Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MAMMOTH MYSTERY BOOK

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MAMMOTH MYSTERY BOOK

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MAMMOTH MYSTERY BOOK

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BOOKS BY

ANGEL ESQUIRE
ANGEL OF TERROR
THE BLACK
THE BLACK ABBOT
BLUE HAND
CAPTAINS OF SOULS
THE CLEVER ONE
THE CLUE OF THE NEW PIN
THE CLUE OF THE TWISTED CANDLE
THE CRIMSON CIRCLE
THE DAFFODIL MURDER
THT DARK EYES OF LONDON
DIANA OF KARA-KARA
THE DOOR WITH SEVEN LOCKS
THE FACE IN THE NIGHT
THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE FROG
THE FLYING SQUAD
THE FOUR JUST MEN
THE FOURTH PLAGUE
THE GIRL FROM SCOTLAND YARD
THE GREEN ARCHER
THE GREEN RIBBON
GREEN RUST
GUNMAN'S BLUFF
THE HAIRY ARM
THE INDIA-RUBBER MEN
JACK O'JUDGMENT
KATE PLUS 10
A KING BY NIGHT
THE MAN WHO KNEW
THE MELODY OF DEATH
THE MISSING MILLIONS
MR. COMMISSIONER SANDERS
THE MURDER BOOK OF MR. J. G. REEDER
THE NORTHING TRAMP
RED ACES
THE RINGER
THE RINGER RETURNS
THE SILVER KEY
SANDERS OF THE RIVER
THE SECRET HOUSE
THE SINISTER MAN
THE SQUEALER
THE STRANGE COUNTESS
TAM O' THE SCOOTS
THE TERRIBLE PEOPLE
THE THREE JUST MEN
TERROR KEEP
THE TRAITORS' GATE
THE TWISTER
THE VALLEY OF GHOSTS
WHITE FACE

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mammoth Mystery Book

Three Complete Novels

by . . .

Edgar Wallace

A. L. Burt Company
Publishers
New York • • Chicago

The Property of
University of Michigan Library
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

828
W189
1925

Copyright, 1924
by Street & Smith Corporation
New York

●

Copyright, 1925
by Small, Maynard & Co., Inc.

●

Copyright, 1923
by Edgar Wallace

Made in the U. S. A.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Stacks
LB1
.A2
Harvard University
Ref. Gift
Aug. 1917
6'11 C-S . 291

Contents

1 • The Hairy Arm

2 • Blue Hand

3 • The Sinister Man

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE HAIRY ARM

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Head-hunter	3
II.	Mr. Sampson Longvale Calls	10
III.	The Niece	18
IV.	The Leading Lady	24
V.	Mr. Lawley Foss	31
VI.	The Master of Griff	38
VII.	The Swords and Bhag	48
VIII.	Bhag	55
IX.	The Ancestor	63
X.	The Open Window	71
XI.	The Mark on the Window	79
XII.	A Cry from a Tower	86
XIII.	The Trap That Failed	94
XIV.	Mendoza Makes a Fight	101
XV.	Two from the Yard	111
XVI.	The Brown Man from Nowhere	114
XVII.	Mr. Foss Makes a Suggestion	122
XVIII.	The Face in the Picture	127
XIX.	The Midnight Visit	135
XX.	Michael Has a Visitor	146

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXI.	The Erasure	154
XXII.	The Head	165
XXIII.	Clews at the Tower	169
XXIV.	The Marks of the Beast	176
XXV.	The Man in the Car	183
XXVI.	The Hand	190
XXVII.	The Caves	210
XXVIII.	The Tower	219
XXIX.	Bhag's Return	227
XXX.	The Advertisement	235
XXXI.	John Percival Liggitt	241
XXXII.	Gregory's Way	246
XXXIII.	"I Want You"	256
XXXIV.	The Search	261
XXXV.	What Happened to Adele	272
XXXVI.	The Escape	277
XXXVII.	The Tower	285
XXXVIII.	The Cavern of Bones	291
XXXIX.	Michael Knows for Sure	298
XL.	The Widow	314
XLI.	The Death	320
XLII.	Camera	329

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE HAIRY ARM

CHAPTER I

The Head-hunter

To say that he was uninterested in crime, that burglars were less thrilling than golf scores, and the record of murders hardly worth the reading, might convey a wrong impression of Captain Mike Brixan to those who knew him as the cleverest agent in the Foreign Office Intelligence Department.

His official life was spent in meeting queer Continentals in obscure restaurants and in divers rôles to learn of the undercurrents that were drifting the barks of diplomacy to unsuspected ports. He had twice roamed through Europe in the guise of an open-mouthed tourist; had canoed a thousand miles or so through the gorges of the Danube to discover in little riverside beer houses secret mobilizations, odd tasks, but to his liking.

Therefore he was not unnaturally annoyed when he was withdrawn from Berlin at a mo-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

when, as it seemed, the mystery of the Slovak treaty was in a way to being solved, for he had secured, at a cost, a rough and accurate draft.

"I should have had a photograph of the actual document if you had left me another twenty-four hours," he reproached his chief, Major George Staines, when he reported himself at Whitehall next morning.

"Sorry," replied that unrepentant man, "but the truth is, we've had a heart-to-heart talk with the Slovakian prime minister, and he has promised to behave, and he has practically given us the text of the treaty. It was only a commercial affair. Mike, did you know Elmer?"

The foreign office detective sat down on the edge of the table.

"Have you brought me from Berlin to ask me that?" he demanded bitterly. "Have you taken me from my favorite café on Unter den Linden —by the way, the Germans are making small-arm ammunition by the million at a converted pencil factory in Bavaria—to discuss Elmer? He's a clerk, isn't he?"

Major Staines nodded.

"He *was*," he said, "in the accountancy department. He disappeared from view three

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

weeks ago, and an examination of his books showed that he had been systematically stealing funds which were under his control."

Mike Brixan made a little face.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said. "He seems to be a fairly quiet and inoffensive man. But surely you don't want me to go after him? That is a job for Scotland Yard."

"I don't want you to go after him," said Staines slowly, "because—well, he has been found."

There was something very significant and sinister in his tone, and before he could take the little slip of paper from the portfolio on the desk, Michael Brixan knew what was coming.

"Not The Head-hunter?" he gasped. Even Michael knew about The Head-hunter.

Staines nodded. "Here's the note." He handed the typewritten slip across to his subordinate, and Michael read:

You will find a box in the hedge by the railway arch at Esher.

THE HEAD-HUNTER.

That was all.

"The Head-hunter!" repeated Michael mechanically and whistled.

"We found the box, and, of course, we found

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN