E LONE WOLF

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

"I'd give a good deal to know how much you know," he muttered in his confraion.

The state of th

lunately—I was beforehand with him. I fift him in my place—drugged, insensible—when I style away and mat him to be a season of the season of t

CHAPTER XVI.

Delicious Pilaff

that, it never dreamed—
She fell slient, sitting with howed head and tristing her-hands, together, has way the rought it painted to watch.
"But flease," he implored, "dob", "lake it so much to heart. Miss Bannon, if you knew nothing, you couldn't have prevented by brokenty. "I could have flease and brokenty, "I could have flease and the rought of the hand have flease have flease and pluy of it. And that you couldn't have prevented in the property of the said brokenty. The could have flease the property of the said pluy of it. And that you could think—"



Thirill of Being Wet