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For Waianae, Waiailua, Kahuku and Way Stations—9:15 a. m., 2:30 p. m.  
For Pearl City, Ewa Mill and Way Stations—7:30 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 11:05 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 3:50 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 7:11:00 p. m.  
For Wahiawa—9:15 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.  
**INWARD.**  
Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Waiailua and Waianae—8:36 a. m., 5:31 p. m.  
Arrive in Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—7:46 a. m., 8:36 a. m., 10:28 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:31 p. m., 5:31 p. m., 7:30 p. m.  
Arrive Honolulu from Wahiawa—8:36 a. m. and 5:31 p. m.

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# The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance  
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(Continued)

He found the luggage room and interviewed a mechanically courteous attendant, who, as the result of profound deliberation, advised him to try his luck at the lost luggage room across the station. He accepted the advice. It was a foregone conclusion that his effects had not been conveyed to the Tilbury dock. They could not have been loaded into the luggage van without his personal supervision. Still, anything was liable to happen when his unlucky star was in the ascendant. He found them in the lost luggage room.

A clerk helped him identify the articles and ultimately checked with a perfunctory note, "Sixpence each, please." "I—ah—pardon?" "Sixpence each, the fixed charge, sir. For every twenty-four hours or fraction thereof, sixpence per parcel." "Oh, thank you so much," said Kirkwood sweetly. "I will call tomorrow." "Very good, sir. Thank you, sir." "Five times sixpence is two and six," Kirkwood computed, making his way half out of the station lest a worse thing befall him. "No, bless your soul, not while two and eight represent the sum total of my fortune." He wandered out into the night. He could not linger round the station till dawn, and what profit to him if he did? Even were he to ransom his trunks one can scarcely change one's clothing in a public waiting room.

Somewhere in the distance a great clock chimed a single stroke freighted with melancholy. It knelt the passing of the half hour after midnight, a witching hour when every public shuts up tight and gentlemen in top hats and evening dress are doomed to pace the pave till day (barring they have homes or visible means of support)—till day, when pawnshops open and such personal effects as watches and hammered silver cigar cases may be hypothecated. What was he to do? An hour passed. Through this long hour Kirkwood walked without a pause.

Another clock somewhere clanged resonantly twice. The world was very still. And so, wandering foot loose in a wilderness of ways, turning aimlessly, now right, now left, he found himself in Froggall street. Kirkwood identified it with a start and a guilty tremor. He stopped stock still in an unreasonable state of semipanic, arrested by a silly impulse to turn and fly, as if the bobby whom he described approaching him with measured stride, pausing now and again to try a door or flash his bullseye down an area, were to be expected to identify the man responsible for that racket raised ere midnight in vacant No. 9.

At the corner he swerved and crossed, still possessed of his devil of inspiration. It would be unfair to him to say that he did not struggle to resist it, for he did, because it was fairly and egregiously insane; yet, struggling, his feet trod the path to which it tempted him.

"Why," he expostulated feebly, "I might as well turn back and beat that bobby over the head with my cane." But at the moment his hand was in his change pocket, feeling over that same brass door key which earlier he had been unable to account for, and he was informing himself how very easy it would have been for the sovereign purse to have dropped from his waistcoat pocket while he was sliding on his ear down the dark staircase. To recover it meant, at the least, shelter for the night, followed by a decent, comfortable and sustaining morning meal. Fortified by both he could redeem his luggage, change to clothing more suitable for daylight traveling, pawn his valuables and enter into negotiations with the steamship company for permission to exchange his passage, with a sum to boot, for transportation on another liner—a most feasible project, a temptation all but irresistible!

But then—the risk. Supposing, for the sake of argument, the customary night watchman to have taken up a transient residence in No. 9, supposing the police to have entered with him and found the stunned man on the second floor, would the watchman not be vigilant for another nocturnal marauder—would not the police now, more than ever, be keeping a wary eye on that house of suspicious happenings?

Decidedly to re-enter it would be to incur a deadly risk. And yet undoubtedly, beyond question, his sovereign purse was waiting for him somewhere on the second flight of stairs, while his means of clandestine entry lay warm in his fingers—the key to the dark entry, which he had by force of habit pocketed after locking the door on leaving the house with Dorothy. He came to the Hog-in-the-Pound. Its windows were dim with low turned gaslights. Down the covered alleyway Quadrant news slept in a dusk, but fitfully relieved by a lamp or two round which the friendly mist clung close and thick.

