

AUTHOR OF "BEYOND THE FRONTIER," "MAID OF THE FOREST," "MY LADY OF THE NORTH." ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTOPLAY SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME BY GEORGE & SEITZ, RELEASED BY PATHE

SYNOPSIS.

Adventurous Jerry Carson embarks in search of hidden treasure with the promise of Leontine Walcott to be his wife on his return. Her father favors Sebastian Navarre. Jerry's ship is burn-Her father favors ed, he is reported lost. Sebastian presse his attentions. Jerry suddenly turns up to confront charges of the Navarres against him. In a struggle for a forged paper Diego Navarre is killed and Jerry is convicted of the murder. He escapes and finds the treasure and a wonderfu chemical pellet. Leontine is forced i marry Sebastian. On the honeymoo he attacks her in a rage. Suddenly he i confronted by a weird apparition. Ray r forces a confession from Louis

engar forces a confession from Louie. Sebastian attempts to get it. An earth-quake occurs; in the excitement Red Finn steals the confession and flees. He appears in New York as Romanoff and enlists the aid of Madame Bianca. Leontine confronts her husband in the grambling house. The Shadow battles for her and she escapes with the con-fession. One-Lamp Louie follows her and takes the paper from her.

SIXTH EPISODE

The Disappearing Prisoner.

"And he has given her the Rajah necklace !"

Romanoff ended his speech and waited for Bianca's approbation. She had listened quietly while the man discoursed, and now regarded him with an ironical smile.

"Next time you bring me information, Mr. Ranonoff, why not tell me something I did not know?" she asked. "How?" demanded Romanoff.

"How? Why, by bringing me the necklace tonight, of course," answered Bianca sharply. "The job won't be so difficult. I have all the plan detailed, and you'll take Reddy along to act as lookout."

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"For the love of Mike, look, Bill! Policeman Casey, who had been sleeping in the station house, while his comrades off duty played dominoes, started up in his berth, his teeth chattering.

+ They looked where he pointed. In a far corner of the station house, luminous against the half gloom, appeared the other corner of the block. two burning eyes and two white hands, which, as they watched, traced "An attempt will be made tonight

burglars. See?" Four dogged but rather shamefaced men left the station house five min

utes later in the police automobile. Captain O'Shaughnessy had relented at the last moment. Besides, with four men swearing to the apparition, he had begun to think that there might be something in it after all.

There certainly was something in it. At half past twelve Reddy, the lookout, saw Romanoff stand inside the bathroom and signed to him that he found the coast clear. The maid had left the window open, as had been arranged. Romanoff entered the passage and crept cautiously toward Leontine's boudoir.

The door of Leontine's room was slightly ajar. Romanoff halted, and, listening, heard her even breathing as she slept. He crept back into the bathroom and looked down. Reddy was still standing at the foot of the fire escape, up which he had come.

Coward as he was, Romanoff knew that unless he brought back the necklace his occupation would be gone, so far as Bianca was concerned. He went back softly, and, taking a skeleton key from his pocket, unlocked the door at the end of the passage leading into the other rooms of the apartment. With an escape thus assured. he entered the boudoir, took his station before the safe, and began to manipulate the handle in accordance with the formula penciled upon his shirt cuff.

It was at this juncture that Casey, Cohen and Logan, leaving their automobile round the corner in charge of the fourth policeman, came quietly upon the scene by diverse routes. A glance showed Casey the familiar form of Reddy, standing at the foot of the fire escape and looking pensively upward.

Instinct brought Reddy's attention to Casey's presence: He did not stop to pass the time of night, but boltedinto the expansive arms of Cohen, at

