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Inside the Lines
By **EARL DERR BIGGERS**
and **ROBERT WELLS BITCHIE**

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"I said he was making a fool of you—and all the time you were making one of me. Clever young woman. I say, that must have been a great joke for you—making a fool of the governor of Gibraltar. You make me ashamed of myself. And my servant—Jaimir here; it is left to him to trap you while I am blind. Bah! Jaimir, my orderly—at once!"

The Indian smiled sedately and started for the double doors. Jane ran toward the general with a shriek.

"General, let me explain!"

"Explain!" He laughed shortly. "What can you say? You come into my house as a friend—you betray me—you break into my safe—with Woodhouse, whom I'd warned you against, directing your every move. Clever—clever! Jaimir, do as I tell you. My orderly at once!"

CHAPTER XXI.
"Your prisoner, sir!"

JANE threw herself between the Indian and the doors.

"One moment. Before he leaves the room let me tell you he lies! Your Indian lies. It was I who found him here—before that safe."

"A poor story," the general snuffed. "I expected better of you—after this."

"The truth, General Crandall. I couldn't sleep. I came out here to the balcony to try to make out if the Saxonia was in the bay. He came into the room while I was behind these curtains, locked the doors and opened the safe."

"It won't go," the general cut in curtly.

"It's the truth. It's got to go!" she cried.

Jaimir, at a second nod from his master, was approaching the double

A sharp click sent his head jerking around to the right. Jaimir Khan, at the door to the general's room, was just slipping the key into his girdle after having turned the lock. His thin face was crinkled like old sheepskin.

"What the devil are you doing?" Crandall exploded.

"If the general's health is waiting for that bell to be answered he need not wait longer. It will not be answered," Jaimir Khan purred.

"What's this? What's this?"

"The wires are cut."

"Cut! Who did that?" The general started for the yellow man. Jaimir Khan whipped a blue barreled revolver out of his broad sash and leveled it at his master.

"Back, General Sahib! I cut them. The sahib's story is true. It was she who came in and found us at the safe."

"My God! You, Jaimir—you a spy!" The general collapsed weakly into a chair by the desk.

"Some might call me that, my general," Jaimir's weapon was slowly swinging to cover both the seated man and the girl by the doors. "No need to search that drawer, General Sahib. Your pistol is pointing at you this minute."

"You'll pay for this!" Crandall gasped.

"That may be. One thing I ask you to remember. If one of you makes a move I will kill you both. You are a gallant man, my general. Is it not so? Then remember!"

Crandall started from his chair, but the uselessness of his bare hands against the snub nosed thing of blue metal covering him struck home. He sank back, with a groan. Keeping them both carefully covered, Jaimir moved to the desk telephone at the general's elbow. He took from his sash a small piece of paper—the one he had saved from the packet of papers taken from the safe—held it on the edge of the desk, and with his left hand he picked up the telephone. An instant of tense silence, broken by the wheezing of the general's breath, then:

"Nine-two-six, if you please. Yes, yes. Who is this? Ah, yes. It is Jaimir Khan. Is all well with you? Good! And Bishop? Stain coming down the Rock? Good also!"

Crandall groaned. The Indian continued his conversation imperturbably.

"Verree good! Listen closely! I can not come, as I have promised. There is work for me here. But all will be

well. Take down what I shall tell you." He read from the slip of paper on the desk: "Seven turns to the right, four to the left—press! Two more to the left—press! One to the right. You have that? Allah speed you! Go quickly!"

"Room D!" Crandall had leaped from his chair.

"Correct, my general—Room D." Jaimir smiled as he stepped away from the telephone, his back against the double doors. The sweat stood white on Crandall's brow; his mouth worked in jerky spasms.

"What—what have you done?" he gasped.

"I see the general knows too well," came the Indian's silken response. "I have given the combination of the inner door of Room D in the signal tower to a friend. He is on his way to the tower. He will be admitted, one of the few men on the Rock who could be admitted at this hour, my general. One pull of the switches in Room D—and where will England's great feet be then?"

"You yellow devil!" Crandall started to rush the white figure by the doors, but his flesh quailed as the room's cold muzzle met it. He staggered back.

