The BLACK BOX

By E. PH!", LIPS OPPENHEIM

Novelised from the motion picture drama of the same name produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Illustrated with pho-tographs from the motion picture production.

came and brought with it a half-sootl

norizon at any rate was spared them. They slept in a fashion, bu

soon after dawn they were on their

a low range of sand hills, waved h

derful how that ray of hope tran

"A caravan!" he exclaimed. "I cap

see the camels, and horses!" The professor almost snatched

"It is quite true," he agreed. "It

a caravan crossing at right angles to our direction. Come! They will see us before long."

Presently three or four horsem

body and came galloping towar

them. The eyes of the little pary glistened as they saw that the fore-most had a water-bottle slung around

his neck. He came dashing up, way

"You lost, people?" he asked. "Want

They almost snatched the bot le from him. It was like pouring life

into their veins. They all, at the pio

a cigar.
"Some adventure, this!" he

The professor, who had been talk

to the men in their own language, turned back towards the two girls "It is a caravan," he explained, of peaceful merchants on their way to

we shall be at a, without a doubt, to arrange for water and food and a camel or two horses. The man here

asks if the ladies will take the horses

They started off gayly to where the

caravan had come to a standstill. They

had scarcely traversed a hundred

yards, however, before the Arab who

was leading Lenora's horse came to a

sudden standstill. He pointed with

his arm and commenced to talk in an

excited fashion to his two companions.

From across the desert, facing them.

came a little company of horsemen

galloping fast and with the sunlight

The three Arabs talked together for

a moment in an excited fashion. Then

without excuse or warning, they swung

the two won on to the ground, leaped

"If You Value Your Lives, You Will

Do as You Are Bidden.

on their horses, and, turning north

wards, galloped away.

The professor looked on anxiously.

"I am not at all sure." be said in

an undertons to Quest, "about our po-

eculiar hold upon them, but as a rule

they hate white men, and their blood will be up. . . . See! the fight is all over. Those fellows were no match for

the Mongars. Most of them have fled

The fight was indeed over. Four of

Mongars had galloped away in suit of the Arabs who had been

sition with the Mongars. Craig has a

flashing upon their rifles.

Jaffa. They are halting for us,

ing his arms.

water?

clared.

and ride?"

caravan!

detached themselves from the m

half-torturing coolness. The

(Copyright, 1915, by Otts F. Wood.) They struggled on once more. Nigh

Sanford Quest, master criminalogist of the world, finds that in principle to the world, finds that in principle to the world, finds that in principle to the world and the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden hut in Protessor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an anthropold ape skeleton and a living inhuman creature, half monker, half man, destroyed by fire. In his rooms have appeared from nowhere black boxes containing surcastic, notes, signed by a pair of armiess hards. Lalura and Lenora, his sandstants, suspect Craig, the professor's servant, of a double murder. The black boxes continut, to appear in uncanny fashlom, Craig's trapped by Quest, but escapes to England, where Quest, but escapes to England, where Quest, Lenora and the professor follow him. Lord Ashleigh is murdered by the Hands, Lenora is abducted in London and rescued. Craig is captured and escapes to Port Baid, where Quest and his party also go, and beyond into the desert. vain straining of the eyec upon the norizon at any rate was spared to feet again. Suddenly Quest, who had none a little out of his way to mount arm furiously. He was holding he field-glasses to his eyes. It was won formed them. They burried to where he was. He passed the glasses to the

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE DESERT. Quest was the first the next morning to open his eyes, to grope his way through the tent pening and stand for a moment al .e, watching the alabaster skies. He turned lasfly around, meaning to summon the Arab who had volunteered to take Hassan's place. His arms—he had been in the act of stretching—fell to his sides. He stared at the spot where the camels had been tethered, ulously. There were no camels, no drivers, no Arabs. There was not a soul nor an object in sight ex-cept the stark body of Hassan, which they had dragged half out of sight behind a slight knoll. High up in the behind a slight knoll. High up in the aky above were two lift's black specks, whosling lover and lower. Quest chivered as he auddenly realized that for the first time is his life he was looking upon the winged ghouls of the desert. Lover and lower they came. He turned away with a shiver.

