At the BLJOU THRATRE

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of "Mr. Grew of Monte Carto," "The Vanished Mass-anger," "The Lighted Way," etc.

the same the market picture drawn of the same name produced by the

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AYNOPSIS.

emford Quest, master criminologist of world, Suda that in bringing to her likedengral, the murderer of Lord ledger's duagnire, he has but just be a fit-and-death struggle with a myster and structure, he has but just be a fit-and-death struggle with a myster and an an anthropoid age skeleton and a ng inhuman creature, half monkey, f man, destroyed by fire. In his rooms to appeared from nowhere black boxes taining diamonds that had been torm the owner's throat by a pair of arm, threatening hands and asreastic, threatening hands and asreastic, the structure and Laura and Lenows, his assistance should be a superty to be the cruck to supperty for the country to supper trains, the footbe murder of Ross Brown, the double murder of Ross Brown, only outer and a Miss Quier. Ouse a suspect Craig, the professor's valet, he double murder of Ross Brown, the valet, and a Miss Quige, Quast a Craig, but he escapes to England tramp steamer. The black house must be appear in uncany fashion. Bed of Craig's recepture by Bootland inea Quest and the professor go to bits house, Lord Ashlegit's home in and, only to find that Craig has again and.

NINTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XX.

LOST IN LONDON. Quest, notwithstanding the unusual as only a tired and healthy man can. He was awakened the next morning by the quiet movements of a man-servant who had brought back his the carefully brushed and present

"Breakfast to served at nine o'clock, sir. It is now half-past eight." "Til be right there."

The man withdrew and Quest made a brisk toilet. The nameless fears of the previous night had althgether disappeared. At the last moment be stretched out his hand to take a handterchief from his satchel. A sudden exclamation broke from his lips. He steed for a moment as though turned to stone. Before him, on the top of the little pile of white cambric, was a small black box! With a movement of the fingers which was almost me-chanical, he removed the lid and draw-out the esstemary little scrap of pa-per. He amouthed it out before him on the dressing case and read the mes-

"You will fall here as you have failed before. Better go back. There is more danger for you in this country

than you dream of."

His teeth came flerosly together and his hands were clenched. His thoughts had gone like a flash to Lenors. Was it possible that harm was intended for her? He put the idea away from him almost as soon as conceived. The thing was unimaginable. Craig was here, must be here, in the close vi-

The atmosphere of the pleasant reakfast room to which in due course he descended, was cheerful enough. Lady Ashleigh had already taken her since at the head of the table.

uched an electric bell under e butter appeared. "Go up and see how long your mas

ter will be?" Lady Ashleigh directed.

"Very good, your ladyship."
The man was backing through the decryay in his usual dignified manner when he was suddenly pushed on one side. The valet who had waited upon Quest, and who was Lord ashieigh's own servant, rushed into the room. He almost shouted to Ledy Ashieigh: "Tour ladyship—the master! Some

thing has happened! He won't movel

They all trooped out of the ro and up the stairs, the professor leading the way. They pushed open the deer of Lord Ashleigh's bedchamber. In the far corner of the large room was the four-poster, and underneath the clothes a silent figure. The professor turned down the sheets. Then he held out his hand. His face, too

ile, don't come," he begged. "I must know," she almost shrisked rge is dead," the professor said

There was a moment's await slience, whose by a piercing scream from Ledy shields. She sank down upon the ide, and the professor leaned over or. Quest turned to the little group trightened servants who were gathed round the doorway.

"Talephone for a doctor," he ormal fallen to the lease at later.

also to the local police

"He, too, approached the bed and varewity lifted the covering. Lord shleigh was lying there, his body a tile doubled up, his arms wide out-relebed. On his threat were two self marks."

fact marks.
They had led Lady Askleigh from the process. The professor and Queet tend fact all his department, had best all his mights account. The face was white

"We meet not eat or drink or steep."

must be found. This is the suprame borror of all." The butler made an apologetic appearance. He spoke in a hushed whis-

"You are wanted downstairs, gentlemen. Middleton, the head keeper, is there."

As though inspired with a common idea, both Quest and the professor hur-ried out of the room and down the broad stairs. Their inspiration was a true one. The gamekeeper welcomed them with a smile or triumph. By his side, the picture of abject misery, his elothes torn and muddy, was Craig!

