

"He's been unconscious all the time, Quest reminded her. "Might have expected to find us there when he came to, anyway," Laura insisted. Lenora smiled faintly as she caught a glance from Quest. "Laura's got a heart somewhere," she muttered, "only it takes an awful lot of getting at!" They found French, already convalescent, comfortably installed in the private ward of a small hospital in the picturesque New Mexico town. Laura almost at once established herself by his side.

"Can you remember anything about the wreck, French?" Quest inquired. The inspector passed his hand wearily over his forehead. "It seems more like a dream—or rather a nightmare—than anything," he admitted. "I was sitting opposite Craig when the crash came. I was unconscious for a time. When I came to, I was simply pinned down by the side of the car. I could see a man working hard to release me, tugging and straining with all his might. Every now and then I got a glimpse of his face. It seemed queer, but I could have sworn it was Craig. Then other people passed by. I heard the shriek of a locomotive. I could see a doctor bending over some bodies. Then it all faded away and came back again. The second time I was nearly free. The man who had been working so hard was just smashing the last bit of timber away, and again I saw his face and that time I was sure that it was Craig. Anyway, he finished the job. I suddenly felt I could move my limbs. The man stood up as though exhausted, looked at me, called to the doctor, and then he seemed to fade away. It might have been because I was unconscious myself, for I don't remember anything else until I found myself in bed."

"It would indeed," the professor remarked, "be an interesting circumstance—an interesting psychological circumstance, if I might put it that way—if Craig, the arch-criminal, the man who has seemed to us so utterly devoid of all human feeling, should really have tolled in this manner to set free his captor."

"Interesting or not," Quest observed, "I'd like to know whether it was Craig or not. I understand there were about a dozen unrecognizable bodies found."

The nurse who had left the room for a few minutes, returned with a small package in her hand, which she handed to French. He looked at it in a puzzled manner.

"Say, what can that be?" he muttered, turning it over. "Addressed to me all right, but there isn't a soul knows I'm here except you folks. Will you open it, Miss Laura?"

She took it from him and untied the strings. A little breathless cry escaped from her lips as she tore open the paper. A small black box was disclosed. She opened the lid with trembling fingers and drew out a scrap of paper. They all leaned over and read together.

"You have all lost again. Why not give up? You can never win."

"THE HANDS" Lenora was perhaps the calmest. She simply nodded with the mean choly air of satisfaction of one who finds her preconceived ideas confirmed.

"I knew it!" she exclaimed softly. "I knew it at the depot. Craig's time has not come yet. He may be somewhere near us, even now."

She glanced uneasily around the ward. Quest who had been examining



"We Ain't Powerful Civilized at This Camp, but You Don't Get Our CooK Till You Show a Warrant."

shelter from the burning sun. He held before him a newspaper, a certain paragraph of which he was eagerly devouring. In the distance the mail boy was already disappearing in a cloud of dust.

FAMOUS CRIMINOLOGIST IN ALL-GUEZ.

Sanford Quest and his assistants, accompanied by Prof. Lord Ashleigh, arrived in Allguez a few days ago to look for John Craig, formerly servant to the scientist. Craig has not been seen since the accident to the limited, a fortnight ago, and by many is supposed to have perished in the wreck. He was in the charge of Inspector French, and was on his way to New York to stand his trial for homicide. French was taken to the hospital, suffering from concussion of the brain, but is now convalescent.

The man read the paragraph twice. Then he set down the paper and looked steadily across the rolling prairie land. There was a queer, bitter little smile upon his lips.

"So it begins again!" he muttered.

There was a cloud of dust in the distance. The man rose to his feet, shaded his eyes with his hand and shambled round to the back of the wagon, where a long table was set out with knives and forks, hunches of bread and tins. He walked a little farther away to the fire, and slowly stirred a pot of stew. The little party of cowboys came thundering up. There was a chorus of shouts and exclamations, whistles and good-natured chaff, as they threw themselves from their horses. Long Jim stood slowly cracking his whip and looking down the table.

"Say, boys, I think he's fixed things up all right," he remarked. "Come on with the grub, cookie."

Silently the man filled each dish with the stew and laid it in its place. Then he retired to the background and the cowboys commenced their meal. Long Jim winked at the others as he picked up a biscuit.

"Cookie, you're no good," he called out. "The stew's rotten. Here take this!"

