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#### THE STOLEN HASABA

(Continued from page 20)

the creak of hinges as the heavy gate was swung to a crack; a lean black arm was thrust through, and a voice said: "Give me the purse, brother—I will give it to the Sahib.'

Sahib."

"Call the Sahib," Runjeet answered, "that I may give it into his hands. How do I know that thou are not a thief?—all durwans are of the robber caste," and he jingled the rupees seductively in his hand. "Give it to me, brother," the gatekeeper answered, "and thou mayest keep a rupee for thine honesty in bringing it; the Sahib will not mind." The gate opened a little wider, and the speaker, in his eagerness for the money, thrust his shoulder and one leg through.

for the money, thrust his shoulder and one leg through.

"Ah, brother, thou art indeed the durwan," Runjeet exclaimed; "here are the rupees, and give me the one that is my dustoor."

Teck heard a rustle, a gurgling, stifled cry, and at their feet on the ground lay the gatekeeper, his voice strangled in his throat by the twist of the policeman's kummer-bund.

Teck clicked a pair of handcuffs on the Teck clicked a pair of handcuits on the durwan's wrists, saying to Runjeet, "Easy bhai (brother), don't choke him."

"Now, durwan," he added in a low voice, "we are police sahibs. Whose bungalow is this?"

"Baboo Ram Chunder's," the durwan respect when the cloth was taken from his

gasped when the cloth was taken from his

gasped when the cloth was taken from his throat.

"All right. And in there are two thief sahibs, and unless you lead us to them quietly, you will be sent to jail; also, in the meantime, this little gun which I have here will kill you if you make a noise."

Teck drew a strong cord through the handcuffs, passed the end to Runjeet, and added: "If the durwan gives a warning to the thief sahibs you are to kill him."

"Huzoor, I will lead you to the little room wherein are the two sahibs with Baboo Ram Chunder. Huzoor, have pity upon Ramatha, for I am' a man of a large family."

They slipped through the gate and Teck shot the bolts behind them. Then, led by the captive, they passed through a little courtyard in which a fountain played amongst crotons and aloes. It was perfectly dark. The heavy walls of a pucca building rose a gloomy blur against the night sky. They circled this on a cement path, coming to a set of steps at the back. Up the steps and across a broad verandah they passed, and leading, the durwan brought them to a spiral stairway that wound up a corner tower of the building. As they passed, a servant called sleepily from a charpoy on the verandah: "Kuhn hai?" They slipped through the gate and Teck

"It is I, Ramatha, the durwan, brother—I go to the Baboo Sahib," he answered, as they stood silent in the darkness.
"Salaam, Ramatha, thou old fool!" the

"Salaam, Ramatha, thou old fool!" the servant replied.

At the top of the winding stairway, they stood on a landing, and from a latticed door little blades of light crept weakly into the darkness of the hall. Ramatha touched Teck on the arm, and with his manacled hands pushed him gently toward the door.

Through a chink Teck surveyed the interior. Four or five brass lamps held cocoanut oil, in which floated lighted dips, their soft glow showing the detective, at one end of the room squatted on a silken cushion, a fat Bengali Baboo. Beside him stood a huge, gaunt Punjabi leaning on a tulwar (curved sword). In front of the Baboo, seated on the floor, tailor fashion, were Straddles and Ives Holborn. And in the centre of this group upon a square of black cloth rested the pearl-studded gold kasaba.

The inmates of the room were evidently argaining. Teck saw the Baboo reach be and him and take from a small iron box sheaf of Bank of England notes. He led them in his Iap. Ives Holborn said omething and the Baboo threw the notes ack into the box angrily, grasped the nake-like stem of his hookah and puffed, and blew the smoke through his nostrils if in disdain.

Teck touched the Chief and drew him

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Ban The inmates of the room were evidently bargaining. Teck saw the Baboo reach behind him and take from a small iron box a sheaf of Bank of England notes. He held them in his lap. Ives Holborn said something and the Baboo threw the notes back into the box angrily, grasped the snake-like stem of his hookah and puffed, then blew the smoke through his nostrils as if in disdain.

Teck touched the Chief and drew him

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