"Two imagined this little job, sir." Middleton announced, with a smile of slow triumph. "How did you get him?" Quest de-

"Little idea of my own," the gameheeper continued. "I guessed pretty well what he'd be up to. He'd tumbled to it that the usual way off the moor was pretty well guarded, and he'd doubled back through the thin line of woods close to the house. I dug one of my poschers' pits, sir, and covered it over with a lot of loose stuff. That got him all right. When I went to look this morning I saw where he'd fallen through, and there he was, walking round and round at the bottom like a caged animal. Your servants have telephoned for the police, Mr. Ash-

Quest suddenly whispered to the pro sesor. Then he turned to the keeper. "Bring him opetairs, Middleton, for s moment," he directed. "Follow us,

They passed into the bedchamber. Quest signed to the keeper to bring Craig to the side of the four-poster. Then he drew down the sheet. "In that your work?" he asked,

Sternly. Craig, up till then, had spoken no word. He had shambled to the bedide, a broken, yet, in a sense, a stolid figure. The sight of the dead man, bowever, seemed to galvanize him into sudden and awful vitality. He threw up his arms. His eyes were horrible

as they glared at those small black marks. His lips moved backwards and forwards, helplessly at first. Then at last he spoke "Strangled!" he cried. "One more!"

"That is your work," the criminologist said, firmly.

Craig collapsed. He would have ton's grip had not kept him up. Queet bent over him. It was clear that he had fainted. They led him from the

"We'd better lock him up until the police arrive," Quest suggested. suppose there is a safe place some-

The professor awoke from his stuper

"Let me show you," he begged. "I know the way. We've a subterra siding place which no criminal on this earth could escape from." They led him down to the back part

of the house into a dry cellar which had the appearance of a prison cell. "This place has been used before now, in the old days, for maleiactors," the professor remarked. "He'll be safe there. Craig," he added, his voice trembling, "Craig—I—I can't speak to you. How could you!"

There was no answer. Craig's face buried in his hands. They left him there and turned the key.

CHAPTER XXI.

Quest stood, frowning, upon the pavement, gazing at the obviously empty house. He looked once more at the slip of paper which Lenora had given him. There was no possibility of any mistake:

Mrs. Willet 167 Elemere Road,

Hampeteed This was 187 and the house was empty. After a moment's hesitation to rang the bell at the adjoining door. m, who had been watching im from the front room, answered the

"Can you tell me," he inquired. "what has become of the lady who "She's moved," was the uncomprising repty.

"Do you know where to?" Ques had, eagerly. "West Kensington—No. 17 Princes

Court road. There was a young lady

at any rate, to have news of Lenors.
"I am very much obliged to you, madam." "You're welcome!" was the terse re-

t mys a new address taxi driver and was scarcely able to restrain his impationes during the long drive. They pulled up at last before a somewhat dingy-looking house. He rung the bell, which was answered by a trim-looking little maldocreant.

The maidservant stood on one side to let him pass. Almost at the same moment the door of the front room opened and a pleasant-looking elderlady appeared.

"I am Mrs. Willet." she announced. "I am Mr. Quest," the criminologist told her quickly. "You may have heard your niece, Lenora, speak of

Then perhaps you can tell me what ome of her!" Mrs. Willet ob-.berred.

"Isn't she bere?" Mrs. Willet shook her head.

"I had a telegram from her from Phymouth to say that she was coming. but I've seen nothing of her as yet." Quest declared, flercely, "until we have know," Quest reminded her, after a brought this matter to an end. Craig moment's reflection. "You've changed your address, you

"I wrote and told her." Mrs. Willet "After all, though," she went on thoughtfully, "I am not sure wheth-er she could have had the letter. But if she went up to Hampstead, anyone would tell her where I had moved to. There's no secret about me. "Lenors did go up to 157 Elsmere

road yesterday," Quest told her. "They gave her your address here, as they have just given it to me."

"Then what's become of the child?"
Mrs. Willet demanded. Quest, whose brain was working

quickly, scribbled upon one of his cards the address of the hotel where he had taken rooms and passed to

"Why Lenora didn't come on to you here I can't imagine," he said. "How ever. I'll go back to the hotel where she was to spend the night after she arrived. She may have gone back there. That's my address, Mrs. Willet. If you hear anything I wish you'd let me know. Lenora's quite a particular friend of mine and I am a little anxlous."

door for himself and passed out. He sprang into the taxi, which he had "Clifford's hotel in Payne street."

