

Sisler Sand

The Romance of a New Yorker's Adventures in Queer Company By Charles Wadsworth Camp

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. James Miller comes from New York to Captain's...

CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

Within the Circle.

HE fisherman tested the pole and the snake behind him. He turned as though for guidance to Morgan; but Morgan, his face twisted again, faced the revolver with which Tony threatened him.

"Don't lose sight of that fisherman, Andy," Miller said. "Keep an eye on him while you cut this rope." Anderson stooped and cut the cord. He helped Miller to his feet.

"Morgan!" Anderson said. "What does this mean?" "He's been asking that," Morgan answered. "Well, find out if you can. I can't tell you."

"I've found out one thing—how Jake died. It's murder, Morgan." "You try to connect me with that!" "I'll try. And this attempt—"

"My story," Miller said, "and the evidence of these snakes, collected here, will hurt!" "Evidence? There goes that evidence."

He pointed to the brushwood in the corner where the flaming wadding from Anderson's gun had fallen. The brushwood was beginning to blaze. Miller tried to stamp it out, but the twigs were like tinder. They crackled in the fire that quickly swept the length of the wall.

CHAPTER XVII. Noyer's Relics. HEY entered the plantation house through the kitchen. They saw no one. A lamp turned blue burned in the library—that same dim eye that had regarded Miller the night he

The Summer Girl

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By Maurice Ketten



trance. Molly sat near her in an easy chair. "Is she asleep?" Miller asked Molly in a whisper.

Miller approached the sofa. He hesitated before the apparently lifeless figure. After a moment he turned to the others.

Miller stooped quickly. Anderson and Tony were already on their knees before the open book. Molly leaned forward with an exclamation.

CHAPTER XVIII. The Menace of the Slave Quarters. MOLLY came forward and knelt with them over the volumes, from which an academic odor of stale leather arose.

For long periods they worked without reward, but occasionally a book would disclose a cunningly scooped nest sheltering some costly setting of rich stones. When the last one had been examined they arranged their discoveries on the table.

then. Now a respectable Northern family makes a winter home of it. There was the slightest ground for suspicion. It was ideal except for you and Molly.

"That's all. That's all I saw." "All you saw? But how did you get there in the woods, practically unaccompanied, unable to find?"

"By and by, Tony, you'll be ashamed to look a ghost in the face. You ought to be ready now to go to Sandport. Are you?"

"The man nodded sheepishly. "That's right," Anderson said. "The authorities ought to be warned. They might catch the man and possibly those alleged brothers in the river or the marshes."

"I'm sorry," he said. "But you see what we know already." She turned. Her eyes were red from weeping. He had his hand on her shoulder. "You were here that night," he said softly. "You warned me not to go through the path; therefore you know what they were doing with Tony."

"Yes, but Andy himself told me enough the night I got here to have put the whole thing in my hands if he had really reasoned. I don't know what there is about a suspicion of the supernatural that knocks one's reason into a cocked hat.

"The woman—the cook." "The woman—the cook?" "Yes."

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Scientific Sprague By FRANCIS LYNDE

saw him stumble down the path. I saw them follow swiftly with the snake in a loop. It came to me all at once but the other had died.

"You must have known those snakes were kept there." "They told me the fisherman caught them to sell their skins in Martinsburg. They are valuable, I believed that I wanted to save the man, but you were the only one to whom I could turn, and that meant probably killing him—my uncle. But when you came I only thought of saving you."

"I know if you went down that path and discovered them they would try to kill you, too." "Yes," Miller said, "they would have done that if they could. It would have been necessary."

"But murder!" Anderson said. "These cunning preparations for death, always ready, always waiting." "Essential from Morgan's point of view," Miller said. "He regretted it, but it was that or go out and let the whole scheme go to blazes."

"He turned back to the girl. "But when you came to the beach the next morning you evaded my questions. You told me things that were not quite true."

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She arose, stood unsteadily for a moment, then walked across the room. Miller took the lamp. He helped her up the stairs. Anderson and Molly followed.

"Where did you learn that?" he whispered. She motioned him to be quiet. After a few moments she began to question. The right arm of the fisherman slowly rose at her command while the fingers flashed before the entrance to the den.

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