## THE INTELLIGENCER, ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1915.

side of the border. You're

Craig nodded gratefully.

The professor coughed.

Craig looked gloomily away.

"I am sure, Craig," he declared, "that you have decided wisely."

"There is nothing else for me to

"Why not now?" Quest suggested.

"In New York," Craig replied, "and

Quest and the professor exchanged

"Very well," the former decided.

get 'em, cookle. They can't touch you

here. Of course, if you go to New

York it's your own show." "I know that," Craig replied, gloom-

through Long Jim's. "Just one dance," she whispered. He hesitated, looking out of the window. Then he shrugged his shoul-

"I'm tired of those guys," he re-

was left alone for a few min-

denly Marta glided in and

marked to Craig, with a grin. "Guess

I'll stay here for a blt."

ger.

One of the girls passed her arm

and looked after. Besides, I am sick

of it all. You may as well know the

long as you like to stay."

must go.'

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"Don't

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meaning glances.

the professor's house."

Jim lingered by Craig's side

Don't

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The BLACK B **By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM** Author of "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," "The Vanished Mess-enger," "The Lighted Way,"etc.

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

(Copyright, 1915, by Otis F. Wood.)

Sanford Quest, master criminologist o the world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdougal, the murderer of Lord Ash leigh's daughter, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysteri ous master criminal. In a hidden but i The second secon

SYNOPSIS.

# THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

# TONGUES OF FLAME.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

From the shadows of the trees on

the farther side of the river, Craig with strained eyes watched Quest's struggle. He saw him reach Lenors. watched him struggle to the bank with her, waited until he had lifted her on to his horse. Then he turned slowly around and faced the one country in the world where freedom was still possible for him. He looked into the wall of darkness, penetrated only at one spot by a little blaze of light. Slowly, with his and through the bridle of his horse, he limped towards As he drew nearer and discovered its source, he hesitated. The light came through the uncurtained windows of a saloon, three long, yellow shafts illuminating the stunted shrubs and sandy places. Craig kept the shadow between them and drew a little nearer. From inside he could hear the thumping of a worn plano, the twanging of a guitar, the rattle of glasses, the uproarious shouting of men, the shrill laughter of women. The tired men and the lame horse stole reluctantly a little nearer. Craig listened once more wearily. It home he longed fer so muchand rest. The very thought of the place sickened him. Even when he reached the door, he hesitated and instead of entering stood back amongst the shadows. If only he could find any other sort of shelter!

Inside, the scene was ordinary ign. There was a long bar, a which were iounging half a doze typical Mexican cowpunchers. , There was a small space cleared for dancing at the farther end of which two per formers were making weird but vahement music. Three girls were dancing with cowboys, not ungracefully considering the state of the floor and the frequent discords in the music. One of them-the prettiest-stopped abruptly and pushed her partner away

"You have drunk too much, Jose!" she exclaimed. "You cannot dance, You tread on my feet and you lean estimate me. I do not like it. I will dance with you another night when you are solar. Go away, please." Her cavallor swayed for a moment on his feet. Then he looked down upon her wife an eril, giltter in his oyes. He was tall and thin, with a block mustache and yellow, unpleas-ant looking teeth.

common and those of the company who noticed at all, merely laughed at the girl's futile struggles. Jose's arm was already raised with the knife in his hand, when a sudden blow brought a yell of pain to his lips. The knife fell clattering to the floor. He sprang up, his eyes red with fury. A man had entered the door from behind and was standing within a few feet her. of him, a man with long, pale face,

dark eyes, travel-stained, and with the air of a fugitive. A flood of incoherent abuse streamed from Jose's lips. He stooped for the knife. Marta threw herself upon him. The two cowboye who had been dancing suddenly intervened. The girl screamed. "It was Jose's fault!" she cried.

"Jose was mad. He would have killed me! Craig faced them all with sudden

courage. "As I came in." he explained "that man had his knife raised to stab

the girl. You don't allow that sort of thing, do you, here?" The two cowboys linked their arms through Jose's and led him off toward

the door. "The stranger's right, Jose." one of them insisted. You can't carve a girl up in company."

