

seemed to require a little coaxing, and there was a faint squeak in the machinery, that Riley was not at all pleased to hear.

When they were half-way up the slope the figure of a man showed dark against the sky at the top of the hill. Then it appeared to descend on the other side, and vanished out of sight. Riley glanced nervously at Walroyd. His mind was full of the stories he had just heard.

"Might board us now, eh?" he said. "Wouldn't get hurt by the car, I reckon."

Walroyd smiled, and pulling out his revolver, slid it back into his pocket. Riley seemed reassured.

"You were always handy with your gun, Peterson," he said.

"I only wish I had a chance," Walroyd replied grimly.

At last they reached the summit, and the broad panorama of sea and marsh lay before them. The sun had sunk to a half ball of red fire, and a mist was rising from the earth and sea. Riley stopped the car on a piece of level ground at the top. The engines began to throb and rattle.

"Guess I'll light the lamps," he said. "We shall need them through these trees, and it'll be dark enough before we are home."

He descended from the car, and struck a match. A steady breeze was blowing off the sea and it came strongly over the top of the hill. The match went out. Riley swore under his breath, and retreated behind the shelter of the car. Walroyd leant forward and opened the front of the lamps. Neither man saw a dusky figure creep out of the woods and crouch in the shadows by the side of the wood.

Then suddenly something sprang out from the darkness, and grasped Riley in an iron embrace. Walroyd's hand went to his pocket and he leaned back over the seat with the revolver in his hand. An enormous figure stood out in the last glow of the sunset. It was brown from head to foot, and apparently covered with a mass of tawny hair. Walroyd saw that it was certainly not Emrys Tredegar. Riley's black figure wriggled like a stoat in a trap.

"Shoot," he yelled; "for God's sake shoot."

Walroyd levelled his revolver. Then he smiled grimly, and placing the weapon on the seat, pulled a lever towards him. The car began to move slowly forward. Riley clutched at it with one hand, but it slid from his grasp. Then he screamed like a wounded animal.

The car shot forward over the brow of the hill. Two hundred yards down the slope Walroyd applied the brakes, and brought it to a dead stop. He looked back and saw nothing. Then he heard a long wail of agony. He raised his revolver and fired six shots into the air. Then he released the brakes, and the machine dropped down the slope like a falling stone.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD TREDEGAR LEAD MINE.

When Tredegar dropped off the luggage train as it slowed down into Trethol Junction, the last light of day was glowing in the western horizon. He had been twenty-four hours in the truck, and had spent half the time in a siding thirty miles south of his destination. He had no clear conception of how he should act. He was a hunted man, and could not openly join any rescue party, or give any assistance in the search for Mavanwy.

Before he left Cardiff he had bought an evening paper, and had gathered from its columns that the missing girl had not yet been found, though every inch of the neighbourhood had been scoured, and every man within a radius of ten miles had given his services on her behalf.

He read also of the death of Dennis Riley, and how John Walroyd had been carried down the hill on a runaway motor car, which in his ignorance he could neither stop nor control, and how he had, at risk of losing the steering wheel, leant over the back and fired every barrel of his revolver at the murderer. There was a graphic account of the swift run down the hill in the dark, and a realistic picture of the man who knew nothing of motor cars, steering the machine through the dusk at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Eyewitnesses in Trethol described how he had shot past them like an arrow, crying out to them to go to the top of the hill and save a man from death.

But this new horror made only a slight impression on Tredegar's mind. Mavanwy occupied all his thoughts. Perhaps at that very moment she was lying dead. Indeed it scarcely seemed possible that she could be alive after all these days. He hardly dared to think of how she might eventually be found. For the last twelve hours he had been in a living hell, and they had left a deeper mark on his face and character than all the past months of suffering and misery. His face was almost bloodless, and the lines on it were such as might have been graven on the face of an invalid after years of bodily agony. All through the long night he had lain on the rattling, jolting truck, and faced the horrible thoughts which had crowded round him in the darkness, like fiends waiting to tear him in pieces. No single ray of hope had pierced the gloom. Yet he had resolved to find Mavanwy—dead or alive—and his own safety was nothing to him. If she were dead, he would avenge her—and avenge her terribly. The lust of blood was in his soul, and he swore that even the innocent should suffer, if Mavanwy were dead.

