

YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS

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CHAPTER IX—Continued
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"Thanks," said Haig drily. "Have you got a whisky and soda?"
The man grinned and disappeared. Dawson Haig looked about him, weighing his chances. This was headquarters—Yu'an Hee See's base! "The girl is safely on her way," Joseph had said; undoubtedly on her way here.

What was the most and the best he could hope for? . . . to get in touch with Eileen, and then? To get away again and bring help.

What was the worst danger in sight? . . . That one of the Hee See group should recognize him.

The negro returned carrying a tray, upon which was a bottle of whisky, a siphon of soda water, and a cut-glass tumbler. He placed this upon a low table before Haig, grinned again, and withdrew.

Haig mixed himself a stiff drink, took a sip, and wondered.

What action was to be looked for from a modern and highly efficient pirate when, in his own headquarters, he found himself confronted, unexpectedly, by a detective inspector of the Criminal department?

At that moment entered a built-necked, deep-chested man, wearing a gaily colored pull-over, gray flannel trousers, and gymnasium shoes. His low skull was closely cropped, and his face bore the scars of battle.

"My G—d!" Haig thought. "I had overlooked him!" This was the man to whom he had spoken, outside the Restaurant Suleiman Bey in Paris!

No glimmer of recognition showed itself upon the man's brutal face.

"Hello, Mate!" was his greeting. He glanced at a slip of paper he held in one large, muscular hand. "You're Joseph Rasta. Got your letter?"

"Here it is."
"I'm the Kid," the other replied.



She Stared and Stared, Choked Down a Hysterical Sob.

"You speak good English for an Armenian."

"I've lived in England," Haig explained.

The Kid whistled shrilly, and the negro appeared at once. "Another glass," he directed, lighted a cigarette, and thoughtfully regarded the new arrival.

"You look pretty useful," he conceded. "The Chief's engaged in 'is 'airem—so you get your orders from me. I'm first lieutenant—see?"

The negro returned with a glass, the Kid half filled it with whisky,

to which he added a dash of soda water. "You're the garden watchdog," he went on. "See?"

"I don't think I do," Haig confessed.

"Well, what you got to do is to patrol the gardens, specially the 'airem garden, and watch the you-nicks."

"Unics!"

"Yes, Joseph, you-nicks. They ain't like you an' me. They can be bought over. See, mate? If you pipe a cat in the garden—shoot it. Don't shoot a you-nick or a monkey or a parrot, or you're for it. But anything else that moves—shoot. Now I'll interduce you to your new pal—name of the Jackal—and show you round. . . ."

To Eileen every day in that lacquered room was a week of suffering, although Celeste showed a maternal solicitude for the girl's comfort. With a glance of her eloquent eyes and a shrug, Celeste conveyed the news that they were spied upon, and Eileen became aware that the scroll-work ventilators were really hidden spy holes. She thought of the bathroom, recalling an impression of dim voices, above, which had disturbed her in the bath. A warm glow spread over her body, and filled with a fierce resentment she sprang up, hands tightly clenched, and walked out onto the balcony.

"Cherie," Celeste said earnestly, in a low voice, "It is no good. You must keep yourself in hand for when something may be done. And we are watched. Come in. There is a guard on the spy tower looking this way."

She dragged Eileen back, but not before the latter had stared across the unreal lovely garden to where, upon the high wall, a sort of square minaret upreared. Looking out from its gallery was a man who wore European dress, with a tarbush.

"Oh, G—d!" whispered Eileen, and clutched Celeste, detaining her. "Oh, G—d! It is! It is!"

She stared and stared, choked down a hysterical sob, and then began wildly waving her hand.

The man was Dawson Haig!
"My child! Stop! Stop! Whatever you've seen, come in!" the Frenchwoman whispered urgently.

Eileen nodded. The beating of her heart seemed to be choking her. They re-entered the lacquered room.

"And so," said Celeste, in a high and cheerful voice, "two good things are to happen. You are to spend the afternoon in the garden until tea-time, and I have permission to sleep on the divan there, if you wish it."

"Oh, Celeste!" Eileen whispered, tears starting to her eyes, "you are an angel! Whatever would have become of me without you?"

Her heart was singing. She was dying to share her knowledge with this friend unexpectedly found in the enemy's camp. But well enough she understood the need of silence.

Billy had found her! Billy had found her!