He flicked the biscuit which caught the cook on the side of the head. For a moment the man started. With his hand upon his temple he flashed a look of hatred towards his assailant. Long Jim laughed carelessly.

"Say, cookie," the latter went on, "where did you get them eyes? Guess we'll have to tame you a bit."

The men were soon over, and Jim strolled across to where the others were saddling up. He passed his left arm through the reins of his horse and turned once more to look at Craig.

"Say you mind you do better tonight young fellow. Eh!"

He stopped short with a cry of pain. The horse had suddenly started, wrenching at the reins. Jim's arm hung helplessly down from the shoulder.

"Gee, boys he's broken it!" he groaned. "Say, this is hell!"

The cook suddenly pushed his way through the little crowd. He took Jim's shoulder firmly in one hand and his arm in the other. The cowboy howled with pain.

"Let go my arm!" he shouted. "Kill him boys! My God, I'll make holes in you for this!"

He snatched at his gun with his other hand and the cowboys scattered a little. The cook stepped back the gun flashed out, only to be suddenly lowered. Jim looked incredulously towards his left arm, which hung no longer helplessly by his side. He swung it backwards and forwards and a broad grin slowly lit up his lean, brown face. He thrust the gun in his holster and held out his hand.

"Cookie, you're all right!" he exclaimed. "You've done the trick this time. Say you're a miracle!"

The cook smiled. "Your arm was just out of joint," he remarked. "It was rather a hard pull, but it's all right now."

Jim looked around at the others. "And to think that I might have killed him!" he exclaimed. "Cookie, you're a white boy. You'll do. We're going to like you here."

Craig watched them ride off. The bitterness had passed from his face. Evening came and with it a repetition of his labors. When everything was ready to serve he stepped from behind the wagon and looked across the rolling stretch of open country.

There was no one in sight. Softly, almost stealthily, he crept up to the wagon, fetched out from its wooden case a small violin, sat down with his back to the wheel and began to play. Suddenly the bow rested motionless. A look of fear came into his face. He sprang up. The cowboys were all stealing from the other side of the wagon. They had arrived and dismounted without his hearing them. He sprang to his feet and began to stammer apologies. Long Jim's hand was laid firmly upon his shoulders.

"Say, cookie, you don't need to look so scared. You ain't done nothing wrong. Me and the boys, we like your music. Slug us another tune on that fiddle!"

The cook looked at him for a moment incredulously. Then he realized that the cowboy was in earnest. He picked up the box and commenced to play again. They sat around him, wondering, absolutely absorbed. No one even made a move towards the food. It was Craig who led them there at last himself, still playing. Long Jim threw his arm almost carelessly around his shoulder.

"Say, cookie," he began, "there ain't never no questions asked concerning the past history of the men who find their way out here, just so long as they don't play the game yellow. May be you've fitted up a nice little hell for yourself somewhere, but we ain't none of us banking to know the address. You're white and you're one of us and any time any guy wants to charge you rent for the little hell where you got the furniture of your conscience stored, why, you just let us settle with him, that's all."

The interruption which came was from outside. "More of these d-d tourists," Long Jim muttered. "Women, too!"

Craig turned his head slowly. Quest was in the act of dismounting from his horse. By his side was the professor; just behind, Lenora and Laura. Long Jim greeted them with rough cordiality.

"Say, what are you folks looking for?" he demanded. Quest pointed to Craig. "We want that man," he announced. "This is Inspector French from New York. I am Santora Quest."

There was a tense silence. Craig covered his face with his hands, then suddenly looked up. "I won't come," he cried fiercely. "You've wounded me all around the world. I am innocent. I won't come."

Quest shrugged his shoulders. He took a step forward, but Long Jim, as though by accident, sauntered in the way. "Got a warrant?" he asked tersely. "We don't need it," Quest replied. "He's our man, right enough?"

Right this minute he's our cook-drawn Long Jim, and we ain't exactly particular about going hungry just to please a bunch of strangers. Cut it short, mister. If you ain't got a warrant, you ain't got this man."

"All right," Quest agreed. "The inspector here and I will soon see to that. We'll ride back to the township. With your permission, the ladies and our elderly friend will remain for a rest."

"You're welcome to anything we've got except our cook," Jim replied, turning away.

Darkness came early and the little company grew closer and closer to the camp fire, where Craig had once more taken up his violin. The professor had wandered off somewhere into the darkness and the girls were seated a little apart. They had been treated hospitably but coldly.

"Don't seem to cotton to us, these boys," Laura remarked.

