

Thrilling
Mystery Story
in 30 chapters

THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LANDON

INSTALMENT XXXVI.

The Vanishing Candle

Suddenly she stopped. She pressed her ear against the surface. Caesar emitted a low growl and pressed closer to her. Her heart gave a little bound. She strained her nerves to catch the faint sounds which told her the search was drawing close. Little by little they grew more audible. There were movements on the stairs outside. She could hear voices. People were passing down the hall.

Her heart beat tumultuously with hope and anxiety. Would they find her? As if her tension had been communicated to Caesar, he stopped his intermittent growls and pressed closer. She stood in an agony of suspense. Her hopes began to totter. The footsteps and voices were moving away.

A shout trembled on her lips, but in an instant, before she could make an audible sound, the beast was upon her, his paws clawing at her breast and his jaws worrying at her throat. The shout died in a feeble groan of horror.

Her hopes ebbed quickly with the dwindling footfalls. She could hear no sounds now. The silence told her with stinging emphasis that the chance of rescue was gone. No one would find her now. She tried bravely, but it was hard to shake off a sense of chill despondency, and Caesar's nearness kept her in a constant state of dread.

As she stood leaning dejectedly against the wall a sharp quiver ran through her. She stared into the darkness toward the opposite wall. She stood rigid, scarcely breathing. A startled movement on Caesar's part told her that he also had heard something. The slight sound was followed by an interval of nerve-tearing stillness. Hot and cold pulsations shot through her body. Then a little jar came a squeak like that of an unrolled hinge, and then there appeared to be a pause, a period of uneasy waiting. A whisper floated out of the stillness:

"Caesar!"
A rasping breath on the silence and then Caesar appeared to be all attention. Again a muffled voice trailed through the darkness.

"Good boy, Caesar! Come here!"
A scraping of paws a short, low, friendly bark signified that the dog recognized the voice.

"Come here, old fellow!"
She listened in acute bewilderment. A fresh hope had sprung up within her when she heard the furtive sound at the other side of the room. Now, as she heard Caesar bounding lightly toward the speaker, the hope began to waver.

The voice continued to address the dog in an undertone, and Caesar responded with a series of low, friendly growls. Consequently the newcomer must be either a member of the household or a frequent visitor. Otherwise Caesar would not have responded so readily. In either case, she feared the person at the other side of the room had not come with friendly intentions.

Again she stared sharply. She heard her name spoken in a hushed voice. Astonishment and a conflict of hope and dread filled her anew. If the newcomer were a member of the household or a friend of Dr. Moffett, why did he approach her with such stealth, as if he did not wish his actions to be known to the others in the house?

"Where are you?" came his whisper out of the darkness.

hand found her arm.
"Sh!" a voice whispered as the contact made her start and slip a little. "Not a sound. This way."

She was being led forward. She heard a low whine and a patter of paws.
"It's all right, Caesar, old fellow," the man at her side whispered.

They were moving quickly, silently across the floor, in the opposite direction from the point where she thought she had entered the room. A queer sensation hammered at her brain. That voice? It had spoken only in whispers, yet there was something familiar about it. But it couldn't be. Not here—

"Careful," her guide whispered. A small creaking sound came, and they squeezed through a narrow opening. Now the man left her side and walked ahead of her. They appeared to be in a hall so narrow that she could feel the wall at either side. Caesar was following behind her. Somehow she felt the dog was not entirely at ease, but the impression was quickly dispelled by other things. She was in a state of trembling uncertainty, hopes clashing with fears.

Suddenly the man stopped and gripped her arm. The touch telegraphed a sense of danger to her brain. A quiver of uneasy premonition ran through her. Her guide was holding his breath. His clutch on her arm tightened.

Then, as she stood trembling with a tension that seemed to have communicated itself even to the dog, a commotion broke sharply on the stillness. The sounds of running feet came from the front and from behind. A mutter of chagrin fell from her guide's lips. Caesar growled loudly.

Then a light flashed sharply in her eyes, momentarily blinding her. She was pushed roughly aside. Shouts dinned in her ears. Through the hubbub cut Caesar's thunderous barks. Another violent push sent her reeling to the floor. A thud sounded sickeningly in her ears. For a few moments her senses swam in billowing confusion, and then a light shone in her eyes. Some one reached out a hand to assist her to her feet.

"The excitement is over," said Axelsson in a tone of grim satisfaction.
She rose dazedly. On the floor, just beyond the range of Axelsson's flashlight, she saw a dark, motionless form. The face was turned downward one arm flung wide. The others—she felt certain from the violence of the brief commotion that there had been others—were gone. She shuddered as her trembling gaze fixed on the still figure sprawled out on the floor.