Escorted by one of the gigantic negroes, she and Celeste presently descended stone steps to the garden. The eunuch dropped back ten paces, allowing the women to stroll undisturbed, and in broken whispers Eileen contrived to convey to the French woman that an English police officer, her friend, was actually here.

"My G—d!" Celeste said, "he is a brave man! I only fear—that Mr. King! Ah! This is not his real name—the man they call Excellency, who owns this house—the town—and all the country around."

"Mr. King?"

"Yes. He is a Chinaman."

"What! A Chinaman?" Sudden horror gripped Eileen. "Is he stoutly built, with very red lips, and a small black mustache?"

"Ah!" Celeste gripped her arm. "You have seen him? He has seen you? I understand. It was so with me—ten years ago, cherie." Then, with a swift change of tone: "Hush! hush! my child—he is here."

Yu'an Hee See was walking along the path towards them. His eyes, in that smooth yellow face, resembled oblique black slits. Pausing, he bowed, smiling. Eileen clutched the French woman's hand and stood rigid.

"Our little American guest," came the flute voice. "You are angry with me, I can see. But you do not understand, pale flower, that I have saved you from grave peril. I had not meant to intrude upon your promenade, but it was very pleasant for me to find a new beauty in this beautiful garden."

He bowed, smiling, and departed along a path to the right and from a high, latticed window Orange Blossom watched this scene, her tiny milk-white teeth buried in her lower lip.

CHAPTER X

DAWSON HAIG felt like a man rejuvenated. He had found her! How imminent Eileen's peril might be he could not know. But, whatever the truth, he could do nothing more yet.

He had been allotted quarters in a palm-thatched hut. These quarters he shared with a sinister-look-

THE STORY FROM THE OPENING CHAPTER

Matt Kearney, young American living in London, says good-bye to his sister Eileen, on board the Wallaroo which is conveying £2,000,000 in gold to Australia. Inspector Dawson Haig, of Scotland Yard, very much in love with Eileen, is on the trail of opium he is convinced is concealed in Jo Lung's warehouse. He delegates Kearney, with Detective Norwich, to visit the place and find out what he can. While there Kearney picks up and carries away a notebook, which he turns over to Haig. Yu'an Hee See, leader of international thieves, is at Jo Lung's. He sends men after Norwich and Kearney, one of whom he realizes must have picked up the notebook. Haig is puzzled over cryptic notes in the book. Norwich is found murdered. While Haig is poring over the book, a monstrous creature enters, seizes it, and escapes Haig boards the Wallaroo at Marseilles, disguised. From radio messages he decodes, he realizes members of Yu'an's gang are on board, and have recognized him. A Chinaman tries to throw Haig overboard but goes over himself. At Port Said Haig is lured into a "bath of feathers." Eileen disappears. Haig escapes from the trap and shoots Joseph, one of the plotters. Eileen, drugged, regains consciousness in Yu'an's headquarters. Yu'an intends to capture or sink the Wallaroo. Using Joseph's credentials, Haig makes his way to Keneh. He begins to perceive Yu'an's plot, to seize the gold on the Wallaroo, but all his thoughts are centered on the rescue of Eileen.

ing Creole, the Jackal, who spoke a sort of bastard French.

His duties were simple. Armed with a knoberry resembling the night club of an American policeman, and Mauser magazine pistol belted to his hip, he took sea watches with the Creole, four hours on and four off, patrolling the vast gardens of the palace. In short, he was employed as a killer.

In one of the harem gardens Haig had seen a number of women—orientals, languorous but contented. The second had proved to be empty. But, on a balcony overlooking the third, he had seen Eileen.

When the Jackal relieved him he gave Haig a warning. "No go up steps of women's gardens. If see. . . ." Significantly he drew a yellow finger across his throat. . . .

As Jack Rattray paced morosely up and down the bridge of the Wallaroo, footsteps on the ladder aroused him, and Captain Peterson appeared, carrying a radio filmy.

"Look at this, Rattray," he said. "We've certainly got a Jonah on board this trip."

Rattray took the message and read:

"TO COMMANDER RMS WALLAROO MAIN STEAM PIPE BURST STOP CHIEF AND TWO HANDS SERIOUSLY INJURED STOP CAN YOU RENDER IMMEDIATE MEDICAL ATTENTION STOP EIGHTEEN DEGREES THIRTY-FIVE NORTH AND FORTY-ONE DEGREES FIVE EAST SS MOUNT JUPITER JOHN KENDALL MASTER. . . ."