Quest had already opened the front

be told the man. He lit a cigar and smoked furiously all the way, throwing it on to the pave-ment as he hurried into the quiet private hotel which a fellow passenger tinued. on the steamer had recommended as being suitable for Lenora's one night alone in town.

"Can you tell me if Miss Lenors Macdongal is staying here?" he asked at the effice.

The woman shook her head. "Mise Macdougal stayed here the night before last," she said, "and her luggage is walting for orders. She left here yesterday afternoon to go to her aunt's, and promised to send for her things later on during the day. There they stand, all ready for her."

"What time did she go?" "Directly after an early lunch. R must have been about two o'clock." Quest hurried away. So after all

there was some foundation for this sitting in queer sense of depression which had o'clock yes been hovering about him for the last young wom few days! "Scotland Tard," he told the taxi

driver. He thrust another cigar between his fallen bodily to the ground if Middle- teeth, but forgot to light it. He was



Craig Escapes From the Collar.

mazed at his own sensations. scious of fears and emotions of which he would never have believed himself capable. He gave in his card, and after a few moments' delay he was shown into the presence of one of the chiefs of the detective department, who greeted him warmly.

"My name is Hardsway," the latter "My assistant, a young lady, Miss

enora Macdougal, has disappe the and I and Professor Ashleigh left the steamer at Plymouth and traveled up in the boat train. It was stopped t Hamblin roed for the pro myself, and Miss Macdougal came on to London. She was staying at Clif-ford's hotel in Payne street for the sight, and then going on to the aunt Well, I've found that sunt. She was expecting the girl, but the girl never

Where did this sunt live?" Hards way inquired.

"No. 17, Princess Court road, West Keneington," Quest replied. "She had set moved there from Elemere road Lenors had been there and learned her aunt's correct address in Wes Kensington I followed on to West consington and found that the aunt



"I'll Give a Ten-Pound Note to Anyone Who Gets Me Out to the Barton Be-

"Let me see," he said, "if she left for and sent him spinning down the clifford's hotel about two, she would have been at Hampstead about two. have been at Hampstead about half-past two. She would waste a few minutes in making inquiries, then she probably left tempeted for West mpstead for West Kensington, Give me ab cription of the

Quest dr tograph from his silently over. "Mr. Que d, "It to just possible that ere has been an exceeding

me," he con-"Come no everb bes They e

ca, "for two months m ve strong A MAD S soyed half a doses.

Americ affel" Quest "The t" Hardaway admitted been closing resting couple, d information and last brought to we are act e've had them that they were watched a Boom when a who was obviously a so see, the time sistant decide ctly, if your as-Kensington some tea. saked the wo the deak the best means of getting to West Kensington

without taking a taxicab. Her de-scription tallies exactly with the photograph you have shown me. The womdressed her and offered to show her the way. They left the place together. My men followed them. The house been watched ever since and we are raiding it this afternoon. You and will just be in time."

He stopped the cab and they got out. A man who seemed to be strolling simicesty along reading a newspa-per suddenly joined them.

Well, Dixon?" his chief exclaimed. The man glanged around. Two got three men round at the back, Mr. Hardaway," he said.

impossible for anyone to leave the Hardaway paused to consider a mo

"Look here," Quest suggested, "they know all of you, of course, and they'll never let you in until they're forced to. I'm a stranger. Let me go. I'll get in all right."

"All right," he assented. "We shall

ollow you up pretty closely, though." Quest stepped back into the taxt and gave the driver a direction. When he emerged in front of the handsome gray stone house he seemed to have be-come completely transformed. There was a fatuous smile upon his lips. H crossed the pavement with difficulty, tumbling up the steps, and held on the knocker with one hand while he consulted a slip of paper. He had scarcely rung the bell before a slightly parted curtain in the front room fell together and a moment later the door was opened by a man in the livery of a butler, but with the face and phy-

"Lady of the house," Quest demand-Almost immediately he was con-

slove of a woman standing in the hall before him. "You had better come in," she in-

vited. "Please do not stand in the doorway." Queet, however, who had beard the tatops of the others behind him, lot-

footstope of the others behind him, loi-tered there for a moment.
"You're the indy whose name is on this piece of paper?" he demanded.
"This piace is all right, ch?"
"I really do not know what you mean," the woman replied coldly; but if you will come inside I will talk with you in the drawing room."

