

GUNPOWDER.

Some in Which the Perforated Grains Are Three Inches Long.

The bigger the gun the bigger the grain of powder. For the rifles the men carry the grains are half as big as a pinhead.

These holes regulate in a wonderful way the rapidity with which the powder will burn.

It is not intended that the charge in big guns shall exhaust its force instantly, says William Atherton Dupuy, writing on "Powder For the World's Guns."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The Pleasure That Came With a Little Act of Kindness.

"I am one of your new neighbors, Mrs. Estabrook," said a cheerful voice at our door in the very middle of our first attempt at moving.

My husband and I glanced at that tray with its two bowls of hot soup and steaming little pot of coffee and then at each other in dumb surprise.

We had just reached that dreadful state in moving when nothing is in place and the things wanted first are underneath the things wanted last—that awful moment when a sense of helplessness, weakness and homesickness combined swoops down upon you.

We had not realized that we were hungry and physically exhausted, but after sitting down at an improvised table and sampling that delicious soup and drinking the stimulating coffee we suddenly knew what had been the matter with us. Courage returned.

"Blessings on our neighbor!" cried Ben. "Yes," I answered. "She's the jolliest caller I ever received."

300,000 MORE MEN WANTED BY BRITAIN

SECRETARY KITCHENER DECLARES THAT MUNITION SITUATION IS GOOD.

LONDON, May 18.—In the house of lords today Secretary of War Kitchener said he wanted 300,000 more recruits to form new armies.

The news from Gallipoli Peninsula, in other words, the Dardanelles, was thoroughly satisfactory, Earl Kitchener declared.

The secretary for war also said that the British and French governments felt that the allied troops must be adequately protected against poisonous gases by the employment of similar methods.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Score. At Frisco, R. H. E. 7 6 0, Oakland 3 5 2, No. Innings 9.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Score. At Salt Lake, R. H. E. 1 1 1, Salt Lake 2 5 1, No. Innings 11.

PRESIDENT REVIEWS FLEET AT NEW YORK

BATTLESHIPS INSTRUMENTS TO PROMOTE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY, HE SAYS.

NEW YORK, May 17.—President Wilson—the man on whom the eyes of the world are turned because of the international situation—today reviewed the Atlantic fleet in the Hudson river and at a luncheon tendered to him on shore by the City of New York.

"The inspiring thing about America," the president asserted, "is that she asks nothing for herself except what she has a right to ask for humanity itself. We want no nation's property, we wish to question no nation's

The BLACK BOX E. PHILIPS OPPENHEIM. Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Stanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdonald, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has not just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal.

TENTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXII.

THE 'SHIP OF HORROR.

Quest leaned a little forward and gazed down the line of steamer chairs. The professor, in a borrowed overcoat and cap, was reclining at full length, studying a book on seagulls which he had found in the library.

"As a pleasure cruise," Quest remarked grimly, "this little excursion seems to be a complete success."

"We are all liable to make mistakes," Quest observed, "and I am inclined to believe that this is one of yours."

"If he's too clever for you and Mr. Harris," she said, "I can't help that. I only know that he came on board. My eyes are the one thing in life I do believe."

"If you'll excuse me saying so, Miss Laura," Harris ventured, leaning respectfully towards her, "there isn't a passenger on board this ship, or a servant, or one of the crew, whom we haven't seen. We've been into every stateroom, and we've even searched the hold. We've been over the ship, backwards and forwards. The captain's own steward has been our guide, and we've conducted an extra search on our own account. Personally, I must say I have come to the same conclusion as Mr. Quest. At the present moment there is no such person as the man we are looking for on board this steamer."

"Then he either changed into another one," Laura declared obstinately, "or else he jumped overboard."

"Come on, Harris, you and I promised to report to the captain this morning. I don't suppose he'll be any too pleased with us. Let's get through with it."

