

The Teeth of the Tiger

An Arsene Lupin Romance of Fortune and Mystery By Maurice Leblanc

Copyright, 1914, by Doubleday, Page & Co. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS Arsene Lupin, thief-genius, returns to Paris as Don Luis Verneque. And adds the police in solving the crime matter. The money is left to Mazeroux...

CHAPTER IX.

Weber Takes His Revenge.

ONE of your nonsense," growled Weber, "or I'll blow out your brains, my boy! Ah! you didn't expect this! It's Weber's revenge, eh?"

And, when Perenna continued to wriggle, he went on, in a threatening tone: "You'll have only yourself to blame, mind! I'm going to count three, one, two—" "But what's it all about?" bellowed Don Luis.

"What orders?" "To take you to the lockup if the Florence girl escaped us again. 'Have you a warrant?'" "I have."

"What next? Nothing, The Sate—the examining magistrate—" "But, hang it all, the tiger's making tracks meanwhile. Oh, what is possible to be so dense? What man follows here! Oh, dash it!"

He was fuming with rage, and when he saw that they were driving into the prison yard, he turned round, his strength, knocked the revolver out of the deputy's hand, and stunned one of the detectives with a blow of his fist. But the men came crowding round the door. Resistance was useless. He understood this, and his rage increased. He shouted:

CHAPTER X.

The Snare Is Laid. Beware Lupin!

HE power that had impelled Don Luis to battle and victory was so intense that it suffered, so to speak, no check. Disappointment, rage, humiliation, torture, were all swallowed up in an immediate desire for action and information, together with a longing to continue the chase. The rest was but an incident. No importance, which would soon be very simply explained.

Safety First By Maurice Ketten



He was of a good height in this position; and Don Luis easily understood why the driver of the yellow taxi, who had been under such different aspects, was unable to say whether he was very tall or very short. His legs, slack and unsteady, gave way beneath him, as if any prolonged exertion were beyond his power. He relapsed into his first attitude. "Come, be a man. I'll only take a moment and you've been through worse than that! Good, you nearly did it then. You're making up your mind to it. . . . I say, Lupin! Aren't you going to say goodbye? Not a smile, not a word of thanks? Au revoir, Lupin, au revoir!"

Next Week's Complete Novel in The Evening World

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"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.

He retreated. And suddenly, after a glance at his enemy, he spun round, drew himself up on his slack legs with an effort, and started running toward the well. He was twenty paces from it. He covered one-half, three-quarters of the distance. Already the mouth was open before he put out his arms, with the movement of a man about to dive, and shot forward. His rush was stopped. He rolled over on the ground, dragged back violently, with his arms, which he parried to his body that he was unable to stir.