

# JOE STANICH TAKES FISHERMEN'S RACE

THOUSANDS FLOCK TO RIVER BANK TO SEE CONTESTS ON THE WILLAMETTE

One of the most interesting features of the Oregon City Booster Day program was the sports on the Willamette river near the suspension bridge. It was estimated that at least 4000 persons thronged the banks of the river to witness the boat races. The most exciting race was the fishermen's rowboat race, which was won by Joe Stanich and his partner. Stanich got a bad start but fought to the last and won over his opponents by a small margin.

## ESTACADA ELECTION JUNE 7.

June 7 is the date of the city election at Estacada. The list of candidates has not been made public by the city recorder. It is thought probable that the present council will call a special election to consider several proposed charter amendments before the new council takes office.

A fence 7,000 miles long, the longest in the world, has been ordered by the Canadian Pacific railroad. It will run on both sides of the railroad from Halifax to Vancouver.

## FINAL PROGRAM IS MADE PUBLIC FOR CHAUTAUQUA

(Continued from Page 2)

### Opening Day—Tuesday, July 6.

- 1:00—Music.
- Invocation—Rev. Thomas Broomfield.
- Address of welcome—W. H. Head.
- Response—Dr. T. B. Ford.
- Organization of summer school classes and announcements of instructors.
- 2:30—Opening concert, Adelpian Male Quartet.
- 3:30—Baseball.
- 7:30—Popular concert, Adelpian Male Quartet.
- 8:15—Lecture, "The Neighboring City," Col. W. H. Miller.
- Second Day—Wednesday, July 7.
- 8:00—Summer school.
- 10:00—Oregon Congress of Mothers pavilion. Address, "Some Phases of Twentieth Century Education," Mrs. Arístine Pelts.
- 11:00—Forum hour. O. A. C. morning; special program.
- 1:30—Concert, Adelpian Male Quartet.
- 2:15—Lecture, "Farming and Being Farmed," Col. W. H. Miller.
- 7:30—"Old Home Concert," request program, Adelpian Quartet.
- 8:15—Cartoon entertainment, Marion Ballou Flak.
- Third Day—Thursday, July 8.
- 8:00—Summer school.
- 10:00—Eugenie test, under direction of Mrs. A. King Wilson, at the Kindergarten pavilion.
- 11:00—Forum hour, "Daddy and Me" Della Crowder Miller.
- 1:15—Concert, Witepskie's Royal Hungarian orchestra.
- 2:15—Chalk Talk Lecture, "Marion Ballou Flak."
- 3:30—Baseball.
- 7:15—Concert, Witepskie's Royal Hungarian orchestra.
- 8:00—Popular selections, Charlotte Bergh.
- 8:15—Lecture, "The Spirit of the Rockies," A. A. Franke.
- Fourth Day—Friday, July 9.
- 8:00—Summer school.
- 11:00—Forum hour. University of Oregon morning; special program.
- 1:15—Concert, Witepskie's Royal Hungarian orchestra.
- 2:15—Inspirational lecture, "The Matchless Book," A. A. Franke.
- 3:30—Kindergarten pavilion. Address, "The Nervous Child," Dr. Wm. House.
- 3:30—Baseball.
- 7:15—Concert, Witepskie's Royal Hungarian orchestra.
- 8:15—Readings, Marietta LaDell, child impersonator.
- 8:45—Operatic selections, Charlotte Bergh, lyric soprano, accompanied by Royal Hungarians.

### Fifth Day—Saturday, July 10.

- 8:00—Summer school.
- 11:00—Forum hour. Oregon Congress of Mothers' day; special program; vocal solo, Rev. Frank Gorman; address, "Back to the Home," Dr. John Boyd; vocal solo, Rev. Frank Gorman.
- 1:30—Concert, Buckner's Jubilee Sextet.
- 2:15—Humorous readings, Marietta LaDell.
- 3:30—Baseball.
- 7:30—Jubilee Singers.
- 8:15—Lecture, "Government Ownership of Railroads," Senator E. J. Burkett.

### Sixth Day—Sunday, July 11.

- 9:00—Devotional exercises, in main auditorium.
- 10:00—Sunday school, under direction of Oregon State S. S. association.
- 2:00—Special music by Chautauqua chorus, under direction of Prof. J. H. Cowen.
- Special number by Jubilee Singers.
- Sermon.
- 4:00—Sacred concert—Buckner's Jubilee Singers.
- 7:30—Concert, Jubilee Singers.
- 8:00—Sermon oration, Senator E. J. Burkett, "The New Woman and the Young Man."