The girl clutched at Craig's arm. "Sit down here, please," she begged Wait.

She disappeared for a moment and came back with a glass full of wine which she set down on the table. "Drink this," she invited. "And

thank you for saving me." Craig emptied the glass eagerly. "I just happened to be the first to see him,' he said. "They aren't quite wild enough to allow that here, are

they?" "Quien sabe? The girls do not like me! The men do not care," she declared. "Jose took me by surprise though, or ( would have killed him But who are you, and where did you

come from?' "I have just crossed the border.' he replied.

She nodded understandingly. "Were they after you?"

"Yes! with a warrant for my ar rest!'

She patted his hand.

"You are safe now," she whispered "We care that much for a United States warrant," and she snapped her slim fingers. "You shall stay with us for a time. We will take care of you.' He sighed wearily.

Back in the camp, a spirit of devilry had entered into Long Jim and hi mates. A tactless remark on the par of one of the deputies had set alight the smeldering fire of reseminent which the cowbeys had all the time felt against them. At a word from nim.

Long Jim they were taken by surprise and tied to the wagon. The deputies spluttered with rage and fear. Shot rained about them and the canvas of the wagon was riddled. Suddenly they all paused to listen. The sound of a horse's slow footfall was heard close at hand. Presently Quest appeared out of the shidows, carrying Lenora in his arms. Laura rushed forward.

"L'en org!" she cried. "Is she hurt?" Quest laid her tenderly upon the ground.

"We had a suill at the bridge," he explained, quickly. "I don't know whether Craig loosened the supports.

is light and gayety. You are safe here, whatever your troubles may have You say that you have money been. and if you are lonely," she added dropping her voice, "you need not gc alone. He patted her hand affectionately,

but there was something a little forced about the action. "Child," he said, "it is so hard to make you understand. I might lose myse'l for a few minutes, it is true, over yonder. Perhaps, even," he added, "you might help me to forget. And then there would be the awakening. That is always the same. Sometimes at night I sleep, and when I sleep 1

rest, and when my eyes are opened in the morning the weight comes back and sits upon my heart, and the strength seems to pass from my limbs and the will from my brain." Her eyes were soft and her voice shook a little as she leaned towards him. Something in his helplessness had kindled the protective spirit in

"Has life been so terrible for you?" she whispered. "Have you left behind-but no! you never could have been really wicked. You are not very old, are you? Why do you not stand up and be a man? If you have done wrong, then very likely people have done wrong things to you. Why should you brood over these memories? Why- What are you looking at? Who are these people?"

The professor, with Quest and Long Jim, suddenly appeared round the cor-ner of the building. They walked towards Craig. He shrank back in his place.

"If these are your enemies," the girl cried, fiercely, "remember that they cannot touch you here. I'll have the boys out in a minute, if they dare to try it."

Craig struggled to his feet. He made no answer. His eyes were fixed upon the professor's. The girl passed her arm through his and dragged him into the saloon. They passed Jose in the doorway. He scoffed at them.

"Say, the boss will fire you, Marta, if you waste all your time with that Yankee," he muttered Marta drew the red rose from the

bosom of her dress and placed it in Craig's buttonhole. Then she led him without a word to a seat. "If these men try any tricks in here," she said, "there'll be trouble." Almost at that moment they all

three entered. Long Jim nodded to Craig in friendly fashion. "It's all right, cookie," he told them. "Don't you look so scared. This is

just a bit of parleyvous business. that's all." The professor held out a piece of paper. He handed it over to Craig. "Craig," he announced, "this is a dispatch which I found in Allguez

with my letters. It is addressed to you, but under the circumstances you will scarcely wonder that I opened it. You had better read 'It." Craig accepted the cable form and read it through slowly to himself:

To John Craig, Care Prof. Lord Ash-Your sister died today. Her daugh ter Mary sails on Tuesday to Join you in New York. Please meet her.

