

"I will send for my coat and we will go together, if you like," he suggested. She smiled.

"I am going the other way, back to Georgia square," she explained. "No, please don't ring. 1 can find my own way out."

She hurried from the room. Outside in the hall she paused for a moment, listening with beating heart. By the side wall was a hat rack with branching pegs, from which several coats were hanging. She slipped quietly behind their shelter.

A moment or two later she heard the professor leave the house. Very cautiously she stole out from her hiding place. The hall was empty. She crossed it with noiseless footsteps, allpped into the study and moved stealthily to the fireplace. There was a little heap of ashes in one distinct spot. She gathered them up in her handkerchief and secreted it in her dress and quietly left the house.

At Georgia square she found Laura waiting for her, and a few minutes afterward the two girls were examining the ashes with the aid of Quest's microscope. Among the little pile was one fragment at the sight of which they both exclaimed. It was distinctly a shred of charred muslin embroidery Lenora pointed toward it triumphantly.

"Isn't that evidence?" she demanded. "Let's ring up Inspector French!"

(Continued on page 8.)