

SATAN'S HENCHMAN—by Art Naylor

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parture of Bolton and Foo Chang, Theo seizes Ethel's letters to Bolton, and as and Bruce precede him to his country home, where Bolton is being entertained by a beautiful half-caste Chinese girl masquerading as a man, and who, Theo has discovered, is to play an important part in the plot hatched by Bolton and Foo Chang.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY



OLDER PEOPLE Must watch bowels Constantly!

As we grow older the bowels become more sluggish. They don't get rid of all the waste. Some days they do not move at all. So older people need to watch their bowels constantly. Only by doing this can they hope to avoid the many forms of sickness caused by constipation.

When your bowels need help remember a doctor should know what is best for them, and get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from your drugstore. Syrup Pepsin is a doctor's prescription for lagging bowels, good for all ages.

No restriction of habits or diet is necessary while taking Syrup Pepsin. Made from fresh, laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other valuable ingredients it is absolutely safe. It will not gripe, sicken or weaken you.

Take a spoonful next time your tongue is coated, or you have a bad taste in your mouth. It clears up a bilious, headachy, dull, weak, gassy condition every time. When you see how good it tastes and how nice it acts, you'll know why Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative for every member of the family.

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SYRUP PEPSIN
A Doctor's Family Laxative

Builds
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And when older, fast-growing children get out of sorts and out of condition, you have only to give a more liberal dose of this pure vegetable preparation to right the disturbed condition quickly.

Because Castoria is made expressly for children, it has just the needed mildness of action. Yet you can always depend on it to be

INSTALLMENT X

As Theo Ashton and Harry Bruce watched, through the window from a thicket, Bolton's entertainment by the alluring dance of the beautiful half-caste Chinese girl, two figures had advanced upon their position, and a stern voice commanded their hands to be raised.

Complying with the order, Theo and Harry faced about with a sigh of relief when Theo discovered, by a reflection from the window, that their captors were his friends, detectives Kearns and Brown.

"What are you doing here?" asked Kearns in a whisper.

The Scene of Passion

And while Theo rapidly related what he had discovered, the four men watched the concluding performance of the dancer. As she ceased her contortions she swayed toward Bolton, who sprang up and received her body in his arms. With a gesture and a smile of utter abandon, the strange girl slipped her arms about her companion's shoulders and returned the barrage of kisses he rained upon her red lips. The lights went out, and the scene of passion was enshrouded in darkness.

A short consultation between the four watchers brought a decision that Bolton should be unmolested in his love tryst, and should be permitted to proceed with the plans. He was left in the deserted colony to enjoy the rapture of his charmer.

Back in the city, Theo and Harry discussed the plans with the officers for a coup on the night following, and all the details had been arranged when they parted.

Marcia's Absence a Mystery

It was long after midnight when Theo finally reached home. He slipped into the house to avoid disturbing his mother, and lay awake, a prey to his own apprehension. One question continually revolved in his mind—where was Marcia? True, he had gained possession of clues to villainous plots, but not a thread could he grasp that might lead to the mystery of her whereabouts.

At six o'clock the following evening, Theo met the detectives and Harry at the police station, where the details of their plan was perfected, and before eight, the Oliver home was secretly guarded. A few moments after eight a stranger, evidently a traveler, arrived in a taxi, entered and was greeted by the insurance head at the door.

Behind drawn shades in the living room the stranger and Oliver conversed for a short time, and then the stranger, opening the grip he had carried, extracted a package of bills, which he counted out to the amount of ten thousand dollars, to Oliver. While the president recounted the money, the stranger scrutinized several legal documents which Oliver had surrendered to him, and was about to place these in his grip when three masked men suddenly entered the

room with revolvers leveled at the two occupants.

With hands raised, Oliver and his visitor watched one of the bandits seize the package of money and the documents. They were ordered to remain inactive for thirty minutes, and warned that the wires had been cut. But when the three masked men turned to leave the room, they faced a ring of rifles and revolvers held by police and detectives.