COMPTON, Solicitor, London Craig, sat for a moment as though stunned. The girl leaned over towards

"Are they trying to take you on a warrant?" she whispered. "Reme





"Four Ribs Broken," Pronounced the Professor. "She Cannot Be Moved for a Week."

safe as little party, on their return, eagerly Quest at once came and sat by her side

"Where's Laura," he asked, "and the "All the same," he said, I fear that I Inspector?"

She smiled and pointed to the ris ing ground behind them. In the faint moonlight two forms were just visi ble Quest smiled.

he said. 'The child must be met "French has got it bad," he de clared, "almost as badly as I have Lenora."

She laughed at him. Her face was a little drawn with pain, but her eyes were very soft.

'I wonder if you have it very bad ly," she murmured. He held her hand for a moment.

'I think you know," he said."

"As they talked they heard the turning away; "in a week from today, coyotes barking in the listance. Pres-Craig, I shall expect you to report at ently Laura and the inspector raturned.

"Nice sort of a nurse I am," the former grumbled. "It's all the fault They left the room together. Long "Those guys have been scaring you some, I guess," he remarked. "Forof this man. He would keep me out there talking rubbish."

They sat round the opening before Lenora's tent till the moon was high in the heavens. Quest, who had been or the outside of the circle for some little time, suddenly rose to his feet and crossed over to the cook wagon. Long Jim, who was sitting on the steps, glanced up a little surlily.

"Who's inside there?" Quest asked Long Jim removed his pipe from his teeth.

"That don't sound none too civil a question for a guest," he remarked "but if you want to know, our new Chinese cookie is there."

Quest nodded.

sat by his side. Her eyes were flash-"Sorry if I seemed abrupt," he apologized. "You've been very good to us and I'm sure we are uncommon w what they said, those two, as they passed out?" she whis-pered, he resly." "I heard them. They are going to board the 8:30 train tomorrow morning. The dark man turned and said to the other: "If he is not on that, we'll wait till we ly obliged to you, Jim. The only reason I asked the question was that I saw a face in the door there and in gave me a start. For a moment I thought it was Craig back again."

"He's gone to New York, or going tomorrow morning," Jim replied. "J Once we get him in New our man.'" exclamation of anger broke don't think he's so powerful fond of your company that he'd come round from Crais's lips. The girl caught at here looking for it."

Quest strolled off again and glanced " she begged. "Don't go. at his watch as he rejoined the little plenty of places near here can hide, where we could group.

and live quite simply. I'd in. Seven o'clock tomorrow morning, inspector. Jim's sending one of the work for you. Take me away from this, som where over the hills. , Don't boys with us and we shall catch the Eastern Limited at the junction." go to New York. They are cruel, those

"This open-air life makes me sleepy,

an hour ought to do it, the boys say." They walked outside to the camp where the cowboys were finishing their breakfast.

"Say, boss," one of them called out, "you're not reaking that 8:30 train to New York?" "Why not?" Quest asked, quickly.

"It's only three-quarters of an hour's ride, is it?" "Maybe not," the other replied. "but

as it's eight now, your chances ain't looking lively. Kind of overslept, haven't you?"

Both men glanced once more at their watches. Then Quest thrust his back with a little oath. "Our watches have been set back!"

he exclaimed. "The Hands again!" For a moment they looked at one another, dumfounded. Then Quest moved towards the corral.

"Say, is there any quicker way to the depot?" he inquired of the cowboys.

They heard his question indifferently. "Fifty dollars," Quest continued, "to

anyone who can take me by a quicker route." One of them rose slowly to his feet.

"Waal," he observed. "fifty dollars would come in kind of handy. Yes, I reckon I can cut off a mile or two for

There was no one there. The cowboys had all gone to their work, Laura had passed out of sight across the ridge in the distance. Lenora staggered to the cook wagon, where the Chinese cook was sitting cleaning

plates. "Listen!" she cried. "They are in danger, the three men who have gone off to the depot! If you'll ride after them, I will give you a hundred dol-lars. Give them this," she added, holding out the scrap of paper.

