HALT!

Who Goes There?

A MYSTERY STORY By Robert E. Howard.

PROLOGUE.

A blazing sun blazed out of a blazing sky and blazed down blazingly on a blazing expanse of blazing, barren sand, in a blazing desert.

Naught was to be except sand dunes And yet, aha! A long caravan of camels iss der nation goming do evn der cost of emerged from behind a sand dune and hog-iron, I mean pig-iron iss gone up two meandered along the ancient desert trail cents on der yard, alretty yet? Und which was ancient beyond the memory of vot for iss so many Trisher loafers getman. Aye, it was even said that the ting chobs ven white men like me cant, trail had been made even before William vet: I had meet a Irisher on der street Jennings Bryan began to run for presidend I say, 'Get oudt of mine way, you

with a sneer on his handsome face. With such goot fighters, Bah! Dot makes me contempt he gazed at the sand-dunes, tired feel. Vhy, over to Gretchen's ved-Somehow he felt superior to them. Pre- ing, dot drunken O'Hooligan come in sently the caravan stopped by an ancient und tried to raise it a rough-house und city, half-hidden beneath the sands of me und my cousin. Abie, und Ludvig und the desert. It was almost in ruins. A Hands und four or five others, vhy, ve long before Congress began to discuss oudt of der house! I vont nefer go to the immigration problem, even.

The Taureg dismounted from his camel and entered his tent. A slave girl offer- exichy proposed a toast, "Down with ed him a chaw of Beech-nut from her everything! Long live Lendnine and Loown private plug. He kicked her with a pesky and hurrah for Russia!" harsh tone of voice.

Seating himself on an expensive divan from Bokhara, he reflected meditatively. "Durn it," he soliloquized.

Chapter I-"Archaw!"

"One million dollars," mused the Colonel.

"Exactly, my dear Colonel," returned the other a short, stocky man. Hawkshaw, the great detective, wittily "But the detaails of the crime?"

"As follows," Hawkshaw replied, "The night watchman of the Stacksuhkale of a first-class criminal." bank, London, was knocked unconscious and a million dollars in American thriftstamps as well as one million pounds of I gaze on your un-handsome visage and sterling and a box of fine cigars were ask you a question or three or four." taken."

indignantly, "And cigars as expensive as

ing the guilty person?" asked the Colonel. etc.

'In the following manner,' answered Hawkshaw. "Let us first begin by de- asked Hawkshaw. duction. Let us say, for example, that three persons could have robbed the bank. You, I, or the Khediye of Egypt. again. Now it is impossible that you could commit the robbery because at the time sian friend, you are under arrest. the robbery was committed you were playing a foursome of tiddledy winks and Scotland Yard detectives. with the duke of Buckingjam."

"That's true but how did you know?" explaimed the Colonel.

"My dear Colonel," answered Hawk- He addressed Alexichsky, "I knew you hat. Now, as for myself, I could not you denied robbing the bank, you raised a theater in Drury Lane. I almost dis- I had suspicions of you when you asked tinctly remember the play even. It was the inspector of Scotland Yard if they called 'The Store-keeper of Venice' and found a set of burgler's tools in the beer or something, who is a native of yours and if they were found to deliver Algeria.

he could not have committed the robbery rear-admiral of the Swiss army. Then because he was on his sugar moon, I when I saw the million dollar bank notes mean his molasses-moon, with his 999999 and thrift stamps in your yest pocket. I 9999999999th wife, hunting social lions, took a chance and arrested you." lounge-lizards, zebras and other big game, "Curses," cused Alexichsky. in the wilds of Schenectady, New York. "They way you robbed the bank was And, having eliminated myself, you and in the following manner," said Hawkthe Khedive, do you see what this points shaw. "You came to the bank, disguised

"No," the Colonel answered,

by someone else!" said Hawkshaw, dra- Then, having taken an impression of the matically.

miration. "Awhaw! wonderful!"

"I shall now," Hawkshaw continued, the bank. Is that correct? "go into the street and arrest everyone 1 "No, the watchman had left the door meet. To each I shall put the question: open and I went up the bank steps and "Did you rob the Stacksuhkale bank or | walked in," answered the Russian, did you not?" and I shall be governed by their answers."

Chapter II-The Anarchist.

"Curses!" hissed Alexichsky Grooglegoofgiveimoffaswiftskykickovitchinskytherearovitchsky.

"Curses!" Alexichsky, etc., kissed again even more hissier than before, "This nation of England shall fall or my name is up toward the sky. not A'sky Majimp." (Giving the correct pronunciation of the name Alexichsky, Alaska. etc.)

The anarchist, with great stealth, then

placed a bomb under a girl's school. "There," he hissed, "that be a defeat to the accused burgwassoi!"

After going several blocks he stopped with an enraged look in his coatpocket.

"Ten billion imprecations!" he hissed,

"I forgot to light the fuse."

He walked on through London.

Presently the anarchist came to a palatial mansion in the slums which was the clubhouse of all the anarchists in that part of London.

He walked up to the door and rang the old fashioned door knocker.

"Giff der pass-vord," hissed a voice from within.

"The wages of sin are a mansion on Riverside Drive," answered the anar-

chist. The door swung open and he entered. There were several members of the Anarchist club in the club room, engaged in anarchist past times, such as swigging ginger-ale, playing marbles for keeps, growing whiskers and cussing the burgeoise.

Feeling in a reckless mood, Alexichsky spent a nickel for ginger-ale and offer to bet three cents either way on the next Olympic games. One of the club members, Heinie Von Shtoofe, then made a speech.

"Vass iss?" he began eloquently, "Vot no-good bumff' Und look at der black eye The Taureg chieftain looked about him vot he giffs me. Dey say dot Trishers is very ancient city; it had been deserted pretty near threw dot Irishman right Ireland."

The anarchists applauded and then Al-

Chapter 111

"Brittania Rules the Waves."

As Alexichsky the anarchist walked down Piccadilly Circus, he glanced about hoping to see a bank that he could rob.

As he came into another street, two men accosted him, one a tall, thin man,

'Aha!" said Hawkshaw, for it was he, Methinks you unshaven Russian with the cannabalistic face has the guilty look

The detective stopped Alexichsky, "Wait a moment, my friend, pause while

"What do you want?" asked Alexichy. "The villian!" explained the Colonel having swiftly selected a fiendish sneer from his extensive collection of mocking smiles, derisive leers, glares, dirty looks, "How are you going to go about find- unholy mirht, chuckles, diabolical stares,

"Did you rob the Stacksuhkale bank?"

"No," answered Alexichsky "Dern it," said the Colonel, "Baffled

"Hold on," said Hawkshaw, "My Rus

The Rsuian was seized by policemen

"Britannia rules the waves," said Mr.

Hawkshaw, "another triumph for Scot land Yard."

shaw, "I saw the crummbs on your opera were telling a falsehood because when have done the robbery because I was in an eyebrow and wiggled your toes, Also, was written by a fellow pamed Shooks- Stackuhkale bank. You said they were them to the Anarchist's Club-house. I "Then, consider the Khedive of Egypt, delivered them myself, disguised as a

as a king of the South Sea islands. You climbed up the fire escape and down one "It indicates that the robbery was done of the marble pillars of the bank front. key-hole with wax, you filed out a key "Indeed!" exclaimed the Colonel in ad- to fit, from a cigar made in Dusseldorf, Germany. Then you entered and robbed

EPILOGUE.

The Eskimo floundered through the deep snow and kicked an iceberg out his way. Reaching his igloo, he unharnessed his team of whales from his sled and entered the igloo.

Snow covered the land, yards deep.

For it was mid-summer in northern