Axelsson pushed her forward.
"Step lively, miss. You're pretty cute, but you've only made more trouble for yourself."

She cast a glance over her shoulder. "Who is that?" she could not resist asking.
Axelsson chuckled malleously. "No need of telling you. You know. You're a smooth pair, you two. He had us fooled for a while, but not for very long. Careful, miss. These steps are a bit steep."

They were descending a stairway. Adele's mind was full of jarring perplexities.
"Who are you talking about?" she asked, wondering if it were even remotely possible that she had correctly identified the voice she had heard in the dark.

"Aw, you know. You had it all framed up between you. I'll say you're pretty smart, you two. But he didn't get very far, and neither did the cops."
"The cops?" she echoed as they started down another flight of stairs.

"As if you didn't know! The Stamford cops, of course. How you got word to them is more than I can figure out. Anyway,

we fooled them."
She listened with a sinking heart. The searchers who had passed so close to her must have been the police of Stamford, then. Some one must have communicated with them. But the other one; the one whose whisper had startled her after the searchers had passed? The sight of a black, still form haunted her imagination.

Axelsson opened a door and stood aside to let her enter. She walked into a large room illuminated by a candle on a table in the centre.
"Sit down and make yourself comfortable," the old man suggested sneeringly. "Dr. Moffett will be here directly."

With that he closed the door. Dr. Moffett! Her heart skipped a beat as she heard the name again, but she tried to collect her wits for the forthcoming ordeal. The room was sparsely fitted up with old pieces of furniture. The candle's pale sheen fell on a dreary scene that seemed to have been set for some depressing ritual.

Reluctantly she sat down in an old chair with an antimacassar spread over the back. As if to fix her mind on the least depressing object in the room, she gazed at the tall candle in its holder of tarnished brass. It was a green candle. She stared at it as if it were a thing of weird symbolism. Another scene, with a voice speaking out of a green light, filled her with a morbid fascination. And then the candle flame began to flutter. She became aware that a door had been opened somewhere, that a current of air was sweeping lazily through the musty atmosphere. She gazed into the far corners of the room, but it was dim and shadowy back there. And now a strange sensation was stealing over her. The atmosphere seemed to change. The dim corners of the room were brightening.

She sprang up with a little gasp. A green illumination, rich and soft as velvet, was falling over the room, transfiguring the decrepit furnishings, touching the faded draperies with a caressing and rejuvenating film of verdant color. Her pulses were racing; she felt a tightness at the throat. Footsteps were coming toward her but she strained her eyes in vain. She could see no human form.
And then she stared in stupefaction at the candle flame. Everything about her was strange, but what she now saw was stranger than all the rest. She clasped her hands to her cheeks. She shuddered with a sense of the inexplicable. The flame was still there, although now it seemed to burn less brightly than a few moments ago. She could plainly see the tarnished brass candlestick, streaked with tallow at the sides. But the candle itself was gone!

She swallowed, opened her eyes wide. Was she going mad? No, the thing was actually as she saw it. There was the flame, a luminous wraith in the air, glowing in empty space. And six or eight inches lower down was the tarnished brass holder, but nothing—absolutely nothing—between the holder and the flame.

A small, hoarse cry, an expression of sheer uncanniness, sprang from her lips.
In the back of the room, bathed in a green sheen, a voice sounded:
"Blow it out: We shan't need it at all, and it seems only to distress you very much."

She continued to stare at the wraithly flame. A flame without a candle! It seemed ever stranger than the footsteps which were approaching her without the accompaniment of a human form. As if to smother something gruesome, she blew it out. The spectral flame vanished. Only the tarnished candlestick showed now. And then, little by little, the candle appeared to return. There was a thin, elongated shadow, a blurred shape of green all but submerged in a brighter and richer green.

From sheer exhaustion she sank back into the chair. Her pupils were beginning to respond to the strange illumination. She could see the candle quite plainly now, but its outlines were still befogged by the surrounding emerald radiance.

A chair creaked. As on the former occasion Dr. Moffett had sat down about half a dozen feet from her. She felt he was looking at her, but she could see no face, only a greenish smudge that blended clumsily into the verdant light.

"Queer about that candle, wasn't it?" he murmured. He spoke in the same deep, pleasant voice she had heard the other time; but again she perceived a slight twang

YANKEES LOSE TO ATHLETICS

Hard Hitting of World Champions Proves Ineffectual; Earnshaw Wins His Twentieth Game

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Washington Senators stopped two late Boston Red Sox rallies yesterday and finished the series one game ahead.