Rattray looked up with a wry face. "One of the Samuelson tramps. She's seventy miles east of the track, sir. Isn't there anybody nearer?"

The captain shook his head. "I have already inquired," he answered resignedly.

And the course of the R. M. S. Wallaroo was altered. . . .

In the lacquered study of Yu'an Hee See, the marquis, spectacles on nose, bent over a note which lay upon his table. Aswami Pasha stood at his elbow.

"It is regrettable," said Yu'an Hee See, "that such excellent business should be lost. The caravans have been delayed, as I ordered?"

"As you ordered, Excellency. Apart from which, no woman as specified is included in either."

Yu'an Hee See bent again over the writing. "These fellows insist so upon white skins," he commented. "Circassians are difficult, now, and Europeans, to meet such a specification as this. . . ."

He removed his spectacles, placed them on the table, and shrugged significantly.

"You will notice, Excellency, that the representative of the Bey is expected at Keneh on Saturday."

"I have noticed this, my friend," the Chinaman replied. "But we have other fish to fry. A young and pleasant woman whose qualities answer these specifications—" he tapped a tapering finger on the paper—"would be difficult to obtain in so short a time, even under the most advantageous circumstances." Many other matters had been dis-

side her.
"You see?" Orange Blossom whispered softly. "This is a choice treasure, my friend."

Aswami Pasha, a connoisseur, filled his eyes with the gracious beauty of Eileen. He nodded slowly.

Slender fingers gripped his arm and drew him away. Orange Blossom faced him in the room beyond. The woman in the lacquered room was deliciously pretty. "She is Yu'an's new toy," he thought, "and this hell-cat whom I could love or strangle with almost equal pleasure, is going to tempt me to take the rose girl from him. . . ."

"She is not for sale," said the Chinese woman. "You understand? But today and tonight the house will be empty. It might be managed that she should escape!"

"Escape?" The light of a new understanding crossed the dark face of Aswami Pasha.

"She is beautiful—and would grace your great house at Aswan. Or perhaps, my friend, it is dark eyes that excite you?"

He turned to her, and greatly daring, rested his hands upon her satin shoulders. The contact thrilled him.

"Will you help me?" She smiled voluptuously. "You don't speak," she whispered, swaying ever so slightly towards him.

"Yes! But—" In a second he would have had her in his arms.

"Sh! Quick!" she hissed—and pushed him away. "Go out by the other door. He is coming! . . ."

"No sign of her, sir," Jack Rattray dropped the glasses back into their case. "I can't make it out. It's clear, too, that her wireless has failed." The first officer turned to the commander, who stood upon the bridge of the Wallaroo beside him.

It was perhaps an hour before dusk swept down over the Red sea. A long, low island lay off their port bow; an Arab dhow was creeping out from the tail of it.

Rattray, taking up the glasses, searched again, anxiously. He was about to drop the glasses again, when:

"By G—d, sir!" he said, "look—quick . . . under our port bow!"

The conning towers of a big submarine were rising above the surface! A Marconi operator came bounding onto the bridge with a message. Rattray grabbed it. He, the captain, and the third officer, read it together:

"COMMANDER RMS WALLAROO AM SENDING BOAT FOR SURGEON STOP LIE TO URGENT JOHN KENDALL MASTER SS MOUNT JUPITER."

Captain Peterson glanced from face to face. "What's this?" he repeated huskily.

"It's a message we aren't disobey, sir!" Rattray replied. "If anybody else picks it up, it sounds harmless enough. Don't you understand?"

The mysterious vessel, now on the surface, ran along beside them, two German quick-firers trained upon the Wallaroo—then came the shrill howl of a shell; the shattering bark of one of the four-inch guns.

The mainmast of the Wallaroo carrying the wireless, crashed with its rigging to the deck.

There were shouts—shrieks—execrations. Captain Peterson, a very old and haggard man, walked to the telegraph and jerked it to "Stop." The Wallaroo lay almost motionless upon an oily sea. The submarine, running alongside within hailing distance, rang off at the same moment, and lay there beside the liner.

There was a sudden bustle on her deck. They were putting a boat off. . . . The dhow drew nearer. . . .

Dawson Haig went on duty at noon. The sinister Jackal would soon be safe in a drug-induced sleep. Four hours lay before him in which to justify his foolhardy enterprise of penetrating alone to the stronghold of the enemy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)