The Chinaman shook his head. He glanced at the slip of paper indifferently and went on with his work.

Lenora looked around helplessly. The camp was empty. She staggered across towards her own horse. "Come and help me," she ordered.

The Chinaman came unwillingly. They found her saddle, but he only gazed at it in a stolid sort of fashion. "No can fix," he said. "Missee no

excruciating. She could only keep



you. "Fifty dollars for you, then," Quest replied, as they hurried towards the horses, "and an extra ten if we make the train. They galloped off into the distance. The cowboys finished their breakfast and went off to their work. Laura stole out from her tent and started off in rather a shamefaced manner for a walk. Presently Lenora opened her eves. The, too, stretched out her hand for her watch. Suddenly she sat up in bed with a little exclamation. On the table by her side was a small black box. She took off the lid with trembling fingers, drew out a scrap of paper and read. Fools! Tongues of flame will cross Quest's path. He will never reach the depot alive. Lenora glanced at Laura's empty bed. Then she staggered to the opening of the tent. "Laura!" she cried.

"No can ride, missee," he said.

Lenora pushed him on one side. With a great effort she managed to reach her place in the saddle. Then she turned and, with her face to the depot, galloped away. The pain was

can ride. Better go back bed."

"Well," he said, "I think we'll turn

with Jose?"	he m	stiered.	"Very	well
you shall d	rink y	with him	then.	We
will sit toge	ther i	t one of	t those	Httle
tables. List			drink v	
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"I do not want to fink wine with you. All that I who is to be left sione," the girl insisted, curity. "Go and play cards, it you want to. There is Pietro over there, and Diago. Per-haps you may win some money. Thay say that drammards have all the luck."

Jose leared at her. "Presently I will play cards," id. "Presently I will win all t and "Presently I will win all their money and I will buy jewelry for you, Marta-atones that look like diamonds and will sparkle in your neck and in your bair."

She turned disdainfully away. "I do not want your jewelry, Jose," he declared. He caught nor suddenly by the rist.

"Perhaps this is what you want," orind, as he stooped down to kiss

her. She swang her right hand round and struck him on the face. He stag-gered hack for a moment. There was a red fluch which showed through the tan of his check. They as drew's lit-tic conrect to her, and before she scaled scape had passed his long arm around her body. He drew her to the chair placed by the side of the wait. His left hand placed with the knife at his belt.

**G** 

He left mind putyed when he wild, at his helt. "Marts, Hitlin sweetheart," he said, mockingly, "you must pay for that blow. Don't be atraid he went on as he draw the knile across his leath-or broches. "A little scratch across your cheek, so! It is but the brand of your master, a love tokes from Jone. Etendy, now, fittle Maverick!" The suit struggled violently, but The girl straggled violently, but

He got over all right, but it went down under Lenora, who was following, and I had to get her out of the river.

Where's the professor ?" The professor came ambling from the tent where he had been lying. He stooped at once over Lenors's still un-conscious form. "Dear me!" he exclaimed. "Dear

me! Come, come!"" He passed his hand over her side and made a brief examination.

and made a brief examination. "Four riss broken," he promomod. "It will be a week, at any rate, lefore we are able to more her. Nothing here sectors, so far as I can see, Mr. Quest, but she'll need rest and all the nonrest we can give jest. "Say, that's too bad!" Long Jim de-tion a dime, though, you can have the tents, We begin can double up ary-where or hink on the ground. That's around to be cowhore. There was a little grant of acquire-tence. They varies and made her as nonnormalia an possible.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The girl draw a low stant over in Craig's side. He has stitling to a rough chair, third back against the stobe wall of the selects:

"As thred as ever?" che ing her hand upon his for He turned his head an

"A'ways tired," he answe

shy, She made A little grims "But you are to strang stad. "Over the bills th

ma of our beautiful cities,

"I Have Binned and I Must Payl" ou don't need to go unless you wan Craig shook his head. "This is something quite different." he explained. "Leave me for a mo ment. Marta. I must talk to these to aligned regretfully away from side and out which the darkness and with his eyes fixed upon the egram. Then he turned towards