He crept unobserved from the railway line to the Llynglas woods. Before he started he had taken the precaution of filling all his pockets with food, and had even provided himself with a knapsack, which was stuffed to bursting point with bread and cold bacon and cheese. He did not know how long it would be before he could enter a shop and purchase anything. But he had not been able to quench his thirst for twenty-four hours. His mouth and throat were dry and burning. He made his way straight to the little waterfall in the woods, and lying down, drank deeply.

When he had satisfied his craving, he ate some bread and cheese, took another draught of water from the stream, and set off through the woods in the darkness. He had made up his mind to skirt the open bog, and walk round by the hills and woods to the Plas Tredegar. There, if anywhere, he expected to find some traces of the monster—the homicidal maniac that he now believed him to be. It was even possible that he might get to close quarters with this half-human beast. But first he must find Mavanwy—alive or dead—and then he could deal with the "Cardiganshire Terror," as the "South Wales Daily News" had termed it. He almost smiled as he thought of the phrase. It had been applied to himself, as the supposed murderer.

He took two hours to reach the Tredegar woods. The moon was now up, but only a faint grey light filtered through the leaves overhead. It was difficult to see even the trunks of the trees, and it took much time and many fruitless searches to discover the shaft of the old Tredegar mine. It was very quiet in the heart of the wood, and his footsteps seemed to crash in the silence. An owl hooted mournfully in the distance. But no other live thing seemed to be awake.

At last, after a long and tiring search, Tredegar came to the foot of the mound, and retracing his steps a few yards, discovered the remnants of the web. His heart sank as he fingered the severed cords. "They have evidently searched the wood thoroughly," he said to himself, "and have found nothing—but this."

He decided, however, to pass the night in the wood, and trust to fortune to reward his patience. He lay down in the shelter of some undergrowth close to the edge of the clearing, lit his pipe, and kept his eyes fixed on the tall grey mound that rose before him in the moonlight.

He watched for an hour and saw nothing except the slim body of a fox slipping across the shale towards the Plas Tredegar. Then at last he heard a faint sound in the distance, as though something were moving stealthily through the wood. It was not continuous, but every now and then a twig would snap or a stone rattle, or there would be the swish of boughs being brushed aside. The noises came nearer and nearer, till at last he could judge the direction from whence they came.

In a few minutes' time a gigantic figure crept on all fours out of the wood into the moonlight, and began to scale the mound. Tredegar's heart stood still, and every muscle in his great body quivered. He longed to rush from his hiding place, and grapple with this loathsome creature and tear it limb from limb. He swiftly counted up the number of its

victims. Ten had already died in its grasp, and he shuddered as he thought that one more might yet be added to the list. He cursed the fate that had up to then prevented it from attacking him. He alone, of all the men in the district, could have met it on equal terms, and laughed at its ferocious strength. And as he saw it creeping up the bank of shale towards the mouth of the shaft he could hardly keep himself from following it and forcing it to fight for its life.

He restrained himself, however. His business was to discover what had happened to Mavanwy, and not to destroy this monster till it had given him some clue to her fate. He watched it crawl to the top of the mound, for all the world like some gigantic crab or spider. There was something uncanny in this creature terrorizing the whole of a county. A single well aimed shot from a rifle or a gun would have killed it, and its gigantic strength would have availed it nothing. But it had appeared to bear a charmed life, or else fortune had been with it, and its lack of intelligence had called forth the pity of the gods. In half a dozen instances, it ought, in all human probability, to have been killed. But everything had fought on its side, and it still lived.

Tredegar watched it crawl to a spot close to the mouth of the shaft and begin to scratch furiously among the stones. Then he saw it pull out something and carry it to the top of the mound. Then it again stopped and flung a few bits of slate down the slope. A few moments afterwards it disappeared.

He watched for five minutes and then crept cautiously up the bank. When he reached the summit he saw to his surprise that the end of a steel bar was protruding from the ground, and that a rope was attached to it, and that the rope trailed over the edge of the shaft and disappeared into blackness.

He listened for a minute or two, but heard nothing except the drip-drip of water down the walls of the shaft. The rope hung slack, and it was evident that whatever had descended by it had reached the bottom. He offered up a silent prayer of thanks to Heaven. The murderer was in a trap. Tredegar had only to decide whether to wait till it appeared once more above ground, or to follow it into the bowels of the earth.

