



They always said that Algy was not the marrying kind. Many a damsel had whittled away at Algy's indifferent heart, but none has succeeded in getting him to the point of proposing marriage. It was, therefore, a bit surprising to the friends of this man who was known throughout London as the inseparable pal of the famous Bulldog Drummond, when they learned he had fallen.

The elite of London had watched the wedding ceremony. Of course, Bulldog Drummond was there to act as best man. The affair took place in one of London's swankiest hotels, and society was there in force.

Drummond sighted Algy standing apart from the milling throng, trying to carry off the situation with a bright but somewhat fatuous smile.

"And behold! The bridegroom!" shouted Drummond as he extended both hands to Algy. "My deepest congratulations, old boy. You're a lucky beggar."

"Thanks, Hugh," said Algy quietly. "They say I'll be very happy. Mighty nice of you to come all the way back from the middle of Africa just to be at my wedding."

Drummond asked a servant to bring his topcoat and hat. Algy was alarmed: "I say, but you aren't going to leave me alone tonight, of all nights?"

"Tonight of all nights I should leave you alone," replied Drummond. "Matter of custom, I suppose," Algy sighed.

"Absolutely. But this is farewell, Algy. It's goodbye in more ways than one; I suspected it when I got your wedding invitation in Africa, and now after this I know it. Algy, this is the end not only of your adventuring but mine too! We're both through. The old team of Algy and Drummond retires together,

never again to fare forth into the night looking for excitement. Remember, Algy."

"But I say, I don't follow you." "Never mind. Have you kissed your bride yet?"

"Well," pondered Algy, "not since the ceremony."

"Then go to her. She expects it." "You mean she'd let me kiss her here—in public—before all these people?"

Drummond hurried Algy along. The bride was standing on the stairs, a crowd of young men awaiting their turn for their time-honored privilege of kissing the bride. Algy happily fell into line.

As Drummond stood smiling at the spectacle, he was accosted by Inspector Nielson of Scotland Yard. Nielson regarded Drummond glumly. Though the two men have known and liked each other for years, Nielson could not help but regard Drummond as an ill omen, a bleak kind of signal that trouble would start soon somewhere.

"Oh, my holy sainted Aunt! If it isn't Bulldog Drummond!" cried Nielson.

"Nielson, my dear fellow!" Drummond exclaimed, shaking the inspector's hand, "I am delighted. And how is Scotland Yard?"

"Drummond," said Nielson gravely as the two walked out of the hotel into the foggy night, "the minute you come to London, trouble starts, always. And you know it! The last time you were here some beggar tried to blow up the House of Parliament!"

"Dreadful, inspector. Perfectly dreadful!" Drummond mocked. "But I shan't disturb your peace and quiet any more. I am retiring. I am going to Sussex and devote the rest of my life to raising hollyhocks, those tall, very ugly flowers that have quite a bad smell. So I'll bid you

farewell, inspector." Drummond continued. "In another minute I shall vanish into that fog possibly never to be seen again. So you can go home in peace, retire to your warm bed, and sleep the sleep of a tired but honest policeman."

"But you aren't going to walk in this fog?" said Nielson. "You can't see beyond the end of your nose! We live in the same apartment building. You come with me in my car. I don't like the idea of your running around loose, dash it!"

"Sorry, but the fog seems to offer me what I want—peace and quiet," said Drummond. With a wave of his hand, he disappeared into the thick yellow mist with Nielson staring after him in uneasy perplexity.

Unable to see more than a foot beyond the end of his nose in the heavy London fog, Drummond felt his way slowly along the sidewalk. He bumped into two pedestrians. Then he was jolted by a telephone pole. Mistaking the pole for a pedestrian, Drummond excused himself. He lighted a match and inspected the obstacle. The light not only revealed the pole but a very beautiful girl standing beside it. Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Who was that you just spoke to?" she cried excitedly.

"Why, nobody!"

"You did! I heard you. Was it a man or woman?"

"Why—er—neither. It was a pole."