"No luck, sir," Quest announced. "Your steward has given us every assistance possible and we have searched the ship thoroughly. Unless he has found a hiding place unknown to your steward, and not apparent to us, the man is not on board."

"You are not suggesting that this is possible, I suppose?"

"Personally," he admitted, "I should not have believed it possible. The young lady of our party, however, who declares that she saw Craig board the steamer, is quite immovable."

"Brown," said the captain, turning to the steward, "I understand that you say that you have taken these gentlemen into every corner of the ship, that you have ransacked every possible hiding place, that you have given them every possible opportunity of searching for themselves?"

"That is quite true, sir," the man acknowledged.

"You agree with me that it is impossible for anyone to remain hidden in this ship?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"You hear, gentlemen?" the captain continued. "I really can do no more. What the mischief are you hanging about for, Brown?" he asked, turning to the steward, who was standing by with a carpet-sweeper in his hand.

"Room wants cleaning out badly, sir."

"Do it when I am at dinner, then," he ordered, "and take that damned thing away."

The steward obeyed promptly. Quest and Harris followed him down the deck.

"Queer-looking fellow, that," the latter remarked. "Doesn't seem quite at his ease, does he?"

"Seemed a trifle overanxious, I thought, when he was showing us round the ship," Quest agreed.

"Mem," Harris murmured, softly, "as the gentleman who wrote the volume of detective stories I am reading puts it, to keep our eye on Brown."

The captain, who was down to dinner unusually early, rose to welcome Quest's little party, and himself arranged the seats.

They settled down into the places arranged for them.

An elderly lady, dressed in somewhat oppressive black, with a big game brooch at her throat and a black satin bag in her hand, was being shown by the steward to a seat by Quest's side. She acknowledged the captain's greeting graciously.

"Good evening, captain," she said. "I understood from the second steward that the seat on your right hand would be reserved for me. I am Mrs. Poston Rowe."

The captain received the announcement calmly.

"Very pleased to have you at the table, madam," he replied. "As to the seating, I leave that entirely to the steward. I never interfere myself."

Laura pinched his arm, and Lenora glanced away to hide a smile. Mrs. Poston Rowe studied the menu disapprovingly.

"Hors d'oeuvres," she declared, "I never touch. No one knows how long they've been opened. Bouillon—I will have some bouillon, steward."

"In one moment, madam."

"I fear that I am a few moments late," he remarked, as he took the chair next to Mrs. Poston Rowe. I offer you my apologies, captain. I congratulate you upon your library. I have discovered a most interesting book upon the habits of seagulls. It kept me engrossed until the very last moment, and I am hungry."

"Well, you'll have to stay hungry a long time at this table then," Mrs. Poston Rowe snapped. "Seems to me that the service is going to be abominable."

The steward, who had just arrived, presented a cup of bouillon to Quest. The others had all been served. Quest stirred it thoughtfully.

"And as to the custom," Mrs. Poston Rowe continued, "of serving gentlemen before ladies, it is, I suppose, peculiar to this steamer."

Quest hastily laid down his spoon, raised the cup of bouillon and presented it with a little bow to his neighbor.

"Pray allow me, madam," he begged. "The steward was to blame."

Mrs. Poston Rowe did not hesitate for a moment. She broke up some toast in the bouillon and commenced to sip it.

The spoon suddenly went clattering from her fingers. She caught at the sides of the table, there was a strange wobble.

The professor closed his book. Quest promptly rang the bell.

"Some sugar," he ordered, turning to the steward.

They waited in absolute silence. The suggestion which the professor's disclosure had brought to them was stupefying, even Quest's fingers, as a moment or two later he rubbed two knobs of sugar together so that the contents should fall into the tubes of bouillon, shook. The result was magical. The bouillon turned to a strange shade of gray and began slowly to thicken.

"It is Mongar poison!" the professor cried, with breaking voice.

They all looked at one another. "Craig must be here amongst us," Quest muttered.

