

For him there was an instant of terrible suspense, but the boom of the shot was followed by—silence. Gropingly, Wally stretched out a hand. Absolom lay still. The two charges had ripped through his body just above the belt, but Wally did not pause to discover that. On hands and knees he crawled for the enginehouse, guided by the faint *drip-drip-drip* of a water tap.

WHEN Wiggin reached the quarry Wally was still scrubbing at his eyes, pausing under the tap to let the stream gush with all its force across his face. He called out that he was all right, and the policeman hastened toward the rising column of smoke. The sight of the two bodies turned him back.

Wally met him in the doorway. In the light, the engineer's face was red and raw. A cut in his scalp streamed blood, but his eyes were open and his sight was unimpaired. He was smiling.

"Ye would have it!" Wiggin rapped out, wildly excited. "I told ye to let me arrest him, Mr. Devries! You're livin', and I s'pose we all ought to be thankful; but by thunder, I cal'lated ye had more sense than to come rushin' in alone! Couldn't ye wait for me?"

"Don't bawl me out," said Wally. "If I'd waited, we'd have found a dead watchman—and no legal proof against a murderer. The only way out was for me to stand the gaff. Put out that fire, will you? I've got to hurry up to the big house and tell Nance that it's now safe for her to smile."

THE END.



A Colonial Racketeer

ALTHOUGH few persons realize it, New York has been the home town of "big shot" racketeers ever since the days of His Excellency Benjamin Fletcher, Governor of New York, who governed the city with his mob in 1695.

Governor Fletcher had many rackets which brought him large sums of easy money.

He controlled the permits for the "Red Sea Men," a seagoing mob of hi-jackers, known commonly as pirates. These gangsters were under such leaders as Tew and Coates, and in return for the "due encouragement" of Governor Fletcher they made him "suitable presents of Arabian gold."

Captain Coates turned over a ship valued at eight hundred pounds to Fletcher, the Governor's cut in the loot.

In payment for favors received, the townspeople gave to Fletcher expensive presents of heavy silver plate. All of these donors were entered in a little black book, and woe unto the man who failed to contribute to these "testimonials."

At election times Fletcher stuffed the ballot boxes, enjoining his henchmen to vote for the men he proposed as assemblymen, and threatening to have any one shot who voted contrary to his wishes. In short, he controlled the local government as no other gang leader has ever done, using the Army and Navy to back up his orders.

Albert Woodley.



It charged faster than she
could run

Wicked Eyes

By LOWELL THOMAS

*There's no place like home in Africa, with rhinos in the
garden and lions in the trail*

OSA JOHNSON comes from Independence, Kansas, but she speaks Swahili like a native; and she has picked up a smattering of many other dialects of the tribes of Tanganyika and Kenya. Around campfires on the Athi Plains, with lions roaring in the offing, she listened to tall Buganda hunters telling tales of the King of Beasts. On the jungled slopes of the Alumbongo Mountains, in the heart of the gorilla country, she heard weird stories of the great apes told by roaming Batwa tribesmen. And in the Congo she studied the language and customs of the pygmies that dwell deep in the Itura Forest.

For more than twenty years she has been trekking the wild, savage places of the earth with her husband, Martin Johnson, the explorer. In the New Hebrides she was captured by cannibals; in the Solomon Islands she visited a "devil house," forbidden to women; and after adventures in Australia, Borneo, and the Malay Peninsula, she and her husband drifted to Africa. She came, she saw—and she capitulated to the spell of the Dark Continent.

Five hundred miles north of