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# The BLACK BOX

Novellized from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal  
Film Manufacturing Company

"I'm tired of those guys," he re-  
marked to Craig, with a grin. "Guess  
I'll stay here for a bit."  
Craig was left alone for a few min-  
utes. Suddenly Marta glided in and  
sat by his side. Her eyes were flash-  
ing with anger.  
"You know what they said, those  
two, as they passed out?" she whis-  
pered, hoarsely. "I heard them.  
They are going to board the 8:30  
train tomorrow morning. The dark  
man turned and said to the other:  
'If he is not on that, we'll wait till we  
find him. Once we get him in New  
York, he's our man.'"

A little exclamation of anger broke  
from Craig's lips. The girl caught at  
his arm.  
"Don't go," she begged. "Don't go.  
There are plenty of places near here  
where you can hide, where we could  
go together and live quite simply. I'd  
work for you. Take me away from  
this, somewhere over the hills. Don't  
go to New York. They are cruel, those  
men. They are hunting you—I can  
see it in their faces."

Craig shook his head sadly.  
"Little girl," he said, "I should like  
to go with you along that valley and  
over the hills and forget that I had  
ever lived in any other world. But  
I can't do it. There's a child there  
now, on the ocean, nearer to New  
York every day, my sister's own child  
and no one to meet her. And there  
are the other things. I have sinned  
and I must pay. . . . My God!"

The room suddenly rang with Mar-  
ta's shriek. Through the open win-  
dow by which they were sitting, an  
arm wrapped in a serape had suddenly  
hovered over them. Craig, in starting  
back, had just escaped the downward  
blow of the knife, which had buried  
itself in Marta's arm. She fell back,  
screaming.  
"It's Jose!" she cried. "The brute!  
The beast!"

Craig swung to his feet, furious.  
Long Jim, cursing fiercely, drew his  
gun. At that moment the door of the  
saloon was thrown open. Jose came  
reeling in, his serape over his shoul-  
der, a drunken grin on his face. He  
staggered towards them.  
"Jose, you beast!" the girl called  
out, and fell back, fainting.  
There was the sound of a revolver  
shot and Jose reeled backwards and  
fell with a cry across the sanded floor.  
Jim thrust his smoking gun into this  
belt and caught Craig by the arm.

"Say, we'd better get out of this,  
cookie!" he muttered.  
They hustled out. Apparently Jose  
was unpopular, for everyone seemed  
only anxious to have them clear away.  
"I'll get you into the camp quietly,"  
Long Jim muttered. "You'll be safer  
there for the night. Then you can  
make that 8:30 in the morning."

Lenora, with her bed dragged to  
the opening of the tent, greeted the  
little party, on their return, eagerly.  
Quest at once came and sat by her  
side.  
"Where's Laura," he asked, "and the  
inspector?"  
She smiled and pointed to the ris-  
ing ground behind them. In the faint  
moonlight two forms were just visi-  
ble.

Quest smiled.  
"French has got it bad," he de-  
clared. "almost as badly as I have  
Lenora."  
She laughed at him. Her face was  
a little drawn with pain, but her eyes  
were very soft.

"I wonder if you have it very bad-  
ly," she murmured.  
He held her hand for a moment.  
"I think you know," he said.  
"As they talked they heard the  
coyotes barking in the distance. Pres-  
ently Laura and the inspector re-  
turned.  
"Nice sort of a nurse I am," the  
former grumbled. "It's all the fault  
of this man. He would keep me out  
there talking rubbish."

They sat round the opening before  
Lenora's tent till the moon was high in  
the heavens. Quest, who had been on  
the outside of the circle for some little  
time, suddenly rose to his feet and  
crossed over to the cook wagon. Long  
Jim, who was sitting on the steps,  
glanced up a little surlily.  
"Who's inside there?" Quest asked.  
Long Jim removed his pipe from his  
teeth.

"That don't sound none too civil a  
question for a guest," he remarked.  
"but if you want to know, our new  
Chinese cookie is there."  
Quest nodded.  
"Sorry if I seemed abrupt," he  
apologized. "You've been very good  
to us and I'm sure we are uncommo-  
nly obliged to you, Jim. The only rea-  
son I asked the question was that I  
saw a face in the door there and it  
gave me a start. For a moment I  
thought it was Craig back again."

"He's gone to New York, or going  
tomorrow morning," Jim replied. "I  
don't think he's so powerful fond of  
your company that he'd come round  
here looking for it."

Quest strolled off again and glanced  
at his watch as he rejoined the little  
group.

"Well," he said, "I think we'll turn  
in. Seven o'clock tomorrow morning,  
inspector. Jim's sending one of the  
boys with us and we shall catch the  
Eastern Limited at the junction."

"This open-air life makes me sleepy,"  
he confessed.  
"To bed, all of us," Quest concluded,  
turning away.

CHAPTER XXX.

Quest awoke the next morning,  
stretched out his hand and glanced at  
the watch by the side of the bed. It  
was barely six o'clock. He turned over  
and dozed again, looked again at half-  
past six, and finally, at a few minutes  
to seven, rose and made a hasty  
toilet. Then, in the act of placing his  
watch in his waistcoat pocket, he gave  
a sudden start. By its side, half cov-  
ered by the handkerchief which he had  
thrown upon the little table, stood a  
small black box! For a moment he  
was motionless. Then he stretched out  
his hand, removed the lid and drew  
out the usual neatly folded piece of  
paper:

Even time fights you. It loses that  
you may lose.—The Hands.  
Quest for a moment was puzzled.  
Then he hurried into the next tent,  
where the professor was sleeping  
peacefully.  
"Say, professor, what's the time by  
your watch?" Quest asked, shaking  
him gently.  
The professor sat up and drew his  
chronometer from under his pillow.  
"Seven o'clock," he replied; "five  
minutes past, maybe."



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**COOL SALADS FOR HOT DAYS**  
Baked Apple Salad.

Bake Northern Spy apples, un-  
til very tender. Loosen the skins  
while hot; when cool remove the  
skins, fill centres with nuts. Serve  
on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

Lettuce and Banana Salad.

Arrange some white lettuce on a  
platter and put over it strips of  
banana cut very fine. Cover with  
French dressing and serve very  
cold. Chopped nuts may be scat-  
tered over all if desired.

Baked Bean Salad.

Drain a can of beans that have  
been cooked in tomato sauce until  
all the sauce is off. Cut peeled to-  
matoes into halves, fill each half  
with beans, set on lettuce leaves  
and pour over all French dressing.

Harvard Salad.

Scoop out centres of small to-  
matoes and fill with mixture, three  
tablespoonfuls cream cheese, one  
teaspoon minced parsley, mush-  
rooms, catsup, salt and pepper.  
French dressing and six chopped  
olives. Serve on bed of crest.

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