

# Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams

**SYNOPSIS:** "I am going to buy you from your fiancé," Ashwood, polished gang leader who is holding Nancy Wentworth prisoner for ransom tells her. She has been taken with Lucel, a gangster, and four other men to an island. Jerry Calhoun, a friend and a detective have been caught trailing Ashwood.

## CHAPTER 21 TWO PROPOSALS

I AM taking you with me to my yacht, aboard which I shall spend the rest of my life," Ashwood told Nancy.

"She is a magnificent vessel, some two hundred feet long, with sufficient fuel oil capacity to cruise around the world without stopping. I have spent a year and an absurd amount of money outfitting her as a home boat. She is now anchored in Mexican waters, her steam up, completely manned with a most excellent and dependable crew, ready to sail at a moment's notice. We will leave here in the amphibian shortly after breakfast the day after tomorrow and should be aboard the yacht by sunset."

Nancy's brain reeled. She grasped the arms of her chair. She must concentrate upon one thing at a time.

"What has given you to believe that I am for sale?" she demanded,

and begin a leisurely cruise around the world, calling at every unknown, seldom-visited port on the seven seas.

"You will find me, I daresay, an interesting companion. We have many things in common. You are the first woman I have known in ten years with whom I could be content to spend the rest of my days. You have, thank God, a brain and to watch it develop will be a source of never-failing stimulation to me. Books, music, art—all these things will fill your life to an extent that will amaze you.

"It is entirely possible, of course, that love will come to us. Propinquity works magic, good and bad, as you have already observed here. But we will not look ahead too far. Companionship is all that I require at this stage of events. That is, after all, what you expected out of your marriage to Macomber."

He became silent, the tip of his cigarette glowing and fading like a mammoth firefly. She fought for control of herself.

"Mr. Ashwood," she said, evenly, "from the moment you take me away from this island to begin that mad scheme, I shall watch for an opportunity to commit suicide. You may be able to prevent it for a while. But the chance will come sooner or later and I will kill my-



"That bird'll be found dead in his bed in the morning, Miss Wentworth," Lucel assured her violently.

forcing herself to speak calmly. Not for nothing had she been rated a fine actress.

"Are you in love with your fiancé, the venerable Mr. Macomber?" he countered imperturbably. "You will remember that the announcement of your engagement attracted considerable comment in the New York press. I noted that some of the so-called scandal sheets were somewhat cynical in their observations. Didn't one of the columnists stoop to the banality of referring to it as the union of May and December?"

"No, I'm not in love with Philip Macomber," she flared up. "But what difference does that make? I was tired—so tired—of having men make love to me. Philip Macomber is a wonderful man. We've known him for years. He is kind, patient and fatherly and has promised to demand nothing that I do not wish to give him. When I've married him the others will stop. You don't know all the details, of course, but—"

"I wonder if you do?" he interrupted, his voice mildly questioning. "The arrangement, the settlement, if you please, between Mr. Macomber and your mother was quite considerable, one is told. Therefore, it is difficult to regard the matter as other than a cash sale. That being so, my predatory instincts urge me to deprive Mr. Macomber of a substantial sum of money—not in cash, but in property that he has purchased for cash."

Nancy wondered if she, too, had gone mad. Nothing seemed real. Those stars, so close that she might have reached up and plucked one of them, mocked her. The three-quarters moon, silhouetting the palms on the next island in a clear-cut half tone, had a face, which grinned sardonically at her. And the man beside her was still discussing the outrageous proposal in a matter of fact voice which made it sound all the more unreal.

"After the first few days upon the yacht, Nancy, you will be quite content, I hope. You will have all the privacy you wish. A large, private suite will be set aside for you into which you may retire when you choose."

"We will get under way at once

self just as surely as the sun rises and sets."

He made no answer. As he lit another cigarette the red flare illuminated his strange lined face. It was set deep in thought. He took several rapid puffs, then exhaled in a long sigh.

"Dear, dear," he observed at last, "I had no idea that you were so conventional. I had hardly expected that your mind would run in such ultra-conservative grooves. Very well, then, I shall send my airplane after a minister tomorrow. You may not know it now, but you will find that a wedding ring will assuage your pain to a great degree. You will be," he added mockingly, "at least an honest woman, no worse off than millions of your sex who are uncomfortably tied in the bonds of matrimony."

He pushed himself to his feet. "And now, if you will excuse me, I must join the delightful group in the living room. I hear loud voices which seem to be raised in anger. It is possible that their conversation will be entertaining. Will you join me?"

"Thanks," she replied indifferently. "I'll stay here."

A step as soft as that of a cat alighted on the porch beside the silent girl.

"Nancy, don't you worry about Lucel." It was Lucel's voice, harsh with suppressed rage. "I been creeping around looking the place over to see what could be done about getting outa here, I heard him talking and listened to what he said."

She was too exhausted to reply. He thought it would be to shriek in hysteria. All day long she had avoided the gangster, for her intuition warned her that he was reaching an emotional crisis.

"That bird'll be found dead in his bed in the morning, Miss Wentworth," he assured her violently. "Then I'll get his gat and heat up this joint 'til the water out there'll be crowded with people swimming to get away from the lead. You and me'll go back to Chi!"

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An "inhuman scream" awakens everyone, late at night, in the next installment.

## U. S. TREASURY DEFICIT GROWS

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—(AP)—The government ended the first month of the present (1932) fiscal year with a deficit of \$263,290,620, which was \$62,000,000 greater than for July a year ago.