Cohen welcomed him with his nightstick, and promptly led his subdued in flery letters the following message: and battered prisoner toward the automobile. Romanoff had got the safe open. Inside he saw the jewel case with the necklace. He stretched his hand out them. The eyes were fixed steadily on The men started from their seats longingly. As he did so the two por Romanoff dropped the case and scraubled for the door which he had unlocked so providentially. He smashed it open-to encounter Sebaswas empty, except for their presence. tian, who, hearing the noise in the So vigorous was Officer Casey's rush bathroom, had slipped 62 his dressing gown and had come to investigate. Romanoff dodged like an eel, for Casey and Logan were hard at his heels. The two policemen tripped over his outstretched foot and tumbled upon Sebastian. Romanoff darted into Leontine's bedroom. The girl, awakened by the sounds, sat up in alarm. She caught a hasty glimpse of the crook's face. That was all. Romanoff dashed for the window. smashed it with one blow of his elbow, and clambered upon the sill, just as Logan and Casey fired simultaneously from the doorway. One bullet went wild, the second across the upper part of the thigh. With a yeil he leaped into the darkness. Romanoff went through the yard, scrambled upon a projecting roof, ran up the roof like a monkey, slid down a fire escape, and reached an empty street. As he did so he heard Casey shouting from the yard. The trail of blood he left behind him would betray him in a few moments. Romanoff bound up his wound with his handkerchief, let down his trouser leg, and then made his way, moaning, toward the street cars. Half an hour later, weak and frensied with pain, he staggered into Biinca's house.

THE HORRY HERALD, CONWAY, S. O.

able to accompany me, Mr. Roma- happy in the future." noff?"

Romanoff hobbled at her side, and they went downstairs, preceded by the Chinese, who ostentatiously with drew the heavy bolts of the great

oaken door one by one. Stretched full length upon a bench, his hands under his head, was Ravengar, asleep. Bianca leaned over him and touched him. Ravengar started, opened his eyes, and then sprang to his feet with a bow.

"You see, Mr. Romanoff," said Bianca.

"He's faking !" screamed the crook, thoroughly exasperated, and frightened, into the bargain, by the amused smile upon Ravengar's face. "He warned the cops about our little game."

"Get out of here !" snapped Bianca, "or you'll be thrown out by Wong Lee. Come, now, march !"

Scowling and muttering, Romanoff beat a retreat. Bianca hesitated a moment, then said to Wong Lee:

"Help him upstairs and make him comfortable—but not in my boudoir, please."

When the door of the cellar had closed behind them Bianca stood looking in silence at Ravengar. The anger had disappeared from her face. She was smiling gently. It was the Blanca whose charms had lured a score of men to their ruin, the woman who thought her power irresistible.

recognized in Ravengar a man unlike any of her other easy conquests. His indifference had piqued her, then he had fascinated her. The woman of a hundred conquests, she had met her match at last.

"You perhaps don't realize that I saved your life just now !" she cried. right to ask that." "I am half inclined to reconsider my decision.'

"It is a woman's privilege to change deferentially to his lips. her mind, madame," replied Ravengar suavely.

Bianca clenched her fists and zlared. But the look of amusement in Ravengar's eyes was too much for her equanimity. She swung about and hurried from the cellar in fury. However, she did not forget to bolt the door behind her, shooting each one home as if it were a dart to the heart of the man who had scorned her.

Upstairs in her boudoir she flung herself down on a lounge and reviewed the situation. The humiliation stung her like fire; her face, which had been scarlet, was now ashen. She trembled. She rose and paced the floor. She threw herself into a chair and burst into hysterical sobbing. It only a mask for his designs. was the most incredible thing that had ever happened to her.

Suddenly, looking up, she saw something in the farthest corner of the room that sent her faint with terror. There again were the luminous eyes, hers. Then, as she watched, terror-stricken, she saw letters appear in the air beneath the hands, traced as if in phosphorescent fire. "Only in one way can you win Ravengar's love," the writing ran. "S:bastian Navarre has committed a crime of which you are well aware. The confession has been destroyed. Draw 2 confession from him and Ravengar's feelings will change." The writing quivered and disappeared, leaving Bianca staring at the blank wall opposite. And through the windows crept the first pale gray of | the morning. "Leontine !" Sebastian Navarre stood before his wife in her boudoir. She rose nervously and looked at him in uncertainty; she was afraid that he had come to renew his protestations of struck Romanoff a glancing wound love, but there was only contrition upon Sebastian's face.

Leontine looked at him steadily.

"You forget one thing," she answered. "The forgery that still asperses the honor of the man whom I love." "He is dead, Leontine."

