

# GUNMAN'S BLUFF

Edgar Wallace  
COPYRIGHT BY EDGAR WALLACE

### SYNOPSIS

Rex Lefere forges the name of Luke Maddison, wealthy banker and his sister Margaret's fiancé, to a large check. He is found dead with a note in his handwriting accusing Maddison of having ruined him. Margaret marries Luke Maddison, after he has given her everything he owns. She leaves him, telling him she has ruined him to revenge her brother. Luke, bewildered, wanders about London, is attacked by thugs who take him for a detective, recovers in hospital to find he is known as "Smith." In this new character he becomes involved with the Joe Connors gang, who mistake him for an Australian crook named Smith, and is made an unwilling accomplice in a jewel robbery. He does not know that Margaret has returned and has dragged to his bankers all the money he gave her, to the dismay of one Danton Morell, her dead brother's friend, concerning whom Gunner Haynes, an American jewel thief, whom Maddison had once befriended, has been making inquiries. Detective Bird of Scotland Yard, known also as The Sparrow, is likewise interested in Morell. Maddison goes to his own old bachelor quarters, is taken for a burglar, escapes from the police and tries to get in touch with Detective Bird. The Connors gang learn of this, sandbag and imprison him in an underground cell near the river where he is certain to be drowned when the tide rises. Meantime Margaret, revisiting Luke's old rooms finds a sheet of paper on which Luke had begun a letter to his friend and lawyer saying that he is in desperate trouble. Margaret's joy over the recovery that Luke is alive and in London is tempered by the statement of Detective Bird that the man concerned in the jewel robbery, whom she now knows was Luke, had been going around for two years with the woman whose accomplice he was. Gunner Haynes drops into Joe Connors' hiding-place just as Connor's men are fastening Luke's feet with chains to a large block of rock salt, intending to throw him in the river, where the salt will dissolve, the chains drop off and the body will be found without marks of violence. Haynes defies the Connors gang and takes Maddison into the yard, pausing as he sees two men climbing the fence. The Gunner takes Luke to his room and learns from him the reason Margaret hated him was because she blamed him for her brother's death. Then Haynes calls on Margaret and offers to help her and her husband. Maddison is kidnapped from Haynes' rooms. Meantime, Haynes gets into Danty Morell's rooms and finds there proofs that the letter which Rex Lefere had left for Margaret was a forgery. Rex had been trying to warn his sister against Morell not against Luke. And Morell gets into Margaret's rooms and steals some blank checks to one of which he forges Luke's name, and tries to get it cashed.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

He telephoned to the hangar and learned to his satisfaction that the pilot had arrived. He would have liked to advance the hour of his departure, but he knew that Connor was a dangerous man and he had no desire to let two enemies grow in the place of one.

Once or twice, as he loafed about the less frequented streets of Pimlico, he had the impression that he was being shadowed; but when once he walked back in desperate boldness to interview the man who was following him, he found it was a perfectly inoffensive stranger to the neighborhood who was trying to find a street and a number.

He had work to do—vengeful work—and he completed this in a teashop near Vauxhall Bridge. Making a wide detour, he reached the central post office and handed in the telegram addressed to Inspector Bird. It ran:

The man who was concerned in the Taffanny robbery was Luke Maddison. He is attempting to leave London to-night. His wife and Gunner Haynes are aware of the double life he has been living. He signed it with his own name.

Late as was the hour, he knew that the telegram would be delivered. He went back to meet his companion in misfortune, feeling more cheerful than he had felt all day.

It was nearly eleven o'clock that night when Margaret had the car brought to the door and Luke's suitcase deposited. Her intention was to drive the car to the lower part of Tilers Street and send the chauffeur with the suitcase to the cloakroom. He came into the south end of the strand and the car had some difficulty in making its way through the returning theatre traffic, but after a long wait it turned down the street toward the Embankment, and at a signal from Margaret the chauffeur opened the machine.

It was raining heavily; there were few pedestrians in sight, and those who were hurrying to reach the shelter of the Underground station. She pulled at the catch of the door to open it, at the chauffeur might more easily

take the suitcase at her feet, when, out of the shadows, came a shabby-looking figure. He must have seen her difficulty, for he turned the handle and pulled open the door before the chauffeur could descend.

