



CHAPTER VI

The two stealthily climbed the cellar stairs, but before they reached the top a figure stepped out of the shadows behind them.

"Your hands up, sir!" said the Oriental. "Walk straight ahead, sir—both of you."

"I must say, sir," said Achmed as the two were led into his presence in the living room, "I've rarely had the pleasure of knowing so courageous a fighter."

"You understand, of course, that a translation of your radiogram is already on its way to Scotland Yard?"

"It is too late now. Within an hour my ship will be leaving and then, farewell to England!"

Drummond looked at Algy and then at the French window. The same thought enters both minds. They make a run for the window. Drummond grabbed the latch, but as he did so, there is a sharp crack of a pistol and a pane of glass was shattered.

"I'm afraid the next one, Drummond, will have to be yours anyway. You're twenty minutes is up and you have failed to divulge the where-

with a roar they careen down the street. They had barely disappeared in the fog before Achmed and his party in a tightly curtained limousine came whirling out of the driveway, and disappeared in the same direction.

"Probably none of my business," said Algy, "but where are we going?"

"To the docks!" replied Drummond.

The crew of the Bombay Girl hastily unloading the last crates from the boat when Drummond and Algy brought their car to a stop with a screech. The two jumped from the car and dashed up the gangplank just as Achmed's car swung onto the dock.

"Get that maniac!" shouted Achmed before he had time to get out of his car. Several men started after Drummond and Algy as they dashed into the gangway.

"Find the wireless room — get the code book!" shouted Drummond, as he dashed down to the engine room. Grabbing several pieces of waste, he lighted them and threw them into the fuel rooms below. Making a

"I have the pleasure of informing you that a marriage has been arranged."



Colman and Miss Young find the climax a doubly happy one.

abouts of the message. Therefore, you force me to exact from you the extreme penalty for your courageous but stupid silence." Achmed slowly pointed his revolver at Drummond.

"And now what's going on in 'ere? Wot's this all about 'ere?" The two noisy bobbies have heard the shot and have come to see what the disturbance is about.

"Ere, now. 'Oo's shooting 'oo?"

"Look, Alf, it's Drummond again!"

"Well, strike me pink! 'Ow did you get in again?" said the startled bobbie. "Captain Drummond, we've got orders to place you under arrest."

The bobbies marched Drummond and Algy to the street.

"My thanks, my personal thanks," said Drummond, shaking the bobbies by the hand. "You shall both be promoted for this." And with that Drummond and Algy dash off into the fog, leaving the two bobbies staring at each other. Algy and Drummond reached their car and

run for the stairs, he gained the deck just as two men with guns halted him. The fire had started to spread throughout the ship. Drummond was hastily marched to the gangplank where he was joined by several other men with their hands in the air, all members of the crew.

As Drummond joined the other prisoners, he saw Nielson and Lola.

"Oh, my blessed inspector . . . and my thrice-blessed Lola! Into your hands . . . safe at last!"

"I'm afraid you're in for it this time, Drummond," said Nielson.

"Off-hand, I can't recall a single law you haven't broken tonight."

"I shall see to it myself, Captain Drummond, said Achmed, who had joined the group, "that you answer in court for every shilling you have cost me tonight!"

"Really?" said Drummond casually. "May I have a cigarette?"

For an instant Achmed is taken back at such apparent casualness.

Then, as he produces his leather telescope-type cigarette case and opens it politely, he is compelled to smile in admiration. He offered the cigarettes to Drummond, who reached, instead, for the top of the case; and, the instant it is in his hand, Achmed realized the significance of his having found the case on the floor in his house after the struggle for the radiogram. He grabbed for it, but Drummond had it and held it back.

"This is a radiogram received by this young lady's uncle, Paul Field aboard this ship. It is in code and concerns the mysterious death of a sailor who was taken ashore at Port Said . . ."

Algy came bustling into the scene with the code book which he had gotten from the wireless room. "You're right, Hugh . . . colic was wrong."

Drummond snatched the book from Algy's hands, and turned to Nielson. "Here is the radiogram . . . and here is the ship's code book. And you will be quite right, inspector, when you say I am mad, completely mad, if the last word in the radiogram is not colic—but cholera!"

There is a pause as Nielson hastily compares the radiogram with the code book. "Died of cholera! Cholera! Nielson looked at Achmed. "And you were endeavoring to smuggle infected cargo ashore? To risk the starting of a terrible plague!"

"It is useless to profess innocence any longer. Every penny I had was in that cargo," said Achmed with dignity. "Gentlemen, I have lost."

"You know he was probably a very nice fellow," said Algy, "once you get used to his way of looking at things."

Inspector Nielson took charge of Achmed and his party as Drummond, Algy and Lola marched off in triumph. Algy saying that he must get back to his bride.

"Oh, my darling, are you hurt?" shouted Gwen as Algy shuffled into the hotel room.

"Oddly enough, I don't thing so." "Oh, you poor, poor little thing. Just sit right here and I'll get you some nice hot tea."

"Wouldn't mind making that bicarbonate of soda, would you?" said Algy, holding his stomach and recalling the message he ate at Achmed's house.

The telephone rings and Algy wearily answers: Oh, hello, Hugh. What's new?"

"My dear fellow," said Drummond. "I have the pleasure of informing you that a marriage has been arranged, and will take place the instant you and Gwen arrive to witness the ceremony. Of course, I know that you are—a—a—but surely you can't sleep at this hour! Why, it's broad daylight! Come right over!"

"Who was that?" asked Gwen as she brought Algy his tea.

"That was Hugh. Just wanted us to come and witness a wedding. Says he and Lola are going to get married right away."

"The way it's beginning to look," said Gwen, wearily, "I might just as well never have brought these pajamas at all."

"That's all right, gear, let's go. Who knows but what we may be very happy in our quiet platonic way?"

(THE END)

CONGRESSMAN IN VEGAS

The Honorable J. G. Scrugham, U. S. Congressman, is in Las Vegas for a few days and is staying at the National hotel.

G. O. P. Chairman



Earl Warren, district attorney of Alameda county was chosen chairman of the Republican state central committee of California, to succeed Louis B. Mayer, Hollywood movie producer, at the recent convention in Sacramento.



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