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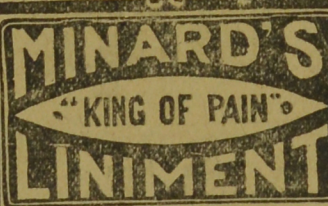
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# The BLACK BOX

Novelized from the Photo-play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal  
Film Manufacturing Company.

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

"The chief apologizes for not recog-  
nizing me," he announced. "It seems  
that Craig had told him that he had  
come to the desert for shelter, and he  
imagined 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  
encampment."

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  
his men to dismount. Their ponies are  
for the young ladies. There will be  
horses for you among the captured  
ones from the caravan yonder."

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

"I have accepted the invitation of  
the chief," he announced. "We had  
better start."

"This may not be Delmonico's,"  
Laura remarked, a few hours later,  
with a little sigh of contentment.  
"but believe me that goat-stew and  
sherbet tasted better than any  
chicken and champagne I ever tasted."  
They moved to the opening of the  
tent and sat looking out across the  
silent desert. Laura took the flap of  
the canvas in her hand.

"What do all these marks mean?"  
she asked.

"They are cabalistic signs," the  
professor replied, "part of the lan-  
guage 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  
him," Laura observed, "I should say  
she hadn't forgotten it either."

The professor held up a warning  
finger. 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 glance at them all and disap-  
peared.

"Seems to me that we are not ex-  
actly 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 pointed 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  
must have been listening to our con-  
versation."

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

"It's the Mongar cry of warning," he  
said hoarsely. "Something is going to  
happen."

The whole encampment was sud-  
denly in a state of activity. The  
Mongars ran hither and thither, get-  
ting together their horses. The chief,  
with Craig by his side, was standing  
on the outskirts of the camp.

"Seems to me there's a move on,"  
Quest muttered, as they rose to their  
feet. "I wonder if we are in it."

A moment or two later Craig ap-  
proached them.

"Word has been brought to the  
chief," he announced, "that the Arab  
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 jungle, where they  
have prepared hiding-places. We  
start at once."

"What about us?" the professor in-  
quired.  
"I endeavored," Craig continued, "to  
persuade the chief to allow you to re-  
main here, when the care of you  
would devolve upon the English sol-  
diers. He and Feerda, however, have

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,  
too."

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  
bidden."

### 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  
nearer.

"I had a moment's talk with Craig  
this morning, and from what he says  
I 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 En-  
glish 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 bot-  
tle 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 of  
the tent in which they had been sit-  
ting and came back again.

"Well!"  
Laura lifted her skirt and showed  
an unusual projection underneath.

"Lenora and I have pinned up our  
petticoats," she announced. "We've  
got plenty of food and a bottle of  
water."

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

"The professor's got the ammuni-  
tion," 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  
inquired.

"I am seeing to him," Quest replied.  
Lenora hesitated.

"Isn't it rather a risk?" she whis-  
pered fearfully.

Quest's face was suddenly stern.

"Craig is going back with us," he  
said. "I'll be careful, Lenora. Don't  
worry."

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



### BAGS OF THE HOUR.

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-  
gether:

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

Even the professor's lips blanched  
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 a  
revolver from his pocket.

"This time," he exclaimed, "we are  
going to make an end of The Hands!  
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 dis-  
appear. 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 Mon-  
gars, disturbed in their evening amuse-  
ment, were breaking into the under-  
growth in chase. Quest came to a  
standstill. It was from Craig's tent  
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 an-  
nounced, "I believe that, after all, a  
lion has visited the 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. I saw  
him come out of Craig's tent."

The professor was dubious.

"You see that tree that looks like  
a dwarfed aloc?"

(To be continued.)

The chic wrist bag of the hour  
carries more or less beads. The  
balloon shapes in bags are the  
"last cry," although they are the  
revival of an old, old fashion, and  
many of these revivals have hand-  
les wholly or partially in beads.  
One model recently developed in  
white and dark check faille, has a  
dandle of dark shell beads, which  
is repeated in a short cane depend-  
ing partly across the bag's base.  
A second model in plain faille has  
a handle combining the silk and  
short strings of blond shell beads.

### HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

To remove scratches from plate  
glass clean first the injured surface  
by rubbing it with a pad of cotton  
wool. Then cover the pad with a  
layer of cotton velvet, well charg-  
ed with rouge, and this, when rub-  
bed over the surface, will not only  
remove the scratches, but will also  
add a new lustre to the glass.

When any basket chairs require  
cleaning, scrub them well with a  
coarse brush and water strongly  
saturated with salt. Then dry with  
soft cloth. Salt not only cleans  
wicker work, but prevents it from  
turning yellow. Straw matting can  
be cleaned the same way.

Never allow combs to lie in hot  
water when washing them. Apply  
the soap and water with a small  
nail brush. It is a good plan, too,  
to draw a piece of thread in and  
out between the teeth of the comb.

It is better to be run down by a  
chauffeur than by an evil tongue.  
Sometimes the village dud migrates  
to a city and develops into a real man.  
It's no use picking the winner when  
the race is over.

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