"Thank you," said Margaret, and handed him the piece of silver she had ready to pay the luggage-room attendant.

As she did so she switched on the light. For a second she stared into the unshaven face and the grimy figure. "Luke!" she gasped.

He was stricken dumb with amazement, was unable to speak or move. "Luke!" she said again.

Then, as he shrank back, her hand shot out and gripped him by the coat.

"Come in, for God's sake!" she said breathlessly, and half dragged him to her side.

At that moment the chauffeur arrived.

"This is a—friend of mine," she only hoped that the man could not see the scarer who was seated at her side.

"Where shall I go, madam?"

"To—to the house," she said.

"Drive on," she said hurriedly. As the chauffeur climbed back into his seat, a third figure appeared. He came running down the street like a man pursued, and gripping the handle of the door, leaped onto the running board as the car moved. She thought at first it was a policeman, but then a passing street lamp revealed the dark face of Gunner Haynes.

"Don't make a fuss," he said, as he blundered in, slamming the door behind him. "I've chased your car from the Haymarket. Who's this?"

He peered forward and she heard him whisper.

"Is that Mr. Maddison?"

"Yes, it's me," said Luke, speaking for the first time.

His voice sounded pitifully weak. He had been turned out of the police station—where he had been detained on a charge of vagrancy—in the early part of the afternoon and had not eaten since the morning. He made no attempt to explain his need, he was too tired and weary to care very much. The soft luxury of the padded seats dulled him into lethargy; he was nodding almost before the car reached the Embankment.

"All right, don't waken him," said Gunner Haynes in a low voice. "He was arrested this morning. I've only just found out; one of my—friends told me. The police are looking for him. Somebody sent a wire to the Sparrow—I suspect it was friend Danty. Where are you taking him?"

"Home," she said.

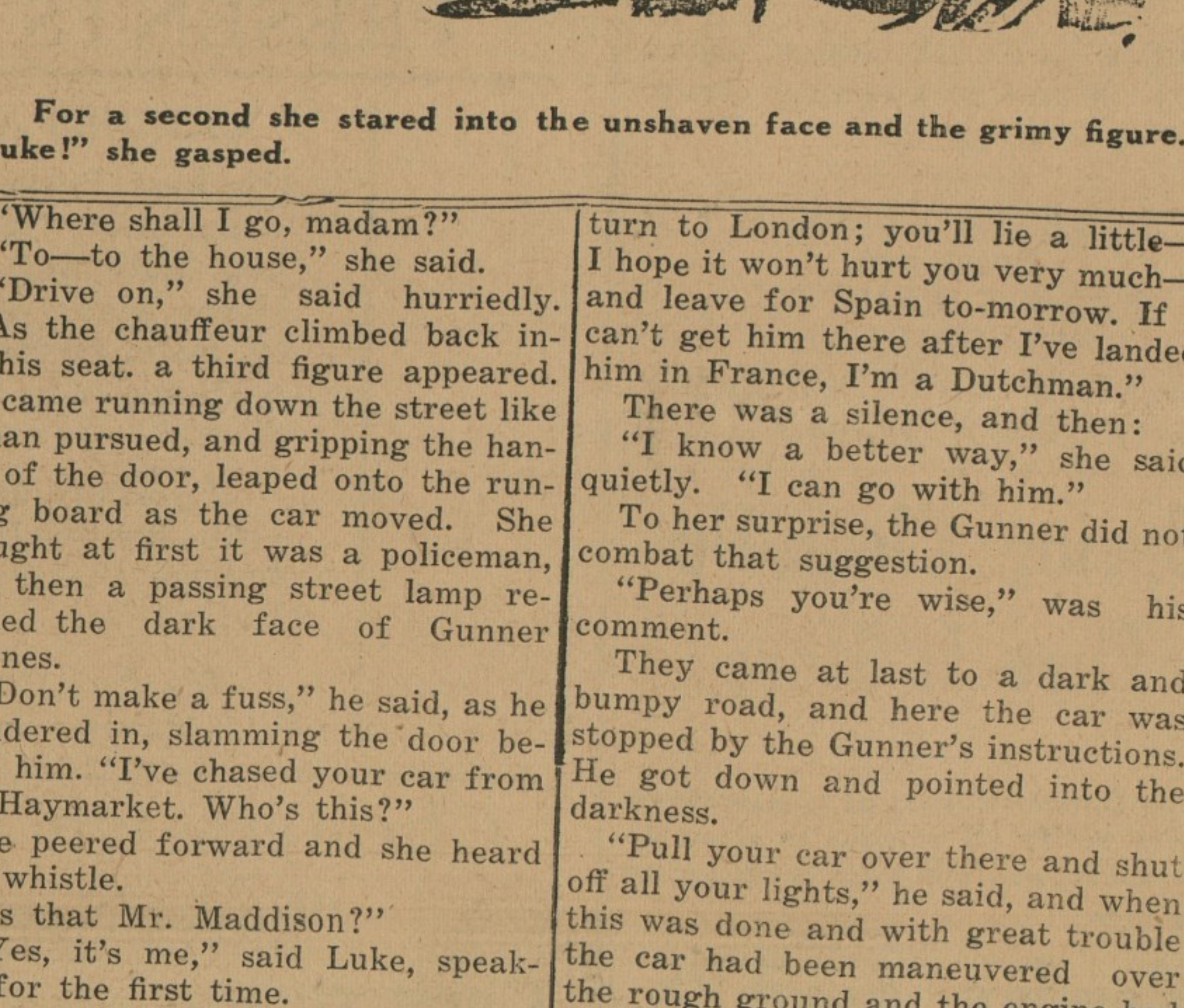
She was wrapping a rug about the chilled figure in the corner of the car.