The profesor was still electing when Quest're-entered the text. He woke him to and beckened him to come outsi

Quest pented to the little sandy knoll with a sparse covering of grass, deserted—with scarcely a sign, even, that it has been the resting place of the little aravan. The professor gave vent to shittle exclamation.

The Passor hurrled off towards ere the encampment had Suddenly he stood still with his finger. In the ost crystalline light of the been mae and point they saw the track of the coming di one long, unbroken line stretchi way northwards.

He gl ed around a little helplessook a cigar from his case ly. Que

i worrying," Quest sighed, ion is how best to get out "No "The qu s. What's the next move, anyway

The fessor glanced towards the ook a small compass from his poc He pointed across the desert.

"Th exactly our route," he said, "but I ckon we still must be two the Mongars, and how we days to get there ourselves, much the women there, without don't know. There are no d I don't believe those felwells lows left us a single tin of wa-

put her head out of the tent n win the two women had slept.
"So where's breakfast?" she exlain. "I can't smell the coffee."
The turned and approached her si-The two girls, fully dressed, out of the tent as they apcam

pro ng ladies," the professor and, "I regret to say that a mis-bas befallen us, a mis-which we shall be able, withubt, to surmount, but which will a day of hardship and much in-

"here are the camela?" Lenora one!" Quest replied,

ne with them-we are left high dry," Quest explained. ed, with a groan, "they have taken wa them all our stores, our rifles and water."

low far are we from the Mongar ap?" Lenors asked., About a day's 'ramp," Quest re-ed quickly. "We may t such there

pied quickly. b nightfall."

Then let's start walking at once, ore it gets any hotter," Lenora sug-

patted her on the back. They close search of the tents, but

und that the Arabs had taken everying in the way of food and drink, ex-

iss water.

They started bravely enough, but by midday their little stock of water was gone, their feet were sorely bilstered. No one complained, however, and the professor did his best to revive their

pursuit of the Arabs who had been the temporary escort of Quest and his companions. They passed about a hundred yards away, waving their arms and shouting furiously. One of them even fired a shot, which missed Quest by only a few inches.

"They say they are coming back," the professor muttered. "Who this? It's the coler and—"They asset in over set any rate." have come farther than I had dated to hope, in the time," he an-nouncid. "Fortunately, I know the exact direction we must take. Keep up your spirits, young ladies. At any time, we may see signs of our declination." "Our search is over, at any rate,"
Quest interrupted. "It's Oratg!"
They came gnopping up, Craig in
white lines ciuthes and an Arab's

ak; the chief by his side—a fine, right man with long, gray beard; be d, three Mongars, their rifles alady to their shoulders. The chief celed up his horse as he came withtwenty paces of the little party. English!" he shouted. White! Why do you seek death here?"

He waited for no reply, but turned his men. Three of them dashed forwird, their rifles, which were fitted with an odd sort of bayonet, drawn ck for the lunge. Suddenly Craig, o had been a little in the rear, galed, shouting, into the line of fire. "Stop!" he ordered. "Chief, these ople are my friends. Chief, the

The chief raised his arm promptly. The men lowered meir rifles. Craig galloped back to his host's side. The chief listened to him and nodded gravely. Presently he rode up to the le party. He saluted the professor gravely and talked to him in his own language. The professor turned to the

The chief apologizes for not recogniting me," he announced. "It seems that Craig had told him that he had ne to the desert for shelter, and he agined at once, when he gave the order for the attack upon us, that we were his enemies. He says that we are welcome to go with him to his ampment."