Quest, as though stumbling against the front door, had it now wide open, and in a moment the hall seemed full.

was a scream from upstairs. Quest took a running jump and went up the stairs four at a time. The butler, who had so far defied arrest, suddenly enatched the revolver from Hard-away's hand and fired blindly in front of him, missing Quest only by an inch or two.

"Don't be a fool, Karl!" the wo called out. "The game's up. Take it

Once more the shrick rang through the house. Quest rushed to the door of the room from whence it came, tried the handle, and found it locked. He ran back a little way and charged it. From inside he could hear a turmoil of es. White with rage and passion. he pushed and kicked madly. There was a shot from inside, a bullet came through the door within an inch of his head, then the crash of broken crock ery and a man's groan. With a final effort Quest dashed the door in and staggered into the room. Lenors was standing in the far corner, the front of her dress forn and blood upon her lips. She held a revolver in her d, and was covering a man whose head and hands were bleeding. Around

him were the debris of a broken jug. "Mr. Quest!" she screamed. "Don't go near him-I've got him covered. I'm all right." Quest drew a long breath. The man

who stood glaring at him was well dressed and still young. He was un-armed, however, and Quest secured him in a moment The girl's mad!" he said sullenly.

"No one wanted to do her any harm."
Hardaway and his men came trooping up the stairs. Quest relinquished his prisoner and went over to Lenora. "Tve been , so frightened," she told me that this was the street in which my aust lived—and they wouldn't let me go. The woman was horrible. And this afternoon this man

Quest turned to Hardaway. "Til take the young lady away." be "You know where to find us." Lenora had almost recovered when they reached the hotel. Walking up down they found the professor. "My friend!" he exclaimed-"Mr. Quest! It is the davil incarnate against whom we fight!"

came. The brute!"

What do you mean?" Quest de-The professor wrung his hands. "I put him in our James II pris

he declared. "Why should think of the secret passage? No one has used it for a hundred years. He found it learned the trick-"You mean." Quest orled-

"He has escaped!" the profes broke in. "Craig has escaped again! They are searching for him high and low, but he has gone!"

Quest's arm tightened for a moment in Lenora's. It was curious how he med to have lost at that moment all sense of proportion. Lenors was safe . . . the relief of that one thought overshadowed everything else in the world.

"The fellow can't get far," he mut-"Who knows!" the professor repited, dolefully.

They had been standing together in little recess of the hall. Suddenly Lenora, whose face was turned to-ward the entrance doors, gave a little "Laura!" she exclaimed, wonder-She took a quick step forward.

ingly, "Why, it's Laure!"
They all turned around. A young woman had just entered the hotel, bllowed by a porter carrying some nggage. Her arm was in a sling and there was a bandage around her forehead. She walked, too, with the help of a stick. She recognised them at the pilot and came down from once and waved it gayly.
"Hullo, you people!" she cried.

Boon run you to earth, sh?" They were for a moment dumfounded. Lengra was the first to find words. "But when did you start, Laura?" she asked. "I thought you were too ill to move for weeks."

The girl smiled contemptuously. "I left three days after you, on the said, "that Port Said is a most inter-alser Frederic," she replicd. "There seting place."

(CO SE CONTINUED.)

One Episode Each Week

we came into Southampton early this morning, and here I am. Say, before we go any further, tell me about

"We've had him," Quest confessed. "and lost him again. He escaped last

night." Where from?" Laura asked.

"Hamblin house."
"Say, is that anywhere near the south coast?" the girl demanded ex-

"It's not far away," Quest replied. quickly. "Why?"

"I'll tell you why," Laura explained. "I was as sure of it as anyone could be. Craig passed me in Southampton water this morning, being rowed out to a steamer. Not only that, but he recognized me. I saw him draw back and hide his face, but somehow I couldn't believe that it was really be. I was just coming down the gangway and I nearly tell into the sea, I was

so surprised." Quest was already turning over the pares of the timetable "What was the steamer?" be

manded. "I found out," Laura told him. "I tell you, I was so sure of it's being Craig that I made no end of inquiries. It was the Barton, bound for India, first stop Port Said."

