

THE BLACK BOX

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

At the ELJOU THEATRE

One Episode Each Week

The BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of "Mr. Green of Monte Carlo," "The Vanished Messenger," "The Lighted Way," etc.

Revised from the motion picture drama of the same name produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Illustrated with photographs from the motion picture production.

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SYNOPSIS.

Shaded Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to Justice Macdonald, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but two hours to solve a murder mystery...

NINTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XX.

LOST IN LONDON.

Quest, notwithstanding the unusual nature of his surroundings, slept that night as only a tired and healthy man can. He was awakened the next morning by the quiet movements of a manservant who had brought back his clothes...

"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."

"She touched an electric bell under her foot and a moment or two later the butler appeared."

"I know that," she almost shrieked. "I must know!"

"We must not eat or drink or sleep," Quest declared, solemnly, "until we have brought this matter to an end. Craig must be found. This is the supreme horror of all."

As though inspired with a common idea, both Quest and the professor hurried out of the room and down the broad stairs. Their inspiration was a true one. The gamekeeper welcomed them with a smile or triumph.

"Bring him upstairs, Middleton, for a moment," he directed. "Follow us, please."

"That is your work," the criminologist said, firmly. "You are to be found. You will have to search the ground if Middleton's grip had not kept him up. Quest bent over him. It was clear that he had fainted. They led him from the room."

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:

"You're welcome!" was the terse reply. Quest gave a new address to the taxi driver and was scarcely able to restrain his impatience during the long drive.

The maid-servant stood on one side to let him pass. Almost at the same moment the door of the front room opened and a pleasant-looking elderly lady 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 me."

"Why Lenora didn't come on to you here I can't imagine," he said. "However, 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."

"The woman shrieked. The butler suddenly sprang upon the last man to enter and sent him spinning down the steps. Almost at that instant there was a scream from upstairs. Quest took a running jump and went up the stairs four at a time."

"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."

"You're all right," he said. "We shall follow you up pretty closely, though." Quest stepped back into the taxi and gave the driver a direction. When he emerged in front of the handsome gray stone house he seemed to have become completely transformed.

"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."



"I'll Give a Ten-Pound Note to Anyone Who Gets Me Out to the Barton Before She Sells."

A new interest seemed suddenly to have crept into Hardaway's manner. "Let me see," he said, "if she left Clifford's hotel about two, she would have been at Hampstead about half-past two. She would waste a few minutes in making inquiries, then she probably left Hampstead for West Kensington, in a quarter of three. Give me a description of the young lady."

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

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

"Where from?" Laura asked. "Hambledon house."

"Don't be a fool, Ken!" the woman called out. "The game's up. Take it quietly."

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MORTGAGE SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by W. F. Hockaday and wife, Minnie Hockaday, which mortgage deed is recorded in Book No. 110 on page 107, records of Harriet county, Georgia...

Beginning at a stake, the south-west corner of a 6-acre tract, owned by W. F. Hockaday and wife, Minnie Hockaday, and runs thence as the line of said tract...

W. F. HOCKADAY, Mortgagee.

PUBLIC SALE OF LAND

WHEREAS, the undersigned mortgagee do expose to sale the premises described in the deed of mortgagage, made and executed by W. F. Hockaday and wife, Minnie Hockaday, on the 19th day of January, 1916, and whereof...

Beginning in the south margin of Broad street at a point 70 feet from Magnolia street, Mrs. Jackson's corner, and runs thence southwesterly with Jackson street, parallel with Magnolia street 300 feet to Cumberland street; thence easterly 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 the beginning, it being the same house and lot conveyed to Dr. W. L. Hudson by J. L. Thompson and wife, as recorded in Book No. 181 on page 81 records of Harriet county.

E. F. YOUNG, Mortgagee.

NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of the authority granted by a certain Deed of Trust executed by M. G. Taylor and wife, Minnie Taylor, to J. C. Clifford, Trustee, which said Deed of Trust is duly registered in Book 106, Page 564, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Harriet county, Georgia, 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 Dunn, Harriet county, North Carolina, the following described real and personal property...

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 E. G. Taylor lately conducted and carried on his mercantile business; also all store fixtures and store furniture of every kind including show cases, typewriters, sewing machine and all other fixtures now located in the store building above referred to. Inventory will be taken of the stock of goods and copy of same can be seen by calling on the undersigned Trustee.

J. C. CLIFFORD, Trustee



Craig Escapes From the Cellar.



Quest Seizes Him in a Moment.