Though the deficit for the first month was larger, there was a bright spot in the situation because \$100,000,000 of it was due to money paid to the adjusted service certificate fund from which World War veterans draw their bonus.

During the month the government collected from all sources \$87,764,206 and spent \$31,054,827.

The receipts were approximately \$32,000,000 less than collected in the first month of last year and the expenditures \$30,000,000 greater than those of July, 1931.

## Atlantic Hopper Lands At Chicago

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—(AP)—Captain Wolfgang Von Gronau and his fellow trans-Atlantic fliers brought their airplane down upon the waters of Lake Michigan here at 1:58 p. m. (central daylight time) today after a flight of 2 hours and 20 minutes from Detroit.

**Villanova Burns.**  
VILLANOVA, Pa., Aug. 3.—(AP)—The monastery at Villanova college was virtually destroyed today by

## Six Drown When Flood Hits Home

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 3.—(AP)—Six persons drowned today when their home was swept away by a flooded creek 10 miles from Lexington.

The dead:  
Mrs. Eddie Bryant, her two sons, Jesse Bryant, 9, and Willard, 10; Mrs. Mary Leon, 23, and two children, Geneva, 5, and Herschel, 6.

## Multnomah Plans Relief Road Work

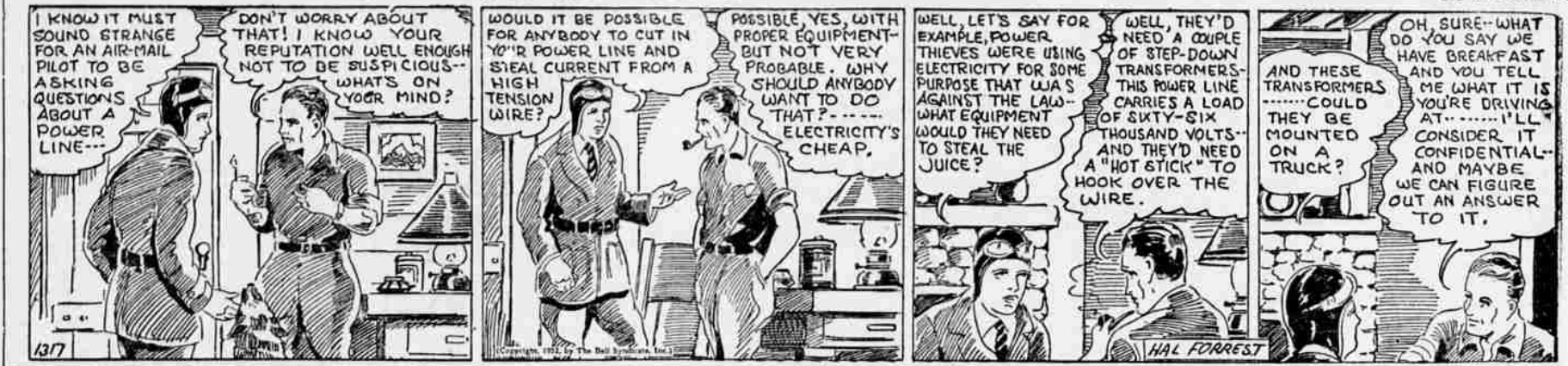
PORTLAND, Aug. 3.—(AP)—Multnomah county commissioners Monday voted to expend \$94,184 of the emergency relief fund for putting unemployed men to work on 10 county road projects. Work will be given to about 800 men, for a period of 50 to 60 days.

**Yale Prexy Weds.**  
PORTLAND, Me., Aug. 3.—(AP)—Mrs. Katherine Cramer Woodman, of Ardmore, Pa., and Dr. James Rowland

## Cattle Rustlers Invade Twin Town

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 3.—(AP)—They're hunting cattle rustlers in a town of almost 500,000 population today. The old days rustlers rode ponies. Their modern counterparts used a truck to cart away seven cows worth \$300, owned by J. W. Heid, just outside the city limits of Minneapolis.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's Getting In Over His Head!



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

## S'MATTER POP—There's Always Another Pill



By C. M. PAYNE

## BOUND TO WIN—The Goal In Sight!



By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—The Man For The People



By SOL HESS

## MUTT AND JEFF—It Puzzled Jeff



By BUD FISHER

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## LADY BLUEBEARD READY TO RETURN

TOPEKA, Kans., Aug. 3.—(AP)—Mrs. Lydia Southard, known as the "feminine bluebeard," will set out tonight on a journey, under guard, back to the Idaho state prison from which she made a sensational escape 15 months ago.

Warden R. E. Thomas of the Idaho prison, accompanied by his wife, arrived here early today and immediately went to the women's quarters in city jail where they received a friendly greeting from the convicted husband-killer, who escaped their custody May 4, 1931.

Mrs. Southard exclaimed "Hello Warden, I'm glad to see you again."

## ROBBERS REMOVE VICTIM'S BREEKS

EVANSTON, Ill., Aug. 3.—(AP)—Police Sergeant Benjamin Hanke blinked.

He didn't know whether he could believe his eyes. He had never before seen anyone wearing rhubarb leaves.

But a second glance convinced the sergeant that John L. Tucker, who said he came here from Memphis, Mo., to spend his vacation, was wearing nothing less than rhubarb leaves in lieu of pants.

Tucker explained he gathered the leaves and made himself a skirt after holdup men, angered because he had no money, relieved him of his trousers and his car.