

THE SUICIDE CLUB

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. The young man, Prince Florizel, had been found dead in his room...

The Club Members.

THE colonel breathed again. If Mr. Malthus had frequented the place for two years there could be little danger for the prince in a single evening. But Geraldine was none the less astonished, and began to suspect a mystification.

The Turn of a Card. "GOOD GOD!" said the colonel, "do they then kill each other?"

You Never Can Tell By Maurice Ketten



"Geraldine," said the prince, "if more than the man is able to perform his duties in any of the adventures into which you follow me, not only will I never pardon you, but what I believe will much more severely affect you—I should never forgive myself."

If you thought you'd killed a man, but found you hadn't. If you hadn't committed a robbery, but found yourself accused of it—YOU'D BE LIKE THE HERO OF

"THE IRON RIDER"

By FRANK L. PACKARD NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

You'll have to read this stirring story to learn how a beautiful Russian girl helped him to establish his innocence

It is an honorable post, but I dare not accept it until I have had time to study the address with care, and when he found the law in the partition between his room and Mrs. Zephyrine's instead of finding it up, he enlarged and improved the opening and made it a spy-hole on his neighbor's affairs.

(To Be Continued.)