### Seventh Day—Monday, July 12.

- 7:30—Special music.
- 2:00—Lecture, W. H. Head.
- 3:30—Reception at Kindergarten pavilion in charge of Oregon Congress of Mothers; solo, J. Ross Fargo; duet, Mrs. Skulason, J. Ross Fargo; trio, Mrs. Emerald Waldron, Mrs. Skulason and Mrs. John Skulason.
- 3:30—Baseball.
- 7:30—Special music.
- 8:00—Magical entertainment, The Floyds, of Boston.
- Eighth Day—Tuesday, July 13.
- 8:00—Summer school.
- 11:00—Forum hour. Special lecture, W. H. Head.
- 1:15—Schumann Quintet.
- 2:00—Lecture, "John Ruskin's Message to the Twentieth Century," Newell Dwight Hillis.
- 3:30—Baseball.
- 7:30—Special music.
- 8:00—Grand concert. Celebrated Schumann Quintet.
- Ninth Day—Wednesday, July 14.
- 8:00—Summer school.
- 10:00—Eugenie test. Kindergarten pavilion.
- 11:00—Forum hour. Pacific College morning; special program.
- 1:15—Prelude, Saxony Opera Singers.
- 2:00—Lecture, "American Ideals," Mrs. A. C. Zehner.
- 3:30—Baseball.
- 7:30—Popular concert, Saxony Opera Singers.
- 8:15—Popular lecture, "Our Town," Hon. Nelson Darling.
- Tenth Day—Thursday, July 15.
- (Clackamas County Day.)
- 8:00—Summer school.
- 11:00—Forum hour. Pacific University morning; special program.
- 1:30—Popular concert, Ciricello's Italian band.
- 2:30—Address, Social Hygiene, Rev. Wm. Elliott, Kindergarten pavilion.
- 3:30—Baseball.
- 7:30—Il Trovatore, in four acts, by Il Trovatore Grand Opera company with Ciricello's entire band accompanying.
- 8:30—Ciricello's Italian band in concert.
- Eleventh Day—Friday, July 16.
- 8:00—Summer school.
- 11:00—Forum hour. Consumers' League of Oregon morning; special program.
- 1:30—Prelude, Ruthven McDonald.
- 2:00—Lecture, "The Lucky Number," F. Eugene Baker.
- 3:30—Baseball.
- 7:30—Popular concert, Ruthven McDonald of Toronto, Canada.
- 8:15—Famous production, "The Stort Beautiful," Father P. J. MacCorry, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. McDonald.
- Twelfth Day—Saturday, July 17.
- 8:00—Summer school.
- 11:00—Forum hour. W. C. T. U. morning; special program.
- 1:15—Giulietta trio.
- 2:00—"Ben Hur," Della Crowder Miller.
- 3:30—Play festival.
- 3:30—Baseball.
- 7:30—Concert, Giulietta trio.
- 8:15—Lecture, "The Man Worth While," Roland A. Nicholas.
- 9:30—Fireworks.
- Closing Day—Sunday, July 18.
- 9:00—Devotional hour.
- 10:00—Sunday school, under direction of Oregon State S. S. association.
- 1:00—The Alpine Yodlers, sacred concert.
- 2:00—Lecture, "If I had My Life to Live Again," Col. Geo. W. Bain.
- 4:00—Oratorio, under the direction of Prof. J. H. Cowen; 100 voices, Chautauqua chorus.
- 7:30—Popular concert, the Famous Yodlers.
- 8:15—Bible Chalk Talk Evelyn Bargell.

# The BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of "Mr. Gray of Monte Carlo," "The Vanished Messenger," "The Lighted Wap," etc.

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

## SYNOPSIS.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice the murderer of Lord Ashleigh, 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 anthropoid ape skeleton and a living human creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his rooms have appeared from nowhere black boxes containing narcotic notes, signed by a pair of arctic hands. Laura and Lenora, the professor's servant, suspect Craig, the professor's servant, of a double murder. The black boxes continue to appear in queerly hidden places. Craig is trapped by Quest, but escapes to England, where Quest, Lenora and the professor follow him. Lord Ashleigh is murdered by the Hands. Lenora is abducted in England and rescued. Craig is captured and escapes to Port Said, where Quest and his party also go, and beyond into the desert.

## ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### IN THE DESERT.

Quest was the first the next morning to open his eyes, to grope his way through the tent opening and stand for a moment alone, watching the alabaster skies. He turned lazily around, meaning to summon the Arab who had volunteered to take Hassan's place. His arms—he had been in the act of stretching—fell to his sides. He stared at the spot where the camels had been tethered. Incredulously. There were no camels, no drivers, no Arabs. There was not a soul nor an object in sight except the stark body of Hassan, which they had dragged half out of sight behind a slight knoll. High up in the sky above were two little black specks, wheeling lower and lower. Quest shivered as he suddenly realized that for the first time in his life he was looking upon the winged ghoul of the desert. Lower and lower they came. He turned away with a shiver.

The professor was still sleeping when Quest re-entered the tent. He woke him up and beckoned him to come outside. Quest pointed to the little sandy knoll with its sparse covering of grass, deserted—with scarcely a sign, even, that it had been the resting place of the little caravan. The professor gave vent to a little exclamation. The professor hurried off towards the spot where the encampment had been made. Suddenly he stood still and pointed with his finger. In the clearer, almost crystalline light of the coming day, they saw the track of the camels in one long, unbroken line stretching away northwards.

He glanced around a little helplessly. Quest took a cigar from his case and lit it. "No good worrying," Quest sighed. "The question is how best to get out of the mess. What's the next move, anyway?"

The professor glanced towards the son and took a small compass from his pocket. He pointed across the desert.

"That's exactly our route," he said, "but I reckon we still must be two days from the Mongars, and how we are going to get there ourselves, much more get the women there, without camels, I don't know. There are no wells, and I don't believe those fellows have left us a single tin of water."

Laura put her head out of the tent in which the two women had slept. "Say, where's breakfast?" she exclaimed. "I can't smell the coffee."

They turned and approached her silently. The two girls, fully dressed, came out of the tent as they approached.

"Young ladies," the professor announced, "I regret to say that a misfortune has befallen us, a misfortune which we shall be able, without doubt, to surmount, but which will mean a day of hardship and much inconvenience."

"Where are the camels?" Lenora asked breathlessly. "Gone!" Quest replied. "And the Arabs?"

"Gone with them—we are left high and dry," Quest explained. "And what is worse," the professor added, with a groan, "they have taken with them all our stores, our rifles and our water."

"How far are we from the Mongar camp?" Lenora asked. "About a day's tramp," Quest replied quickly. "We may reach there by nightfall."

"Then let's start walking at once, before it gets any hotter," Lenora suggested. Quest patted her on the back. They made a close search of the tents, but found that the Arabs had taken everything in the way of food and drink, except a single half-filled tin of drinking water.

They started bravely enough, but by midday their little stock of water was gone, their feet were sorely blistered. No one complained, however, and the professor did his best to revive their spirits.

"We have come farther than I had dared to hope, in the time," he announced. "Fortunately, I know the exact direction we must take. Keep up your spirits, young ladies. At any time we may see signs of our destination."

They struggled on once more. Night came and brought with it a half-suffocating, half-torturing coolness. That vain straining of the eyes upon the horizon at any rate was spared to them. They slept in a fashion, but soon after dawn they were on their feet again. Suddenly Quest, who had gone a little out of his way to mount a low range of sand hills, waved his arm furiously. He was holding his field-glasses to his eyes. It was wonderful how that ray of hope transformed them. They hurried to where he was. He passed the glasses to the professor.

"A caravan!" he exclaimed. "I can see the camels, and horses!" The professor almost snatched the glasses. "It is quite true," he agreed. "It is a caravan crossing at right angles to our direction. Come! They will see us before long."

Presently three or four horsemen detached themselves from the main body and came galloping towards them. The eyes of the little party glinted as they saw that the foremost had a water-bottle slung around his neck. He came dashing up, waving his arms.

"You lost, people!" he asked. "Want water?" They almost snatched the bottle from him. It was like pouring life into their veins. They all, at the professor's instigation, drank sparingly. Quest, with a great sigh of relief, lit a cigar.