There would be none to see. Skulking, throat swollen with fear, heart beating like a snare drum, Kirkwood took his chance. Buttoning his

overcoat collar up to his chin and cursing the fact that his hat must stand out like a chimney pot on a detached house, he sped on tiptoe down the cobble way and close beneath the house walls of Quadrant news; but, half-way in, he stopped, confounded by an unforeseen difficulty. How was he to identify the narrow entry of No. 9, whose counterparts doubtless communicated with the news from every residence on four sides of the city block? He almost lost his head when he realized that escape was already cut off by the way he had come. Some one or, rather, some two men were entering the alley. He could hear the tramping and shuffle of clumsy feet and voices that muttered indistinctly. One seemed to trip over something and cursed. The other laughed. The voices grew more loud. They were coming his way. He dared no longer vacillate. He dived into the nearest black hole of a passageway and in sheer desperation flung himself, key in hand, against the door at the end. Mark how his luck served him who had forsown her! He found a keyhole and inserted the key. It turned. So did the knob. The door gave inward. He fell in with it, slammed it, shot the bolts and, panting, leaned against its panels, in a pit of everlasting night, but saved—for the time being, at all events.

**CHAPTER X.**  
INDOORS Kirkwood faced unhappily the enigma of fortune, wondering if this by any possibility were No. 9. The key had fitted, the bolts had been drawn on the inside, and, while the key had been one of ordinary pattern and would no doubt have proved effectual with any one of a hundred common locks, the finger of probability seemed to indicate that his luck had brought him back to No. 9. In spite of all this, he was sensible of little confidence. Though this were truly No. 9, his freedom still lay on the knees of the gods; his very life, he like, was poised, tottering on a pinnacle of chance.

In the end, taking heart of desperation, he stooped and removed his shoes, a precaution which later appeared to his sense of the ridiculous in view of the racket he had raised in entering, but which at the moment seemed most natural and in accordance with common sense. Then, rising, he held his breath, staring and listening. About him the pitch darkness was punctuated with fading points of fire, and in his ears was a noise of strange whisperings.

He went forward gingerly, feeling his way like a blind man on strange ground. Ere long he stumbled over a doorknob and found that the walls of the passage had fallen away. He had entered a room, a black cavern of indeterminate dimensions. Thence, progressing over complaining floors through what may have been the servants' hall, a large room with a table in the middle and a number of very odorous chairs (recesses his tortured shins), he finally blundered into the basement hallway.

By now a little calmer, he felt assured that this was really No. 9. Froggall street and a little happier about it all, though not even momentarily forgetful of the potential police and night watchman. However, he mounted the steps to the ground floor without adventure and found himself at last in the same dim and ghostly hall which he had entered some six hours before. The mockery of dusk admitted by the faint light was just strong enough to enable him to identify the general lay of the land and arrangement of furniture.

More confidently with each untested step he continued his quest. Elation was stirring his spirit when he gained the first floor and moved toward the foot of the second flight, approaching the spot whereat he was to begin the search for the missing purse. The knowledge that he lacked means of obtaining illumination deterred him nothing. He had some hope of finding matches in one of the adjacent rooms, but, failing that, was prepared to ascend the stairs on all fours, feeling every inch of their surface if it took hours.

And thus it fell out that, at the instant he was thinking it time to begin to crawl and hunt, his stockinged feet came into contact with something heavy, yielding, warm—something that moved, moaned and caused his hair to bristle and his flesh to creep.

We will make allowances for him. All along he had gone on the assumption that his antagonist of the dark doorway would have recovered and gnade off with all expedition in the course of ten or twenty minutes at most from the time of his accident. To find him still there was something entirely outside of Kirkwood's reckoning. He would as soon have thought to encounter, say, Calender—would have preferred the latter, indeed.

"Poor devil!" murmured the young man. "He must be in a pretty bad way for sure!" He knelt, compassion gentling his heart, and put one hand to the insistent face. A warm sweat moistened his fingers. His palm was fanned by steady respiration. Instantly perplexed, the American rose, slipped on his shoes and buttoned them, thinking hard the while. What ought he to do? Obviously, flight suggested itself—incontinent flight, an helping the man's recovery. On the other hand, indubitably, the latter had sustained such injury that consciousness, when it came to him, would hardly be re-enforced by much aggressive power. Moreover, it was to be remembered that the one was in that house with quite as much warrant as the other unless Kirkwood had drawn a rash inference from the incident of the ragged sentry. The two of them were mutual if antagonistic trespassers. Neither would dare bring about

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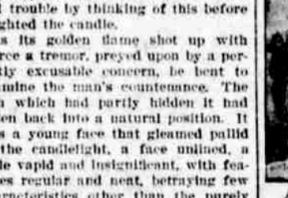
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appearance asserted with his double role of persecutor of distressed damsels and nocturnal housebreaker. Kirkwood bent closer above the motionless head, with puzzled eyes striving to pin down some elusive resemblance that he thought to trace in those vacant features, a resemblance to some one he had seen or known at some past time somewhere, somehow.

"I give it up. Guess I'm mistaken. Anyhow, five young Englishmen out of every ten of his class are just as blond and foolish. Now let's see how bad he's hurt."  
With hands strong and gentle he turned the round, light head. Then "Ah!" he commented in the accent of comprehension, for there was an angry looking bump at the base of the skull.

(To Be Continued)  
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