"His name is not dead. He is under a cloud. Dead or alive, his reputation must be cleared. That confession

of Louie implicated you." Sebastian fidgeted uneasily; he could not understand Leontine's stub-

bornness about the matter. "It implicated you, Sebastian, and you behaved like a guilty man. You

tried to get that paper." "It was a lie," he burst out. "Don't you see, Leontine, that every wealthy man such as myself is at the mercy of a hundred blackmailers? Throw mud, and some of it sticks. 'No smoke without a fire,' the public cries. Louis Lamb wrote that conjession of forgery, which implicated me. at the behest of a gang of blackmail-

ers." "He was rich; he had no need to incriminate himself."

"He wrote it before he found that gold mine in White's Village. That crook Romanoff who came here that morning wanted to sell it to me. Is that not evidence enough? Perhaps if I were a stronger man I should have taken the matter to law, had the feliow arrested and fought it out. But you would have been drawn in as a witness, and no man is willing to have There was no mistaking the inviting his wife baited by thieves' lawyers gesture, slight as it was. Biauca had upon the witness stand. If I acted foolishly I am to blame, but. I am clean of the dishonor which you impute to me, and it was for your sake that I acted as I have done."

"Very well," said Leontine, making up her mind swiftly. "You shall have your chance, Sebastian. You have a

And she extended her hand frankly, which Sebastian took and raised

"And now," he said, assuming a gayety which he was far from feeling, "what do you say to a little auto trip with me? Let us go out on the Plainfield road and have dinner together at Smith's roadhouse? We'll be back y evening."

"As you wish," answered Leontine. "We'll start in half an hour, then," said Sebastian, rising. "I'll telephone the garage to send the car around."

He left her. And all the while she was putting on her cloak and hat and veil Leontine felt intuition struggling against reason. Sebastian could be fascinating when he chose. His manners were perfect; but in her heart she knew that these fair words were

As the auto whirled away Leontine's maid, Marian, hurried to the telephone and rang up Bianca.

waiting to speak to him. That will

fetch him. Hustle him into the auto

and take him into the mountains.

There you'll get a confession from him

about the forgery. And see that it

duplicates the one which we had be-

"What's the use?" demanded Roma-

"Will you do as I tell you?" demand-

noff. "He won't buy back a confes-

sion that we got from him by force."

from anywhere."

fore."

ed Bianca.

it," Bianca added.

She watched them drive away and sank back upon the lounge again in despair. What was the use? 'There much chance of success, Blanca knew. She, whose well-laid schemes had failed her, had descended to this wild

scheme in order to win the love of Ravengar, the first man who had pos-

sessed her heart since she entered upon her life of crime. •

Sebastian could certainly be charming when he set himself out to be. Leontine was forced to acknowledge

that. The personality of the man thawed the ice of her reserve, and the little point of doubt sank deeper and soul.

Who was this man Ravengar? Three times he had interposed to aid her in Then . . . her perplexity and distress. She had come to expect him to appear in such times. If Jerry had never entered her life. . . .

Suddenly she became aware that a stranger had entered the roadhouse garden. He was standing beside Sebastian, who looked up at him impati ntly.

"Excuse me, but are you not Mr. Sebastian Navarre?" he asked.

"Well, sir?" demanded Sebastian, annoved at the interruption.

"There is a man of this name waiting outside to speak to you."

He-handed him a dirty piece of paper. Sebastian glanced at it and turned white. Then, with an energetic gesture, he tore the paper into pieces and flung them down upon the floor. Without a word to Leontine he clapped on his hat and followed the stranger.

Leontine stared after her husband in wonder. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, she stooped and picked up the scraps of paper. She pieced them together upon the table and made out the name, "One-Lamp Louie."

What Leontine saw vividly was the face of the little crook who had torn the confession from her hands and destroyed it outside the gaming nouse. At once her suspicions leaped into life. She ran out of the garden.

Sebastian was nowhere to be seen, but she heard a faint cry for help com- The Forward Impetus Precipitated ing from a lonely spot some distance below the summit of the hill, among the dense bushes.