"Some adventure, this!" he declared. The professor, who had been talking to the men in their own language, turned back towards the two girls. "It is a caravan," he explained, "of peaceful merchants on their way to Jaffa. They are halting for us, and we shall be able, without a doubt, to arrange for water and food and a camel or two horses. The man here asks if the ladies will take the horses and ride!"

They started off gayly to where the caravan had come to a standstill. They had scarcely traversed a hundred yards, however, before the Arab who was leading Lenora's horse came to a sudden standstill. He pointed with his arm and commenced to talk in an excited fashion to his two companions. From across the desert, facing them, came a little company of horsemen, galloping fast and with the sunlight flashing upon their rifles.

"The Mongars!" the Arab cried, pointing wildly. "They attack the caravan!" The three Arabs talked together for a moment in an excited fashion. Then, without excuse or warning, they swung the two women to the ground, leaped

on their horses, and, turning northwards, galloped away. The professor looked on anxiously. "I am not at all sure," he said in an undertone to Quest, "about our position with the Mongars. Craig has a peculiar hold upon them, but as a rule they hate white men, and their blood will be up. . . . See! the fight is all over. Those fellows were no match for the Mongars. Most of them have fled and left the caravan."

The fight was indeed over. Four of the Mongars had galloped away in pursuit of the Arabs who had been the temporary escort of Quest and his companions. They passed about a hundred yards away, waving their arms and shouting furiously. One of them even fired a shot, which missed Quest by only a few inches.

"They say they are coming back," the professor muttered. "Who? This? It's the chief and—"

"Our search is over, at any rate," Quest interrupted. "It's Craig!" They came galloping up, Craig in white Arab clothes and an Arab's

cloak; the chief by his side—a fine, upright man with long, gray beard; behind, three Mongars, their rifles already to their shoulders. The chief wheeled up his horse as he came within twenty paces of the little party. "White! English!" he shouted. "Why do you seek death here?"

He waited for no reply, but turned to his men. Three of them dashed forward, their rifles, which were fitted with an odd sort of bayonet, drawn back for the lunge. Suddenly Craig, who had been a little in the rear, galloped, shouting, into the line of fire. "Stop!" he ordered. "Chief, these people are my friends. Chief, the word!"

The chief raised his arm promptly. The men lowered their rifles. Craig galloped back to his host's side. The chief listened to him and nodded gravely. Presently he rode up to the little party. He saluted the professor gravely and talked to him in his own language. The professor turned to the others.

"The chief apologizes for not recognizing me," he announced. "It seems that Craig had told him that he had come to the desert for shelter, and he imagined at once, when he gave the order for the attack upon us, that we were his enemies. He says that we are welcome to go with him to his encampment."

Craig turned slowly towards them. It was a strange meeting. "It is necessary," he told them, "that you should pretend to be my friends. The chief has ordered two of his men to dismount. Their ponies are for the young ladies. There will be horses for you among the captured ones from the caravan yonder."

They all turned towards the chief, who remained a little on the outside of the circle. The professor raised his hat and spoke a few words in the Mongar language, then he turned to the others. "I have accepted the invitation of the chief," he announced. "We had better start."

"This may not be Delmonico's," Laura remarked, a few hours later, with a little sigh of contentment. "but believe me that goat-stew and sherbet tasted better than any chicken and champagne I ever tasted."

They moved to the opening of the tent and sat looking out across the silent desert. Laura took the flap of the canvas in her hand. "What do all these marks mean?" she asked.

"They are calligraphic signs," the professor replied, "part of the language of the tribe. They indicate that this is the guest tent, and there are a few little maxims traced upon it, extolling the virtues of hospitality."

Lenora leaned forward to where a little group of Mongars were talking together. "I wish that beautiful girl would come and let us see her again," she murmured.

"She," the professor explained, "is the chief's daughter, Feerda, whose life Craig saved."

"And from the way she looks at him," Laura observed, "I should say she hadn't forgotten it, either."

The professor held up a warning finger. The girl herself had glided to their side out of the shadows. She faced the professor. The rest of the party she seemed to ignore. She spoke slowly and in halting English. "My father wishes to know that you are satisfied?" she said. "You have no further wants?"

"None," the professor assured her. "We are very grateful for his hospitality, Feerda."

"Won't you talk to us for a little time?" Lenora begged, leaning forward. The girl turned suddenly to the professor and spoke to him in her own language. She pointed to the signs upon the tent, drew her finger along one of the sentences, flashed a fierce glance at them all and disappeared.