"You lie, I tell you! Why does everyone lie to me?" she cried, withdrawing into the thick fog. Drummond shouted to her and tried to follow, but the girl disappeared. As he stopped to ponder this unusual situation, a drunk stumbled into him.

"Lost! Lost in the fog! mumbled the drunk. "What'll we do? What'll we do?"

"My advice to you," said Drummond, "is to hold tight to this pole. I shall ask permission to phone in this house."

Leaving the drunk clinging to the pole, Drummond made for the nearest house. The light above the door revealed a fashionable entrance.

Drummond rattled the knocker. There was no answer. He tried again. Again no answer. He tried the knob. The door opened and he stepped inside. No one answered him as he shouted. His curiosity aroused, Drummond entered a room adjoining the hallway. Evidently it was the living room. A fire burned brightly in the fireplace and the hand and arm of a man could be seen extending from the divan in front of the fireplace. He walked slowly toward the divan and found stretched out at full length the body of a man drawn into a rather unnatural position. He was dead!

Drummond paused for a moment. He moved into the hallway, uncertain as to whether to go up the stairs or summon aid from the street. Deciding upon the latter course, he made his exit to the street and within the next block he found an officer. The two of them groped their way back to the house. The entrance door was locked. The bobby knocked. A butler of Oriental caste answered the door. Surprised at the turn of events, Drummond asked if they might come in. The butler hesitated, but noting the presence of the bobby, admitted them. But as Drummond moved down the hall, the butler stopped him.

"Now, now, sir, what is it you want?" said the butler. "We can't have this sort of thing!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to this time," said Drummond firmly but

CHANGE MADE IN PLANT OF ESHER MINES AT SILVER

Changes now being made in the mill of the Esher Mines Co. at Silver City under the new management of Glenn Gentry, superintendent, and Joe Richards, assistant, include additional concentrate settling tanks of latest design and new parts for the ball mill, it was reported by Richards, who has been in Reno on business. The mill, equipped with Kraut flotation cells, has a capacity of 100 tons per day. It has not yet been enclosed, but this work is due to start at once.

Development work and blocking of ore are in progress on the 300-ft. level, it was said and the mine was reported to be in excellent condition for a sustained production of good-grade mill ore. Joe Wasiey, mine foreman, has been at Sonora to attend the funeral of a brother, but was expected to be back at work soon. — Nevada State Journal.

BUYS CLAIMS IN DIVIDE DISTRICT, WILL OPEN VEINS

Six mining claims belonging to Esmeralda county, upon which a considerable amount of work has been done, were sold Tuesday by County Clerk Amy Roberson to E. Marks of Los Angeles, says the Goldfield News. The property is located in the Divide district, between Goldfield and Tonopah, and consists of Jew, Jeewess, Jew Fraction, Lewis, Lewis Fraction and Hebrew Fraction.

E. Marks, the purchaser, is well known by the older residents of Goldfield, having been engaged in business here during the "boom" days. He has been active in mining throughout southern Nevada, particularly in Esmeralda and Nye counties.

After purchasing the claims from the county, Marks stated that plans are in the making for installing equipment and putting a force of men to work. He also informed the News there is much interest in Nevada mine development in Los Angeles and surrounding towns. He was of the opinion that should the Deep Mines mill be constructed, dozens of mining properties in this area now lying dormant would be reopened and the town of Goldfield would take on the semblance of a small boom. — Nevada State Journal.

ISABELL MOVING PLANT TO NEW HIGHWAY JOB

The Isabell Construction company of Carson City, which has just completed a highway project over Montgomery summit, is moving a lot of heavy equipment to a new contract near White River, west of Ely. A big gyrator crusher, drawn by two powerful trucks, and a lot of other machinery went through Tonopah last evening and last night, and additional trucks passed through here today. — Tonopah Times.

good-naturedly.

The bobby had become a bit worried. "Just a minute, sir. This is all very highly irregular."

"But that body, officer," said Drummond, "That body is also very highly irregular."

(To be Continued.)

Reward Faithful Service By Stamping an "X" After

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for

STATE SENATOR

"Sorry, but this fog seems to offer me what I want," said Drummond.



Ronald Colman and Loretta Young face danger together