

The Teeth of the Tiger An Arsene Lupin Romance of Fortune and Mystery By Maurice Leblanc

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Arsene Lupin, the great French thief, has been arrested by the police...

CHAPTER II. Lupin's Anger.

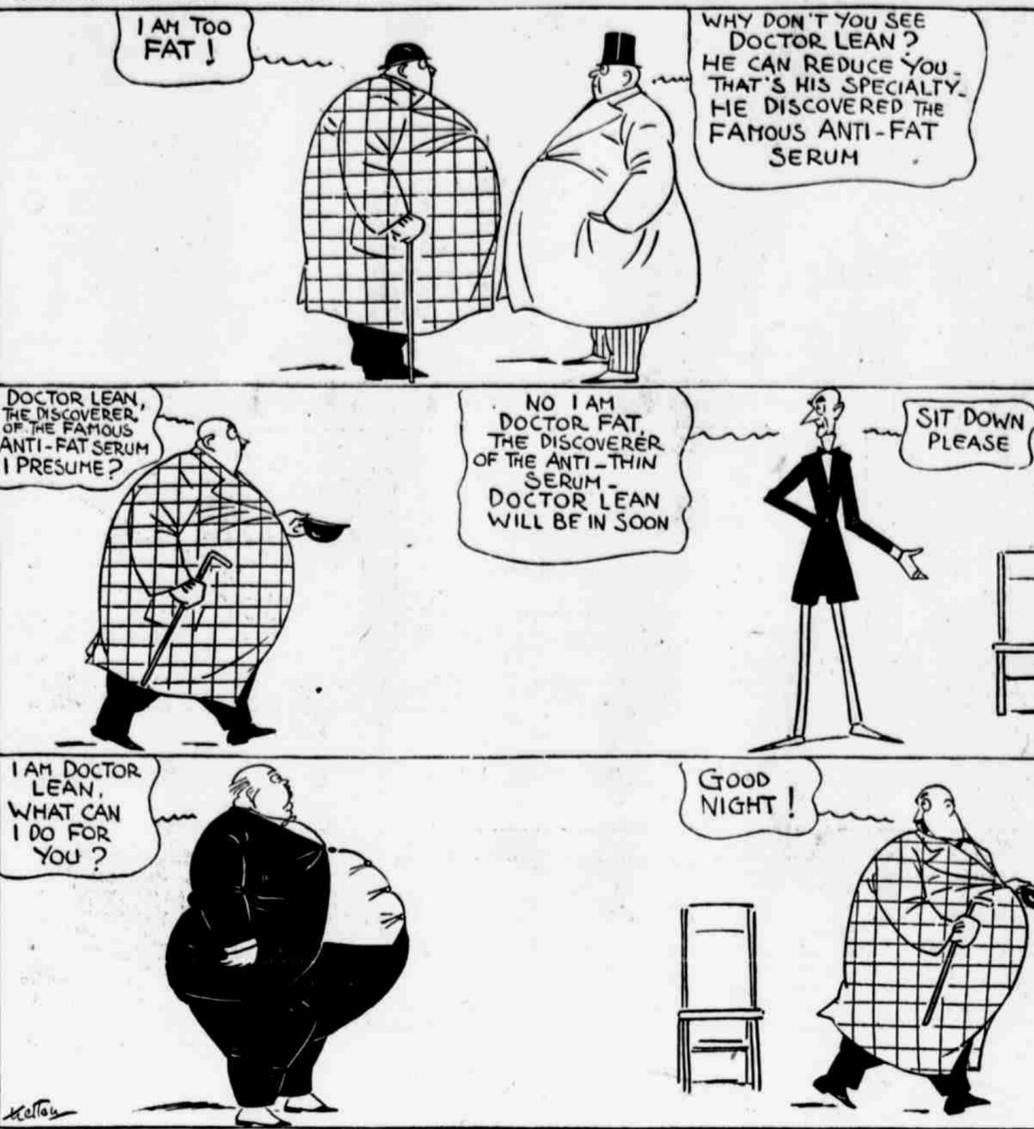
"Lupin, my Chief," replied Mazeroux, in a queer tone of voice. "I need nobody's help. If you touch a single hair of my head I'll do for you. Do you understand?"