"And the bouillon," Laura cried, clasping Quest's arm, "the bouillon was meant for you!"

There seemed to be, somehow, among all of them, a curious indisposition to discuss this matter. Suddenly Lenora, who was sitting on the lounge underneath the port-hole, put her hand and picked up a card which was lying by his side. She glanced at it, at first, curiously. Then she shrieked.

"A message!" she cried. "A message from the Hands! Look!"

They crowded around her. In that same familiar handwriting was scrawled across the face of the card these few words:

To Sanford Quest: You have escaped this time by a

change in state road administration were recommended by the state grange, in session here today. Removal of authority from the state commission and engineer and placing it in the hands of the county courts were urged Bond issues also were opposed, but federal, state and county aid were endorsed. The following report of the committee was adopted:

We believe in good roads, but are opposed to any bonding issue. Build only such roads each year as we can pay for. We are in favor of federal, state and county aid, making the road

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"Doctor," he said, "I happen to have my chemical chest with me, and some special testing tubes. If you'll allow me, I'd like to examine this cup of bouillon. You might come round, too, if you will."

The captain nodded.

"I'd better stay here for a time," he decided. "I'll follow you presently."

The service of dinner was resumed. Laura, however, sent plate after plate away. The captain watched her anxiously.

"I can't help it," she explained. "I don't know whether you've had any talk with Mr. Quest, but we've been through some queer times lately. I guess this death business is getting on my nerves."

The captain was startled.

"You don't for a moment connect Mrs. Poston Rowe's death with the criminal you are in search of?" he exclaimed.

Laura sat quite still for a moment. "The bouillon was offered first to Mr. Quest," she murmured.

The captain called his steward. "Where did you get the bouillon from you served—that last cup, especially?" he asked.

"From the pantry just as usual, sir," the man answered. "It was all served out from the same caldron."

"Any chance of anyone getting at it?"

"Quite impossible, sir."

In Quest's stateroom the doctor, the professor, Quest and Lenora were all gathered around two little tubes, which the criminologist was examining with an electric torch.

"No reaction at all," the latter muttered. "This isn't an ordinary poison, anyway."

The professor, who had been standing on one side, suddenly gave vent to a soft exclamation.

"Wait!" he whispered. "Wait! I have an idea."

He hurried off to his stateroom. The doctor was poring over a volume of tabulated poisons. Quest was still watching his tubes. Lenora sat upon the couch. Suddenly the professor reappeared. He was carrying a small notebook in his hand, his manner betrayed some excitement. He closed the door carefully behind him.

"I want you all," he begged, "to listen very carefully to me. You will discover the application of what I am going to read when I am finished. Now, if you please."

"This," he began, "is the diary of a tour made by Craig and myself in northern Egypt some fourteen years ago. Here is the first entry of importance:

MONDAY—Twenty-nine miles southeast of Port Said. We have stayed for two days at a little Mongar village. I have today come to the definite conclusion that anthropoid apes were at one time denizens of this country. TUESDAY—Both Craig and I have been a little uneasy today. These Mongars into whose encampment we have found our way, are one of the strangest and fiercest of the nomad tribes. They are descended, without a doubt, from the ancient Mongolians, who invaded this country some seven hundred years before Christ, but have preserved in a marvellous way their individuality as a race. They have the narrow eyes and the thick nose base of the pure Oriental; also much of his cunning. One of their special weaknesses seems to be the invention of the most hideous forms of torture, which they apply remorselessly to their enemies.