"You'll have a policeman waiting on the mat. No, you'll take him to Elford. What's this?"

He kicked against the suitcase and she explained, and heard him chuckle.

"You must be a thought reader. That's the very thing he'll require—not to-night perhaps, but in the morning. We're going to Elford. Do you know it? It's three quarters of an hour's run, and if we're lucky we'll reach there before two of the biggest rats that ever climbed out of Thames mud."

She leaned out of the window and gave directions to the chauffeur.



For a second she stared into the unshaven face and the grimy figure. "Luke!" she gasped.

"You're walking the rest of the journey," murmured the Gunner with grim satisfaction. "Wait here."

He walked back to the entrance of the untidy little aerodrome and slipped something from his pocket. He had not long to wait; Danty and Connor turned out of the road again.

Danty said nothing. Haynes could almost hear him shivering with fear. "Well, what next?" asked Connor.

"The next is a long walk back to the nearest town, unless you've had the intelligence to keep your car. If your clever you'll run—I'm afraid you haven't a chance," he added, as he saw the red tail light of the car moving rapidly away. "The police are controlling this aerodrome, and you've a snowflake's chance of getting away."

"You're being a friendly little fellow and helping us; is that what you're telling us to believe?" sneered Connor.

"Don't talk—walk," said the Gunner sternly. "I'm not in my best temper to-night. I've practically promised I wouldn't kill you, but it won't take a hell of a lot to make me change my mind."

"Is that you, Higgins?" asked Danty. "Is the pilot here—"

"Everybody's here including me," said the Gunner. "Don't try any funny business, Connor; I've got you covered, and there's a silencer on my gun. You'll hear no more than a 'plop' and you'll be in hell!"

"All right, Gunner, we'll go," Danty found his quaking voice. "Come on, Connor. The Gunner wouldn't put us in bad—"

"I'm going the letters, Danty," said Haynes softly. "You know just how near you are to eternal rest, don't you?"

Danty said nothing; he grabbed the arm of his reluctant friend and almost dragged him back to the roadway. They walked rapidly back the way they had come, and must have gone a hundred yards before Connor stopped.

"I'm not going to stand for this kind of thing," he began, and a voice behind him said: "Walk!" and he obeyed.

When he had seen them well on their way, the Gunner sped back to the car. Luke was awake; they were talking together in a low tone, he said this strange bride of his, and Gunner Haynes thought it delicate to leave them and interview the pilot.

