

"SALADA"

Crange Pekoe Blend TEA Fresh from the Gardens

YUANHEE SEE LAUGHS
by Sax Rohmer

As the liner...
Inspector Haig...
"But there's nothing to show," Forman cried, "that he's on the job at all! If I understand the situation, no one has seen this man Haig since he left the ship early this morning."

Inspector Haig...
"That's true enough," the captain admitted. "But nobody on board ever saw the missing Chinaman speak to a soul, except to the stewards."

"There's nothing," Shale explained wearily, "nothing whatever, to connect him with the rest of the gang. Surely you can see that, Forman? I mean, the attempted murder can't be used as evidence to hold these people."

Forman tugged savagely at his moustache. "That man Oestler is lying," he declared outright. "You all think the same as I do. How can I ever face Mike Kearney with a tale like this?"

Dr. Oestler had only just left the cabin, where he had been submitted to a close cross-examination on the exact circumstances of his visit to those two shops with Eileen. However, as the shopkeepers had been questioned and had confirmed his statement in every particular, there was nothing whatever to go upon.

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The woman Ednam produced a contract with an Australian vaudeville circuit and displayed a number of professional photographs, programs and billing matter relating to recent engagements in Europe. She declared that, although she had made the acquaintance of Dr. Oestler on board, she had never met him before.

The agent was in a quandary. To hold the ship meant transferring Eileen and a loss of thousands of pounds to the company. And if Eileen were found any time during the night or early morning, she could quite easily be transported to Suez in time to rejoin the Wallaroo there. The suspects were actually on board.

Port Said was seething with indignation. When towards dusk it became evident that Eileen Kearney had been abducted, for no other conclusion remained, both the American and the British consulates set to work in earnest.

The town was combed with a nicely calculated to discover a rat in a cornfield. But no trace could be found of the missing girl. Dr. Oestler's account of what had happened was simple enough. Miss Kearney had suggested walking along to the shop of a scent merchant, and he had accompanied her. The doctor's statement was confirmed, both by the Greek scent merchant and by the Egyptian learned from the Eastern Exchange, had caught the train to Cairo, only having had lunch in the hotel. Of Franz Hartog no trace could be found.

The news, of course, was known on board, and a state of consternation prevailed. Port Said was living up to its ancient reputation. Every woman passenger who was ashore hurried back to the ship, as though the place had been in a state of siege.

Inspector Haig would turn up!" Forman exclaimed irritably. "He may hold the clue to the situation."

"I'm putting all my faith in the Inspector," the captain declared. "It's because he's evidently on the job that I still have hopes."

"But there's nothing to show," Forman cried, "that he's on the job at all! If I understand the situation, no one has seen this man Haig since he left the ship early this morning."

"I agree with you, captain," cried the British Consul. "Inspector Haig was following them. And I think we may venture to hope that he's the only man who knows what actually took place. If it's abduction, it's highly probable that he's in pursuit of the abductor."

"It's very odd he hasn't got in touch," Forman cut in. "The agent's made an agreement. I think that odd, too, captain," he admitted. "I don't care for the look of it. Assuming that the inspector witnessed this outrage—if an outrage has occurred—and went off in pursuit, he wouldn't do so without leaving some clue to his route, in case he should fail. He was too experienced a man for that."

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"I'll go and make my report," old Mohammed chuckled. "I shall not forget you, Joseph." "My thanks, Father Mohammed. Then return to your home. Leave all else to me. How long should he remain there?"

"They are coming for the crate at sunset. You have until then. But the porters must not see you."

Old Mohammed shuffled away in his loose slippers, and Joseph stood for a moment by the door which opened out of the room or carpets, listening. Then, kneeling, he applied his ear to the unopened boards immediately beyond this doorway, presently rising, smiling with satisfaction.

The sound of Mohammed's shuffling footsteps had died away. Joseph walked through to the little shop which was mere camouflage for the great emporium of stolen treasures beyond. He went out, locking the door behind him. This took place nearly half an hour after Dr. Oestler and Eileen had entered the establishment of Mohammed, and perhaps twenty minutes after Dawson Haig, following, had passed through that door beyond which lay a space of uncarpeted passage.

His experience had been truly terrible. At the moment of passing the threshold, a swift suspicion of the truth had flashed through his mind. He would have stepped back, but it was too late. The floor glided away beneath him, and he shot down into unknown depths. He felt himself enveloped, embraced, by some tender, feathery substance which broke the fall, except that he went down and down into suffocating darkness.

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"The Bath of Feathers never fails," Joseph created old Mohammed. He chuckled. Joseph, that velvet-eyed fortune teller who had led Eileen to the shop of Mohammed, smiled understandingly. "It is best, old Father of Mischief," he replied, "that you now close your doors and leave me to carry out my orders. The crate is in the cellar."

"It is in the cellar," old Mohammed replied. "Good—and the girl is safely on the way. Go now, friend, and report to the Chief. Put in a word for me. I take up my new duties—although I don't know what they are—almost at once. I have my letter of travel and my tickets as far as Keneh. After this day's work, I look for a kind reception."

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"This was the Bath of Feathers! To be Continued.

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In the Garden

Gordon Lindsay Smith

A long, cold winter is drawing to a close. At least it is the hope of most of us. The weather will moderate and once more we may venture out of doors. In the meantime garden plans may be discussed. Nothing will restore health so quickly, or bring order to a mind, unsettled by the business, political and social problems so prevalent today, as a few hours in the garden. To dig in the earth, to plant seeds that have been handed down carefully from the dim ages, and in a few short weeks to see a picture of our own creating taking shape around us—this is real satisfaction.

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