Craig turned slowly towards them It was a strange meeting.
"It is necessary," he told them

"that you should pretend to be my friends. The chief has ordered two of men to dismount. Their ponies are the young ladies. There will be ses for you among the captured s from the caravan yonder."

hey all turned towards the chief, remained a little on the outside the circle. The professor raised his hat and spoke a few words in the Mongar language, then he turned to others.

have accepted the invitation of chief," he announced. "We had ter start." fessor's instigation, drank sparingly. Quest, with a great sigh of relief, lit

This may not be Delmonico's," ura remarked, a few hours later, a little sigh of contentment. t believe me that goat-stew and rbet tasted better than any ken and champagne I ever tasted. hey moved to the opening of the and sat looking out across the nt desert. Laura took the flap of canvas in her hand.

What do all these marks mean? he asked. "They are cabalistic signs," the professor replied, "part of the language of the tribe. They indicate that this is the guest tent, and there are a few little maxims traced upon it, extolling the virtues of hospitality. Lenora leaned forward to where a

little group of Mongars were talking together. "I wish that beautiful girl would come and let us see her again," she murmured.

"She," the professor explained, "is the chief's daughter, Feerda, whose life Craig saved."

"And from the way she looks at "The Mongars!" the Arab cried, pointing wildly. "They attack the him," Laura observed, "I should say she hadn't forgotten it, either."

The professor held up a warning The girl herself had glided to their side out of the shadows. She faced the professor. The rest of the party she seemed to ignore. She spoke slowly and in halting English. "My father wishes to know that

you are satisfied?" she said. "You have no further wants?" "None," the professor assured her. "We are very grateful for his hos-pitality, Feerda."

"Won't you talk to us for a little time?" Lenora begged, leaning for-

ward. The girl turned suddenly to the professor and spoke to him in her own language. She pointed to the signs upon the tent, drew her finger along one of the sentences, flashed a fierce giance at them all and disap-

Seekis to me that we are not exactly popular with the young lady," Quest remarked. "What was she say-

ing, professor?" 'She suspects us," the professor said slowly, "of wishing to bring evil to Craig. She poinced to a sentence upon the tent. Roughly it means 'Grat itude is the debt of hospitality.' I am very much afraid that the young lady have been listening to our conver otion.

The professor suddenly leaned forward. There was a queer change in his face. From somewhere on the other side of that soft bank of violat darkness came what seemed to be the clear, low cry of some animal.

"It is the Mongar cry of warning." he said hoarsely. "Something is going to

denly in a state of activity. The Mongars ran hither and thither, getting together their horses. The chief, with Coalg by his side, was standing on the citakirts of the camp, "Seems to me there's a move on,"

west muttered, as they rose to their feet. "I wonder if we are in it."

A moment or two later Craig ap

"Word has been brought to the who escaped from the caravan has fallen in with an outpost of British soldiers. They have already started in pursuit of us. The Mongars will take refuge in the funcie, where they have prepared hiding-places. We start at once."

"What about us?" the professor in



absolutely refused my request. Feerda has overheard some of your conversa-tion, and the chief believes that you will betray us. You will have to come

They all rose at once to their feet, and a few moments later horses were brought. The little procession was already be

ing formed in line. Craig approached them once more.

"You will mount now and ride in the middle of our caravan," he directed. The chief does not trust you. If you value your lives, you will do as you are

CHAPTER XXIV.

"You can call this fairyland, if you want," Laura remarked, gazing around her; "I call it a nasty, damp, oozy spot.' Quest motioned them to sit a little

"I had a moment's talk with Crais

this morning, and from what he says fancy they mean to make a move a little farther in before long. It'll be all the more difficult to escape them.' "You think we could get away?" Lenora whispered, eagerly.

Quest glanced cautiously around, They were surrounded by thick vege tation, but they were only a very short distance from the camp.

"Seems to me," he continued, "we shall have to try it some day or other and I'm all for trying it soon. Even if they caught us, I don't believe they'd dare to kill us, with the Eng-lish soldiers so close behind. I am going to get hold of two or three rifles and some ammunition. That's easy, because they leave them about all the time. And what you girls want to do is to hide some food and get a bottle of water."

"What about Craig?" the professor asked.