"Seems to me that we are not exactly popular with the young lady," Quest remarked. "What was she saying, professor?"

"She suspects us," the professor said slowly, "of wishing to bring evil to Craig. She pointed to a sentence upon the tent. Roughly it means 'Gratitude is the debt of hospitality.' I am very much afraid that the young lady must have been listening to our conversation."

The professor suddenly leaned forward. There was a queer change in his face. From somewhere on the other side of that soft bank of violet darkness came what seemed to be the clear, low cry of some animal. "It is the Mongar cry of warning," he said hoarsely. "Something is going to happen."

The whole encampment was suddenly in a state of activity. The Mongars ran hither and thither, getting together their horses. The chief, with Craig by his side, was standing on the outskirts of the camp. "Seems to me there's a move on," Quest muttered, as they rose to their feet. "I wonder if we are in it."

A moment or two later Craig approached them. "Word has been brought to the chief," he announced, "that the Arab who escaped from the caravan has fallen in with an outpost of British soldiers. They have already started in pursuit of us. The Mongars will take refuge in the jungle, where they have prepared hiding-places. We start at once."

"What about us?" the professor inquired. "I endeavored," Craig continued, "to persuade the chief to allow you to remain here, when the care of you would devolve upon the English soldiers. He and Feerda, however, have

absolutely refused my request. Feerda has overheard some of your conversation, and the chief believes that you will betray us. You will have to come, too."

They all rose at once to their feet, and a few moments later horses were brought. The little procession was already being formed in line. Craig approached them once more.

"You will mount now and ride in the middle of our caravan," he directed. "The chief does not trust you. If you value your lives, you will do as you are bidden."

"You can call this fairyland, if you want," Laura remarked, gazing around her. "I call it a nasty, damp, oozy spot."

Quest motioned them to sit a little nearer. "I had a moment's talk with Craig this morning, and from what he says I fancy they mean to make a move a little farther in before long. It'll be all the more difficult to escape them."

"You think we could get away?" Lenora whispered, eagerly. Quest glanced cautiously around. They were surrounded by thick vegetation, but they were only a very short distance from the camp.

"Seems to me," he continued, "we shall have to try it some day or other and I'm all for trying it soon. Even if they caught us, I don't believe they'd dare to kill us, with the English soldiers so close behind. I am going to get hold of two or three rifles and some ammunition. That's easy, because they leave them about all the time. And what you girls want to do is to hide some food and get a bottle of water."

"What about Craig?" the professor asked. "We are going to take him along," Quest declared, grimly. "He's had the devil's own luck so far but it can't last forever. I'll see to that part of the business, if you others get ready and wait for me to give the signal."

They dispersed in various directions. He was not until late in the evening, when the Mongars had withdrawn a little to indulge in their customary orgy of crooning songs, that they were absolutely alone. Quest looked out of the tent in which they had been sitting and came back again.

"Well?" Laura lifted her skirt and showed an unusual projection underneath. "Lenora and I have pinned up our petticoats," she announced. "We've got plenty of food and a bottle of water."

Quest threw open the white Arab cloak which he had been wearing. He had three rifles strapped around him. "The professor's got the ammunition," he said, "and we've five horses tethered a hundred paces along the track we came by, just behind the second tree turning to the left. I want you all to get there now at once and take the rifles. There isn't a soul in the camp and you can carry them wrapped in this cloak. I'll join you in ten minutes."

"What about Craig?" the professor inquired. "I am seeing to him," Quest replied. Lenora hesitated. "Isn't it rather a risk?" she whispered fearfully. "Craig is going back with us," he said. "I'll be careful, Lenora. Don't worry."

He stroiled out of the tent and came back again. "The coast's clear," he announced. "Off you go. . . . One moment," he added, "there are some papers in this little box of mine which one of you might take care of."

He bent hastily over the little wallet, which never left him. Suddenly a little exclamation broke from his lips. "What is it?" Quest never said a word. From one of the spaces of the wallet he drew out a small black box, removed the lid and held out the card. They read it together:

Foots, all of you! The cunning of the ages defeats your puny efforts at every turn.—The Hands. Even the professor's lips blanched a little as he read. Quest, however, seemed suddenly furious. He tore the card and the box to pieces, flung them



Captured by the Mongars.

into a corner of the tent and drew a revolver from his pocket. "This time," he exclaimed, "we are going to make an end of The Hand! Out you go now, girls. You can leave me to finish things up."

