

"Take it. Come on, we've got to get out of here," Hanson said.

Davis, arm bleeding, shook his head. "We haven't time; we'll never get away, Hanson."

"We will," Hanson replied. "They will guillotine us if we don't. Come on." He was at the window leading to the patio.

Davis glanced once around the room, then picked the Koran and the Riff's paper from the floor where they had fallen with Rabat.

Hurriedly he climbed out the window, at Hanson's heels. In the street waited Rabat's soldiers, who would arrest them for murder surely. But through the yard in the rear of the bungalow they easily reached the other avenue, hurrying along it together through the night.

The tri-motored amphibian roared through the night, Pilot Hanson fol-

lowing the dark line of the coast underneath. Beside him sat Davis, on his way to freedom at last.

It was Hanson who had remembered the skiff waiting at the river, left by von Steub and Hassan, who would no longer need it. A quick row had taken them to the Dutch Guiana shore, a short walk to the clearing where the plane stood, deserted save for a sleeping Negro guard. It was fueled, ready to go. They put the black out, climbed in, and the flier Hanson took off, skillfully handling the big machine.

The engines made it impossible for them to hear one another. Davis gripped the Koran and the Riff's paper in his hands. Hanson looked at him, and Davis held them up. Hanson shook his head, grinned suddenly.

Davis leaned out the window, dropped the Koran and the paper down, into the sea.

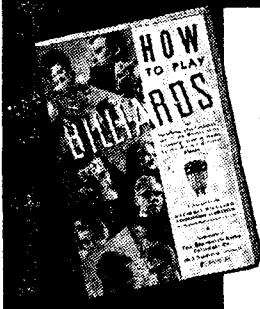
THE END

Plant Racketeers

AUSTRALIA produces a wild fig vine which is outstanding in its murderous tendencies. As a tender young shoot it leans against a big tree. A while later it becomes two shoots, both leaning. The shoots grow around the tree, multiply, finally flatten until they enclose it. Fig leaves take the place of the tree's. When the tree finally dies the fig vine consumes it. Birds eat the small purple figs, and then strop their beaks on neighboring trees, which plants new fig vines.

Delos White.

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Masquerade

By FRED MacISAAC

His estate mismanaged and his fiancée married to an impostor, Charles Winthrop struggled to reclaim his fortune against a misbelieving world

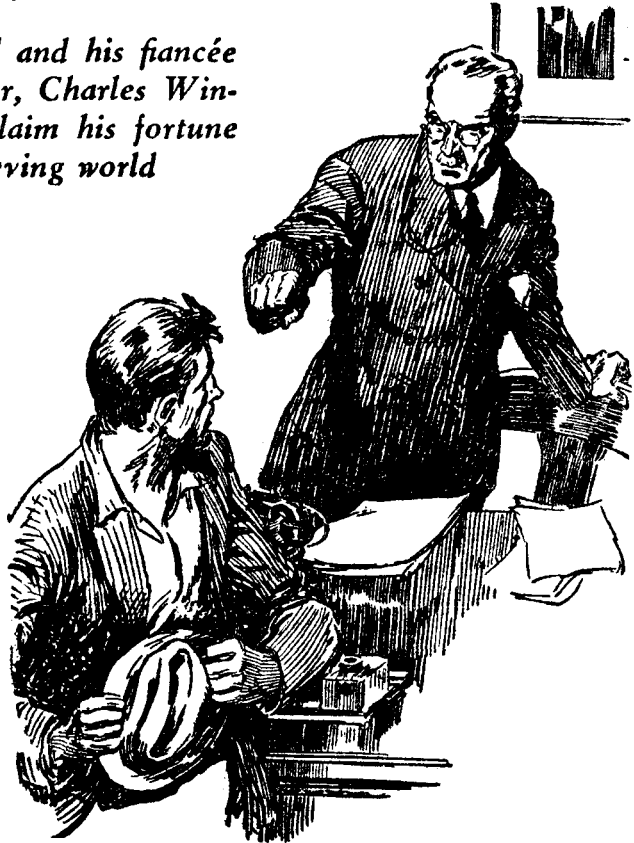
LEADING UP TO THIS INSTALLMENT

AFTER spending a number of years in the Foreign Legion, Charles Haydon Winthrop, scion of the Boston Winthrops, was returning home on the train from New York, when to his amazement he read in the paper of *his own marriage* having just taken place to Mrs. Sally Greenough (née Colton) of Beacon Hill. Sally had been the cause of his joining the legion, after she had jilted him for a wealthier man. In the meantime, her husband had lost his money in the Wall Street crash and committed suicide. But Winthrop wondered how she could be fooled by an impostor. Next to him in the train sat pretty Violet Putnam, also returning to Boston, after an unsuccessful attempt to break into show business. Winthrop discussed his circumstances with her and she was quite sympathetic.

But Mrs. Greenough was not being fooled! Shrewd and conniving, she had made a bargain with Steve Spencer, the impostor, when he had arrived on the scene. Steve's plan was to sign a few big checks and then to lam out of town. But Sally Greenough saw through his disguise (as Detective Mike Rafferty did not!) and she convinced him that it was to his advantage to work with her.

When the papers ran pictures of the

This story began in the Argosy for December 22



"I'll give you one minute to leave this bank!"

wedding, the real Charles Winthrop was not the only surprised person. Steve's old crooked cronies noticed the resemblance and immediately sent one of the "boys" to investigate, for Steve was wanted for having squealed on one of the gang.

CHAPTER VII.

"A LOVING LADY."

THE first thing one would have seen if privileged to open the door of a small apartment in an old brownstone house on East Fifty-