WEDNESDAY—This has been a wonderful day for us, chiefly owing to what I must place on record as an act of great bravery by Craig, my servant. Early this morning, a man-eating lion found his way into the encampment. The Mongars behaved like arrant cowards. They fled right and left, leaving the chief's little daughter, Perda, at the brute's mercy. Craig, who is by no means an adept in the use of firearms, chased the animal as he was making off with the child, and, more by good luck than anything else, managed to wound it mortally. He brought the child back to the encampment just as the chief and the warriors of the tribe returned from a hunting expedition. Our position here is now absolutely secure. We are treated like gods, and, appreciating my weakness for all matters of science, the chief has today explained to me many of the secret mysteries of the tribe. Amongst other things, he has shown me a wonderful secret poison, known only to this tribe, which they call Veedemooz. It brings almost instant death, and is exceedingly difficult to trace. The addition of sugar causes a curious condensation and resolves it almost to a white paste. The only antidote is a substance which they use here freely, and which is exactly equivalent to our camphor.

The professor closed his book. Quest promptly rang the bell.

"Some sugar," he ordered, turning to the steward.

They waited in absolute silence. The suggestion which the professor's disclosure had brought to them was stupefying, even Quest's fingers, as a moment or two later he rubbed two knobs of sugar together so that the contents should fall into the tubes of bouillon, shook. The result was magical. The bouillon turned to a strange shade of gray and began slowly to thicken.

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They crowded around her. In that same familiar handwriting was scrawled across the face of the card these few words:

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"As a Pleasure Cruise," Quest remarked, "this excursion seems to be a success."

chance of fortune, not because your own are keen, not because of your own shrewdness; simply because Fate will it. It will not be for long—Underneath was the drawing of the clenched hands.

"There is no longer any doubt," Lenora said calmly. "Craig is on board. He must have been on deck a few minutes ago. It was his hand which placed this card on the port-hole. Listen! What's that?"

There was a scream from the deck. They all recognized Laura's voice. Harris was out of the stateroom first, but they were all on deck within ten seconds. Laura was standing with one hand clasping the rail, her hand fiercely outstretched towards the lower part of the promenade deck. Through the darkness they heard the sound of angry voices.

"What is it, Laura?" Lenora cried. She swung round upon them.

"Craig!" she cried. "Craig! I saw his face as I sat in my chair there, talking to the captain. I saw a man's white face—nothing else. He must have been leaning over the rail. He heard me call out and he disappeared."

The captain came slowly out of the shadows, limping a little, and followed by his steward, who was murmuring profuse apologies.

"Did you find him?" Laura demanded, eagerly.

"I did not," the captain replied, a little tersely. "I ran into Brown here and we both had a shake-up."

"But he was there—a second ago!" Laura cried out.

"I beg your pardon, miss," Brown ventured, "but the deck's closed at the end, as you can see, with sail-cloth, and I was leaning over the rail myself when you shrieked. There wasn't anyone else near me, and no one can possibly have passed round the deck, as you can see for yourself."

"Very well, then," she said, "you people had better get a strait-waistcoat ready for me. If I didn't see Craig there, I'm going off my head."

Quest had disappeared some seconds ago. He came thoughtfully back, a little later.

"Captain," he asked, "what shall you say if I tell you that I have proof that Craig is on board?"

The captain glanced at Laura and restrained himself.

"I should probably say a great many things which I should regret afterwards," he replied, grimly.

"Sit down and we'll tell you what has happened in my room," Quest continued.

He told the story, calmly and without remark. The captain held his head.

"The ship shall be searched," the captain declared, "once more. We'll look into every crack and every cupboard."

Lenora turned away with a little shiver. It was one of her rare moments of weakness.

"You won't find him! You won't find him!" she murmured. "And I am afraid!"

Lenora grasped the rails of the steamer and glanced downwards at the great barge full of Arab sailors and merchandise. In the near background were the docks of Port Said. It was their first glimpse of eastern atmosphere and color.

"I can't tell you how happy I am," she declared to Quest, "to think that this voyage is over. Every night I have gone to bed terrified."

He smiled grimly. "Coming on shore, any of you?" Harris inquired.

"We may when the boat moves up," Quest replied. "The professor went off on the first barge. Here he is, coming back."

A little boat had shot out from the docks, manned by a couple of Arabs. They could see the professor seated in the stern. He was poring over a small document which he held in his hand. He waved to them excitedly.

