

SYNOPSIS

on the escapades of "The Picaroon whom he is convinced is really his friend. footsteps and seen an eerle green light. fett? Just as Ferryman is showing the cap-

rings and a voice tells of finding a He stuck his hand through the sleeve. mers and Ferryman hurry there. "The Pearcon," who preys upon the rich narrow opening and reached for It was an empty sleeve! he holds evidence which would convict tity would be revealed in a trap. From that position the man can shoot straight." crooked financial deal and send him to flash of light.
prison. Mr. Castle tells Adele Dr. Mof-

fett demands blackmail of \$100,000. Summers continues his investigations and finds a band from a Verona, the special sort of cigar Martin Dale smokes The captain and Dale meet in a restaurant and save that Dale knows something about a green light and admits that there are few Veronas in the country,

Summers learns nothing.

Adele and Dale meet. He tells her he was present during her strange interview with Dr. Moffett, which took place at 262 Bank Street, and promises to help

Dale calls at 262 Bank Street and tells is Miss Conway. Axelson denies knowing her or Dr. Moffett, as does Ferryman. Dale's attention is held by the wainscoting of the library.

Green Light Again

The keen night air had a soothing a clarifying effect. The cobwebs dissolved. He glanced at his watch, saw that it was a little after nidnight, and went to his bedroom and undressed.

Gradually he grew drowsy. A face, vague, remote, tantalizingly lovely but shrouded in the mists of years, haunted his dreams. Another face appeared, equally beautiful but fresher and clearer of outline.

Then a shadow fell over the two faces, and somehow he knew that the shadow was Dr. Moffett. Little by little the shadow brightened, and at the same time the faces receded into a rich, green illumination.

He awoke with a start. Instantly he was fully awake, but he could not yet determine the nature of the disturbance. Sliding his feet to the floor he sat! upright on the side of the bed and gazed into the darkness on all sides. A sound came, shape less and elusive, and he sprang lightly to the door. The know turned noiselessly in his hand. and he pushed it open.

Now he paused and listened. but for the moment he could hear nothing. He waited, wonder ing whether Bilkins could be prowling about the house at such an hour. It was not very likely. he decided. Bilkins, despite his evil countenance, usually slept the sleep of the just.

Then he recalled the vague. bewildering impressions that had been with him for an hour before he retired. He hurried into dressing gown and slippers, and ir a moment he was gliding softly across the floor of the adjoining room.

Now he stood at the door of the library. Very cautiously hel drew it open a crack, but despite his care the hinges squeaked so slightly. There was a sudden movement inside, and it seemed to come from the vicinity of the huge library table. The intruder had been warned of his approach

He cursed his clumsiness, at the same time wondering what the prowler could hope to find in his library. There were many books and curios which he prized highly, but little that could in terest a burglar in search of readily marketable loot. There was the secret drawer in the desk, of course, but even that-

A sudden suspicion entered! Dale's mind. The hidden drawer contained little of material value, but there were papers and other articles which had an intimate bearing on the career of The Picaroon,

The typewritten note with ite

pressed the switch, but without result. The intruder had wisely taken precautions against an interruption by severing the connection. Briefly Dale considered what sort of strategy would be most effective in the circumstances. The library occupied a corner of the building, and Dale was guarding the only door. There were two windows, but it was quite a drop to the ground, and the prowler would not risk it except in a grave emergency.

Noislessly, with no other thought than that he must not let the intruder escape. Dale stepped inside the room. He closed the door behind him and slipped the bolt into place, then moved forward as quietly as he could. Should he make a dash for the door, the trespasser nicked and faded characters would lose several precious sec-While Captain Summers is meditating flashed through his mind, giving ands while manipulating the tangible form to his suspicion. bolt. Without a sound Dale ap-Martin Dale, Mr. Alexander Ferryman It was not an ordinary burglar proached the desk. There he he was dealing with, but with a paused, straining his ears for seeker after evidence against The sounds. A muffled breath sounman to guard the house in which he Picaroon. Who could it be? Ap ded in the stillness, and it guidhis wife had deserted him, has heard agent of Summers'? Doctor Mof- ed his sudden leap. A gasp sounded. Two bodies crashed. Dale tain a picture of his wife, the telephone. In a moment he would know, caught hold of something—a A Shadowy Form Blended With the Emerald Light, But He Could

and then offers the return of his loot on the electric-light switch that was. And in an intsant the sleeve where, through a queer green light, she He found the switch. A slight chuckled. That particular cor- iously. calling himself Dr. Moffett, who tells her touch, and the prowler's iden ner was almost as good as a "Careful!" a voice hissed. "I ible.

the payment of 10 per cent of its value to just inside the door. Scarcely a was jerked away from his clutch. "You are caught my friend," would not serve as a target. The

Castle, requesting a meeting in Central sound was audible now, only a His quarry sprang aside, toward Dale murmured, and at the same movement brought him closer to She was taken to a strange house subdued, intermittent breathing the corner in the rear, and Dale time he stepped forward caut- the other man, whose quickly breathing was now clearly aud-

See No Face

direction of the voice, then SHOOTING MEET IS sprang back, momentarily blinded by the yellow-green light that suddenly flooded the room.

A laugh sounded. Dale's sense! Governor-General's Match at whirled. He glimpsed a shadowy form whose outlies blended with the emerald light, but he could see no face.

"Get back!" the voice comman-

'ed. Get back, or I---" The voice, the green light, the emerald walls and furnishings jumbled crazily in Dale's brain. the local ranges show the Only one clear thought gleamed dances to be almost double through the chaos. Dr. Moffett! they were last year. This is Who else could it be? A green pected to result in increased Who else could it be? A green tendance at the national mate light, a voice, a face that could held by the Dominion of Car

He felt a little mad. He hurled Rifle Association at Conna himself forward. He struck out into emptiness. Another laugh, and then a knuckled fist crashed from every province comp against his jaw. Another blow, a third. He reeled dizzily, fell. The that there will be well over green light faded out into nothingness.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

Mrs. MacDougall leaned from

FOR A TUPPENCE

the window as the train pulled into the small town. Spying small boy, she beckoned.

"Little boy, do you mind your father and mother?"

"Yes, mam." "Do you go to Sunday School

"Yes, mam." "You never play hooky?"

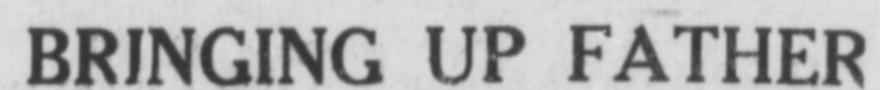
"No. mam."

"Stop!" the other cried. "I this tuppence and eet me two would be unable to reach either "Not in the dark." Dale stepped warn you-" buns at the baker's. And remem- Daily News "Want Ads" be quickly aside so that his voice Dale sprang, struck out in the ber, God sees you!"-Scotsman. | quick results.

naught Ranges Will Drav Unprecedented Entry

OTTAWA, Aug. 7:-The creased interest in rifle shoo is very pronounced in Cal this year. Reports coming in and the indications this year constituting the largest dance since the war.

The D.C.R.A. program this has not been changed mater from that of last year, but of the changes made will with general approval, par larly the addition of 100 prizes to The Governor Gener Match. The Governor Gene Match will be shot this year the usual two stages, and f stage will be at 300 and yards, when 15 shots must fired at each range. Both ran of the Banker's Match will "I think I can trust you. Take year be in the Grand Aggregation



But no flash came. Again he the door or the windows.