He resolved to follow it, and swinging himself to the edge of the shaft, let himself down hand over hand till he reached the bottom, and stood ankle-

deep in the water. Then he looked up and saw a faint square of dark blue above him. Half a dozen stars glowed clear and bright in the sky, as though seen through a long telescope. He gripped his way round the walls till he came to an opening. He remembered it well. More than once in his boyhood he had braved the ghostly terror of the dead miners, and had descended with a companion to the first passage of the old workings. They had never ventured very far into the mine, but he recollected that the experience had been glorious and unique, and that those days had been full to the brim with the wild adventures that they had imagined in such weird and unconventional surroundings.

He moved cautiously down the tunnel, keeping one hand on the slimy wall, and on the alert to catch the faintest sound. But he could hear nothing save the beating of his own heart and the light scrape of his boots on the rock under his feet. He had a full box of wax matches in his pocket, but was afraid to strike one for fear of disclosing his presence.

As far as he remembered, the tunnel ran for at least three hundred yards without joining any other passages, and he was in no danger of taking the wrong path.

Then came the place where the great fall of rock had occurred in 1873. He had never penetrated beyond that fatal spot.

At last he struck his foot against a piece of loose rock lying on the floor of the tunnel, and he knew that he had reached the scene of the disaster. In a few seconds a pile of debris breast-high lay in his path. He stopped and lit a match. It was hopeless to try and find his way any further without light.

The feeble yellow flame showed a great mass of fallen rock stretching as far as the eye could reach. The roof above was ten feet higher than in the rest of the tunnel, and the floor was raised to within three feet of it. It had taken a hundred men ten days to move that top layer of rock and find a way into the workings two hundred yards beyond. Most of the victims had been starved to death. But some had been taken from the debris, and two had never been found. Tredegar shuddered as he thought that even then their bodies might be lying under those thousands of tons of slate.

He crawled to the top of the heap, and moved along on his hands and knees. In places he had to lie down and wriggle along. He was sparing with his matches, and proceeded for the most part in the darkness. He hoped he would not

# Diphtheria NEXT DOOR

Perhaps this dreadful disease is in your neighborhood, even at the very next door. Then danger is near your home certainly, and terrible danger, too. Did you know you could destroy the germs that cause this disease? You can, and it's best done with our Vapo-Cresolene. Put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, then let the vapor pass off into the sleeping room. Have the children sleep in the room and breathe-in this medicated air. You see this vapor destroys the germs that may have lodged in the children's throats. We know this from the records of cases and bacteriological tests. It is an easy way to prevent all contagious diseases that may be about.

## Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

The following article was taken from *The London (England) Morning Post*, Thursday, January 21st, 1902:

To the Editor of "The Morning Post."—About two years ago an accident revealed to me a disinfectant that has an extraordinary controlling power over diphtheria germs. I know neither its origin nor composition, but I have found it cures many cases of diphtheria I have seen since. It is absolutely safe, does not interfere with other treatment, and is easy of application.

A test is to be built round the bed with sheets, the vaporizer inside it, the lamp lighted, and the receiver over the lamp kept constantly half full of Cresolene, and the patient shall be in the room of Cresolene day and night. This will give complete relief in less than 24 hours. I shall now briefly relate the particulars of the last case I had under my care. A boy about four years of age was put to bed apparently quite well. Next morning he was found dull and heavy, was roused with difficulty, and refused all food and drink. When I saw him at 4 p.m. he lay fully in the same dull state, his neck swollen on both sides as if with mucus. His upper lip double in size, and his face a livid purple color. He never opened up to notice anything until I took him out of bed and forced open his mouth to see his throat; the right side showed a large patch of diphtheria membrane. I never expected the child could live, but ordered him down to the bottom of the street in water every hour, and Cresolene to be used freely. At 8 o'clock, or in about eight hours, the child asked for a drink; at nine the next morning he wanted to get up; and at 11 a.m. I found him completely cured. Of course I give no details in your paper. I take the unusual course of publishing it in your journal because it will do me the greatest benefit, and I have no other means of doing so, whereas in a medical paper it would probably receive no notice unless I were to publish a detailed report of some hundred cases. It would take some five years to collect these, and all this time, cases would perish that might be saved. It is perfectly safe and does not interfere with any other treatment, therefore, I press it on the public. I have no interest whatever in Cresolene. Yours &c., M. D.



Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a set of Cresolene, complete, and a set of supplies of disinfectant, is sold for 4s. 6d. by the Vapo-Cresolene Co., Ltd., 130 Finsbury Street, London, E.C. 2, U.S.A. Sold also recommended by KEMPTON & CO.,