"He's got news!" Quest muttered. He came straight to Quest and Lenora and gripped the former by the arm.

"Look!" he cried. "Look!" He held out a card. Quest read it aloud:

There is not one amongst you with the wit of a Mongar child. Good-by! The Hands!

"Where did you get it?" Quest demanded.

"That's the point—the whole point!" the professor exclaimed excitedly. "He's done us! He's landed! That paper was pushed into my hand by a tall Arab, who mumbled something

and hurried off across the docks. On the landing stage, mind!"

The captain came and put his head out of the door.

"Mr. Quest," he said, "can you spare me a moment? You can all come, if you like."

They moved up towards him. The captain closed the door of his cabin. He pointed to a carpet-sweeper which lay against the wall.

"Look at that," he invited. They lifted the top. Inside were several sandwiches and a small can of tea.

"What on earth is this?" Quest demanded.

The captain, without a word, led them into his inner room. A huge lounge stood in one corner. He lifted the valance. Underneath were some crumbs.

"You see," he pointed out, "here's the room there for a man to have hidden, especially if he could crawl out on deck at night. I couldn't make out why the dickens Brown was always sweeping out my room, and I took up this thing a little time ago and looked at it. This is what I found."

"Where's Brown?" Quest asked, quickly.

"I rang down for the chief steward," the captain continued, "and ordered Brown to be sent up at once. The chief steward came himself instead. It seems Brown went off without his wages, but with a huge parcel of bedding, on the first barge this morning, before anyone was about."

Quest groaned as he turned away.

"Captain," he declared, "I am ashamed. He has been here all the time and we've let him slip through our fingers. Girls," he went on briskly, turning towards Lenora, who had just come up, "India's off. We'll catch this barge, if there's time. Our luggage can be put on shore when the boat docks."

The captain walked gloomily with them to the gangway.

"Professor," Quest asked, "how long would it take us to get to this Mongar village you spoke about?"

"Two or three days, if we can get camels," the other replied. "I see you agree with me, then, as to Craig's probable destination?"

Quest nodded.

"What sort of fellows are they, anyway?" he asked. "Will it be safe for us to push on alone?"

"With me," the professor assured him, "you will be safe anywhere. I speak a little of their language. I have lived with them. They are far more civilized than some of the interior tribes."

They disembarked and were driven to the hotel, still discussing their project. The professor had disappeared for some time, but rejoined them later.

"It is all arranged," he announced. "I found a dragoman whom I knew, and a small escort ready to start tomorrow morning. Furthermore, I have news, an Englishman, whose description precisely tallies with Craig's, started off only an hour ago in the same direction. This time, at any rate, Craig cannot escape us."

They made their way back to the hotel, dined in a cool, bare room, and sauntered out again into the streets. The professor led the way to a little building, outside which a man was volubly inviting all to enter.

"You shall see one of the sights of Port Said," he promised. "This is a real Egyptian dancing girl."

A girl, who seemed to be dressed in little more than a winding veil, gilded on to the stage, swaying and moving slowly to the rhythm of the monotonous music. She danced a measure which none of them except the professor had ever seen before, coming now and then so close that they could almost feel her hot breath, and Lenora felt somewhat vaguely disturbed by the glitter of her eyes.

Suddenly Laura leaned forward.

"Look at the professor," she whispered.

They all turned their heads. A queer change seemed to have come into the professor's face. His teeth were gleaming between his parted lips, his head was thrust forward a little, his eyes were filled with a strange, hard light. He was a transformed being, unrecognizable, perturbing. Even while they watched, the girl floated close to where he sat and leaned towards him with a queer, mocking smile. His hand suddenly descended upon her foot. She laughed still more. There was a little exclamation from Lenora. The professor's whole frame quivered. He snatched the anklet from the girl's ankle and bent over it.

"Craig!" she cried, "Craig! I saw his face there."

clined to scout