AND HERE IT CONTINUES

Once more Crang looked cautiously around him.

"We—ws are quite alone, I take it?"

"Quite," said Larmon.

"My name is Anderson, William Anderson," Crang stated smoothly. "I was the one who telephoned you last night. I am a friend of John Bruce—the only one he's got. I guess, except yourself. Bruce and I used to be boys together in San Francisco. I hadn't seen him for years until we ran into each other here in New York a few weeks ago and chummed up again. As I told you over the phone. I don't know the ins and outs of this, but I know he is in some trouble with a gang that he got mixed up with in the underworld somehow."

Voice was level. And I m going to show them—when I get hold of Bruce."

"Have you ever met the lady?" Larmon asked abruptly.

"The—lady?" Crang glanced out of time, very good time indeed. Another five minutes at the outside and the trick was done.

"The woman in the case," said Larmon.

"Oh!" Crang whistled low. "I see! No, I've never met her. I didn't know there was one. I told you he had said in nothing to me."

Larmon was frowning heavily; his face was strained and worried. He

"Tck!" The quill toothpick flexed

tents of that telegram, Mr. Anderson?" he asked casually at last. Gilbert Larmon was no fool!

Mr. Gilbert Larmon stood here as Mr. R. L. Peters—the telegram had been signed: "Gilbert Larmon." The question that Larmon was actually asking was: How much do you really know?

Instinatity, the taxi had swerved into seas. Returning from the war he found that was still that his father, mother and sister, his only relatives, were dead.

According to his deathbed statement, he is heir to a residence in Germenty was actually it?" he observed curlously.

"It's safe," said Crang significantly.

gan to read it.

Crang watched the other furtively.
The quill toothpick, from a series of violent gyrations, became motionless between Larmon's lips. The thin face seemed to mold itself into sharp, dogged lines. Again and again Larmon appeared to read the letter over; and then the hand that held the sheet of paper dropped to his side, and he stood for a long time staring out of the window. Finally he turned slowly and came back across the room.

"This is bad, Mr. Anderson—far worse than I had imagined," he said in a hard voice. "I believe you said you would take me to Bruce. This letter asks me to accompany you, and I see we are to go at once." He motioned toward a box of cigars on the table, "Ilclp yourself to a cigar, Mr. Anderson—far the farther end. As he stepped through the door his revolver was in his hand.

He laughed in an ugly way as John

loward a box of cigars on the table.
"Help yourself to a cigar, Mr. Anderson, and take a chair. I'm sorry if it's as bad as that."

Crang made no answer, save to nod his head gravely as Larmon stepped quickly toward the door of the apartment's adjoining room.

Crang struck a match and lighted his

cigar. The door of the connecting room closed behind Larmon. A cloud of blue

"I'm ready now," he announced door.

Quietly, "Shall we go?"

Crang rose from his chair,
"Yes," he said. He glanced at Larmon, as he tapped the ash from the end of his after the said.



You thought you'd double-cross me, did you? You poor fool! Well,

chewed at his quill toothpick until, following a savage little click, he removed it in two pieces from his mouth. He had bitten it in half. He tossed the perhaps you would prefer that I should explain my own connection with this affair first?"

Again Larmon nodded.

"Perhaps it would be just as well," he said.
Once more Crang looked cautiously around him.

"Yes, Mr. Anderson, I have!" His voice was level. "And I'm going to show them—when I get hold of Bruce." Crang's expression was instantly one

face was strained and worried. He laughed out suddenly, jerkily.

sharply against one of the tall man's front teeth. "William Anderson"—he repeated the name musingly—"yes, I remember. I sent a telegram in your care to Mr. Bruce a few days ago."

"Yes," said Crang.
The quill toothpick appeared to occupy the tall man's full attention for a period of many seconds.

"Are you conversant with the contents of that telegram, Mr. Anderson?"

"I suppose I should give him credit for keeping you at least in the dark," he said shortly; "though it strikes me as more or less of a case of locking the stable door after the horse has gone." Crang's eyebrows were raised in well-simulated perplexity.

"I don't quite get you, Mr. Peters," he said politely.

"It's of no consequence." Larmon's eyes were saided by fortesting the said shortly; "though it strikes me as more or less of a case of locking the stable door after the horse has gone."

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"I's of no consequence." Larmon's even were saided in well-stable door after the horse has gone."

guestion that Larmon was actually saking was: How much do you really know?

"Why, yes," said Crang readily. "It's safe," said Crang significantly. The taxis stopped.
"We safe," said Crang readily. "It's safe," said Crang significantly. The taxis stopped.
"We get out here, Mr. Peters, who would arrive in New York Wednesday night, and whom he seemed to think he needed pretty badly in his present scrupe."

Larmon took a turn or two up and down the room. He halted again before Crang.
"I am obliged to admit that I am both anxious and considerably at sea." he said deliberately. "There seems to be an air of mystery surrounding all this that I neither like nor understand. You did not allay my fears last night when you telephoned me. Have you nomore to tell me?

Crang shook his head slowly.
"No." he said. "You've get everything I know. Bruce has been like clam as far as the nature of what is between himself and this gang is concerned. He will. He won't tell mo.

Clam of the stopp of the stopp of the stope of the clam as far as the nature of what is between himself and this gang is concerned. He will. He won't tell mo.

The matter of the stop of the stope of the stop

Crang shook his head slowly.

"No," he said. "You've got everything I know. Bruce has been like a clam as far as the nature of what is between himself and this gang is concerned. He will have to tell you himself—if he will. He won't tell me. Meanwhile, he sent you this."