"They don't like us," Lenora replied, "because they think we are after Craig. I wonder what Long Jim has been whispering to him, and what that paper is he has been showing Craig. Do you know how far we are from the Mexican border?"

"Not more than five or six miles, I believe," Laura replied.

Lenora rose softly to her feet and stroked to the back of the range wagon, in a few moments she reappeared, carrying a piece of paper in her hand. She stooped down.

"Craig's saddling up," she whispered. "Look what he dropped."

She held out the paper, on which was traced a roughly drawn map. "That line's the river that marks the Mexican border," she explained. "You see where Long Jim's put the

cross? That's where the bridge is. That other cross is the camp."

She pointed away southwards. "That's the line," she continued. "Laura, where's the professor?"

"I don't know," Laura replied. "He rode off some time ago; and he was going to meet Mr. Quest."

"If only he were here!" Lenora muttered. "I feel sure Craig means to escape. There he goes!"

They saw him ride off into the darkness. Lenora ran to where her horse was tethered.

"I'm going after him," she announced. "Listen Laura, if they arrive soon, send them after me."

She galloped off while Laura was still undecided. Almost at that moment she heard from behind the well come sound of horses' feet in the opposite direction and Quest galloped up. Laura laid her hand upon his rein.

"Don't get off, Laura continued quickly. "Craig has escaped, riding towards the Mexican frontier. Lenora is following him. He's gone in that direction," she added pointing. "When you come to the river you'll have to hunt for the bridge."

Quest frowned as he gathered up his reins.

"I was afraid they'd try something of the sort," he muttered. "Tell the others where I've gone, Laura."

He galloped off into the darkness. Behind, there were some growls from the little group of cowboys, none of whom, however, attempted to interfere with him. Long Jim stood up and gazed sullenly southwards.

"Cookie'll make the bridge all right," he remarked. "If the girl catches him, she can't do anything. And that guy'll never make it. Whoop! Here comes the rest of them."

The inspector, with the two deputies, rode suddenly into the camp. The inspector paused to speak to Laura. Long Jim's eyes sparkled as he saw them approach.

"It's old Harris and fat Andy," he whispered. "We'll have some fun with them."

The older of the two deputies approached them, frowning.

"Been at your games again, Long Jim?" he began. "I hear you declined to hand over a criminal who'd been sheltering on your ranch? You'll get into trouble before you've finished."

"Got the warrant?" Jim asked.

The deputy produced it. Long Jim looked at it curiously and nodded it back.

"Guess the only thing you want, then, is the man."

"Better produce him quickly," the deputy advised.

Jim turned away. "Can't do it. He's beat it."

"You mean that you've let him go?" "Let him go?" Jim repeated. "I ain't got no right to keep him. He took the job on a moment's notice and he left at a moment's notice. There's some of your party after him, all right."

The hunted man turned round with a little gasp. Before him was the rude mountain bridge, and on the other side—freedom. Scarcely a dozen lengths away was Lenora and close behind her came Quest. He slackened speed as he walked his horse cautiously on to the planked bridge. Suddenly he gave a little cry.

The frail structure, unexpectedly insecure, seemed to sway beneath his weight. Lenora, who was riding fast, was unable to stop herself. She came on to the bridge at a half canter. Craig, who had reached the other side in safety, threw up his hands.

"Look out!" he cried. "My God!"

The bridge suddenly collapsed as though it had been made of paper. Lenora, grasping her horse, was thrown into the stream. Quest, galloping up, was only able to check him.

After the Wreck Another Warning. Self just in time. He flung himself from his horse and plunged into the stream. It was several moments before he was able to reach Lenora. From the opposite bank Craig watched them, glancing once or twice at the bridge. One of the wooden pillars had been sawn completely through.

"Are you hurt, dear?" Quest gasped, as he drew Lenora to the bank.

She shook her head. "Just my side. Did Craig get away?"

Quest looked gloomily across the stream.

"Craig's in Mexico, right enough," he answered sagaciously. "But I'm beginning to feel that I could fetch him back out of hell!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

CHAPTER XXVII.

A man sat on the steps of the range cook wagon, crouching as far back as possible to take advantage of its slight

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

It Will Pay You to Wait

—AND SEE THE—

New Series "EIGHT" FRANKLINS

NEW STUDEBAKER SIXES and FOURS

—THE—
EIGHT CYLINDER KING

—THE—
Unrivalled DODGE

—ALSO A FULL STOCK OF—

SWINEHART and MICHLIN TIRES



THE OHNEMUS SHOPS
"CAN FIX IT"
EXPERT MECHANICS

WAGON HAULS FOR FARM PRODUCTS

Great Benefits Accrue to Farmers From Shorter Roads.