One by one they stole along the path. Quest came out and watched them disappear. Then he gripped his revolver firmly in his hand and turned towards Craig's tent. Then, from the thick growth by the side of the clearing, he saw a dark shape steal out and vanish in the direction of Craig's tent. He came to a standstill, puzzled. There had been rumors of lions all day, but the professor had been incredulous. Then the still, heavy air was suddenly rent by a wild scream of horror. Across the narrow opening the creature had reappeared, carrying something in its mouth, something which gave vent all the time to the most awful yells. Quest fired his revolver on chance and broke into a run. Already the Mongars, disturbed in their evening amusement, were breaking into the undergrowth in chase. Quest came to a standstill. It was from Craig's tent that the beast had issued! When he reached the meeting place, he found the professor standing at the corner with the rest.

"From the commotion," he announced, "I believe that, after all, a lion has visited the camp. The cries which we have heard were distinctly the cries of a native."

Quest shook his head. "A lion's been here all right," he said, "and he has finished our little job for us. That was Craig I saw him come out of Craig's tent."

The professor was dubious. "You see that tree that looks like a dwarfed aloe?" "What about it?" "Craig was lying there ten minutes ago. He sprang up when he heard the yells from the encampment, but I believe he is there now."

"Got the horses all right?" Quest inquired. "Everything is waiting," the professor replied. "I'll have one more try, then," Quest declared.

He made his way slowly through the undergrowth to the spot which the professor had indicated. Close to the trunk of a tree Craig was standing, Feerda was on her knees before him. She was speaking in broken English. "Dear master, you shall listen to your slave. These people are your enemies. It would be all over in a few minutes. You have but to say the word. My father is eager for it. No one would ever know."

Craig patted her head. His tone was filled with the deepest despondency. "It is impossible, Feerda," he said. "You do not understand. I cannot tell you everything. Sometimes I almost think that the best thing I could do would be to return with them to the countries you know nothing of."

"That's what you are going to do, anyway," Quest declared, suddenly making his reappearance. "Hands up!" He covered Craig with his revolver, but his arm was scarcely extended before Feerda sprang at him like a little wildcat. He gripped her with his left arm and held her away with difficulty.

"Craig," he continued, "you're coming with us. You know the way to Port Said and we want you—you know why. Untie that sash from your waist. Quickly!" "Craig obeyed. "Tie it to the tree," Quest ordered. "Leave room enough."

Craig did as he was told. Then he turned and held the loose ends up. Quest lowered his revolver for a moment as he pushed Feerda towards it. Craig, with a wonderful spring, reached his side and kicked the revolver away. Before Quest could even stoop to recover it he saw the glitter of the other's knife pressed against his chest. "Listen," Craig declared. "I've made up my mind. I won't go back to America. I've had enough of being hunted all over the world. This time I think I'll rid myself of one of you, at any rate."

"Will you?" The interruption was so unexpected that Craig lost his nerve. Through an opening in the trees, only a few feet away, Lenora had suddenly appeared. She, too, held a revolver, her hand was as steady as a rock.

Feerda had overheard some of your conversation, and the chief believes that you will betray us. You will have to come, too."

They all rose at once to their feet, and a few moments later horses were brought. The little procession was already being formed in line. Craig approached them once more.

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Foots, all of you! The cunning of the ages defeats your puny efforts at every turn.—The Hands. Even the professor's lips blanched a little as he read. Quest, however, seemed suddenly furious. He tore the card and the box to pieces, flung them

"Drop your knife," she ordered Craig. He obeyed without hesitation. "Now, tie the sash around the girl." He obeyed mechanically. Quest took Craig by the collar and led him to the spot where the others were waiting. They hoisted him on to a horse. Already behind them they could see the flare of the torches from the retreating Mongars.

"You know the way to Port Said," Quest whispered. "See that you lead us there. There will be trouble, mind, if you don't." Craig made no reply. He rode off in front of the little troop, covered all the time by Quest's revolver. Very soon they were out of the jungle and in the open desert. Quest looked behind him uneasily.

"To judge by the row those fellows are making," he remarked, "I should think that they've found Feerda already."

"In that case," the professor said gravely, "let me recommend you to push on as fast as possible. We have had one escape from those fellows, but nothing in the world can save us now that you have laid hands upon Feerda.