New York Yankees lost in spite of hard hitting led by Lou Gehrig, who slammed out his twenty-ninth homer of the season. George Earnshaw got his twentieth victory of the season for the Philadelphia Athletics in the encounter.

Yesterday's scores:
American League
Washington 10, Boston 5.
New York 2, Philadelphia 10.
No other games.

BIG LEAGUE STANDINGS

National League			
	W.	L.	Pct.
Chicago	86	41	.677
Pittsburgh	73	52	.584
New York	67	59	.532
St. Louis	61	63	.492
Brooklyn	58	66	.468
Philadelphia	57	70	.449
Cincinnati	53	74	.425
Boston	49	77	.389

American League			
	W.	L.	Pct.
Philadelphia	89	42	.679
New York	75	53	.586
Cleveland	67	59	.532
Detroit	60	67	.472
Washington	59	69	.461
Chicago	51	76	.402
Boston	45	85	.346
St. Louis	66	61	.520

General Motor Team Was Best

Outclassed Tired Salmon Bellies in Last Quarter of Mann Cup Lacrosse Match

NEW WESTMINSTER, Sept. 4.—In the opening game of the Mann Cup lacrosse series here on Monday, there was no doubt but that Oshawa General Motors were the better team, although the 9 to 5 score could hardly be taken as a criterion of superiority by outclassing the home squad when they rammed in three goals in the last quarter, chiefly because the tired Salmon Bellies could not hold their checks any longer.

Fraser Mills Win B. C. Baseball

Defeat Generals by Score of 9-0; Standing Now Two Games to One

NEW WESTMINSTER, Sept. 4.—The Fraser Mills won the third game of the provincial baseball championship series yesterday by blanking the Generals of Vancouver in a score of 9-0. Generals have now won two games and Mills one.

Toronto Wins Cricket Title

Defeated McGill University by an Innings and 213 Runs Yesterday

MONTREAL, Sept. 4.—Toronto Cricket Club won the John Ross Robertson Cup, emblematic of Canadian cricket championship, yesterday from McGill University by an innings and 213 runs. The scores were: Toronto, 320; McGill, 60 and 47.

Nottinghamshire Is Cricket Winner

Captured English County Title Yesterday for First Time in Twenty-two Years

LONDON, Sept. 4.—For the first time in twenty-two years, Nottinghamshire yesterday won the county cricket championship.

which told her that he did not wish her to recognize his voice. "Yes, very strange. Yet it only seemed natural. The same thing happens when you drop a ruby in a glass of red wine."
To Be Continued Tomorrow



King Alfonso of Spain, ardent yachtsman, at the tiller of his yacht, Tonio. He not only fits by yachting, but has won a number of trophies as well.

The Letter Box

FROM OCEAN FALLS

Editor, Daily News:—
On behalf of the Ocean Falls baseball team, I wish to thank the Prince Rupert team, also the public for the kindness and clean sportsmanship shown towards us on our recent visit.
"RED" APPLEBY.

RANGERS WINNERS

GLASGOW, Sept. 4.—The Rangers defeated Queen's Park one to nil in Scottish First Division football yesterday.

AUGUST WAS DAMP MONTH

Had Total of Seven Inches of Rain With 116.7 Hours of Sunshine

During the month of August, Prince Rupert had 116.7 hours of sunshine and seven inches of rain. The rainfall was very heavy for August and much greater than the 3.7 inches in August last year.
Following were August weather figures:
Sunshine, 116.7 hours.
Total rainfall, seven inches.
Greatest daily rainfall, 1.52 inches on August 21.
Maximum temperature, 84 on August 2.
Minimum temperature, 46 on August 1.
Mean temperature, 57.5.
Highest barometer reading at sea level, 30.30 on August 6.
Lowest barometer reading at sea level, 29.54 on August 25.