had made him commit since the day before, and a presentation of the irrefragable alibi that might result from them. The conduct of events was slipping from him. "Have you the warrant?" he asked. Mazeroux stammered: "It was quite by accident. I met the Prefect, who was back. We spoke of the young lady's business. And, as it happened, they had discovered that the photograph—you know, the photograph of Florence Levasseur which the Prefect lent you—well, they discovered that you faked it. And the Prefect, who mentioned the name of Florence the Prefect remembered that that was the name."

SENSATIONAL DECLARATION BY DON LUIS PERENNA. MME. FAUVILLE IS INNOCENT. IMMINENT ARREST OF THE TWO CRIMINALS.

"Yes, yes," he said aloud. "The drama is drawing to an end. Florence is about to be given her debt of society. So much the worse for her. He started his car again and drove through the gate. In the courtyard he saw his chauffeur who came up: "The car is ready, my master. I may be starting again at any moment."

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten



At that moment his intention was to insult Florence, to throw up all her scandalous crimes in her face, opposite them with his arm outstretched and his finger on the trigger, aiming at the enemy. When Sauverand addressed Florence by her Christian name he started from head to foot and his finger trembled. What miracle kept him from shooting? By what supreme effort of will did he stifle the jealous hatred that burned in the lion's mouth? He wanted to send her an immediate, violent explanation.

CHAPTER III. Gaston Sauverand Explains.

GASTON SAUVERAND! Instinctively, Don Luis took a step back, drew his revolver, and aimed it at the criminal: "Hands up!" commanded. "Hands up, or I fire!" Sauverand did not appear to be put off. He nodded toward two revolvers which he had laid on a table beyond his reach and said: "There are my arms. I have come here not to fight, but to talk."

Luis could not hear and which seemed to convince her. Perenna had not moved. He stood opposite them with his arm outstretched and his finger on the trigger, aiming at the enemy. When Sauverand addressed Florence by her Christian name he started from head to foot and his finger trembled. What miracle kept him from shooting? By what supreme effort of will did he stifle the jealous hatred that burned in the lion's mouth? He wanted to send her an immediate, violent explanation.

innocent? Do you now absolutely believe in Marie Fauville's innocence? Don Luis shrugged his shoulders. "Mme. Fauville's innocence has nothing to do with the case. It is a question not of her, but of you, of you two and myself. So come straight to the point and as quickly as you can. It is to your interest even more than to mine."

"Marie also loved me. She admitted it, but made me swear that I would never try to obtain from her more than friendship would allow. We managed to slip quickly through the fact and in a story told as faithfully as possible."

Next Week's Complete Novel in The Evening World "Roaring Bill" Wagstaff By Bertrand M. Sinclair

"ROARING BILL" WAGSTAFF is a sequel to Sinclair's novel, "North of Fifty-Three," recently printed in The Evening World. It is also a complete story by itself, so that a knowledge of the preceding novel is not necessary to full enjoyment of it. The same dash and suspense and outdoor charm, which made "North of Fifty-Three" so popular, will be found in even greater measure in this sequel.

who had accepted a place as secretary and reader to Count Malony, your predecessor in this house, used often to receive Marie's visits in her lodge downstairs. "They did not speak of me once, did they, Florence? Marie would not have allowed it. But all her life and all her soul were nothing but love and passion and memories. Isn't that so, Florence?" "At last," he went on slowly, "weary of being so far away from the great secrecy, so that Hippolyte Fauville might not know of my return, I was afraid of disturbing Marie's peace of mind. Florence alone knew, and came to see me from time to time, and in the only after dark, and in the most secluded parts of the Bois. But it happened—for our most heroic resolutions sometimes fail us—on Wednesday night, at about 11 o'clock, my steps led me to the Boulevard Suchet, without my noticing it, and I saw Marie's house."