When does she sail?" Quest asked. "Tonight-somewhere about seven." Laura replied.

Quest glanced at the clock and threw down the timetable. He turned toward the door. They all followed "I'm for Southampton." he

"I'm going to try to get on board that steamer before she sails Lenora, you'd better go upstairs and lie down. They'll give you a room here. Don't you stir out till I come back. Professor, what about you?" "I shall accompany you," the pro

fessor declared.
"And nothing." Lenora declared. firmly, as she cought at Quest's arm.

would keep me away."
"Fil telephone to Scotland Yard, in case they care to send a man down," Quest decided. They caught a train to Southamp

ton, where they were joined by a man from Scotland Yard. The little party drove as quickly as possible to the

"Where does the Barton start from?" Quest asked the piermaster. The man pointed out a little way down the water.

"She's not in dock, sir," he said "She'r, lying out youder. You'll bare-ty catch her, I'm atraid," he added. glancing at the clock. They burried to the edge of the

QUAY. "Look here," Quest cried, raising his voice, "I'll give a ten-pound note to anyone who gets me out to the Barton before she sails."

The little party were almost thrown into a tug, and in a few minutes they were akimming across the smooth water. Just as they reached the steamer, however, she began to move

"Run up alongside," Quest ordered. The captain came down from the bridge, where he had been conferring with the pilot.

Keep away from the side there." he shouted. "Who are you?"
"We are in search of a desperate criminal whom we believe to be on



Quest Scource Him In a Moment.

ard your steamer," Quest explained "Please take us on board."
The captain shook his head.

"Are you from Scotland Yard?" he ked. "Have you got your warrant? "We are from America," Queet as swered, "but we've got a Scotland Yard man with us and a warrant, right enough." The captain shook his head.

"I am over an hour late," he said "and it's coeting me fifty pounds a minute. If I take you on board, you'll have to come right along with me, un-less you find the fellow before we've left your tub behind."

Quest turned around.
"Will you risk it?" he asked. "Yes!" they all replied We're coming, captain," Quest de

A rope ladder was let down. steamer began to slow down. The captain spoke once more

"I'm forced to go full speed shead to cross the bar," he told Quest. "I'm sorry, but the tide's just on the turn." They looked at one another a little

The professor, however, upon them all. "I have always understood," he

MUNIGAGE BALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the power of saw contained in a certain mort-Rufe cong execution to M. L. Wockssuce Norden which mortgage occu is recorded in book No. 110 on page ave records at marnet county, de-Isuit having been made in the pay-ment of the west thereby secured, the undersigned will sell to the mignest biquer for cash at the courtnouse door in Lillington, N. C. on Moncay door in Lillington, IV. C. Val. at 12 inc 14th day of march, 1910, at 12 octoon, Mr. the lollowing described

ist tract: Being a part of iot No. o in the division of the estate of the thirty of the streets as will more fully appear in the estate of the thirty of the estate of the thirty of Other of the Krates of Donne of

od other of register of Deeps examinest county:

Beginning at a stake, the southestimate corner of a o-sere tract sout,

W.A. A. Issuely by w. b. meckausy and runs capitee as the Nedmachiness line b. 14 N. 21,50 casins

W. a Stake and Disck jack pointers

of a Stake and Disck jack pointers

of a Stake and Disck jack pointers IN A BOUGE TOW, NEW MARINEWS COF-HET; LBRUCE N. 88 W. 21.10 CRAINS TO A STANK AND PROPERTY INST THE BEAUCH IN ALEX HOCKMONY'S INSE, THERE AS HIS LINE N. 2 E. 10.20 CRAINS TO A STANK IN ALEX NOTURE'S une; thence S. 21-2 W. 3.10 chains to the southwest corner of the 5acre tract som to A. A.Bessley; on on the line of the said tract

containing 34 1-2 acres.

End truct: Anown as lot No. 6
in the Wm .hockaday division above referred to and pounted as follows, beginning at a corner of the W. F anockaning house tract at the head of a small branch Alex Hockaday's line and runs as said one S. 2 W. lo chains to a stake, Benton Hocksday's corner; thence as his line S. 88 E. 18 75 chains to a stake on the east soge of a small branch; thence N.