Hurrying forward along a little trail, she saw presently the automobile, standing beside a gypsy wag- outfits. on. Beside this her husband was wrestling with three men. It was a of anger, and again his cry came to power.

her, sounding faint and far away. the trees, tripping over roots, forcing and toppled to the ground, falling beher path through brambles, her mind neath the van. It arrested one of the At that moment Bianca was holding intent on loyalty to the man she called hind wheels. The van stopped dead a session in her house with Romanoff her husband. and three other of her adherents. She took down the receiver from the telephone at her side as she sat on the tian into the auto and pushed it down ed him to the ground. the mountain path before he was well lounge, listened, and then hung it up. aware of what was happening to him. the awful precipice beneath him. Had She turned to Romanoff. "Now's our The trail connected, some distance not the van swerved at that moment, chance," she said. "They are off for down the hill, with a disused road, it would have precipitated him down the day to Smith's roadhouse on the which, in turn, ran into the main road thirty feet below, among the rocks and Plainfield road. Does anyone know two miles further away. This road bowlders. led into the mountains, and it was "I do!" cried Romanoff. "It's near there that the crooks meant to extort tine!" he called wildly. the top of the Ramapo mountains, in Sebastian's confession. the midst of the woods, and miles shape of a fallen tree compelled the upon the very edge of the precipice. "Well, boys, then here's your chance car to slow down. Instantly Sebastian Then, with almost superhuman to get Senor Navarre," said Bianca. seized his opportunity to leap to the strength, he pulled her backward, and Get him out of the house without his ground. It was then that Leontine they fell exhausted among the bushes. wife's knowing. Tell him-let me see! heard his cry for aid. -tell him that One-Lamp Louie is

Leontine, faint with terror, saw a up-to see Ravengar.

At that moment both heard the door was no money in the project, and not - click behind them. The light was again cut off abruptly.

The man flung himself with his full force against it. It did not, yield a particle. He smashed with his fists against the heavy wood. But the door of the vs.a was without panels, hewn from the living tree, and he might as well have attacked cast iron.

Then he was conscious that the van was moving.

In fact Romanoff and his compantons had picked up the shafts and had given the vehicle the primary impetus that was to start it on its way down deeper down in the recesses of her the mountain side. The wheels would revolve faster and faster until the edge of the precipice was reached

> The van was half way down the descent when Leontine's companion, groping about him in the darkness, felt his hand close on something that set



Him to the Ground.

his heart beating wildly. It was an iron crowbar, such as the gypsies carry in their tinkering and shoeing

He grasped it, snatched it up, and battered furiously upon the door. It distant picture; she could discern Se- splintered. Again and again he debastian only by his characteristic pose livered thunderous blows with all his

Suddenly the whole door gave. It Instantly Leontine dashed through cracked and swung from the hinges, for an instant and began to topple The kidnapers had whisked Sebas- over. The forward impetus precipitat-He scrambled upon his feet and saw

man bound into the van. She looked

to steal the Rajah necklace from the home of the millionaire, Sebastian Navarre !"

and stared at each other in conster- licemen entered the hall. mition as the message slowly faded. Then with one accord they rushed into the corner.

There was nothing there. The room that he ran his head full tilt into the wall. But only a bump developed.

"It's a warning," muttered Casey, rubbing his head. "Let's tell the captain."

"And get called down."

- "I tell you it's a warning."
- "You tell him, Casey."
- "You'll back me up?"

"I guess so. I saw it sure enough." "Say, what's eating you boys?" demanded Captain O'Shaughnessy an-



Leaned Over and Touched Bianca Him.

grily, as the policemen stood before him with their story told. "You go and lie down, Casey."

"It's true," said Officer Logan. "I saw it with my eyes."

"For the Lord's sake! You, too, Cohen?

"Sure I saw it," said Policeman Cohen, shifting uneasily beneath his superior's glare.

"You did, hey? All of you did? Then I tell you what we'll do. You can get out again." four'll go out to Mr. Navarre's house, "I'll take a look at him," said Bianca

"He's the only man who knew of our plan to get the necklace. He gave t away.'

"Nonsense!" said Bianca angrily. The miscarriage of this second scheme against Navarre had, in fact, exasperated her. "It was your own stupidity und Reddy's."

"That fellow Ravengar is at the bottom of it, anyway," he snarled. "Ever since we had him in the cellar things have been going wrong. He heard us, anyhow, Bianca-"

"If you don't mind your manners you'll leave this house instantly!" snapped Blanca.