He found the machine waiting, with two weary mechanics and an impatient pilot, and to the latter he gave new instructions. The other argument he employed was a very effective one, for the airman agreed cheerfully to all conditions.

"I can carry three or ten," he said. "There'll be no difficulty about getting up. I've done this night trip

"Couldn't we drive on to Dover and get on board the boat?" she asked urgently.

Gunner Haynes shook his head.

"No, that won't work. The Sparrow's a good fellow, but he'd stop his own mother. And, if, as I believe, Mr. Morrell, or whatever his present name is, has blown—has told the story of Taffanny—every boat will be watched. Besides, there isn't one till daylight that we could possibly catch. There's only one chance, and that is for Mr. Maddison to appear in Spain, where he is supposed to be. I think that can be worked—unless Mr. Danty Morell has got too far ahead of us."

He peered forward again.

"I've got a fur coat on—that's good. You can lend it to your husband. It'll look rather silly, but nobody will see him."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going on an airplane ride to-night, and he's going with me," he said. "As for you, Mrs. Maddison, your work is very simple. You'll re-

turn to London; you'll lie a little—I hope it won't hurt you very much—and leave for Spain to-morrow. If I can't get him there after I've landed him in France, I'm a Dutchman."

There was a silence, and then:

"I know a better way," she said quietly. "I can go with him."

To her surprise, the Gunner did not combat that suggestion.

"Perhaps you're wise," was his comment.

They came at last to a dark and bumpy road, and here the car was stopped by the Gunner's instructions. He got down and pointed into the darkness.

"Pull your car over there and shut off all your lights," he said, and when this was done and with great trouble the car had been maneuvered over the rough ground and the engine had been shut off, he came back to the girl. "We're here first," he said. "I'm banking on Danty being cautious—look!"

Lights were coming along the road from the direction of London. It was a car, which stopped a hundred yards away, and then after a while turned around.

"Where shall I go, madam?"

"To—to the house," she said.

"Drive on," she said hurriedly. As the chauffeur climbed back into his seat, a third figure appeared. He came running down the street like a man pursued, and gripping the handle of the door, leaped onto the running board as the car moved. She thought at first it was a policeman, but then a passing street lamp revealed the dark face of Gunner Haynes.

"Don't make a fuss," he said, as he blundered in, slamming the door behind him. "I've chased your car from the Haymarket. Who's this?"

He peered forward and she heard him whisper.

"Is that Mr. Maddison?"

"Yes, it's me," said Luke, speaking for the first time.

His voice sounded pitifully weak. He had been turned out of the police station—where he had been detained on a charge of vagrancy—in the early part of the afternoon and had not eaten since the morning. He made no attempt to explain his need, he was too tired and weary to care very much. The soft luxury of the padded seats dulled him into lethargy; he was nodding almost before the car reached the Embankment.

"All right, don't waken him," said Gunner Haynes in a low voice. "He was arrested this morning. I've only just found out; one of my—friends told me. The police are looking for him. Somebody sent a wire to the Sparrow—I suspect it was friend Danty. Where are you taking him?"

"Home," she said.

She was wrapping a rug about the chilled figure in the corner of the car.

"You'll have a policeman waiting on the mat. No, you'll take him to Elford. What's this?"

He kicked against the suitcase and she explained, and heard him chuckle.

"You must be a thought reader. That's the very thing he'll require—not to-night perhaps, but in the morning. We're going to Elford. Do you know it? It's three quarters of an hour's run, and if we're lucky we'll reach there before two of the biggest rats that ever climbed out of Thames mud."

She leaned out of the window and gave directions to the chauffeur.

ONE BEST WAY

There are several ways of saving money but there is ONE BEST WAY and that is through the Kent Building & Loan Company. Stock matures at the end of 6 1/2 years and then it pays a very satisfactory sum. 25 cents per share per week.

Kent Building & Loan Co.  
Chestertown, Md.

L. Bates Russell, President;  
Fred C. Uilton, Vice-Pres.;  
John D. Urie, Attorney;  
C. N. Satterfield, Sec.-Treas.

A Long Felt Necessity

Having a new, finely equipped Ambulance, we offer its service to the public for hospitals, etc., night or day, at reasonable charges, according to distance.