2 L. 16 chains to a stake and pointers in W. F. Hocksday's line of lot ro. 8; thence as his line N. 88 W.

18.76 chains to the beginning containing 30 acres more or less.

3rd linet: The lengt conveyed in

aring 30 scres more or less,
and iract: The land conveyed in
the 3rd tract is all of that interest
conveyed by W. F. Hockacay to party of the second part designates as
3rd tract in deed from W. F. Hockaany and wife to Benton Norden and containing 15 acres and for a more until uescription see deed W. F. Hockaday and wife to Benton Nor-cen as recorded in Register of Deeds

omce of Harnets county.
This February 9th, 1916.
W. F. HUCKADAY,

E. F. Young, Atty.

PUBLIC SALE OF LAND WHEMEAS, the undersigns mortgages did expose to sais the neremaiter described land, in the town of Dunn, N. C. on the 19th day of January, 1916, when and where ried Jernigan became the last and nighest bicher for same at the price of Inirty-two hundred and seventyor annuars and has retused or fail-ed to pay for same after same has been demanded of him; Now the un-dersigned by virtue of the power of saie contained in a certain mortgage used executed to him by W. L. Hudson on the 18th day of March, 1974, and duly recorded in Hook No. 114, on page boy records of Harnest county and by reason of the said for the said t county and by reason of the said fred Jermgan refusing to pay for said property as by said purchase ne agreed and promised to do, the undersigned mostgages will sell to the highest blooger for cash on the premises in Dunn, N. C., on Friday one 1/th day of murch, 1916, at 12 octock is. to satisfy said mort gage default having been made is the payment of same and the refusal of said Fred Jernigan to comply with his contract, the following deswith his contract, the following des-cribed house and lot in the town of

Dunn: Beginning in the south margin of Beginning in the south margin of Broad street at a noint 70 feet from magnolia street, Mrs. Jackson's corner, and runs thence southwardly with Jackson's line, parallel with magnois street 300 feet to Camberland street; thence eastwardly land street; thence eastwardly with Cumberland street to the alley 70 feet; thence with the alley and parallel with the first line to Broad street; thence with Broad street to he beginning, it being the same house and let conveyed to Dr. W. L. Hudson by J. L. Thompson and wife as recorded in Book No. 181 on page 31 records of Harnett county. The lot will be sold first in halves and then as a whole and sale that

brings most will be confirmed. This February 12, 1916. E. F. YOUNG.

NOTICE OF SALE By virtue of the authority granted by a certain Deed of Trust executed by R. G. Taylor and wife, Minniby a certain Deed of Trust executed by R. G. Taylor and wife, Minnie Taylor, to J. C. Cifford, Trustee, which said Deed of Trust is duly registered in Book 106, Page 584, in the other of the Register of De of Harnett county, the undersigned, Trustee, named therein, will on Saturday, March 25th, 1916, at 12 o'clock M. offer for sale, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, at the door of the Municipal building in the town of Draw Harnest building in the town of Dunn, Har-nett county, North Carolina, the following described real and person-

al property, to-wit: Real Estate. The same being in Averasboro township, bounded as follows: Beginning et a pine stump, Andrew Tart's corner, and runs thence North 20 West 10.50 chains to a stake at a fish laby Monte!

Tart's corner, and runs thence North 20 West 10.80 chains to a stake at a disch, John Norris' corner; thence North 70 East 19.75 chains to a stake in Julius Stewart's line; thence South 20 East 10.80 chains to Julius Stewart's corner; thence direct to the beginning, cont...ining 21 1-2 acres, more or less.

Persenal Preperty.

All and singular the stock of goods, wares and merchandise of every kind whatsoever now located and contained within the store building on East Broad Street in the town of Dunn, which store building belongs to G. F. Pope, and is the building in which the said, R. G. Taylor lately conducted and carried on his mercantile business; also all store futures and store furniture of any and every kind including show cases, counters, iron safe, jables, any and every kind including show cases, counters, iron safe, tables, typewriter, sewing machine and any and all other fixtures now located in the store building above referred to. Inventory will betaken of the stock of goods and copy of same can be seen by calling on the undersigned Trustee.

This the 22nd day of Fab., 1916.

J. C. CLIFFORD.

Trustee