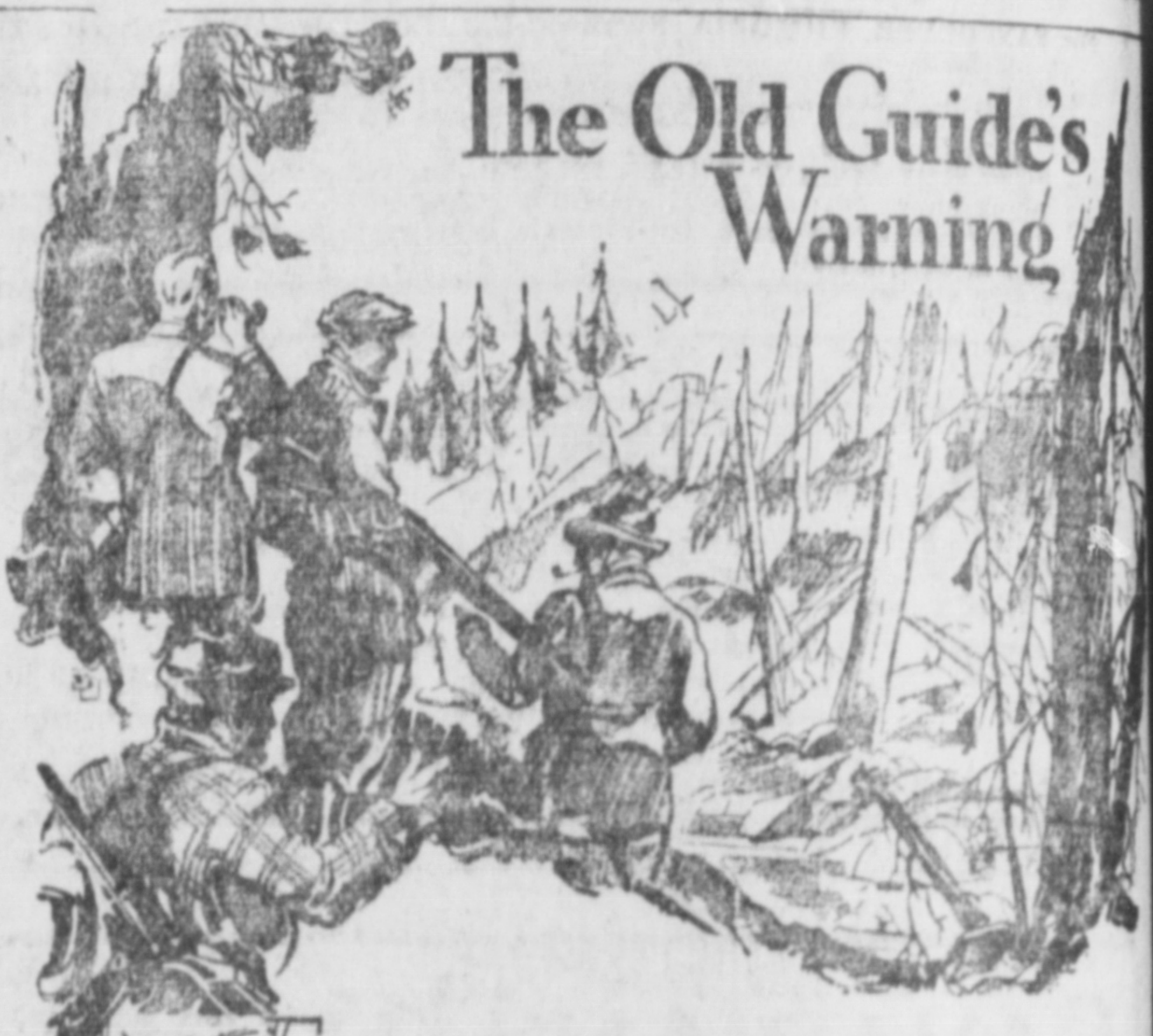
POEMS WRITTEN BY A CONVICT

"Russet and Asp" Work of Gerard Lee Began Former Financial Magazine

LONDON, Sept. 4.—The literary world of London has been interested in a book of poems just published here by Messrs. Duckworth under the title of "Russet and Asp." The author is Gerard Lee Bevan. A little over seven years ago the writer of these poems was a man, mighty in the financial life of the city, a personage who was considered the very pattern of probity and propriety. There was a great sensation with which he was associated crashed completely. Bevan fled to the continent, and for some time evaded arrest by an elaborate disguise. On being tried at the Old Bailey he was sentenced to seven years penal servitude, a sentence he served to the full with the exception of such period as was remitted on account of his good conduct. Part of his imprisonment was served in the same penitentiary as that which held Horatio Bottomley.

There are 83 poems in the work now published. They nearly all deal with high emotionalism, the songs of birds, and so forth. While none of them are obviously the fruit of his punishment there can be found traces of his thoughts in regard to his sudden collapse and exile. Mr. Bevan certainly displays a romantic fertility in the choice of words and sentences. The poems are well worth some attention. Probably the reader will be moved chiefly to a sense of pity for this man who in the wreckage of what might have been a fine career finds solace in such outpourings.

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