



CHAPTER II

"A body? What sort of a body?" said a new voice, and a distinguished-looking man of unmistakable Oriental race stepped through a door facing the group.

"Two minutes ago," said Drummond, "a body—the body of a man who died in great agony—was lying in that room."

"This is shocking," said the Oriental, "too shocking for me to ignore, sir. I am afraid I must insist on your looking again."

The party moved into the living room, and there, sitting at the piano was a radiant, dark Oriental woman. Drummond, startled, approached her.

"Permit me," said the Oriental whom they had met at the door, "I am Prince Achmed of Shahva. This is my daughter, Lady Jane Southern."

"Drummond is my name, sir—Hugh Drummond. At least, you were not in the room before, else

house carefully inspecting the doorstep for a cigarette butt he had tossed away on his first visit. He found the butt, which convinced him that he had not gone back to the wrong house the second time. As he straightened up, Drummond came face to face with Prince Achmed.

"If you place the slightest value on your life," said Achmed slowly, "I advise you to forget this whole incident."

In the meantime Algy had settled quietly with his bride in a luxurious suite in a London hotel.

"Oh, Algy, I'm the happiest woman in all London," sighed Gwen as she kissed him on the cheek. He looked a bit embarrassed as she started for the bedroom.

"I thought I—I—I'd change," said Gwen.

"Probably a very good idea." But Algy was still nervous.

"Just one wee little moment

"Permit me," said Prince Achmed, "this is my daughter Lady Jane Southern"



Coleman meets Warner Oland and Kathleen Burke.

I'd most certainly have noticed you," said Drummond, smiling.

Drummond turned toward the divan. A man was lying there in a similar position to the corpse he had seen three minutes before. But the figure now moved. It was all very mysterious.

"My most humble apologies, sir, for mistaking you—for a corpse."

Obviously drunk, the man on the divan acknowledged the introduction.

"Dr. Owen Southern."

"My husband," said Lady Jane, with a gasp.

"And now," said Prince Achmed, "you are quite satisfied that we are harboring no bodies—violently dead or otherwise?"

"If you follow my advice," interjected the bobby, you'll go home

"Thanks, officer. I always follow good advice. Good night." And with that Drummond made a hasty exit from the house.

A few minutes later, however, he was back at the entrance of the

house. "It's all right—no hurry, you know," said Algy, embarrassed.

The phone rang violently. It was Drummond.

"But Hugh," Algy had a pleading note in his voice, "I can't leave here now. I really can't. Not yet, anyway. What I mean to say, Hugh is—well, here I am and here she is, too. Kind of puts me in . . . well you might call it a dilemma, don't you think?"

When Gwen returned to the room, a vision of loveliness in her silk and lace negligee, she found Algy with to coat and hat on.

"Oh—Algy! But Algy, you can't go now!"

"I must be getting along. I mean the truth is—no use beating around the bush—must be getting along about my business. Well, au revoir. That's the French goodbye, remember? Au revoir means got to be—well, getting along."

As Algy departed, Gwen threw herself on the bed crying, "On my wedding night—au revoir!"

The dutiful Algy made his way to Bulldog Drummond's apartment to find him in conversation with Inspector Nielson who occupied the apartment above him. Drummond was relating his experience at Prince Achmed's home. The Inspector dismissed the whole thing as one of Drummond's dreams.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Nielson, "In the first place, your Prince Achmed is a distinguished visitor to England, not a criminal. In the second place, you are a hare-brained young rascal who will probably next find an Egyptian mummy in your bath. And in the third place, I'm sleepy and I'm going to bed. Good night!" He slammed the door and stomped up the stairs to his apartment above.

"You believe me, don't you Algy?" said Drummond.

"Who? Me? Algy's mind was not on the business at hand. He was thinking ruefully of Gwyn. There was a knock on the door. Opening it, there stood the girl Drummond had met in the fog. Her eyes widened at the sight of him. With a little moan she swayed and fainted as Drummond grabbed her. He placed her on the divan to revive her. "I wouldn't do that, if I were you," said Algy. "Girl came to my door like that once and it was nearly September before I could get her out."

The girl opened her eyes and stared at Drummond in bewilderment. "Where is Inspector Nielson?"

"You'll doubtless find him safe in the arms of Morpheus," smiled Drummond.

"Please be serious! They told me at his apartment he was here! I must find him! I've got to find him!"

"Matter of fact, he just left. But if you'll tell us, it may be that we can help you."

"Are you a detective?"

"And amateur detective — my most amusing hobby."

"I've been looking for my uncle. He's — disappeared," she said weakly. "We reached London this morning—my uncle and aunt and I. From the East Indies, aboard the Bombay

Girl. That's a cargo ship. We came ashore from quarantine. The ship's still there and we went to a hotel near the docks. Then Uncle Paul left us, about eleven this morning to make some kind of a report to the owner of the ship and that's the last we've seen of him."

"And who's the owner?" asked Drummond.

"Prince Achmed. That's the—"

"What about Prince Achmed?" "That's the strange part of it. I went to his house this evening and said Uncle Paul had never arrived there, and they acted so peculiar. That's what worries me so."

Drummond got on the phone and called Nielson's apartment. He explained what he had just learned. But Nielson's only reply was reprimanding Drummond for calling him out of bed to relate such fantastic tales.

"That settles it," said Drummond, as he turned to Algy, "we are in complete charge. Tell me all about Prince Achmed, Miss —"

"Miss Lola Field."

"Hugh Drummond. And the alert panther man on your left is Algy."

"Prince Achmed has been Uncle Paul's employer in the East for fifteen years. But recently, my Uncle got orders to sell everything the Prince owned and put every shilling into something. I don't know what it was. Uncle Paul wouldn't tell me. Then they loaded it on the Bombay Girl and brought it to London."

(To Be Continued)

NEVADA MEXICO CO. LOSER PROPERTY

BATTLE MOUNTAIN — The property of the Nevada Mexico company in Iron Canyon has been sold under an execution issued out of the third judicial district court, in which J. H. Wright was plaintiff. The properties covered in the execution were bid in by Messrs. Abelson and Bennett in a lump sum which covered costs and judgment totaling \$1,676.

Wright was caretaker following the closing of the property and had been employed while the same was operated. — Denver Mining Record.

New California Golf Champion



Stuart Hawley, center, new California state golf champion, received the trophy emblematic of his victory from E. M. Kellogg, president of the California Golf Association. Don Edwards, co-finalist in the 36-hole final over the Pebble Beach and Cypress Point courses, is on the right.