"We are going to wait, my general, and you, American sahib, who have pushed your way into this affair. We are going to wait—and listen—listen."

The general writhed in agony. Jane, fallen into a chair by the far edge of the desk, had her head buried in her arms and was sobbing.

"And we are going to think, my general," the Indian's voice purred on. "While we wait we shall think. Who will General Crandall be after tonight—the English sahib who ruled the Rock the night the English fleet was blown to hell from inside the fortress? How many widows will curse when they hear his name? What?"

"Jaimir Khan, what have I ever done to you?" The governor's voice sounded hardly human. His face was blotched and purple.

"Not what you have done, my general—the English army has done. An old score, general—thirty years old. My father, he was a prince in India until the English army took away his throne to give it to a lying brother. The army—the English army—murdered my father when he tried to get it back—called it mutiny. Ah, yes, an old score; but, by the breath of Allah, I ought shall see it paid!"

The man's eyes were glittering points of white hot steel. All of his thin white teeth showed like a bound.

"You dog!" The general feebly wagged his head at the Indian.

"Your dog, my general. Five years your dog when I might have been a prince. My friend goes up the Rock—step—step—step. Close—closer to the tower, my general. And Major Bishop—where is he? Ah, a knife is swift and makes no noise."

"What a fool I've been!" Crandall rocked in his chair and passed a trembling hand before his eyes. Sudden rage turned his bloodshot eyes to where the girl was stretched, sobbing, across the desk. "Your man—the man you protected—it is he who goes to the signal tower, girl!"

"No-no; it can't be!" she whispered between the rackings of her throat.

"It is! Only a member of the signal service could gain admittance into the tower tonight. Besides, who was it went with Bishop down the Rock after the dinner tonight? And I—I sent Bishop with him—sent him to his death. He was tricking you all the time. I told you he was. I warned you he was playing with you—using you for his own rotten ends—using you to help kill 40,000 men!"

A knock sounded at the double doors behind Jaimir. He stopped short, startled. All listened. Again came the knock. Without turning his eyes from the two he gazed Jaimir asked, "Who is it?"

"Woodhouse," came the answer.

Jaimir's heart stopped. Crandall sat frozen in his seat. Jaimir turned the key in the lock, and the doors opened. In stepped Captain Woodhouse, helmeted, armed with sword and revolver at waist. He stood facing the trio, his swift eye taking in the situation at once. Crandall half rose from his seat, his face apoplectic.

"Spy! Secret killer of men!" he gasped.

Woodhouse paid no heed to him, but turned to Jaimir.

"Quick! The combination," he said. "Over the phone—afraid I might not have it right—stopped here on my way to the tower—be there in less than three minutes if you can hold these people."

"Everything is all right!" Jaimir asked suspiciously.

"You mean Bishop? Yes. Quick, the combination!"

Jaimir picked the slip of paper containing the formula from the edge of the desk with his disengaged left hand and passed it to Woodhouse.

The latter stretched out his hand, grasped the Indian's with a lightning move and threw it over so that the latter was off his balance. In a twinkling Woodhouse's left hand had wrenched the revolver from Jaimir's right and pinned it behind his back. The whole movement was accomplished in half a breath. Jaimir Khan knelt in agony and in peril of a broken wrist as the white man's feet, disarmed, harnessed, Woodhouse put a silver whistle to his lips and blew three shrill blasts.

A tramp of feet in the hallway outside, and four soldiers with guns filed the doorway.

"Take this man!" Woodhouse commanded.

The Indian, in a frenzy, writhed and shrieked.

"Traitor! English spy! Dog! An unbeliever!"

The soldiers jerked him to his feet and dragged him out. His rattings died away in the passage.

Woodhouse brought his hand up in a salute, as he faced General Crandall.