Call Telephone Still Pond 8, Chestertown 306J.

B. R. Fellows,  
Still Pond.

"They're walking the rest of the journey," murmured the Gunner with grim satisfaction. "Wait here."

He walked back to the entrance of the untidy little aerodrome and slipped something from his pocket. He had not long to wait; Danty and Connor turned out of the road again.

Danty said nothing. Haynes could almost hear him shivering with fear. "Well, what next?" asked Connor.

"The next is a long walk back to the nearest town, unless you've had the intelligence to keep your car. If your clever you'll run—I'm afraid you haven't a chance," he added, as he saw the red tail light of the car moving rapidly away. "The police are controlling this aerodrome, and you've a snowflake's chance of getting away."

"You're being a friendly little fellow and helping us; is that what you're telling us to believe?" sneered Connor.

"Don't talk—walk," said the Gunner sternly. "I'm not in my best temper to-night. I've practically promised I wouldn't kill you, but it won't take a hell of a lot to make me change my mind."

"Is that you, Higgins?" asked Danty. "Is the pilot here—"

"Everybody's here including me," said the Gunner. "Don't try any funny business, Connor; I've got you covered, and there's a silencer on my gun. You'll hear no more than a 'plop' and you'll be in hell!"

"All right, Gunner, we'll go," Danty found his quaking voice. "Come on, Connor. The Gunner wouldn't put us in bad—"

"I'm going the letters, Danty," said Haynes softly. "You know just how near you are to eternal rest, don't you?"

Danty said nothing; he grabbed the arm of his reluctant friend and almost dragged him back to the roadway. They walked rapidly back the way they had come, and must have gone a hundred yards before Connor stopped.

"I'm not going to stand for this kind of thing," he began, and a voice behind him said: "Walk!" and he obeyed.

When he had seen them well on their way, the Gunner sped back to the car. Luke was awake; they were talking together in a low tone, he said this strange bride of his, and Gunner Haynes thought it delicate to leave them and interview the pilot.

He found the machine waiting, with two weary mechanics and an impatient pilot, and to the latter he gave new instructions. The other argument he employed was a very effective one, for the airman agreed cheerfully to all conditions.

"I can carry three or ten," he said. "There'll be no difficulty about getting up. I've done this night trip

hundreds of times."

Satisfied on this score, Gunner Haynes went back to the car and interrupted the more than usually intimate conversation.

"I've a little scrap of paper to give you when it's light enough to read it, Mrs. Maddison—I'm sorry to be so brutal, but I think you ought to know that the man who ruined him was Danty, and—"

"I guessed that," she said quietly. It was still drizzling and the clouds were low, but neither of the three passengers, evinced the slightest anxiety as, with a roar of the engines, the big monoplane swept into the darkness, up and up, through the thick mist of clouds, until they emerged with the moon riding in a clear sky above them and billowing white clouds beneath.

DR. G. H. DANA  
DENTIST  
347 W. HIGH STREET  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.  
EVENINGS BY APPOINTMENT  
X-RAY  
PHONE 205

W. S. & A. M. CULP  
COAL  
LUMBER  
CEMENT  
LIME  
Builders' Supplies  
W. S. & A. M. CULP  
Chestertown, Md.

The Mutual Fire Insurance Co.  
OF KENT COUNTY, MD.  
INSURES PROPERTY AGAINST FIRE AND LIGHTNING  
ALL POLICY HOLDERS PARTICIPATE IN THE COMPANY'S PROFITS  
Conservation and caution its motto. Nearly three million dollars worth of property insured.  
DIRECTORS  
James P. Brown, Church Hill; R. G. Nicholson, J. D. Bacchus, F. G. Uilton, T. W. Ellason, Jr., Allan A. Harris, Eben F. Perkins, Edward W. Emory, P. Medford Brooks, Chestertown; Howard Turner, Betterton; Wm. A. Hyland, Galena; Dudley S. Roe, Sudlersville.  
Applications for insurance to be made to—Ellsworth C. Bowers, Lynch, Md.; George W. Owens, Betterton, Md.; B. W. Duling, Millington, Md.; Frank H. Ruth, Galena, Md.; Howard Turner, Betterton, Md.; J. Abner Bryden, Piney Neck, Md.; and Eben F. Perkins, Chestertown, Md.  
FRED G. UILTON, President  
EDEN F. PERKINS, Sec.-Treas.

