



That Sun

Rises Somewhere Every Moment of the Day
to Greet Breakfasts of Quaker Oats

Mark how these oats, with their wondrous flavor, have won the children of nearly every race. Wherever boys and girls are brought up on oatmeal, the favorite oat food is Quaker.

In the British Isles—the very home of Scotch oats—Quaker is the leading brand. In far-distant countries, where Quaker is costly, those who want the finest oats send to us to get them.

All because of this luscious flavor.

And that flavor is yours, at no extra price, in any grocery store. Just say Quaker Oats and you'll get it.

Quaker Oats

The Oats with the Matchless Flavor

We get this flavor by discarding all oats save the richest, plumpiest grains. We discard so much that a bushel of choice oats gives only ten pounds of Quaker.

These picked-out grains—just the cream of the oats—are put through a process which keeps the flavor intact.

The result is these big, white, luscious flakes, with their matchless taste and aroma.

We have done this for 25 years, and now millions and millions know it. And those millions of oat lovers now consume a billion dishes yearly.

No other brand has ever done so much to win children to oatmeal.

And that means to those children the utmost in food—for brains and nerves and bodies. It means an energy

food—a vim-producer—with which no other grain compares.

And it means, in addition, delicious breakfasts and suppers at a cost of one-half cent per dish.

Don't miss this in your home. You'll never know another cereal dish which does so much or which tastes so good.

**Regular Size
package, 10c**

**Family Size
package, for
smaller cities
and country
trade, 25c.**

Except in Far
West and South.



Look for this
Quaker trademark
on every package

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(500)

The giant, too, had kept silent, and he continued to keep silent while Ford ate. But his narrow eyes steadily bored into his prisoner. Beneath them Ford felt as naked as a bug beneath a microscope. Not till Ford had satisfied his hunger did he speak.

"Now, friend, tell me all about it." Ford caught his breath. "All about what?" he demanded.

"That's what I want to know. You're a run-away—a thief, perhaps a murderer. It's sticking out all over you. And I want to know all about it."

Ford started up. "It's a lie," he faltered.

"It's no lie. You're a scoundrel of some sort, all right. Judging from that roll of bank notes, you're a thief. I guess you're an amateur. But amateurs can go to jail just as quick as professionals. You might as well own up. Tomorrow's papers will have the story, I guess"—he was watching Ford shrewdly, keenly. "Yes! I see they will! All I've got to do is to wait. But by that time it may be too late for you to get away."

"Get away!" Hope dawned at the words.

"Yes! I could help you to get away—if you made it worth my while."

"Worth your while?—you mean? Oh! For God's sake—I can't go to jail. It would kill me. I am not a thief naturally. I never stole before. I acted on impulse. I'll do anything—anything if you'll help me."

"Anything? How much will you pay?"

"Pay!" "Yes! Suppose we say half. How much is it, anyway?"

"It—it—Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand. Humph! How'd you get it?"

Ford's nerve was gone. The suggestion that he might yet escape, destroyed his last thought of prudence. Rapidly, pantingly, he babbled out his story, keeping nothing back.

THE giant listened critically. "No one saw you get into the car," he remarked. "No one saw you get out. No one saw you come here. Humph! No one will look for you here. Oh! It will be easy—easy and safe. Yes! I'll save you for half I'll—!"

"What—what's the matter?"

"Matter!" The giant sprang to his feet. "Look here! S'pos you are captured later, what guarantee have I that you won't tell that I helped you?"

"Oh! I won't! I won't! I swear I won't!" babblingly Ford ran on.

The giant did not seem impressed. He sat down and stared malevolently, paying no attention to the frantic protestations that assailed him. Finally he got up. "Stay where you are!" he ordered, curtly, and strode from the room. The dog followed at his heels.

Ford did not stay where he was. The danger, which for a moment had seemed to be dissipating, was closing in once more. He tried the windows—in vain. Last he tiptoed to the door by which his captor had gone and peered through it.

The room into which he looked had probably been a library, for it was lined with shelves, most of them bare. One, however, carried a few books, and before this the giant was standing, thumbing the pages of one of the volumes. Ford's mouth dropped open in amazement at the sight. While he stared the giant laid down the book, and strode out of the room by another door, apparently forgetful of his prisoner. The dog followed.

Ford waited a moment; then he entered the second room. One after another he tried the windows and the second door, but found them all fast. No way of escape was open.

Last, his fearful eyes fell on the book that lay open, face down, where the giant had laid it. He stooped and caught it up and glanced at the open page.

The volume was by Poe; the story

at which it was open was *The Black Cat*.

Ford shuddered. He remembered the climax of that masterpiece of horror. Realization rushed upon him. He guessed—nay, he knew the fate in store for him. The book dropped from his fingers; the whirling room went black. He felt himself falling; mercifully his senses fled.

WHEN Ford opened his eyes he was lying on his back in what appeared to be utter darkness. After a moment, however, he became aware that a thin ray of light was coming from somewhere above his head. At the same time a faint recurrent clinking sounded in his ears.

With an effort he sat up. The movement brought him in contact with rough walls on his right and his left. He stretched out his hands and found other walls behind him and before him. Walls were all about him.

He raised his eyes. The light, only a bare gleam at best, came through a small rectangular hole at the top of the wall to his left. As he stared a section of it was suddenly cut off. And again he heard the faint clinking sound.

With a shriek of comprehension he scrambled to his feet, bruising himself against the stones as he did so.

He remembered anew the Poe stories, and why the giant had been reading them.

"Oh! For God's sake," he cried. "For God's sake! Don't bury me alive. Take all the money—all of it."

For a moment the man outside seemed to pause. But it was only for a moment. Then again came the faint clinking and the remaining square of light was reduced and then blotted out.

Despairingly Ford sank down. He realized that even-handed justice had overtaken him, commending the ingredients of his poisoned chalice to his own lips. The giant was robbing him as he had robbed the bank and was making the theft safe by hiding all evidence. Probably he had intended to murder his prisoner and had consulted Poe for counsel as to a place to conceal the body. He had verified his memory of the stories and had left the library to find a satisfactory place. He had found it and had come back to find Ford in a faint. Forthwith he had immured him in the tiny cell and had proceeded to build up the entrance. Perhaps he had shrunk from actual blows and had welcomed the faint.

In any event Ford knew his shift would be short. His tomb was small; already the air began to weigh upon him; soon—soon the end would come.

How long he waited for it he never knew. Stupor was overcoming him when he heard a blow, sudden and sharp, upon the wall without. Another followed and another. A section of the wall built up with such care toppled outward and fell, letting in a glow of lamplight.

Ford caught at the edge of the hole, with an exclamation of thankfulness. The light had vanished. No more blows came upon the wall. His straining ears heard the sound of retreating footsteps. Fainter they grew and fainter, until they had ceased altogether. The rescuer had gone, leaving his work half done.

But he had done enough. The stones were newly placed and the plaster soft. Now that an opening had been made in them, Ford found it easy to pull and push them down, enlarging the orifice until he could crawl through it and drop upon the floor without.

HE found himself in a narrow room, apparently an old cell of the jail. The moonlight was streaming in at the barred window and by its light he saw that he had been imprisoned in a sort of closet built in the stone wall. Some one, presum-