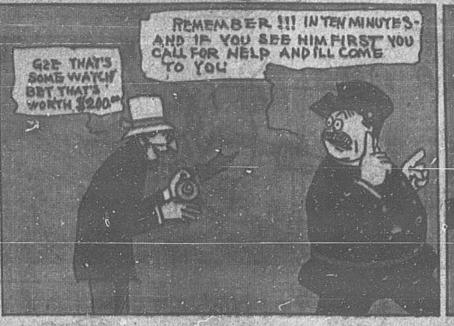
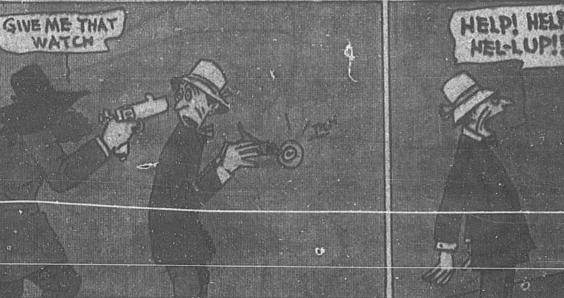
Pussyfoot Sam and the Great Powell Watching and Waiting in a Dark Alley.



Adam Hers, the brave chief, and Puterfort, the damag detective, had trapped the Powell diamond robbers; they had seen them enter the house and were prepared to septure them at the peril of their own lives.



Troy were taking no chances. Pursyloct was to guard the rang entrance while the officer made a pearch of the inside of the dam.



A sharp click of a revolver brought him to his supers and turning he found himself thought



It all happened an quiddy that he was totally unpresend to detend himself. He ought of the chief's last words and in a voice choising with emotion called hutily for sistance.



The suspense was sarrible. Standing there in the inky darkness, knowing the chief, must be in danger and unable to rouder assistance, it seemed that he had been standing there as starsity



Again the reward menory had trickled through his fingers and again the great detectives , was forced to admit defeat. One thing was clear to him, however-he was on the right, seent-he would get him you.