"We are going to take him along," Quest declared, grimly. "He's had the devil's own luck so far but it can't last forever. I'll see to that part of the business, if you others get ready and wait for me to give the signal."

They dispersed in various directions It was not until late in the evening, when the Mongars had withdrawn a little to indulge in their customary orgy of crooning songs, that they were absolutely alone. Quest looked out cf the tent in which they had been sitting and came back again.

Laura lifted her skirt and showed an unusual projection underneath.

"Lenora and I have pinned up our petticoats," rhe announced. got plenty of food and a bottle of

Quest threw open the white Arab cloak which he had been wearing. He had three rifles strapped around him.

"The professor's got the ammunition," he said, "and we've five horses tethered a hundred paces along the track we came by, just behind the second tree turning to the left. I want you all to go there now at once and take the rifles. There isn't a soul in the camp and you can carry them wrapped in this cloak. I'll join you

in ten minutes.' "What about Craig?" the professor

"I am seeing to him," Quest replied. Lenora hesitated. "Isn't it rather a risk?" she whis ered fearfully.

Quest's face was suddenly stern. "Craig is going back with us," he said. "I'll be careful, Lenora. Don't WOLTY.

He strolled out of the tent and came back again. "The coast's clear," he announced

"Off you go. . . One moment," he added, "there are some papers in this little box of mine which one of you might take care of." He bent hastily over the little wallet, which never left him. Suddenly a lit-

tle exclamation broke from his lips
"What is it?" Quest never said a word. From one of the spaces of the wallet he drew out a small black box, removed the lid and held out the card. They read it to-

Fools, all of you! The cunning of the ages defeats your puny efforts at every turn.—The Hands.

Even the professor's lips bisnehed a little as he read. Quest, however, seemed suddenly furious. He tore the card and the box to pieces, flung them

into a corner of the tent and drew revolver from his pocket.

'This time," he exclaimed, going to make an end of The Hauds! Out you go now, girls. You can leave me to finish things up.' One by one they stole along the path.

Quest came out and watched them disappear. Then he gripped his revolver firmly in his hand and turned towards Craig's tent. Then from the thick growth by the side of the clearing, he saw a dark shape steal out and vanish in the direction of Craig's tent. He came to a standstill, puzzled. There had been rumors of lions all day, but the professor had been incredulous Then the still, heavy air was suddenly rent by a wild scream of horror. Across the narrow opening the creature had reappeared, carrying something in its mouth, something which gave vent all the time to the most awful yells. Quest fired his revolver on chance and broke into a run. Already the Mongars, disturbed in their evening amuse ment, were breaking into the undergrowth in chase. Quest came to a standstill. It was from Craig's that the beast had issued! When he reached the meeting place, he found the professor standing at the corner with the rest.

"From the commotion," he announced, "I believe that, after all, a lion has visited he camp. The cries which we have heard were distinctly the cries of a native."

Quest shook his head.

"A lion's been here all right," he said, "and he has finished our little job for us. That was Craig. 1 aw him come out of Craig's tent." The professor was dubious

You see that tree that looks like a dwarfed aloe? "What about it?"

"Craig was lying there ten minutes ago. He sprang up when he heard the yells from the encampment, but I believe he is there now. "Got the horses all right?" Quest

inquired. "Everything is waiting," the profes

"I'll have one more try, then," Quesc declared. He made his way slowly through the

undergrowth to the spot which the professor had fudicated. Close to the trunk of a tree Craig was standing. Feerda was on her knees before him. She was speaking in broken English. "Dear master, you shall listen to

your slave. These people are your enemies, It would be all over in a few minutes. You have but to say the word. My father is eager for it. No one would ever know."

Craig patted her head. His tone dency.

"It is impossible, Feerda," he said. "You do not understand. I cannot tell you everything. Sometimes I almost think that the best thing i could do would be to return with them to the countries you know nothing of."