MASSEY & WILMER'S FERTILIZERS  
SEMESAN Bel a seed potato disinfectant.  
SEMESAN Jr., a superior disinfectant for seed corn.  
Warner Hydrated Lime.  
Shell Lime.  
Leonard Tomato Seeds.  
White Clover  
Sweet Clover  
Alfalfa  
Alsike  
Red Top  
Timothy  
Orchard Grass  
FERTILIZERS  
5-8-5  
2-8-5  
1-9-4  
0-12-5  
0-10-5  
Our Fertilizers are in first class mechanical condition.  
Treat your Tomato seed with SEMESAN and note the difference in the quality of your plants.  
MASSEY & WILMER  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

In eleven states articles made by prison inmates are sold for government use only.

One rabbit supplies enough serum to inoculate three men against yellow fever.

The artificial silk known as rayon is based largely on sulphite pulp from spruce trees.

—Advertise In The Enterprise.

WM. C. SUTTON  
SANITARY PLUMBING  
Steam—Hot Water Heating  
Our Work Our Reference  
TERRA COTTA PIPE  
Phone—Residence 60: Office 327

Tell Us Your Radio Troubles  
RADIO troubles constitute the gloom of modern life that we can guarantee to eliminate. We have kept pace with the rapid developments in radio and we want to call your attention to the fact that practically every latest improvement in the art may be traced to RCA Radiotrons. A new power tube costs very little; yet one of them may double the efficiency of your set.  
Shore Radio Service Inc.  
Chestertown, Maryland

See J. W. KIRBY  
CHESTERTOWN MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS  
Chestertown, Md., Phone 276

IMPORTANT  
Our CHESTER TURKEY LAYING MASH now contains pure COD LIVER OIL.  
Results obtained from feeding PRATTS STARTER, GROWING MASH and KASCO ALL MASH CHICK FOOD speak for themselves.  
For more EGGS, we recommend PRATTS, KASCO ALL MASH and CHESTER laying mashes.  
Rock bottom prices on PRATTS, KASCO and ESHELMANS DAIRY FEEDS.  
We carry a full line of all feeds and ingredients.  
Have your stock turkey, treated with IODINE VERMICIDE, it will pay you.  
Chestertown, Kennedysville, Still Pond, Worton.

Nothing can approach Victor-Radio for performance under all conditions. The only radio with tone quality approved by the world's great artists.  
Victor Radio micro-synchronous  
Victor Radio-Electrola RE-45 Sensitive-Selective—Modernized circuit  
W. P. NEWNAM  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

COAL  
Of Course Everybody Knows Where to Buy  
GOOD CLEAN COAL  
ALSO WOOD, LIME, HAY, TERRA COTTA PIPE  
The place to buy is from the coal and wood man  
J. D. BACCHUS

Systematic Saving  
is easy after you once at started, provided you are made of the right stuff.  
Delays are dangerous, but today is yours, and you have the opportunity to save because this SAFE, SOUND and SUCCESSFUL institution earnestly solicits your account, and its officers and directors gladly offer their services.  
And then we will help your money to grow at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, compounded every six months.

KENT COUNTY SAVINGS BANK  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Fresh Strawberry  
Spring is here, and Gill Bros' delicious Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream is also, finer than ever, with rich luscious cream.  
GILL BROS.  
Chestertown, Md., Phone 290

Prices Reduced ON Floor Coverings!  
Felt Base Regular Value 50c sq. yd NOW 25c sq. yd  
Felt Base Regular Value 60c " " NOW 45c "  
Felt Base Regular Value 75c " " NOW 50c "  
Printed Linoleum " " \$1.00 " " NOW 75c "  
9x12 RUGS NOW \$6.75  
Large Selection of AXMINSTER RUGS  
Bedroom Suites  
Beautiful 4 piece Suites, Walnut Finish  
Priced \$117.00 Up.  
JOHN BARTLEY  
Phone 76  
Chestertown, Maryland