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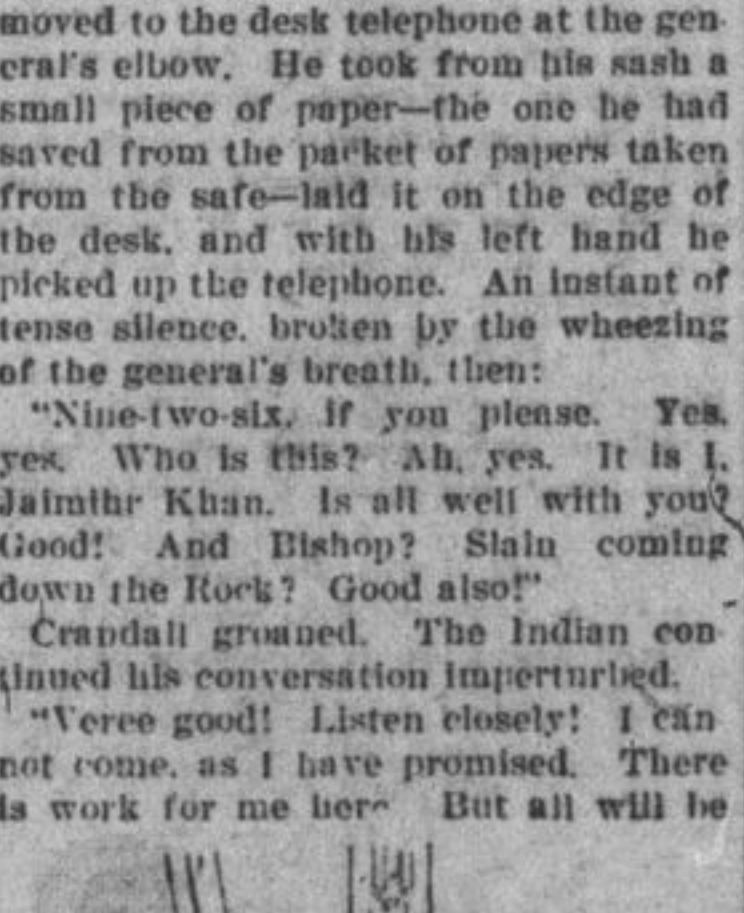
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Don't Wait and—Wish Work Now and—Have

When drastic regulations for the rationing of food come into effect (and such an Order in Council may be made very early next Fall) you will wish then, that you had a crop of nice vegetables ready to take off your garden or nearby piece of vacant land that you could have cultivated if you really wanted to.

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HUN PAPER ATTACKS FOREIGN MINISTER
Sued for Libel For Saying His Conduct Abased the Nation.

London, April 27.—Count Hertling, the imperial German chancellor, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Copenhagen, is officially reported to have brought a suit against the Deutsche Zeitung, Berlin, for an article published Wednesday in which Dr. von Kuehlmann, the German foreign secretary, and Count Czernin, the former Austro-Hungarian foreign secretary were attacked. The newspaper asserted that the two statesmen during the negotiations at Bucharest acted in a manner which abased their countries. Secretary von Kuehlmann, it was represented, was seen often with a well-known member of the underworld, while Count Czernin every evening visited a theatre where dancing girls were among the performers.

The German Liberal newspapers, it is added, severely criticized the Deutsche Zeitung, saying that Dr. von Kuehlmann has not done anything worse than is often witnessed by the Berlin population when the annual meetings of peasants are held in the German capital.

The Berlin Vorwaerts says: "The entire affair is like an intrigue at the court of Louis XIV. The plotters went with their accusations about Dr. von Kuehlmann's 'immorality' to a very highly-placed lady who is well known for her strict moral code, through whose influence they hoped to achieve their object."

Did His Best.
A man who had been seen by a firm of house agents to take an inventory of some drawing-room furniture, was so long about his task that at last the mistress of the house went to see what was happening.

She found the man slumbering sweetly on the sofa with an empty bottle beside him; it was evident, however, that he had made a pathetic though solitary attempt to do his work, for in the inventory book was written: "One revolting carpet."

The Color of Gasoline.
At one time the refineries turned out yellow kerosene and gasoline and the methods used made the liquid somewhat dangerous. For this reason the public demanded a pure white gasoline. But the new cracking process produces a perfectly safe gasoline which has a slight yellowish tinge.—Popular Science.

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(Continued Next Saturday)