Crang reached into his pocket and took out the envelope addressed to Mr. R. L. Peters, that he had taken pains to seal the night before.

Larmon took the envelope, stepped over to the window, presumably for better light, and opening the letter, be
mon could be led; if Larmon hesitated about following. Birdle stood ready to pitch the other headlong down the steps—the same end would be attained in either case!

But Larmon still showed no suspicion of the good faith of one William Anderson. He was following without question. The daylight streaking down through the entrance afforded enough light to enable Crang, over his shoulder, to note that Larmon was always close behind him. At a door across clared his wife had developed radical, who deleted his wife had developed radical tendencies since the revolution. Tschirbetter light, and opening the letter, be-

his hand. He laughed in an ugly way, as John Bruce rose from the mattress and faced

him.

"Salt is a great thing, isn't it?" he jeered. He drew from his pocket the slip of paper he had cut from the bottom of the letter, and held it so that John Bruce could see it. Then he put it back in his pocket again. "Understand? He got the rest of the letter, all right; and so he has come down to pay you a little visit. He's outside

clear. The door of the connecting room closed behind Larmon. A cloud of blue smoke veiled Crang's face—and a leer that lighted his suddenly narrowed eyes. "So that's it, is it?" grinned Crang to himself. "I wondered how he was going to work it! Well, I guess he would have got away with it, too—if I hadn't got away with it first!"

He sat motionless in his chair—and listened, And suddenly he smiled maliciously. The sound of running water from a tap turned on somewhere on the other side of the connecting door reached him faintly.

"And now a little salt!" murmured Dr. Sydney Angus Crang. He blew a linoke ring into the air and watched it dissolve. "And presto!—like the smoke ring—nothing!"

The minutes passed, perhaps five of them, and then the door opened again and Larmon reappeared.

"I'm ready now," he announced quietly. "Shall we go?"

John Bruce could see it, his pocket again. "Understand? He got the rest of the letter, all right; and so he has come down to pay you a little visit. He's outside there now."

Crang laughed again. "You thought you'd double-cross me, did you? You poor foo! Well, it's a showdown now. I'm going to bring him in here—and let you tell him what he's up against. I guess you can convince him. He's got less than an hour in which to come across—if you are going to sail on that steamer. If you don't make yourself useful to that extent, you go out—for keeps; and Larmon stays here until he antes up—or rots! Is that quite clear?"

John Bruce could stand? He got the rest of the letter, all right; and so he has come down to pay you a little visit. He's outside there now."

Crang laughed again. "You thought you'd double-cross me, did you? You poor foo! Well, it's a showdown now. I'm going to bring him in here—and let you tell him what he's up against. I guess you can convince him. He's got less than an hour in which to come across—if you are going to sail on that steamer. If you don't make yourself useful to that extent, you go out—for keeps; and Larmon stays here until he antes up—or rots! Is tha

The Hostage

mon, as he tapped the ash from the end of his eigar. Larmon had not forgotten to change his clothes. "I've got a taxi waiting."

"All right," agreed Larmon briskly—and led the way to the elevator.
Out on the street, Crang led the way in turn—to the taxi. Birdic reached eut from his seat, and flung the door left the cavelike den outside.

He was strangely calm. Yes, there was larmon down there—and Crang was walking toward him. And Crang had then leaned toward Birdic as though

to give the man the necessary address. He spoke in a low, quiet tone:

"Keep to the decent streets as long as you can, so that he won't have a chance to get leery until it won't matter whether he does or not? Understand?"

Birdle touched his cap.

"Yes, sir," he said.

The taxi jerked forward.

"It's not very far," said Crang. He smiled engagingly as he settled back in his seat—and his hand in his cont pocket sought and fondled his revolver.

Larmon, apparently immersed in his own thoughts, made no immediate reply. The taxi traversed a dozen blocks, during which time Crang, quite contented to let well enough alone, nade no effort at conversation. Larmon chewed at his quill toothpick until, following a savage little click, he removed this unatural composure had something deeper than that behind it—a

that.
His unnatural composure had some-His unnatural composure had something deeper than that behind it—a passionate fury smoldering on the verge of flame. Larmon was out there—trapped! He could not put Larmon in greater jeopardy now, no matter what he, John Bruce, did personally, because Larmon dead would not be worth anything to the county for the state of the stat thing to them. But for himself-to stand and take it all like a sheep at the hands of a damned, cringing-

To be continued tomorrow

CLAIMING PROPERTY HERE MAN DIES IN NEVADA TOWN Carlyle Wright, on Deathbed, Sald

He Owned Germantown House Carlyle Wright, twenty-seven years, a Philadelphia youth, died in Carlin, Nevada, leaving a large estate but apparently no relatives and the guardian of his estate cannot be located, according to a letter received today by the Missing Persons Bureau at City

The letter is from Mrs. J. Leo Rob-The letter is from Mrs. J. Leo Roberts, of Carlin, with whom Wright had been living. She explains that he had been living there for the last two years, but did not tell of his property holdings until in a deathbed statement made to his employer.

He died on Monday of pneumonia and his body is being held in the hope that relatives here may be located.

According to the letter the youth was born at Pottsville. Pa., and was edu-

period of many seconds.

"Are you conversant with the connected of that telegram, Mr. Anderson?" it's of no consequence." Larmon's eyes were suddenly fastened on the window. From an already shabby street where cheap tenements hived a polyglot two years in a college in this city. He callsted and served two years overant with the connection of the said politely.

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better light, and opening the letter, began to read it.

Crang watched the other furtively. such political complexion.

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