"Well-madame," muttered Romanoff, abashed. "He heard us laying our plans, and even if he didn't give the tip to the police he ought to be killed.'

Bianca mused for a while. Then she touched her bell, and Wong Lee came shuffling in.

"Where is Mr. Ravengar?" inquired Bianca.

"In cellar, missis. All tight. No

proposal to you," said Sebastian. "I have wronged you in the past, but the

"Well, boys !" said Romanoff, rising. past cannot be changed. Let us be "And don't come back until you have

ing his fist into Sebastian's face.

stronger than his cowardice, broke see him standing at her side, one hand away from his pursuers, again crying outstretched. for help. And it was at this juncture that Leontine, breathless and dishev- ceremoniously. "I will conduct you to eled, appeared upon the scene.

At the sight of her the men hesitated. Then Romanoff had an inspiration. Behind Leontine stood the empty gypsy van, whose owners were doubtless picking blueberries upon the mountains. He caught the girl in his arms, bundled her inside, and locked the door on her.

"Now we've got 'em, I guess," he said, baring his teeth in a grin.

And he started as his own words left his mouth, for out of the bushes broke-Ravengar, who had been left securely locked in Bianca's cellar.

With blows right and left, Ravengar felled two of the crook's companions. While Romanoff dodged the third swing of his right arm, Ravengar unlocked the door of the van.

He dashed inside. "Leontine!" he called.

Romaneff's inspiration did not desert him. Before Ravengar had caught Leontine from the interior of the van he had turned the key on him. He drew back, panting, while his companions, who had picked themselves up from the ground, stared dazedly about. Then, turning round, he realized

that Sebastian had made good his escape in the confusion. Far up the hillside he saw Sebastian running. He ground his teeth in rage.

"I guess we'd better beat it home and think out what we are going to say." said one of the gang.

"And leave him in there with her?" grinned Romanoff, jerking his thumb toward the van. from within which came the sound of Ravengar's fruit. speechless. less blows. "Not if I know it. Look."

than thirty feet, perhaps. But thirty noff. feet is as good as a hundred for a Bianca rang for Wong Lee. "Where heavy gypsy van.

"All we've got to do is to start her," naman. said Romanoff with a grin.

He stretched out his arms. "Leon-

And Leontine tumbled into them. An unexpected interruption in the For a second they swung and swayed

Sick and giddy, Leontine rose to her "Shut up !" yelled Romanon, dash- feet and looked at her rescuer. Was this Ravengar? Or was it a phantasy But Sebastian, whose fears were of a disordered brain that seemed to

> "Come, Madame Navarre," he said your husband."

. Bianca leaped to her feet as the auto stopped in front of her house. She had fallen asleep, dreaming of Ravengar, the man locked in the cellar beneath. She had dreamed that her emissaries had returned, bringing with them news of success, and Sebastian's written confession.

She had dreamed that the mystic prophecy had been fulfilled, and that Ravengar loved her. In this love somehow she had found herself; she had shaken free from the old Bianca; she was once more an innocent girl beside her lover.

She looked through the window. The men were descending from the auto. She read their failure in their dejected faces. And the dream was all a lie.

Romanoff and his friends received the worst rating that had ever passed Bianca's lips. For once she met them on their own level. She tonguelashed them until they were ready to sink through the floor. Bianca knew how to wield the whip.

"If you'd accepted my advice and had that Ravengar killed, this wouldn't have happened," burst out Romanoff.

"You fool!" said Bianca angrily. "You were dreaming, all of you. Some tramp came along, I suppose."

"I tell you it was that Ravengar," cried Romanoff furiously. "He busted up the show, and he got Leontine out of the van in the nick of time."

Bianca looked from one to another,

"Are you prepared to swear it was He pointed down the hill. Some fifty Ravengar?" she asked. "Are you yards away the steep declivity ended ready to come to the cellar with me?" in one of those precipices common in "You won't find him there, unless that country-a sheer drop of not more he's got a double," answered Roma-

is Mr. Ravengar?" she asked the Chi-

"Leontine, I have come to make a

