

PUSSYFOOT SAM and the Great Powell Diamond Mystery, or **Testing His Disguise.**



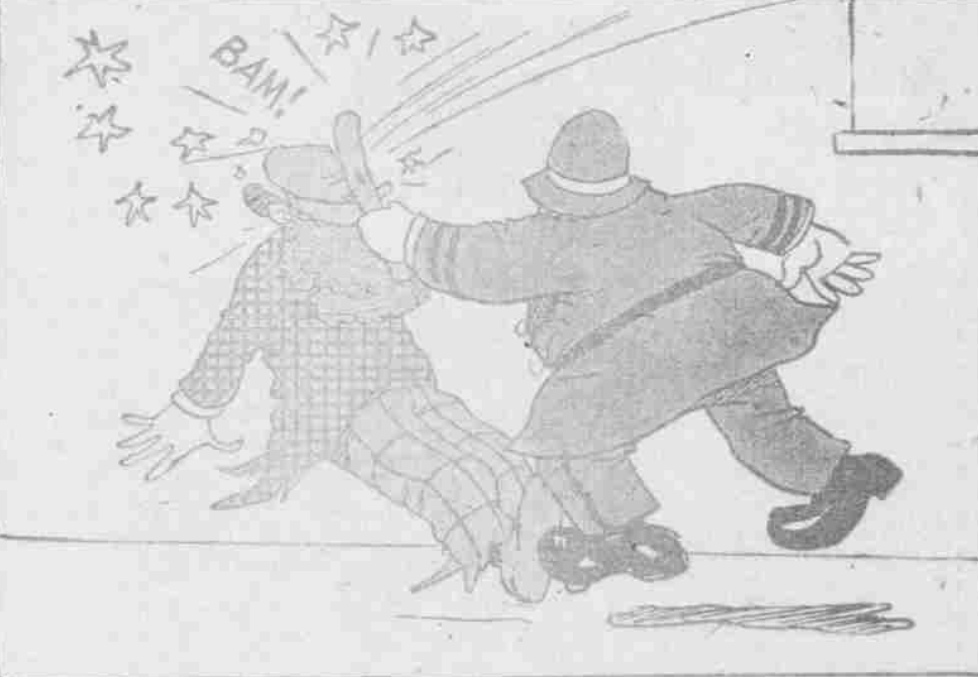
For hours Pussyfoot Sam had worked on a disguise that would enable him to frequent the haunts of the diamond robbers without his identity being known. He was about to take up a new view when his sharp eye discovered the Chief of Police in uniform; a thought struck him.



His own mother could not have recognized him in these ragged clothes and his shambling gait, so shrewdly had he applied the grease paint and adjusted his false whiskers.



He chuckled inwardly at thus having the laugh on his superior officer. It was a huge joke.



Suddenly the heavy hand of the big policeman shot forward, backed by all the force of his 250 pounds of muscle. It was a well directed blow, catching the detective on the point of the chin, and fairly crushing him to the floor.



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Luckily for Pussyfoot he had a stiff hat, which deadened the force of the impact. Aside from a broken nose and a slight abrasion over one eye he found no serious injuries. It was a bitter lesson. With the doctor's care and good nursing he may be out in a week.