Not a shot was fired and no commotion entailed in the quick capture of the dazed bandits. They were disarmed, unmasked and hand-cuffed, and the entire retinue, except Theo, Bruce, Kearns and Brown, vanished at the rear, while the neighbors were left in ignorance of the incident.

Women Behave Strangely

President Oliver, stunned by the holdup and its subsequent results, grasped Theo in his arms when informed how his activities, minus the part played by his own wife, had saved him from possible ruin. "I won't forget this, Theodore, and gentlemen, you are to be congratulated on the brave manner in which you have handled this affair. You will all soon feel the result of my gratitude."

As he left with Bruce and the detectives, Theo noticed the tense and frightened faces of Clarice and Ethel, who, having become aware of some unusual incident, were perched upon the stairway.

Back at the police station, one of the bandits proved to be the same whom Theo had captured during the first holdup. The men were sullen, and apparently disgusted. His associates were the same two who had escaped. The three were ordered held incommunicado and sent to the third degree room.

Shortly thereafter another detail, including Theo, Harry, Kearns and Brown, slipped away from the station and city, into the silent country night. At eleven o'clock the big car arrived close to Bolton's country home. Detective Brown, in disguise, approached the house and his summons was answered by J. Francis Bolton, who did not insist upon his entry.

"The boss sent this," Brown muttered thickly, handing the owner a package.

"How did it come out?" Bolton asked cautiously.

"Damn tough break—but come through all right, Gotta beat it back now."

"Good work, old man. The boss will fix you up," Bolton promised as the messenger turned to leave and disappeared into the darkness.

Half-Caste Girl Masquerades

It was close to midnight when two cars arrived at the cottage. Edward Terry, driving Bolton's car, was alone, but the second car contained a driver and another passenger, who entered the house with Terry. The passenger was Foo Chang, and he was greeted warmly by Bolton and the strange Chinese girl, who was attired in a ravishing negligee. Drinks were served and Terry, ogled by the girl, was delighted to be left alone with her when Foo Chang accompanied Bolton to another room.

With the return of the two men, the girl vanished, only to reappear a short time later attired in a tailored suit and a chic hat, and carrying a traveling bag. Terry and the girl departed in Bolton's car, and soon after, Bolton and Foo Chang were driven away.

A careful search of the premises after Bolton and his guests had departed revealed nothing of a tangible character that might incriminate the owner, and the four searchers returned to the city to watch the results of their manipulations.

A shake-up was due in certain circles of the underworld, and this was awaited with careful observation by the now thoroughly alert police department. For Foo Chang would soon discover that Bolton had paid him ten thousand dollars in spurious money, which had been substituted by the police and delivered to Bolton as the supposed loot from the Oliver holdup. A close check was being made on these two principal characters, and a trap was ready to be sprung at the psychological moment.

In the meantime, Theodore Ashton returned home, weary and troubled, and his mother's encouragement did little to raise his hopes. "Son, you must not lose your courage. It will do no good, and simply impede your progress toward locating Marcia," she chided him.

The "Trivial" Incident

"But, mother—so far we have been unable to uncover one single clue,

relative to her whereabouts. We have run down every bit of evidence, and have succeeded in defeating some of the underlying motives of the principals in this strange chain of incidents. But what good is all that unless we find Marcia? She may be dead by now," he complained.

"No, no, son! She is not dead. God is too good to permit that. You'll find her, but you must be patient. You must remember that the whole thing is subtle and deeply laid."

"I'll say it is. It's too deep for me, and even the shrewdest of the police, so far."

"Well, let me tell you, while I think of it, of a trivial incident which may

or may not mean anything. But I think you ought to know, just the same. You see, dear, I remember that it has been my big boy who has furnished all the clues already. Anyhow, for several days there has been a strange man loitering about here, and I have been watching him. I noticed he appeared each day about the time for the postman to arrive.

"When the postman arrived this afternoon he rang the bell, and it was only a few moments before I went to the door, and I caught this man at the box. He was very polite, and begged pardon for looking in the wrong box, but I am positive, Theo,

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