The second to be too strong for e," be admitted. "Leave me along d & fomise you that fill go at the admitted strong for wand then make a full disclosure." I'm fouched him on the shoulder "Remaker," ise told nam. "you it no call to beave here makes you at so. These deputies don's go this 1d 3)-

men. They are hunting you-I can see it in their faces." Craig shock his head sadly. "Little strl," he said, "I should like to go with you along that valley and over the alls and forget that I had over the alls and forget that I had ever, iver in any other world. But I can't do it. There's a child there now, on the ocean, nearer to New York every day, my sister's own child

and no on to meet her. And-there are the other things. I have sinned and I mu pay. . . . My God!" The room suddenly rang with Mar-ta's shring. Through the open win-Through the open win-ich they were sitting, an dow by d in a serape had suddenly er them. Craig, in starting arm wraj hovered o back, had ust escaped the downward a knife, which had buried blow of t itself in l rta's arm. She fell back.

"It's Jo !" she cried. "The brute! The be

Craig : Long Jim ung to his feet, furious. cursing flercely, drew his at moment the door of the naper: gun. At goole thrown open. Jose came his serape over his shoul-ken grin on his face. He reeling er, a dri stargered "Jose,

owards them. a beast!" the girl called l back, fainting. is the sound of a revolver ose recled backwards and ry across the sanded floor. his smoking gun into this ught Craig by the arm. d better get out of this, muttered There bot and fell with s Jim thru belt and e

"Say, muttered. tled out. Apparently Jose They h was unpo only anyi lar, for everyone seemed to have them clear away "Til get Long Jim there for make the ou into the camp quietly." nuttered. "You'll be safer he night. Then you can \$:30 in the morning."

Lon

with her bed dragged to of the tent, greeted the

ne confessed "To bed, all of us," Quest concluded, turning away.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Quest awoke the next morning, stretched out his hand and glanced at the watch by the side of the bed. It was barely six o'clock. He turned over and dozed again, looked again at halfpast six, and finally, at a few minutes to seven, rose and made a hasty toilet. Then, in the act of placing his watch in his waistcoat pocket, he gave a sudden start. By its side, half covered by the handkerchief which he had thrown upon the little table, stood a small black box! For a moment he was motionless. Then he stretched out his hand, removed the lid and drew out the usual neatly folded piece of

Even time fights you. It loses that you may lose .- The Hands.

Quest for a moment was puzzled. Then he hurried into the next tent, where the professor was sleeping peacefully.

"Say, professor, what's the time by your watch?" Quest asked, shaking him gently.

The professor sat up and drew his chronometer from under his pillow. "Seven o'clock," he replied; "five minutes past, maybe." Quest nodded.

"That seems all right," he declared. "I'll explain inter, professor."

He hurried out into French's tent and found the inspector just drawing on his shoes.

"French, what's the time?" he de manded.

"Three minutes past seven, or thereabouts," French replied, yawn-ing. "I'm coming right along. We've got lots of time. Three-quarters of



"In a Week From Today I Shall Expect You to Report at the Professor's House."

herself in the saddle with an effort. Yet all the time that one sentence was ringing in her head-"Tongues of fiame!" She kept looking around anxiously. Suddenly the road dropped from a little decline. She was conscious of a wave of heat. In the distance she could see the smoke rolling across the open. She touched her horse with the quirt. The spot which she must pass to keep on the track to the depot was scarcely a hundred yards ahead, but already the fire seemed to be running like quicksilver across the ground, licking up the dry greasewood with indeed a fiaming tongue. She glanced once behind, warned by the heat. The fire was closing in upon her. A puff of smoke suddenly enveloped her. She coughed. Her head began to swim and a fit of giddiness assailed her. She rocked in her saddle and the pony came to a sudden standstill, faced by the mass of rolling smoke and flame, "Sanford!" Lenora cried. "Save me!'

The pcny reared. She slipped from the saddle and fell across the track. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

1 hursday

Today

and every

At

The

Bijou

Theatre