"That's what you are going to do, anyway," Quest declared, suddenly making his reappearance. "Hands

He covered Braig with his revolver. but his arm was scarcely extended before Feerda sprang at him like a little wildcat. Hesgripped her with his left arm and held her away with diffi-

"Craig," be continued, "you're com ing with us. You know the way to Port Said and we want you-you know why. Untie that sash from your waist, Crais obeyed

"Tie it to the tree," Quest ordered. "Leave room enough."

Craig did as he was told. Then he turned and held the loose ends up. Quest lowered his revolver for a mo ment as he pushed Feerda towards it. Craig, with a wonderful spring, reached his side and kicked the revolver away. Before Quest could even stoop to recover it he saw the glitter of the other's knife pressed against his class. "Listen," Craig declared. "Tve made

up my mind. I won't go back to Amer en. I've had enough of being hunted all over the world. This time I think I'll rid myself of one of you, at any

The interruption was so unexpected that Craig lost his nerve. Through an opening in the trees, only a few feet away, Ismora had suddenly appeared. She, too, held a revolver her hand was as stondy as a rock.

"Drop your I nife," she ordered He obeyed wit hout hesitation. "Now, tie the sash around the girl." He obeyed n Achanically. Quest took Craig by the collar and led him to the spot who re the others were wait-They | solsted him on to a horse.

"You I how the way to Port Said," Ougst w hispered. "See that you lead us ther i. There will be trouble, mind, if you don't." Cra k made no reply. He rode off in

Already be Aind them they could see

the flare of the torches from the re-

turning M ongars.

front of the little troop, covered all the time by Quest's revolver. Very soo'; they were out of the jungle and in the open desert. Quest looked behi od him uneasily.

"To judge by the row those fellows e making," he remarked. "I should fhink that they've found Feerda already.

"In that case," the professor said gravely, "let me recommend you to push on as fast as possible. We have had one escape from those fellows, but nothing in the world can save us now that you have laid hands upon Feerda. The chief would never forgive that."

They galloped steadily on. The moon rose higher and higher until it became as light as day.

Quest fell a little behind the noessor's side, although he never left off watching Craig. "Lock behind you, professor," he

viitspered. In the far distance were a number of little black specks, growing every moment larger. Even at that moment they heard the low, long call of the

Mongars. "They are gaining on us," Quest muttered.

They raced on for another mile or nore. A bullet whistled over their heads. Quest tightened his reins. "No good," he sighed. "We'd better stay and fight it out, professor. Stick close to me, Lenora,

They drew up and hastily dismount-ed. The Mongars closed in around them. A cloud had drifted in front of the moon, and in the darkness it was almost impossible to see their whereabouts. They heard the chief's "Shoot first that dog of a Graig!"

There was a shriek. Suddenly Feerda, breaking loose from the oth-ers, raced across the little division. She flung herself from her horse.

"Tell my father that you were not faithless," she pleaded. "They shall not kill you!" She clung to Craig's neck. The bul-lets were beginning to whistle around



"I'll Be Careful, Lenora."

them now. All of a sudden she threw up her arms. Crais in a fury, turned around and fired into the darkness. Then suddenly, as though on the bidding of some unapoken word, therewas a queer silence. Everyone was distinctly conscious of an alien sound -the soft thid of many horses' feet galloping from the right; then a sharp, English voice of command.

"Hold your fire, men. Close in to the left there. Steady!" The cloud suddenly rolled away from the moon. A long line of horsemen were immediately visible. The officer in front rode forward.

"Drop your arms and surrender " he ordered, sternly. The Mongars, who were outnumbered by twenty to one, obeyed without hesitation. Their chief beemed unconscious, even, of what had hap-pened. He was on his knees, bending

ed in Craig's arms. The officer "Are you the party who le't Port Said for the Mongar camp?" he saked. Quest nodded.

over the body of Feerda, half support-

"They took us into the jungle—just scaped. They'd caught us here. escaped. They'd caught us here, though, and I'm afraid we were about finithed if you hadn't come along. We are not English—we're American." "Samo thing," the officer replied, as he held out his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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