RAILROADS CUT DISTANCES.

Cotton States Have the Longest Hauls to Market and New York State Has the Shortest—General Improvement Marks Recent Years.

It would require about 6,358,000 days for one wagon, or that number of wagons for one day, to haul from the farms of the country the portion of the corn crop that is marketed in an average year. It would require one wagon 6,857,000 days to haul the average wheat crop to the market or to shipping points and 2,532,000 days to haul the cotton crop.

These figures are contained in a farm bulletin just issued by the department of agriculture, which deals with the subject of wagon hauls for farm products. According to this bulletin, the average distance of the farms of the United States from market is over six miles, while those farthest away from market average more than eight miles.

The average distance of farms in New York state from the market is five miles, while the average for the more remote farms is seven miles. This means that for the general average New York farmers are one and one-half miles and those more remote are 1.7 miles nearer market than farmers generally throughout the country.

It would require one farm wagon 53,400 days to haul to market an average wheat crop in New York state, while the marketed portion of an average corn crop could be hauled by one wagon in 3,400 days.

The bulletin is based on reports received from county and township crop correspondents by the bureau of crop

estimates. These reports show that the longer hauls to market generally are in cotton states or in the Rocky mountain region. The smaller hauls

also are in the cotton states. The average size of a wagon load of cotton is three bales, or 1,500 pounds, while the average wagon load of wheat is 25.5 bushels, or 3,200 pounds.

However, while the size of the cotton load is much smaller than that of the corn load, the value of the former is greater. The average value of a load of cotton, based on farm prices Dec. 1, 1913, was \$183; wheat, \$43; corn, \$28.

The bulletin states that wagon hauls are much shorter this year than 1908, when the last similar inquiry was made.

"Railroad building," it is stated, "during the past nine years has brought some farms nearer to shipping points and markets and has helped to shorten the average distance hauled and to increase the average number of trips per day."

"During the seven years following 1906 more than 32,000 miles of new railroad were built, and several thousand more miles have been added since 1913 so that there are at least 15 per cent more miles of steam railroads in the United States now than in 1906."

In addition to this new mileage of steam railroads the hauls of some farmers have no doubt been shortened by new freight carrying electric railroads."

The figures indicate a considerable rise in the average cost per day to the farmer in hauling his products. However, this higher cost per day is offset partly or wholly by the larger quantities hauled per day in 1915 compared with 1906.

Highway Legislation in Arkansas. Among the amendments affecting road work made by the legislature of Arkansas is a proposed amendment to the constitution which will have a very marked effect upon road work of the state, according to reports.

The amendment has been adopted by both branches of the legislature and has been approved by the governor, but must be voted upon by the people of the state at the next general election. It permits counties to issue bonds for the construction of roads up to an amount that can be cared for by a three mill levy on all taxable property within the several counties. The life of the bonds not to exceed thirty years.

It is reported that no opposition to the adoption of the amendment is expected.

THE DAIRYMAN.

Treat the cow kindly. Under gentle handling a cow will do her best. Harsh treatment gets less milk.

Cows need plenty of shade and shelter, and they should also have free access to salt and fresh water all the time.

The good milk is the cow that turns the most feed into the largest flow of good, rich, healthful milk.

It is just as important to feed the calf from a clean bucket as it is to use a clean bucket for milking.

After a calf has reached the age of four weeks it should not be fed whole milk. As two weeks begin to replace whole milk by warm skim milk.



Craig Assisted in Dragging People From the Burning Car.

ing the postmarks on the package, threw the paper down.

"The postmark's all blurred out," he remarked. "There's no doubt about it, that fellow Craig has the devil's own luck, but we'll get him—we'll get him yet. I'll just take a stroll up to police headquarters and make a few inquiries. You might come with me, Lenora, and Laura can get busy with her amateur nursing."

"I shall make inquiries," the professor announced briskly, "concerning the local museum. There should be interesting relics hereabouts of the prehistoric Indians."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A man sat on the steps of the range cook wagon, crouching as far back as possible to take advantage of its slight

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN

See it at Roof Garden each Wednesday

BEING SHOWN AT ROOF GARDEN