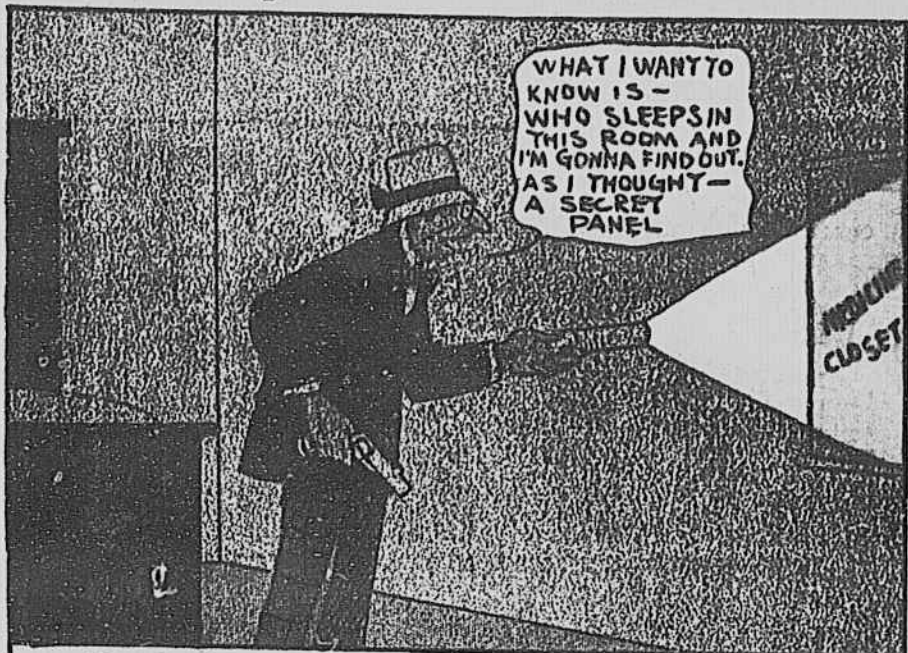


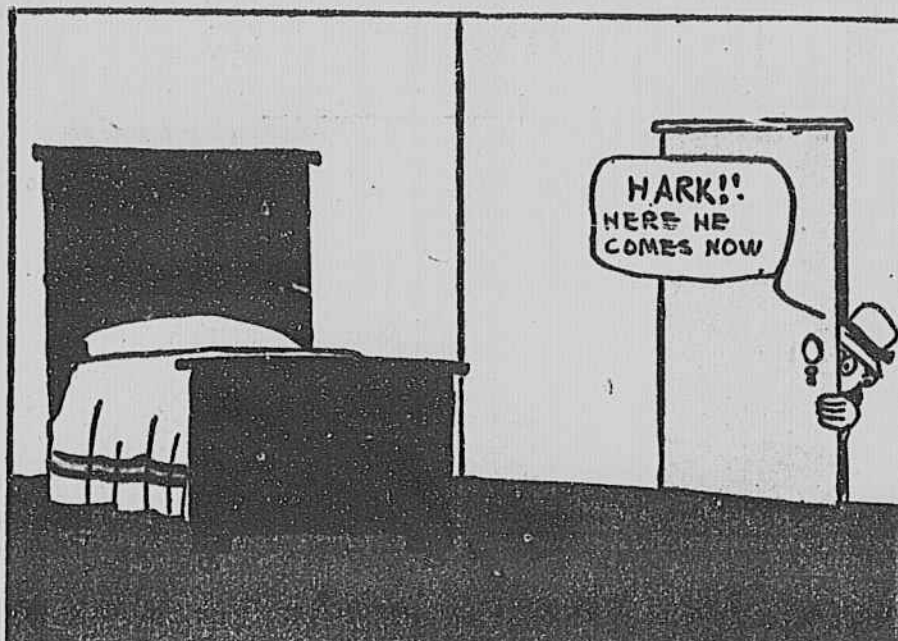
# Pussyfoot Sam

and the Great Powell Diamond Mystery; or,

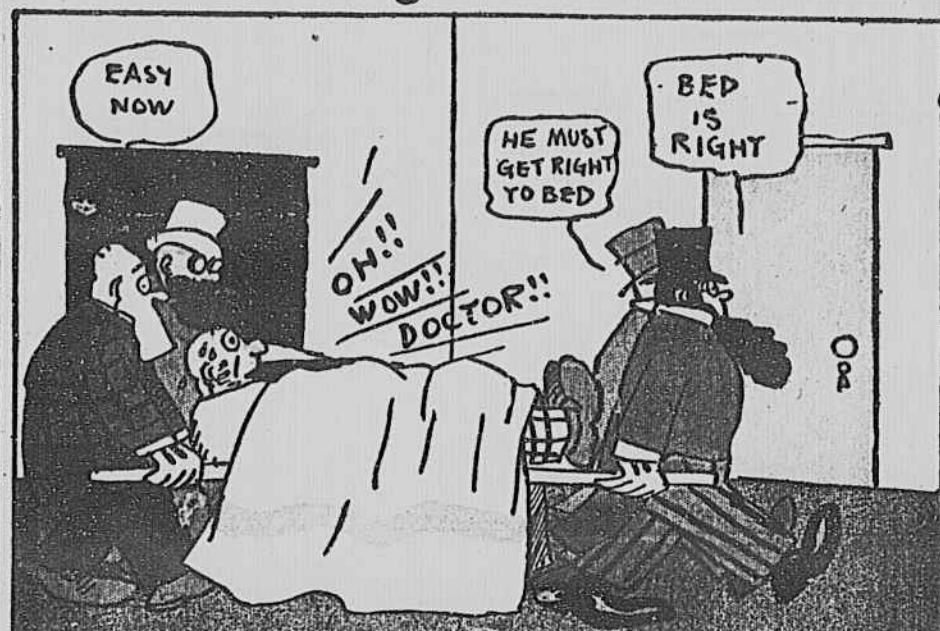
# Thwarted by a Germ.



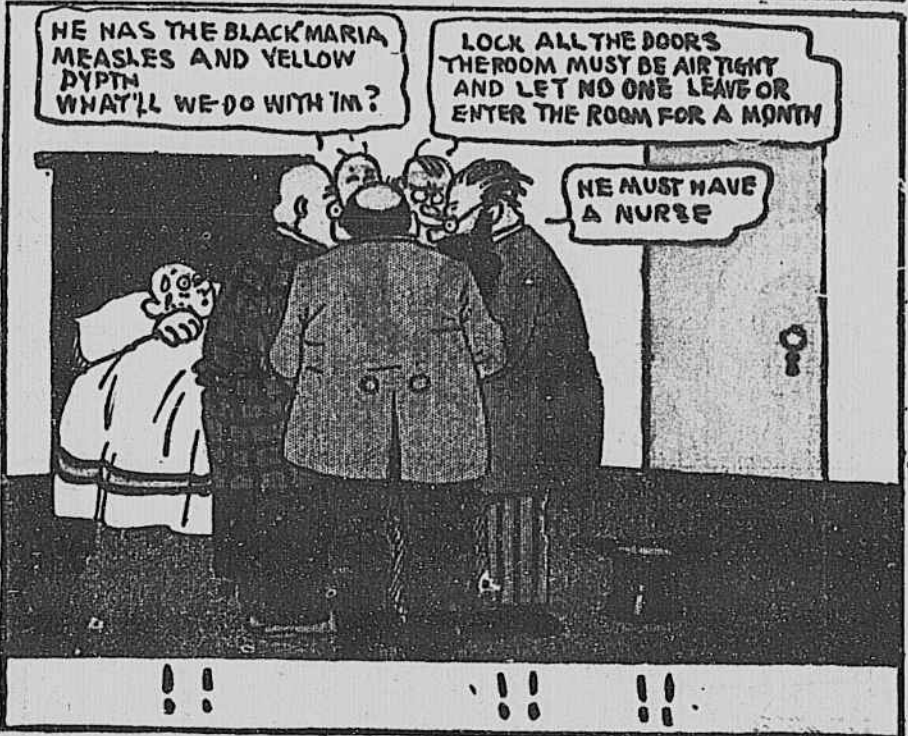
Pussyfoot had bribed a maid and gained admission to one of Front streets most exclusive mansions. For days he had heard groans and strange noises coming from a little room in the attic. He meant to find their meaning.



He had not long to wait; hardly had he time to conceal himself when the object of his visit was ushered into the room.



He would wait and see who occupied the room. He had a feeling there was a connection between these frightful noises and the Powell Diamond Case.



It was a painful moment for the surprised detective. The slow creaking of a door on its hinges, a pause—



Then a crash as though a body was being squeezed between a thin glass partition. A thump. And the sound of hurried footsteps on the pavement below and all was silent.

—SIDNEY SMITH—

(To be continued in our next.)

# Beatrice, Brother Bill and Cousin Percy

